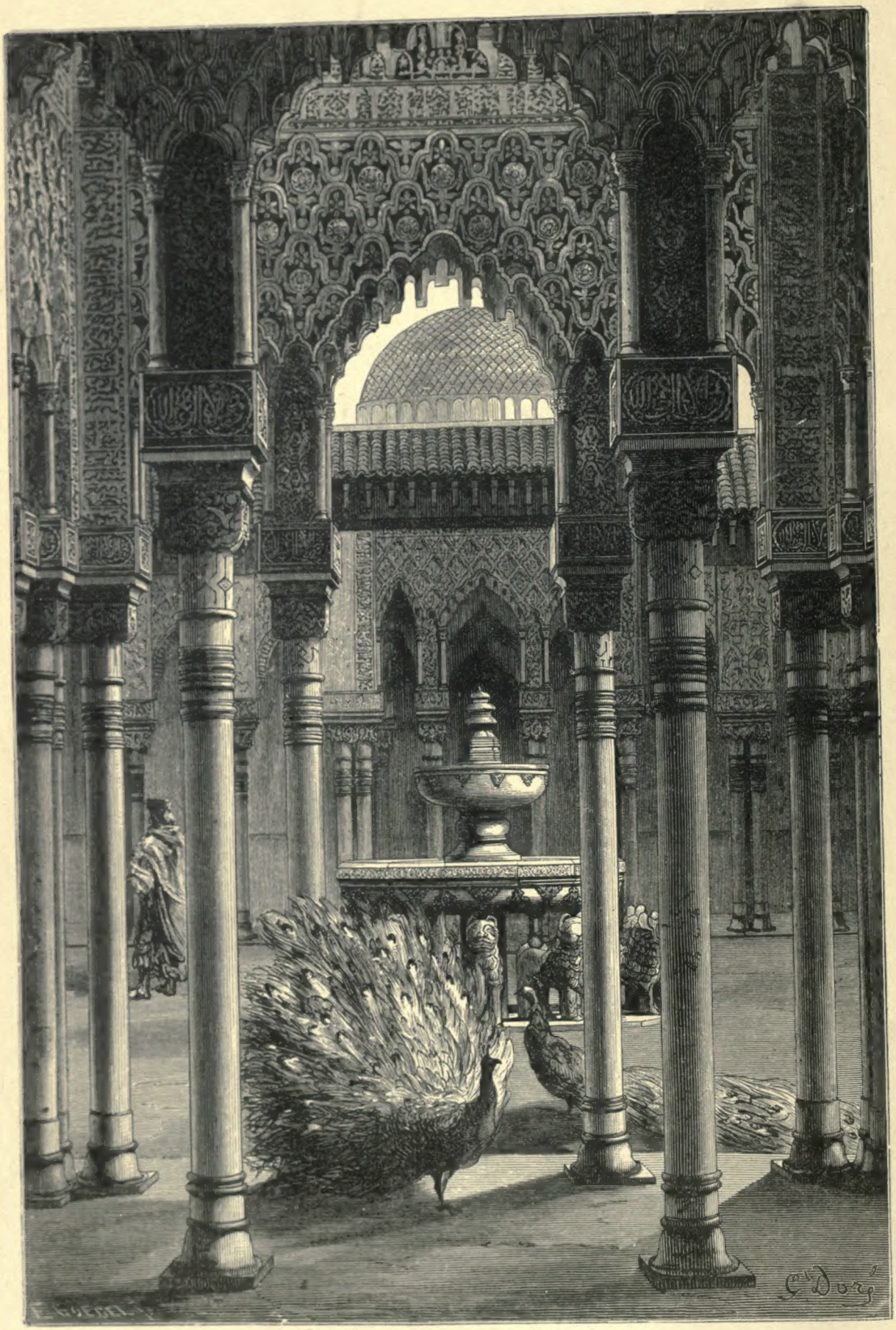


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COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

640180
10.8.56



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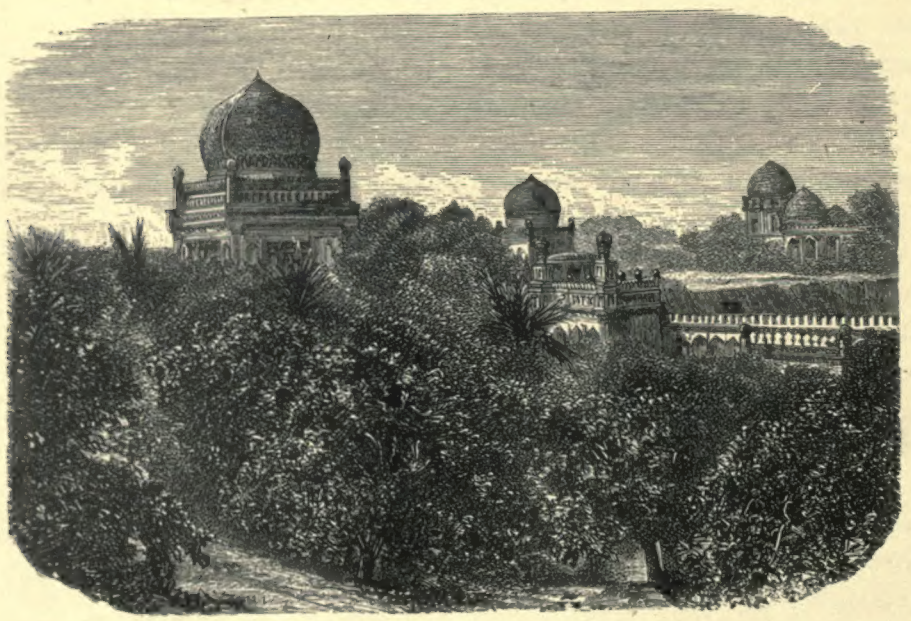
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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



ENTRANCE TO THE SUWO-NADA, JAPAN.

Japan and the Japanese.—I.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

JAPAN OPENED—APPROACH TO YEDO—SHINAGAWA—YOKOHAMA—THE TOKAIDO

THERE is now a new field open in the East for the explorer. Picturesque almost beyond description, blessed with a climate the most genial, enriched with products the most various, and inhabited by a people the most courteous, Japan may be said to be one of the most interesting countries for the enterprising traveller. Very much has been written by cruisers in its waters and visitors to its shores for longer or shorter periods; but still much more has to be done before we can be said to have a complete acquaintance with its manifold beauties, its various productions, its history, its customs, its religious ceremonies, its ingenious arts, and the thousand other matters which present themselves to the thoughtful student and traveller.

Secluded for so many ages, the realms of the Emperor of Japan—now restored to his rightful position—thanks to recent intercourse with the outer world of Europe and America—are undergoing a change which will eventually make them an object of the deepest interest to the whole world. It is only fair to the Americans to acknowledge that it was they who opened the long-closed door; and whether it be from the shrewdness of the Yankee character or from the gratitude of the Japanese themselves, it is a patent fact that the Americans have thoroughly ingratiated themselves with their oriental friends, and hold a high position in their opinion.

From the old writers and Dutch chroniclers we have had accounts, more or less trustworthy, of the glittering palaces adorned with gold and lacquer, the people in their quaint attire, the temples and priests of Buddha, the worship of the Kámi, the stately processions and courtly ceremonies of the nobles, and many other salient features of Japanese scenery and life. We want now to see for ourselves, and "to catch the manners living as they rise." We desire to obtain correct and thoughtful impressions of the outer and inner life of the people, and a number of facts relative to the condition and prospects of their country.

But a voyage of some 12,000 miles is necessary ere the traveller reaches those distant shores. The most direct route lies through New York, *vid* the Pacific Railway to San Francisco, where, in eighteen or twenty days from Liverpool, the traveller finds himself awaiting the departure of one of those magnificent vessels, launched by the enterprise of the Americans but a few

years ago—one of a line of steamers plying between the "Golden Gate," and Japan and China across the Pacific.

Having secured a berth in one of these, the European traveller soon perceives, after getting aboard, the smack of orientalism in the general cargo and passengers. He finds himself hustled among a miscellaneous company of Chinese, Japanese, and mercantile gentlemen from every country in Europe, and not a few from the States.

The marked physiognomy of the Chinese, with their sallow skins and distinctive costume, not to speak of their tails; the keen, oriental character, diminutive stature but manly bearing of the Japanese, all dressed in European style; and the unmistakable accent of the Americans, with a certain cosmopolitan look of self-satisfaction, added to the heterogeneous elements of the voyagers bound to the far East, cannot fail to strike the mind with peculiar sensations.

The vessel is soon under weigh, and the passengers fall into their appropriate places. Our Chinese are homeward-bound, their pockets lined with dollars, to spend the rest of their days in the enjoyment of their hard-earned savings: to drop into the old groove and become again units of the Celestial Empire. Not so the Japanese; they are returning to their country laden with the wealth of knowledge, their purpose partly fulfilled of gaining experience in the ways of the West; they are also homeward-bound, to employ their knowledge for the good of their country; and they intend to fetch more if necessary.

Such are the principal elements of our company; and thus we have a rare opportunity for comparing the two great specimens of oriental character. The stolid and astute Chinaman, and the quick-witted and observant Japanese are as totally different as if they belonged to distinct races. Perhaps they do; but if they are to be classed under the same Mongolian type, the Japanese must have separated from the original stock at a very early period. This is a question for the ethnologist. From what we have learnt of their languages we conceive that there is no connection whatever between these people. The Chinese is singularly affected by intonations, and its roots are different from those of the Japanese. The beautiful smoothness of the latter reminds one of the Italian or the Spanish, while the former is sometimes extremely harsh, and grates upon the ear with sharp consonantal sounds. It is very true that some words are common to both languages, and it is difficult to see how such a word as "horse," *ma* in Chinese, and *mŭma*, or *m'ma* in Japanese, can be the same or nearly so in both languages without there being a strong relation between the nations. But the words for "cat," "bear," "dog," &c., are totally distinct. In Chinese a "cat" is *miau*, in Japanese *neko;* a "bear" is respectively *hiung* and *kuma;* a "dog" is *kiuen* and *inu*. So much for this digression on language; more may be said by-and-by on this subject.

After about thirty days' hard steaming from San Francisco we begin to near Japan. As the steamer approaches the Japanese coast, the outline of the southernmost point of the province of Awa appears in view. Keeping this iron-bound and dangerous coast well to starboard, the more prominent Cape Susaki presents itself; the traveller beholds for the first time the opposite outline of the province of Sagami, and the vessel enters, by a devious line, the Bay of Yedo.

This bay is properly the Sea of Shinagawa, by which name only it is known to the natives. As the land opens up, the coasts become more distinct, though still distant and the wooded slopes are seen clearly, with here and there picturesque villages, and the *teras* or temples of the Buddhist religion crowning the hills or nestling in luxuriant groves. The *mias* or temples of the Shintoists are less prominent objects, but here and there such also are to be seen.

Passing up to the anchorage off Yokohama, the traveller is surprised to see so large a gathering of vessels from all nations, both merchantmen and war-ships. There is a good sprinkling of Japanese men-of-war, as may be expected, sporting the national flag with its flaming red sun, for the Japanese are proud of their national standard. Believing themselves to be descended from the Sun goddess, Ten-shio-daijin, they speak with enthusiasm of their name and race, and like to tell the meaning of their country's designation. Japan, or, as they say, Nippon (meaning the whole country, and not the large island, as is often supposed), means the *Sun's source*, or the *Sun's rising*, and often in their picture-books the mighty orb is depicted rising from the sea on the east. Our traveller will, if he makes the port in the early morning, have the sun gloriously rising above the hills in Kadzusa province, and the towering peak of the mountain Kanōyama will stand out clearly behind him, while the snowy crown of Fujiyama rises in front, some fifty miles away.

But now the steamer is nearing the *hatoba*, or quay. There are two chief hatobas, the "east," and the "west." The English, French, and American consulates are conspicuous by their ensigns waving above them. The native custom-house, and the Japanese batteries are striking objects in the foreground of the picture. The low, quaint-looking Japanese houses line the quays, and the very foreign-looking specimens of humanity that are promenading, or are engaged in busy morning toil, excite the interest and wonder of the spectator. The stirring and lively aspect of the steamer's deck after passing Uraga, where the coast is nearly approached, and where it used to be the custom to show the ship's papers, now reaches its climax as the anchor is dropped, and the vessel swings round to her moorings. The native craft, so active and so neat, which had met the steamer some distance from the land, now literally swarm around, and the custom-house agent, a man of a dignified manner, if not of very imposing stature, comes on board. There is an official air about him; he has, however, a quiet, not a vulgar and consequential style. He inquires for the necessary papers, examines them, and notifies to his attendant secretary that all is *en regle*. He is accompanied by one or two clerks, or *metsukis*, a sort of supplementary lookers-on, of whom it might be said in the language of Burns, "There's chiels amang us takin' notes," but not for printing, only for reporting. The Japanese very wisely do not trust to the views and opinions of one, but compare the notes of many; hence the value of the *metsuki*. *Me* means an "eye," and *tsuki* means "to follow," or "to supplement."

But we are anxious to get ashore, and that is an affair of a few minutes, providing our personal effects are at hand. Let us declare our nationality, and register ourselves duly, as the law ordains. This seems to be quite necessary, where so many from the ends of the earth congregate. Adventurers from the New World and the Old, from Britain or "Greater Britain," we mean our Australian colonies, find their way by hook or by crook to any new and virgin country, such as Japan was a few years ago. They like to take the cream off a land flowing with milk and honey. They flourish, too, for a time, on the

maiden soil. Of course they do no good, but positive harm in a country like Japan, where the people in their innocence believed everything and everybody. The Japanese are beginning to learn better, but not until they have fully experienced the acuteness and the want of principle of the nondescripts who visited their shores in the opening days. Who has not heard of the treasury swindles, when by a shrewd system of buying gold, the Japanese were cheated to an enormous extent? So much for ignorance on the part of Japan, and bad principle on the part of foreigners.

Yokohama was opened to trade in 1859, just over ten years ago, and behold now it is the chief port of Japan. No other does so large a trade with foreigners. Here are merchants or their agents from London, devoting themselves to making bargains in tea and silk. The Americans are not inactive. Wherever a dollar is to be turned, your thoroughbred Yankee is sure to be present. The Italians also seek the port for silkworms' eggs, and to study all that concerns this valuable product of the far East. Germany is not behind. Her merchants are well represented in Yokohama.

As a new place, the offspring of European trade, we may expect to find it a perfect model settlement. And so it is; the streets and squares are well laid out, but the town being built mostly on swampy ground, it has had to pass through a period of insalubrity. The drainage at first was defective, the Japanese, or some other authorities were neglectful, and great complaints were made, with good reason, as there was much disease at certain seasons. But modern arrangements have made it everything that could be desired. The roads are repaired, the houses are improved, it has a police, such as it is, and it is every year advancing. It boasts of several newspapers; one published in French, and two in English, the latter being the organs of opposite opinions, and not very amicable in their expressions regarding each other. But they have their utility, and enliven the existence of our countrymen in this narrow sphere.

But we are most struck with the first appearance of Japanese life in this far-off land. Truly it is a patchwork of nations in Yokohama, yet the Japanese colouring predominates, and if we take a walk down the principal street—the *O-dori*, we are charmed with the clean and tidy habits of the natives. The busy merchant or shopkeeper in his comfortable place of business, looks the very picture of respectability and contentment. He salutes you as you enter with, "Good morning" (*Ohaiyo*). He brings forth his wares in profusion, treating you to a cup of tea, or a cup of *saké*, a sort of wine. Pipes are never wanting, and Europeans take cigars in their pockets, and so they while away the time, occupied in inspecting and purchasing the splendid lacquer-ware, the old bronzes, silks, and various well-made articles which are on sale.

There is, perhaps, hardly any city of the East where so great a variety of specimens of the *genus homo* may be seen. The Japanese are prone to sketching the peculiarities of their visitors from foreign parts. Their caricaturists are exceedingly clever at it. The dresses of foreign ladies, the bewonderment of foreigners generally, the *penchant* for horse-riding, the queer attitudes of the observant stranger, the foreign umbrella and awkward beaver hat, are portrayed to the life, and with a touch of sarcasm. It is worth while to visit the booksellers' and printsellers' shops. The picture-books will amuse and enlighten the traveller who can stay to examine them.

As we promenade the quays and streets leading thereto, we are struck with the incessant traffic. The everlasting din of the Japanese workmen or coolies as they pace along towards the water-side with their heavy packs, shouting a sort of monotonous chant, reminds us that we are in a strange land. So it is also in China, where the continual "*Hai-ho!*" in the neighbourhood of the jetties tells of ships taking in cargo. It is a sound cheering to the merchant. The same good-tempered way of easing the toiling hours obtains in both countries. Looking towards the bay, the innumerable craft of native shape and of all sizes strike the eyes. All neatness, devoid of paint, well-managed and clean, the Japanese are quite equal to their neighbours, the Chinese, in their boating capabilities. The fact is that everyone's duty is clearly defined, and the division of labour carried out vigorously in Japan, and so every operation is well performed. They do not expect to get square pegs into round holes, and every one is educated for his position.

Take a glance across the Yokohama Bay, and the heights of Kanagawa appear, well-wooded and clear, being only about three miles away. The water is very shallow on that side, and hence the value of Yokohama as a port. At Kanagawa, there is a station used in what we must call bygone times, where lodging accommodations were provided for the princes; feudal lords and their retainers, sometimes hundreds in number, who journeyed along the great highway—the Tokaido—to Yedo, to take up their quarters for six months every year. They used to keep term, or be in residence half the year at Yedo, and half in their own domains. This was galling enough, especially as they had to leave their families as hostages under the protection of the Tycoon. And we cannot wonder that they and their retainers were not always in the best of tempers as they passed along. Dangerous was it for the stray foreigners from Yokohama to venture in their way. Some foolhardy ones did it to their cost. Now all this is changed, and we can travel on the Tokaido, or "Great Eastern Road," with impunity.

It is a short distance to Yedo by sea, but the way *viâ* Kanagawa is pleasantest, for we shall see the country and the people, and the sea besides. As we skirt the bay by a decent road, we perceive how shallow the water is hereabouts; sand-banks and mud-flats being left above water as the tide recedes. Soon we enter the Tokaido, and after passing Kanagawa, we reach Kawasaki, a small village on the Yedo road. It becomes apparent that we are approaching an important city, by the crowds of wayfarers which throng the road. Presently Shinagawa, a suburb of Yedo, is reached. This is a place of pleasure; "houses of rest" abound: such is the designation of houses of doubtful reputation. Hither the *élite* of the Yedo aristocracy were accustomed to seek amusement, and lounge, admiring the beauties of the Bay of Yedo, the prospect of the city being very fine from this point.

Shinagawa is the last station before the arrival in the capital; hence the necessity for a formal halt and refreshment. The next stage takes the traveller (supposing him to be a traveller *bonâ fide*, and not to be called upon to put up at one of the foreign Legations which lie on the Shinagawa side of Yedo) to the Nihon-bashi, or Bridge of Yedo, which is near the centre of the city, and which forms the starting-point and goal of every important route in the empire.

The activity inseparable from life in and near a great city shows itself at Shinagawa. The tea-house and flower-girls

invite the passing traveller to rest and repose himself. Tea and confectionery and music, such as it is, are tempting to the wayworn. The traveller descends; he mounts the steps; takes his seat on the balcony, and feels disposed to enjoy the splendid view here presented of the calm waters of the bay, with the busy fleet of native and foreign craft, and the slopes of the city covered with palaces beyond, while the neat-handed Phillis hands him tea and pipes. The day wears away, and it behoves the traveller to move on, if he intends to reach his lodgings in Yedo by nightfall.



SHOPS, SHINAGAWA.

The *norimon* is ready, and the bearers, squatted on the ground, are waiting the word to raise the pole on their shoulders. His honour, the foreign gentleman—one of the Smith family—is seated, and the far from imposing *cortége* moves Yedo-wards. A good pace is soon attained, and the traveller enters the streets of the capital, no longer of the Tycoon, but of his Imperial Highness the Mikado. *Tempora mutantur*, and we may say *nomina mutantur*, for we must speak no longer of Yedo, the plain "River's Door;" it is now called To-kei, the "Eastern Capital," or To-kiyo the "Eastern Metropolis." Yea, *omnia mutata*, for the sacred citadel of Miako no longer contains the divine Mikado within its forbidden precincts. His Majesty has removed to Yedo. The *Shuro* or citadel of To-kei is where he holds court. Little did the ancestors of the Emperor of Japan imagine when the great subduer of the eastern barbarians, meaning the dwellers around Yedo and in the eastern provinces, was appointed, that that very place would once become the seat of the monarchy. Yet such it is at this day. At the head of a beautiful bay, or rather gulf, resting on undulating and fertile land, intersected by a fine river (the Sumida-gawa), the Eastern Capital, now in fact the metropolis of Japan, is favoured by many circumstances, and is well suited both for trade and commerce, and also for improvement and pleasure.

Yedo, or To-kei, is situated chiefly in the province of Musashi, a small part being in the province of Shimosa. It covers an area of about thirty-six square miles. The great river, Oö-gawa, otherwise called Sumidagawa, divides the city into two parts. The large suburb on the east of this river is designated Honjo. Yedo itself, on the west of the Sumidagawa, consists of three principal parts. 1. The *Shiro* or citadel, surrounded by a moat, and capable of being entirely shut off from the rest. 2. The *Soto-Shiro*, or the part outside the citadel, and 3, the *Matsi* or town, including the suburbs. In the Shiro, erst the stronghold of the Tycoon, and where his palace, and those of a few near relatives were situated, now dwells the Mikado. In the Soto-shiro are many palaces of former daimios, the government offices, and certain temples.

The palaces of the daimios are long one-storeyed buildings, commonly whitewashed, and very uninteresting in appearance. The cognizance of each daimio is emblazoned on the doors



STREET IN YEDO.

and panels of the woodwork; and, as the inhabitants are well acquainted with these so-called *shirushit mon-dokoro*, they know when to do honour, and when to pass unconcernedly by.

As the traveller enters Yedo, he passes the execution ground, situated just by the Tokaido. As he advances he finds the streets crowded with a busy multitude, and a striking peculiarity is the absence of wheeled vehicles. Many passengers are on foot, men, women, and children, the latter playing at shuttlecock or flying kites; but some ride in a strange conveyance, the *kango*, which means simply a basket of a large size. If we suppose a box three feet and a half long, by two feet and a half high, suspended on a stout bamboo pole, and fancy two holes in the sides of the box, so that a person might get in and sit with his knees near his chin or his legs tucked under him tailor-fashion, we have a very fair conception of what a kango is, remembering, of course, that the whole is bamboo-work, and consequently very light. This is the common conveyance in Japan and its dependencies. The Loochooan kango is exceptionally uncomfortable.

The houses of Yedo are all very low, never having more than two storeys. This is deemed desirable, as earthquakes and fires are of frequent occurrence.

Following the Tokaido we come at last to its end, at the Nihon-bashi, or Bridge of Japan. This is not the largest, but the best-known bridge of Yedo. A merry crowd is rushing over it. The workman with his barrow, the market man with his fish, the maiden or youth on some errand; all are speeding their way in haste but without collision. The civil power is ever ready to see that the commonality behaves itself. The most dangerous and troublesome class is that of the Ronins, men who for some misdeed have forfeited the favour of their master, the feudal lord, and who must wander hither and thither to seek a livelihood. They have the privilege of wearing two swords, and, in times of excitement, they can readily use them. Happily, this class is dying out; the whole country having undergone a complete change, the distinctions of class are gradually becoming less marked.

We have much to see in Yedo; the shops, the temples, the pleasure-grounds, the amusements, the offices of government, &c., all are possessed of interest to the foreign visitor.

Coffee Planting in the South African Bush.

HAVING purchased a small piece of land, under a hundred acres, in the favourite locality in Natal for coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton planting, myself and partner agreed at once to settle down on our estate and rough it. We saw many difficulties in our way, and subsequently discovered a number which we had not anticipated.

Our land, which was beautifully situated as regarded position, and commanded a fine view of the adjoining country, was for the most part covered by heavy bush, which promised a good deal of hard work in the clearing. Our knowledge of the native language was confined to the meaning of the word *yabo* or *ya* (yes), and *cabo* or *ca* (no), and a rooted conviction that a native should always address an Englishman as *inkos* (chief).

We arrived with our wagon-load of goods and chattels upon a piece of land adjoining our own at sundown, after a long, weary "trek," wagon-travelling being about the most abominable and slowest mode of progression imaginable. At this spot we "off-loaded" our "traps," the proprietor of the wagon which we had hired affirming that it was impossible even for African bullocks and an African wagon to drag a load on to such a rough place as our recently-acquired land.

The little farm upon which we "off-loaded," belonged to a Christianised native, and contained two or three small houses, built after the European model. One of these we secured for the night by payment of a small sum. At daybreak the following morning we engaged several of the native men, who were loitering about the place, to carry our goods on to our own land. These fellows cheated us most abominably as regarded the price of their services, and the result was a tremendous row, which was the cause of my bearing for a long period the name of "the ill-tempered man" among the natives in the neighbourhood.

Our first two nights upon our new estate were passed under some sheets of corrugated iron, which we piled over our boxes, and thus formed a sort of den for a sleeping-place. Our rest was much broken by the novelty of our position, and by the many strange noises which we heard in the bush during the still hours—the shrill melancholy crying of the lemurs, the whizzing and whirring of numberless insects, and the horrible croaking of frogs in a small marshy pond, varied occasionally by the melancholy moaning and hooting of an owl, or the jerking whistle of the African night-jar. During a portion of the still hours, finding sleep an impossibility, we sat up, listening to all these voices of the night, and watching the beautiful little fire-flies as they darted through the air, or settled upon the grass and foliage, looking like sparks of phosphorescent fire.

Upon rising in the morning, we found ourselves in a state of almost intolerable irritation, from the number of small ticks which had fastened upon us during the night. These little insects, many of them almost invisible to the naked eye, until they have filled themselves with the blood of their victim, literally swarm in the grass upon the South African coast-land during the warmer months; they are, however, immediately destroyed by the application of salad or any other oil.

Having been unable to engage any Kafir to work for us, all our water-carrying, wood-chopping, and cooking had to be performed by ourselves. The labour of bringing water was severe, as the track leading to the river, which formed the boundary of our land, was steep—in many places almost perpendicular—and the mid-day sun furiously hot and very trying to men fresh from a cooler climate. The water obtained during the heat of the

day was generally quite tepid. During the time when we were not engaged in ministering to our own wants we wandered about gun in hand, shooting such birds, chiefly doves, as fell in our way, and inspecting our new domain.

Several Kafirs endeavoured day after day to hold conversation with us, but we found it impossible to come to any understanding, even with those whose knowledge extended to a few words of English, and we were not a little pleased when the daughter of a Kafir, who had established his kraal upon our land some years previous to our arrival, came to us as his interpreter. This girl, who had been brought up among Europeans, I believe at a mission station, talked very tolerable English, and was dressed in European costume of a rather showy character, and wore the bright wing of a "guala-guala"—a native bird (the wings of which are of a bright crimson), generally called by the colonists "lory," the turaco of naturalists—in her straw hat. The only portion of her civilised attire which seemed to really inconvenience her was a pair of boots most gorgeously laced with scarlet, which were very palpably worn for effect and not for comfort. We immediately accompanied this girl to her father's encampment, and he ordered one of the beehive-shaped grass huts to be vacated and swept out for our accommodation, and readily entered into an agreement to supply us with milk daily, and that two of his sons should work for us, when required, at a fixed rate of payment. We bought some fowls, and engaged the two youths to labour by the month, at once, and set to work to get our goods stored in the huts. In consideration of the agreement the old Kafir had entered into with us, we consented to his remaining upon our land, and using certain portions of it for the cultivation of his maize and pumpkins.

Of course, a weather-tight grass hut was a great improvement upon our former improvised shelter, but this particular hut, being old, was much infested by cockroaches and mice, notwithstanding the presence of a couple of half-starved looking cats, which were always wandering, apparently in pursuit of vermin, evidently their only sustenance, about the kraal. The number of small brown lizards which made their abode among the thatch of the huts was astonishing; and though these restless little reptiles were continually making themselves heard as they scrambled about the dry grass, as they were by no means repulsive in appearance, and rarely intruded within the hut, we did not attempt to molest them, though we waged unceasing war against the mice and cockroaches. A Kafir hut is certainly cooler than could be expected during extreme heat.

A footing having once been established upon our land, and an arrangement come to with the natives dwelling thereon, other Kafirs from time to time came forward offering their services as labourers, and work was commenced forthwith.

A house of some kind had to be built, a coffee nursery formed (although the season was almost too far advanced for sowing the coffee-berry), and as much bush as possible cleared, and land prepared in readiness for planting time, the commencement of next rainy season.

A nursery for the young coffee was made in a few days. A sufficient space was cleared in the bush, three or four of the larger trees being left standing so as to thoroughly screen the cleared ground from the hot sun, while the surrounding bush acted as a protection against the strong winds which occasionally prevail. The whole of the nursery was then deeply grubbed by means of strong, heavy grubbing-hoes, the natives not being at all expert in the use of the spade. The coffee-berries were then sown, much in the same manner as beans are planted in an English kitchen garden. Subsequently the young plants had to be frequently watered, the dry season (winter) setting in while they were still very young and tender. When the coffee-berry is sown, as it always should be, during the early portion of the rainy season, the plants acquire sufficient strength to withstand the drought of the winter without artificial watering, and upon the commencement of the following year's rains make fine seedlings for setting out in the plantation.

As soon as we commenced bush-clearing, Kafirs were constantly applying to us for work; felling, chopping, and burning being a far more popular kind of labour among them than hoeing, which, although they will often submit to it, for the sake of lucre, is a kind of work which they always seem to consider rather derogatory. All the work of hoeing, planting, and gathering on their own maize-fields is performed by their women.

The colonial Kafir lays out all the money which he receives as wages from the settler in cattle, with which cattle he purchases from their fathers the daughters of his tribe, thus procuring wives, in number according to his wealth. Cattle are, as the Kafirs say, "their money:" and a Kafir's wealth consists in his wives, who till his maize and pumpkins; his daughters, for each of whom he receives a complement of cattle on her marriage; and his cattle.

A Kafir having agreed to work for a settler by the month, is bound, by the law of the colony, to give one month's notice to his employer previous to quitting his service; though it sometimes happens that two or three native labourers will be found to have absented themselves upon the morning following the receipt of their pay, and it is not always convenient or practicable to apprehend them.

It often happens that the settler will have men from three or four different tribes working upon his land at the same time, viz., the colonial Kafirs of Zulu origin, Amatonga, Basuto, and, perhaps, one or two of the Amaswazi tribe. These men work best when formed into gangs, according to their tribes; and separate huts are required for the different races, who have the strongest objection to lodging or feeding together. A rough hut is put together in a few days by the Kafirs, though a really good hut, "fit for a chief," takes a much longer time in the building.

Three-legged iron cooking-pots are provided by the master: the native cooking-pot is made of clay, and when used for cooking meat is generally covered by a smaller pot, which is cemented to it by a layer of fresh cow-dung. Maize meal is served out to the labourers three times daily, at the rate of a pint per man, some salt and, at times, treacle is added. Should a cow or bullock die from disease or accident on an estate, the natives will always possess themselves of the flesh, if possible; it is customary with a great many planters and farmers to bury the carcases of all the animals dying upon their lands, thus doing away with the temptation to the labourers of causing the death of cattle committed to their charge for the sake of the meat.

A sufficient number of hands collected, we set to work bush-felling, collecting day by day all the straightest poles, and such timber as would be serviceable for rafters, &c.

Our house—which I must confess turned out a miserable failure, though we lived in it through a whole wet season—was formed by driving a number of bush poles into the ground, and interlacing them with saplings or "wattles." A roof of bush timber was contrived, and thatched with a long reedy grass called "tambootie grass." The walls should have been plastered with a composition of ant-heap and sand mixed in proper proportions, but, owing to our inexperience in bush building, only the ant-heap was used, which was for ever cracking and falling from the wattles, necessitating frequent patchings and daubings. Another mistake which we made was in the building of our roof, the pitch of which was not nearly steep enough, and consequently proved very leaky during the heavy rains, when it was often impossible to find a dry sleeping-place anywhere but under the table. The process of felling, cutting up, and piling a portion of the bush was got through during the dry winter months, and before the commencement of the rains the wood had been burnt off, and holes dug in readiness for the young coffee-plants. Getting bush-land in order for planting is a laborious affair, and is not confined, as many people in England seem to suppose, to cutting down the trees and tangle, and setting fire to the mass. The wood has to be cut into convenient lengths, and the fires regularly built, and a great number of the larger roots and stumps have to be extracted. The holes for the young plants, which should not be too shallow (many planters make the holes two feet deep), are generally dug seven feet apart each way, and in what is called the "quincunx" fashion, thus:—

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The effect produced is more pleasing to the eye, and the plants are considered in a more convenient position for hoeing out and gathering the berry than when planted directly opposite to each other. The bush-fires, at the time of year when planters and intending planters are burning off the timber which they have felled and allowed to dry, are to be seen at a great distance during the night.

One variety of tree, which is common enough in some districts, will burn while living; a fire being lighted around its base, the wood is sufficiently inflammable to consume. These large trees crashing down during the night make a tremendous noise, drowning for a moment the incessant crackling and roaring of the great fires.

"Holeing" for coffee is a rather troublesome affair; the great object, of course, is to have the plants in good line and equidistant. I have known a coffee-planter go so far as to use a theodolite when placing the stakes to indicate the places at which the coffee-holes were to be dug. All roots and stumps which came in the way of the coffee-plants had to be extracted, others were left to decay in the soil, a long process, many of them showing unmistakable signs of vitality for several years.

Upon the hill-side destined for the nucleus of our coffee-plantation, we planted at intervals rows of bananas and plantains to serve as shelter to the coffee from the strong winds which occasionally prevail. Coffee when much exposed to strong wind will not thrive, and effective "break-winds," whether hedges of orange, lemon, castor-oil plant, or rows of plantains, and bananas, are a *sine quâ non* to the success of a coffee estate.

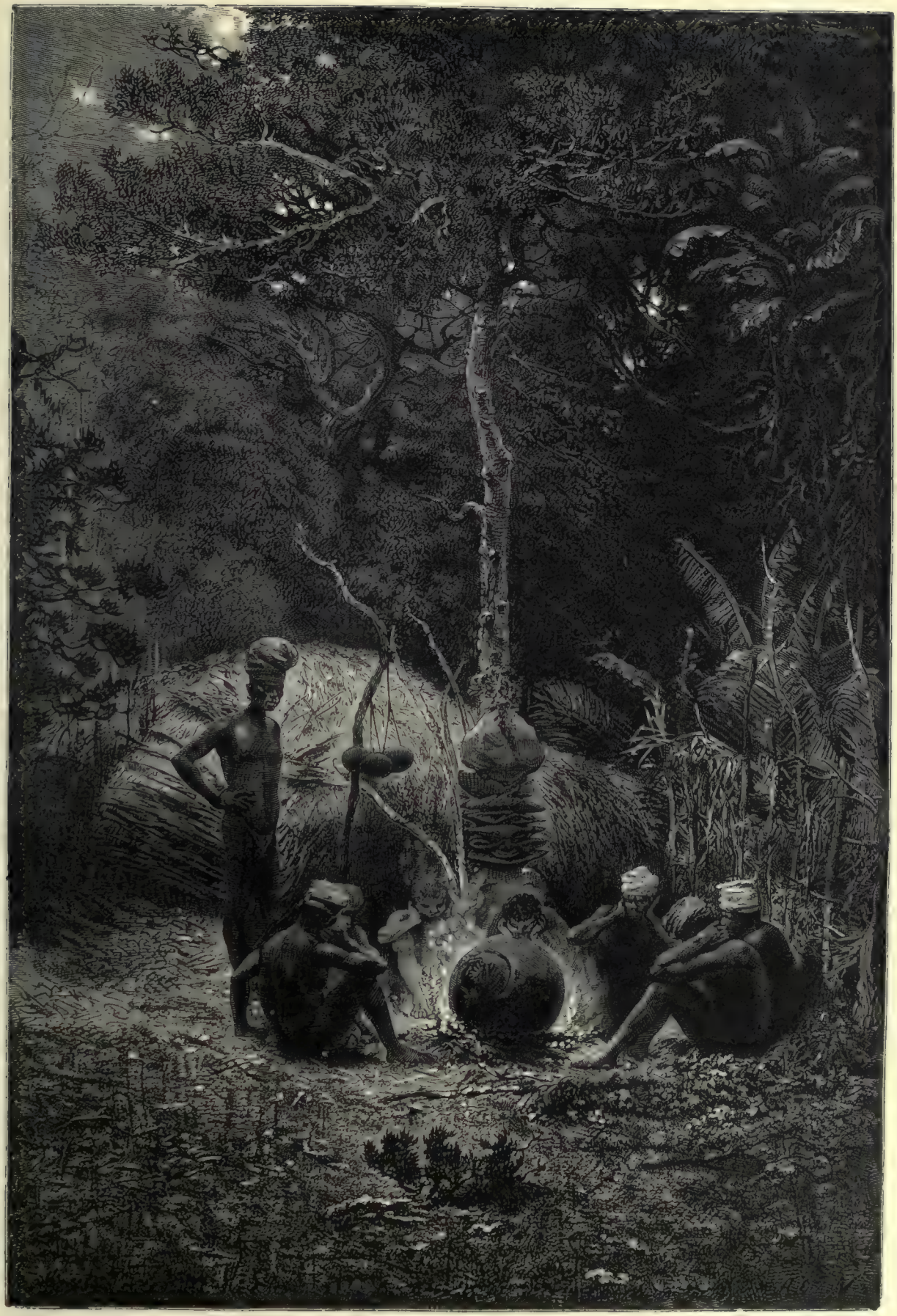
Plantains and bananas, growing rapidly to a considerable height, are perhaps the most convenient plants for sheltering purposes. The plantain and banana attain their full height and bear fruit in about twelve months. The suckers, with a portion of root attached, being cut with a spade from a grove of bananas, will live for a considerable time after their removal from the soil if piled up in a cool shady place, and will almost invariably take root when planted out, no matter at what season. Of course, if the suckers are planted out during drought, some water should be given them.

Oranges and lemons make a compact and very ornamental fence and shelter, but take several years growing to any considerable size. The lemon is a quicker-growing tree than the orange, generally bearing fruit about the third year, while the first oranges usually appear about the fifth year of the tree's age.

Rows of mulberry or peach trees are often used as "break-winds," but the objection to these is the great distance to which the side-roots travel in the soil—this is especially the case as regards the mulberry-tree—thus robbing the coffee-plants, to a great extent, of nourishment. A tolerably firm and rather ornamental fence may be made of mulberries by planting the cuttings (which strike very freely) rather close together, and, as the fence grows, interlacing the boughs firmly from plant to plant. The African peach and mulberry are very inferior in flavour to the English fruit, but the trees are both quick growers and abundant producers. A row of castor-oil plants makes a tolerable "break-wind," and entails but little trouble. A few handfuls of the seed, which may be easily gathered, as the plant is sufficiently common, are sown in a straight furrow, and attain a good height in a few months. It is a strange fact that the seed of the castor-oil plant, if eaten, has often a very violent effect. I speak from experience, having upon one occasion made myself thoroughly ill by eating a few of these seeds, the taste of which is not at all disagreeable, under the impression that I was taking a very mild and harmless medicine, and I have known several instances of others being severely indisposed after eating these seeds. Doves of various kinds feed upon castor-oil seed during the seeding season, which communicates no disagreeable flavour to their flesh, which remains perfectly wholesome.

As soon as the summer rains commenced, we planted out a quantity of our seedling coffee-plants during a three days' rain. When the downpour commences steadily in the afternoon, after the clouds have been observed "banking up" in a certain quarter, according to the locality, three days of continuous wet weather may be expected, which is hailed with joy by those who have land ready for planting. After the third day of our planting, the sun again appeared, with scorching power, and our young plants being rather delicate, we had to shelter each one of them with boughs taken from the adjoining bush. From time to time these boughs had to be renewed, the leaves withering and falling from them under the sun's rays; and a drought of some weeks' duration setting in, as is often the case after the first rains, water was brought from the river and applied to the plants. Notwithstanding all this care and labour, many of the little trees perished, and had to be replaced during the next downfall of rain.

Though we had the mortification of seeing several patches of coffee swept off by the drought, yet at the conclusion of the rainy season we found ourselves possessed of one plot of trees in good order and without blanks, though this had only been achieved by constant replanting and care.



GANG OF BASUTO LABOURERS.

Captured by the Honduras Indians.—I.

JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR.

It was in the beginning of May, 1868, that I left Belize, where I had been nearly a month engaged in what may be termed the manufacture of mahogany, to take a run over the cuttings lying on the Bravo River, a district but little known to the mahogany cutters, although owned by the Honduras Company for some years. I was accompanied by a Canadian, who had been long used to cutting timber in the far west of North America, and a more quiet, agreeable, and unassuming companion I never wish to meet with. After ascending the New River upwards of sixty miles in a boat, the scenery of which to the very water's edge was rich, varied, and luxuriant—a mild and subdued tropical scenery—we arrived at Indian Church, a small settlement of the Honduras Company, where they cultivate sugar. Here we tarried a few days to recruit our strength, having suffered from excessive heat and a fever, which generally attacks new-comers who are not accustomed to the climate. We left Indian Church on horseback, accompanied by a Spanish guide, and in a few hours reached Driving Camp, a grazing station of the Company, where the cattle are reared and fattened for the food of those who are engaged in cutting mahogany. The heat was excessive and almost unbearable, and by the time we arrived at our journey's end we felt extremely fatigued. This arose in a great measure from the want of water, which is difficult to meet with of a good and wholesome quality; and, although we were provided with vinegar to neutralise its deleterious effects, we had not the good fortune to meet with either a stream or a well, where we might, perchance, have slaked our burning thirst. Our journey lay, for the most part, through track-paths and through bush, which is of all travelling the most tedious and disagreeable. The sharp and intertangled thorn bushes intercept your path at cruelly short intervals, and leave their mark upon your hands and face in unmistakable signs. Both our faces and hands were literally streaming with blood. Our clothes, also, were torn in shreds, and it was with great difficulty that we could keep our bodies from being entirely stripped and exposed to the merciless laceration of our prickly opponents. To make matters worse, our horses, hard in the mouth, wiry, and above control, accustomed to such journeys, went straight on, and would not allow us time to adjust our position in the saddle, so as to wriggle through—or at least to make the attempt, which would have been some consolation—the serried phalanx of brushwood which continuously assailed us.

From Driving Point we pursued our course by boat up the Bravo River for about twenty miles; thence we proceeded on foot through the Bravo district, along a very good track-path for about ten miles, when we reached the mahogany-cutting station. Our baggage was carried by three Spaniards, whom we hired for the occasion; and we were quite surprised at the skill with which they adjusted the weight on their shoulders, and the comparative ease with which they bore the load, having marched the entire distance without resting more than once.

After staying at this station four days, and selecting some mahogany trees, fine both in size and figure, to be cut down, we left to go still higher up the Bravo River, where the Honduras Company had several men employed in blasting the rocks and removing other obstructions in the stream, so as to leave a free and uninterrupted water-course for the floating of the timber as yet uncut. We were, however, disappointed and somewhat annoyed at not finding any person capable of guiding us in search of the finest trees, and therefore immediately returned to the Bravo settlement to obtain an efficient "tree-hunter" for that purpose.

On our return we leisurely surveyed the country through which we had previously passed. We had heard a great deal about the "beauties of the bush" in this part of Yucatan, and we think it fully justifies all that has been said about it. Nature never, perhaps, puts on a more attractive garb than she does in this quarter of the globe, not indeed so gaudy as she occasionally appears elsewhere, but rich, varied, and luxuriant. The almost infinite variety of productions in the floral and insect worlds of creation is perfectly bewildering, and no sooner does one beautiful flower, or exquisitely coloured butterfly, attract your eye, than another and another—here, there, and everywhere—quickly supersedes it, and the sight becomes literally confused with the *embarras de richesses*, which so prodigally unfolds itself. The graceful palm-tree, with its large and waving leaves, is the first object to attract your attention; it not only affords shelter from the heat of the sun's rays, but supplies occasionally a cooling breeze by the movement of its fanlike branches; next you may chance to light upon an immense curtain of climbing-plants, covering the forest-trees, and rejoicing in every possible hue and shade of colour. Here the bee with busy hum, is almost always on the wing, and the activity with which it moves from place to place in search of food may be termed a marvel of industry and perseverance. The butterflies are as numerous and as varied as the flowers, but certainly more gaudy, yet presenting such contrasts and combinations, as regards colour, that would astonish even the most accomplished of our practical colourists. Here flutter past you, in the most whimsical gyrations, a multitude in red, green, and pink liveries; there springs up from some flower-cluster, a tribe with bright azure wings and black under surfaces, some of them almost as large as bats. The yellow tribe, with their wings tinged with pink, are common; so also are the brown tribes, through every possible shade of that subdued but harmonious colour. Moths are as plentiful by night as butterflies are by day, and are almost as diversified in beauty of colouring, or at least of markings and of form; but at night moths are occasionally annoying by coming flop in your face, whilst sleeping in the open, or even under canvas. Both these kinds of insects are, however, kept down by two birds, which especially prey upon them, so that the balance of nature, in this respect at least, is as well preserved in Yucatan as it is elsewhere.

We saw but little game, although it is known to abound in certain parts of the country. There were, however, numerous traces, or foot-marks, of peccaries; and on the muddy banks of some of the creeks the three-toed imprint of the tapir, which in Honduras is called the mountain cow, was quite visible. The wild cats and pumas are heard at night, but they seldom approach anything like a human habitation. Nature has

supplied them with plenty of food in their own solitary retreats, and it will be a long period before their supplies are cut off—at least by the civilised and civilising hand of man. Neither of these kinds of animals, it may be as well to remark, are fond of either smoke or fire; they instinctively shrink from both.

One thing was very noticeable in the bush, namely, the noxious rankness of the vegetation, which emitted a heavy, unhealthy atmosphere, most depressing to the spirits.

This sensation was, however, in some measure neutralised by the fragrant odour of the almond-tree, which is exceedingly delicious and has a reviving influence. The bushy, flowering shrubs are likewise exceedingly numerous; most of them bear a blue and white flower, the blue approaching to our violet. The cactus plants grow to a great size, the flowers of which are a deepish red; these grow the largest in swampy places, and their roots extend in almost every direction, which gives them a firm hold in the ground.

A swamp in Honduras, at least as far as our experience extends, is a thing *per se*. After passing through a stony and hilly section of country, we, at times, come suddenly to the margin of low marshy ground, whence spring dense bamboo clumps from a single root; some of these canes run from forty to fifty feet in length, and though as thick as an ordinary man's arm at the base, they taper off to the size of a pen-holder at the point. These bamboos are covered with thorns, and we need scarcely remark that it is a case of *noli me tangere*, if you be wise and prudent, when in close proximity to them. The swamps are not easily traversed, as, from the sinking nature of the soil, we are liable to get foot-fast, or to sink up to the middle in foul and fœtid water, which has an almost instantaneous effect upon the system, especially when in a state of perspiration. At the flood season it is impossible to cross these swampy morasses, which assume the character of large sheets of water and extend to an immense distance. In the immediate neighbourhood of these swamps we occasionally passed through an Indian plantation, in which were growing bananas, plantains, and Indian corn. The bananas looked beautiful and green, but the fruit was provokingly scarce, the Indians, having great affection for it, seldom allowing it to accumulate on the stalks.

At length we arrived at our encampment, and as night was coming on quickly, we prepared, unconsciously, for our last peaceful rest. The moon was up, the heavens were clear, and all nature seemed in quiet repose; and a moonlight scene in Yucatan is one of the most enchanting sights that it is possible to conceive, however vivid may be your imaginative power or beautiful your artistic conceptions. The moon, in her lustrous course, had risen full half-way up from the horizon, and threw a strong silver light over the foreground immediately at our feet, which caused every object to stand out in bold and natural relief from the dark and distant background. The varied objects on the landscape looked like a series of small islands in a calm summer's sea; and as all was quiet, save the chirp of the wood-cricket or the occasional scream of some night bird in the woods, it was a scene of natural beauty which could scarcely be realised upon the canvas of the artist, or even in the pages of the poet. Perhaps I ought to except Pope's graphic and picturesque translation of Homer's moon-lit scene, in the eighth book of the "Iliad," which instantly came to my mind. But, perhaps not, for the two lines and a half of the original, with their rugged simplicity, are preferred by the "few" to the diluted twelve of the translator, melodious as they may be to the ear, and acceptable as they ought to be to the most refined understanding.

We at length turned in, and little dreamt of the calamity that would befall us on the morrow.

OUR CAPTURE BY THE INDIANS.

It was early in the morning, just after the break of day, when the Indians came suddenly upon us. We were completely taken by surprise, not having the slightest apprehension that we were in danger, and never dreaming for a moment that we could be turned to account through the medium of a ransom. However, such, unfortunately for us, was the case.

We had just finished breakfast, having risen early, and were quietly sipping a cup of coffee in the mahogany-cutter's hut, when we suddenly heard a peculiar noise, which at first seemed to float in the air, but it became stronger and more definite as it neared us. At first we thought that our men, who were about a quarter of a mile off, on the other side of the Bravo River, were having what is vulgarly called a "lark" with each other; but as the noise continued for some minutes, and was always in the same peculiar strain, we concluded that there must be something of a disagreeable nature near at hand. The noise, too, especially as it neared us, became fierce and ferocious, and was more like a fiendish war-whoop than that which is created in moments of hilarity by civilised human beings. The mahogany-cutter, who stood at the door of his hut on the look-out, suddenly called our attention to what he designated a "scrimmage" amongst some Indians; but we were soon undeceived on that head, for the latter suddenly drew up in line before the huts of our blacks, and fired several volleys upon them in quick succession. This firing drove some twenty of our men into their huts, while others flew in terror into the bush. Everything, in an instant, was in confusion, and panic and fear took possession of every soul on the station. We were, for the moment, completely bewildered, and, therefore, at the mercy of our assailants. The yells of the Indians, as they advanced, were truly frightful; they had no resemblance to the cries of a human being, but might be likened to the howl of some wild animal when springing on its prey. That cry still rings in my ears, and can never be forgotten.

We were, as a body, the victims of fear, and gave in without striking a blow. The disparity of numbers was not so great as we imagined at the outset; and as we had plenty of heavy cutlasses, a five-barrel revolver, and a gun, we might, at least, have made some show of resistance, had our men stuck to us as they ought to have done. But we were only three white men against ten times that number of Indians, who were armed to the teeth, and who, under their leader, the captain of their band, advanced in fours slowly towards us. As they neared our huts I walked out in a careless kind of way and passed the first four; but, on endeavouring to pass others in the same way, I was seized by the arms, and quickly plundered of all I possessed. Not content with clearing my pockets, they tore the coat off my back, and immediately began to bind my arms to my sides with a rope, which they apparently had brought for that purpose.

I was stunned for the moment and scarcely knew where I was; but on making a desperate effort to get back to the hut the butt-ends of the Indians' muskets soon awoke me to the reality of my position. I defended myself, however, as well as I was able, for my arms were but loosely secured; but I had

no chance with my opponents, who were armed to the teeth, and who inflicted upon me some heavy blows for presuming to make a resistance. I really thought they meant to dispatch me altogether; but it was fated otherwise, for on the arrival of some more Indians, who directed the attention of my assailants to the hut, they left me half-bound, as it were, to do as I pleased, knowing well that I could not go far without being overtaken or captured by some of their band. Joined by some of my companions, who had crept from their hiding-places, we contented ourselves with watching the Indians, who were busy in plundering our huts. They rushed wildly about, and soon cleared out all our stores and, indeed, all we possessed of eatables, drinkables, and clothing, which were really worth about 2,000 dollars.

There were upwards of thirty engaged in plundering our huts; the remainder were on the other side of the river, busily engaged in binding our men, and sending out scouting parties in search of those who were tracking mahogany some three miles off in the bush, and who were unaware of our being captured at head-quarters. The Indians evidently knew something of our plans and arrangements, for at the outset they sent off a portion of their force to capture our men who were cutting close by, and also another portion to bring in those who were tracking at a distance. There was treachery somewhere in our camp, but we could never discover where, not even when all was over and our ransom money paid. The traitor, whoever he was, kept his secret remarkably well, for there was not the slightest indication, either in word or action, on the part of any of our troop as to who was the traitor. All our men were at length brought in and bound by the Indians, who were collected by the roll of a drum. I counted upwards of eighty in line when they were all together, and they appeared fully under the command of their captain, who carried a bugle to sound the call and muster. After a few minutes, parties were told off to bind us, which was soon accomplished, for no resistance was made on our part, knowing that it would have been useless, or worse than useless, as the Indians had their drawn weapons close at hand. When bound, we were ordered into a shed which we had built for our stores, and as we were closely packed together, we soon began to feel the inconvenience of captivity. The Indians in the meantime piled their arms and took a long rest on the ground, having, as we learned afterwards, come a distance of eighty miles. We began to speculate amongst ourselves what would be the result of this unexpected and audacious *coup* on the part of our captors: whether they would demand ransom for our restoration, or be content with the plunder they had already obtained, and coolly leave us to our fate. At length the Indians, by a signal as it were, started up and formed into line, each man being supplied with powder, shot, and a cutlass; and after a few words of command they hurried off to divide the spoil which they had so treacherously obtained. We had in the store sixty gallons of white rum, thirty degrees above proof, which could not fail to attract their attention, and as the Indians are soon maddened by drinking spirits, we were fearful of the effect the rum might have upon them, and awaited the result with considerable uneasiness. Several of the Indians soon felt the effect of the rum, and began to swing their arms about and make anything but pleasant gestures, such, for instance, as drawing knives across their arms, throats, and legs, as though they intended to dispatch us when they had finished plundering our stores. This by-play was continued throughout the day, and when night came our position was truly pitiable. We had made up our minds, however, if things came to the worst, that our struggle for life should be a desperate one, and should cost the Indians more than they would probably calculate upon. Having imbibed largely of our rum and some drinkables we had in store, the Indians began to shout and halloo at the very top of their fierce and savage voices, as though they were engaged in a war-dance and their fiercest enemy had just been slaughtered. Some of them commenced sharpening their knives and swords on a grindstone we had inside the shed; and everything, in fact, seemed to forbode a melancholy termination to our sufferings and endurance.



ONE OF OUR CAPTORS.

By twelve o'clock at night, however, things began to be more tranquil, the shouts and yells of the Indians fell off, and we indulged in the hope that we might get a little rest, so as to strengthen ourselves for the future conflict. We lay on the bare ground, with here and there a pillow in the shape of a small sack of flour or a log of wood, and were dozing off to sleep when loud and sudden yells saluted our ears, and we thought for a moment that our end was come—that our fate was sealed, But, after a short interval, several shots were fired, and in about a quarter of an hour from the commencement of the hubbub, a man was brought in, mortally wounded, his clothes being a mass of blood. This man attempted to escape, and was shot down by one of the Indians who formed the guard that were round us. The blacks placed the wounded man on the ground, and covered him over with a few rags; but the groans of the poor fellow kept us awake till nearly dawn, when the Indians began to stir, and set to drinking as freely as they had done on the preceding evening, which completely "murdered sleep," as far at least as we were concerned. At

sunrise the Indians began to pack up and prepare for the march—a march which was fearful to contemplate, for we had scarcely recovered from a fever which we had caught by drinking bad water, and through being exposed to the excessive heat of the sun.

THE MARCH.

We learned from one of our guides, a Spaniard, who understood the language of the Indians, that we were to be marched to the interior of the country, so that our recapture would be next to impossible, even if the troops of the fortress at Belize were sent for that purpose. We certainly preferred marching into the interior of the country rather than to be shot down like dogs, which we at first apprehended, from the gestures and demeanour of the Indians, though at times we suffered sorely, and for a moment or so preferred even death to the pain and vexation we were obliged to endure.



INDIANS ON THE BRAVO RIVER.

At sunrise the Indians began to pack up their plunder and prepare for the march; and before we were placed in line, our conversation ran principally upon the means of escape and the probability of effecting it. The cowed disposition of our black companions, however, quickly dissipated all ideas of escaping, and we resigned ourselves to our fate in the best way we could, simply promising, should any of us survive, to convey to the friends of the lost our last wishes and regrets.

At length the bugle sounded fiercely and shrill, which meant that we must prepare for the march, and our cattle-drivers were ordered to the front with their cattle, which, at starting, numbered 125 head. We were then formed in single line, and placed one in front of the other, guarded on both sides by Indians who carried drawn cutlasses and loaded muskets. It took nearly half an hour before we—the mahogany-cutter, the Canadian, and the writer of this narrative—began our march, so that this line formed fully a mile in length, and perhaps more, if we include the cattle and their drivers. Why we were placed in the rear we could not conceive, unless the Indian chief suspected that an attempt would be made to rescue us, as the leading men of the station, and therefore requiring a stronger and stricter escort than the rest. Of this, however, there was not the slightest chance, for we had no means when first captured, of communicating with our friends. We were guarded by fifteen Indians, and kept back for some little time; and before we were allowed to join our companions, who had got some distance ahead of us, we observed that the general gave special instructions to his men, so, at least, we interpreted the signs which they mutually exchanged. The Indians eyed us occasionally with keen and furtive glances, and began to load and prime their muskets; and after a little time we were ordered to advance, but had scarcely stepped a few paces, when the general commanded us to halt. We thought, for a moment, that we were about to be shot, and a fearful and sickening sensation came suddenly over us, so much so indeed that my Canadian companion nearly

fainted. The general, however, made a sign to march forward, and we quickly joined our companions, who were some distance before us. It was now about eleven a.m., and the heat became extremely oppressive. We marched silently and doggedly along; our only hope and only thought was of escape, but how that was to be effected we had not the slightest conception. The Indians appeared surly, and when we occasionally slackened our pace, they goaded us on with the butt-ends of their muskets, or by a stroke on the arm with the flat side of their cutlasses. Our thirst became intense, and the only water we met with was a mere puddle, as it were, in a truck-rut, which was muddy and by no means fit to drink; but the intensity of our thirst conquered all scruples, and we were not very nice as to the way in which we quenched it. The march was continued all night and till four p.m. next day, when we arrived at a station, or post belonging to the Honduras Company. This station was formerly kept as a store-house for the men who were employed in cutting mahogany in the neighbourhood; the house being left in charge of an old soldier, who had seen service in the West Indies and elsewhere, and belonged to one of our line regiments. As the Indians passed this house on their way to our capture, they fired upon the old man; and as he returned the compliment, they quickly dispatched him, leaving his mangled corpse in the bush, where he had fled to elude their savage and murderous attack. Not content, however, with mangling the old soldier, the Indians tied his remains to a stake in the creek close by, where it was left to be preyed upon by the denizens of the bush, or to rot; when we arrived near the spot, the stench from what was remaining of the corpse produced a sickening sensation. Three of us were billeted in the house with some blacks, the latter, in most instances, lying outside on the bare ground. After partaking of a slight refreshment we prepared to rest, which was very comforting after our long march; and as we had luckily saved a fowl and a little white rum, our meal, though scant, was very acceptable. The house had two doors, which were strictly guarded by the Indians, and no one was allowed either to go out or to come in. Our bed was composed of leaves cut from the capoon-tree, which are very large, a dozen being about sufficient for a single bed, upon which two might easily rest. The leaves of the capoon-tree are turned to good account in the bush, where they are very plentiful. Many of them are seven feet in length, while their leaflets are three feet, so that the bushrangers use them, not only for bedding purposes, but also for forming the roofs of their huts, whether permanently or temporarily constructed.

Though the leafy couch upon which we rested considerably diminished the fatigues we had endured through the greater portion of our long and tiresome march, it could not induce sleep; but simply threw us into a kind of dreamy doze, during which anything but pleasant and pleasurable thoughts passed through our minds. On questioning each other at rise of day, we found that we had all passed the few hours of night in a similar way. Fitful dreams of what we had gone through, and vague apprehensions that we should never see our friends again, neither definitely fixed as realities, were the predominant features of our first night's rest; but our fears had greatly diminished; we became less alarmed at the occasional peculiarities of our captors, and felt less restraint in their presence than at the commencement of our capture.

At sunrise we rose at the sound of the bugle and were quickly on the march. The morning (Sunday) was splendid, and the clear, cold, and crisp atmosphere had a sharpening effect upon our appetites. We crossed the creek, and were wending our way, not

"Through peaceful glades and shady bowers,"

but through muddy and marshy tracks, and though we had, at starting, the promise of a fine day, it turned out just the reverse, for the rain fell in torrents, at intervals, and completely wetted us to the skin. We had not proceeded many miles under the drenching showers before the Indians beckoned us to halt, but for what purpose we could not possibly conjecture. We were all in the dark, and our guides, or rather interpreters, were as much at a loss as we were. One suggested that the Indians had stopped to water the cattle, which suffered severely from drought and from the paucity of wells and running streams; a second imagined that another tribe of Indians was in the vicinity, the enemies of our captors, and that a fight between the tribes would in all probability ensue. We indulged in all sorts of speculations as to the meaning of the halt, but as we could gain no real information upon the matter, we were thrown into a gloomy reverie of doubt and conjecture. At length six of us were separated from our companions, marched off about half a mile or so a-head of the rest, and were ordered to halt. The Indians then began to cut the grass and to clear a patch of ground, but for what purpose none of us could divine. We watched them with intense interest, and naturally asked ourselves, What does all this mean? What is the object of these halts, the marching us out from the rest, this cropping the grass so close? For a moment or so we imagined that the cleared patch was to be our last resting-place in this unhappy world. The suspense was dreadful; and we were completely bowed down at our unhappy fate. After a short time, however, our fears were slightly diminished, for the Indians began to make a temporary bed, and raised spars cut from saplings to form its covering. This gave a small relief to the burden of our apprehensions, which had so absorbed our minds that, though we were drenched with rain, we scarcely felt or knew of its existence. All the clothes we had on were a pair of pants and a yellow flannel shirt—no coat, no waistcoat, and no under garments of any kind. Under these circumstances our sufferings may be imagined, but we scarcely think they can be realised, except by those who endured them.

We were now completely in the bush, and in a part, as we thought, where no Indian had previously been, for our captors cut their way before them; but for what purpose they took this solitary and untrodden route we could not possibly conceive. It is true that we found here and there the vines and bushes partially cleared, as though the track had been followed before; and, indeed, we subsequently learned that the Indians had previously and purposely taken it, but for a reason best known to themselves. These tracks are wearisome to traverse, to use the mildest term, and frequently cause great pain to the traveller, especially if he happen to be unaccustomed to them. Creepers of every description, and vines in almost every direction, but not very troublesome; here swampy, and there stony, ground has to be encountered every few yards, and there is no avoiding them by any kind of détour, so that you have to push your way right on just as the crow flies, with this difference, however, that the latter can

"Wing at ease its wide aerial way,"

whereas the traveller through the bush has not the slightest chance of walking at his ease, not even for the length of a few yards.

The Indians, as usual, placed a strict watch round our lair, which barely sheltered us from the rain, and afforded a slightly better couch for repose than the bare ground, if such a term as repose can be justly applied to the fitful and feverish state of excitement to which we were exposed. We had a guard of eight Indians to take care of our party, and we must say that on this occasion they did not molest us in the slightest degree, and never offered to intrude themselves on our notice. They sat quietly on the ground, outside our lair, utterly regardless of the rain, which, at intervals, came down in pretty smart showers, as though they were accustomed to such weather. Their firelocks, however, were carefully covered with a piece of animal's skin, which kept them dry; and as some of these were lying behind their piles of plunder, which were wrapped up in a kind of net, we had an opportunity of examining them at our ease. They were roughly finished, and appeared as barbarous in construction as the firelocks of a century ago; yet, in the hands of an Indian, and to do an Indian's work, assuming our capture to be his habitual occupation, they are an effective weapon. The nets containing their plunder were strapped to their backs when marching, and seemed to cause them little inconvenience.

After a couple of hours' repose, and while speculating upon the probable upshot of the affair, one of our men came in from the general body of the captives, who were about half a mile off, and told us that all the Indians were drunk, and were behaving in the most riotous and menacing manner to the blacks, whom they had in charge. This section of the Indian party had saved a portion of the rum which they had plundered from our stores, and the only wonder was that they had saved it so long. This, however, was sad news, and created a very gloomy and depressed state of feeling amongst us. We were strongly guarded, and had not the slightest chance of escape; and as we heard their yells at a distance, we expected they would be soon upon us. A drunken soldier, in a state of active and maddening excitement is bad enough in any country, and under any circumstances; but a drunken Indian, inflamed by rum above proof and in possession of captives about whose ransoms he is not quite sure, transcends the soldier, as far as incentive to fiendish brutality is concerned. We had made up our minds for the worst—death; but we could not calculate in what form that would be accomplished. We were apprehensive that the Indians, under the exciting influence of drink, would scalp us, which is by no means uncommon with them, when disappointed of the gain they hope to obtain from their captives; but to be left to a lingering death in the bush was what we most dreaded, and were determined if possible to prevent. The Indians, however, were soon upon us, but as they neared, the yells died away, and their noisy fiendish laugh had completely ceased; they came towards our lair in a sullen but determined manner, and, after effectually surrounding us, began to talk angrily in their own language, as though they had prepared themselves for our slaughter. They first drew out their knives, and then flourished them over their heads; but not content with these menacing displays, they drew their knives across their arms and wrists, and pointed to their cutlasses and the ground, after the manner of stage charlatans, who dumbly play their parts, and merely mimic human action. This was mere braggadocio, as we afterwards learned, but it was intensely painful to witness, and indicated the very extreme of cruelty. At length, tired, we presume, of these savage displays, the Indians interpreted to us through one of their own men, who spoke Spanish, their intentions—at least their pretended intentions. They had made up their minds, they said, to do away with us, as they saw that we could not proceed fast enough for them; that we were continually wanting water, especially one individual, whom they specially pointed out. They also said that they had seventeen miles, or more, of difficult bush to get through on the next day, and that we could not possibly stand the fatigue; they then shook hands with us in a somewhat impressive manner, as though they were bidding us a final adieu, and the general, who was present, immediately left to communicate the intelligence to our men, who were some distance from us. The Indians, however, changed their determination, if it were ever sincere, which is doubtful; and, after a council of war, they made up their minds that we should be spared another day, provided we should prove strong enough to accomplish that day's journey; this was communicated to us by the interpreter.

On the night which followed the fourth day of our capture, it rained in torrents, and our bedding of capoon-leaves was wet through and through. This caused us great discomfort, as we had nothing to cover us, not even dry leaves, which we would gladly have accepted. We also felt the cravings of hunger, not having tasted anything since the preceding evening, and would have given anything for a drop of the rum which the Indians had so recklessly drunk. The fear, however, of being weak from the want of food, and of not being able to proceed on the next day's route, had the effect of stringing up and tightening our nerves, and we rose in the morning both ready and determined for action, though fever had almost stricken us down.

We commenced our fourth day's journey at four a.m., having seventeen miles of clear bush before us, with scarcely an oasis of open ground throughout the whole journey. The day was warm—hot, indeed, and travelling was as tiresome and distressing as it well could be. To make matters worse, we were started without any food, and as we had been without for one day and two nights, we felt exceedingly weak and depressed, in fact, ready to sink at almost every step we took. We thought, for a time, that the Indians had made up their minds to starve us to death; though we could assign no reason why we entertained the thought, except their apparently intentional neglect in supplying us with the proper amount of food. Being poorly clad, and bound tightly round the arms with ropes, our fatigue was unnecessarily increased, and this, combined with fever, made existence very difficult to endure. We had been bound three days in this manner, and had to march and sleep in that state throughout the journey. These ropes, moreover, greatly annoyed us on the march, as they got occasionally entangled with the numerous creepers which intersected our path, and frequently it was not without difficulty that we were released.

Having marched about two hours we were ordered to halt, when we rested and refreshed ourselves, first by lying down on the ground, and secondly by taking copious draughts of water, which we luckily fell in with on our route. While we were resting and drinking our water, a report came in that the cattle had gone astray, that they had fairly got away with their drivers,

and that the Indians could not keep us from running off, which had determined them to despatch us at once. This report, however, turned out to be a mere fabrication, and we were ordered to continue our march, not resting for three hours or more; the rest, however, when it did come, proved very acceptable. One of our companions, however, was getting very weak from the effect of heat and the fever that was upon him; and in a few minutes he was no more. That kind, good spirit was the Canadian. We buried him as well as we could, with no implements or tools to dig his grave; and we could only hope that his remains would find a peaceful and unmolested repose.

The Indians, through the interpreter, informed us that if any were unable to proceed on the journey, they would release



THE INDIAN CHIEF.

and while resting he felt a peculiar sensation creeping over him, as though he could not proceed further. It was a kind of drowsiness, combined with sickness, and his fear was great when the Indians noticed it and began to speak among themselves in a smothered tone, displaying the pettishness which is peculiar to them when they intend doing any cruel act. Our companion made up his mind that he was a doomed man, and exclaimed, "I cannot walk any further; I am too ill. If any of you recover, do, pray, look to my few affairs, and write to my friends." When his companions told him that his request should be attended to, a smile passed over his face, them, *more suo*, by thrusting a machete, or cutlass, through their bodies. This information reduced the state of things to which we were brought to a simple form—instant death, or a desperate struggle to continue the journey. After proceeding a few miles on our renewed march we were again ordered to halt, but not allowed to sit down, as there was only a slight obstruction to our onward path ahead of the line, such as creepers or dense bush occasionally present. We had only been standing a few minutes when the writer of these lines felt a sensation coming over him similar to that which the Canadian experienced antecedent to his decease; and feeling giddy, he

staggered and lost all consciousness of existence. He was, at length, brought to by water being thrown over his face and poured copiously down his back. Yet, amidst this adverse condition of things, almost without hope, and hourly sinking from fatigue, but more from want of proper sustenance, we cheered each other up by occasionally cracking jokes upon our captors, which they could not possibly comprehend, and so far therefore, they were utterly futile and harmless, though they alleviated our sufferings, and diminished slightly the disasters which befell us. We had still about eight miles to stagger over, and we would almost have bartered our existence for a draught of rum, however small that draught might be; it would have given us courage and resolution, and our journey might have been accomplished with about half the pain and suffering we were compelled to endure. When the vines or creepers occasionally caught our boots and tripped us up, the Indians hauled us on our legs without the slightest mercy, and indulged in a kind of brutish laugh, especially if the ground chanced to be covered with thorns. This was not the only difficulty we had to surmount in the bush, for there were fallen trees, some of them of large girth, lying in almost every direction; and these we had to get over the best way we could. Some of us could scarcely lift our feet from the ground, and before we could get one leg across a tree our joints would crack, as though they were broken, from being swollen and stiffened by night colds and long marches. This kind of route continued till evening, when, to our surprise and grateful relief, we found ourselves on the banks of Blue Creek River, which we hailed with heartfelt joy.

We put up, or rather were housed, in a kind of shed, which formed part of the hamlet that had been deserted on the approach of the Indians for the purpose of our capture. The cattle were all safe, and were grazing in the immediate vicinity, and the Indians made up their minds to slaughter two of them for food, not only for themselves, but for us also. This was the first sign of a common feeling of humanity exercised by the Indians towards us; and as they knew that we had had scarcely anything approaching to a meal, and some of us not even tasted food since we left our own station, we began to draw more favourable conclusions as to our ultimate fate than we we had hitherto done. The Indians singled out an ox, and having tied him to a stake ran a *machete* through his neck, but the thrust had not the desired effect, for the animal, having made a desperate plunge, rushed off into the bush, beyond the reach of the Indians, who made every effort to capture it. The Indians were, however, more successful with two other



ONE OF OUR GUARDS.

oxen which were singled out of the herd; these were slaughtered, skinned, and eaten within the short space of half an hour, so sharply had hunger overtaken even captors and captives on that trying occasion. Some of us, however, made but a scanty meal, but it had a good effect upon our spirits, and hardened us to complete the journey. We tore the meat with our fingers, for knives and forks would have been out of place in that remote and savage solitude. Having finished our meal, we gladly sank to rest upon our couch of capoon-leaves; but, what with our guard of Indians and the myriads of mosquitoes which assailed us, we had no chance of obtaining even a moderate repose. During the night the yells peculiar to the Indians were really frightful, and we were afraid that the opposing tribe were on the point of attacking our masters, and that we might be reduced to the condition of defending our own lives. Of course, under the circumstances in which we were placed, our fears exaggerated everything that had a tendency to endanger our position, and what might be deemed merely a molehill of danger, if such a metaphor may be allowed, was instantly converted into a mountain of dread and apprehension. In the morning, however, it turned out that three of the cattle-drivers had made their escape by swimming across the river, the darkness of the night favouring their escape. They had been loosely guarded, for some of the Indians, having eaten ravenously, fell asleep at their posts. The escape of the cattle-drivers greatly annoyed the captain of the band, as we afterwards learned; and a threat was made that if any more of us made an escape, the remainder should at once be put to death. Escape, however, under any circumstances, considering the surroundings of our position, would have been tantamount to madness; by day it would have been impossible, and by night the chances were that we should have been irretrievably lost in the bush. We should have been worse off by flight than we were in our state of captivity; so we consoled ourselves with the reflection that we had better remain in the frying-pan than leap into the fire, for our miseries by that kind of action would surely be materially augmented, for, in the lowest depth there is a lower still.

At the end of the fifth day's march we arrived, at five p.m., at a knoll in the bush, which was covered with tall and slender trees. Before starting in the morning, many of us soaped the soles of our socks, which considerably eased our march during the day, for we had become terribly footsore. We passed through the usual number of swamps, sometimes ankle-deep, and as some of our boots were down at heel and pervious to wet and mud, the peculiar nature of the march was truly distressing. The heat of the sun, too, compelled us to keep, as long as we could, wet leaves on our wide-awakes, and the latter also well over our foreheads. Indeed, we were afraid almost every minute of a sunstroke, so direct and intense were the sun's rays, especially when it had just passed the meridian. Some of our men, being allowed more freedom than others, were drafted off to seek water at a small creek not far distant from our encampment; but what they brought in, however, was not worthy of the name of water, for it was nearly stagnant, being the worst we had tasted throughout the entire march. We therefore preferred a few wild cherries—which we plucked from some neighbouring trees—to such poisonous-looking and repulsive liquid as the water from the creek. The cherries were at least refreshing, although they left our thirst comparatively unslaked. Provisions we had none; and when an Indian, who had furtively listened to our inquiries about food, offered us some Indian corn-meal mixed up with some hot water, we were rejoiced in the extreme, and partook of it with the utmost delight and satisfaction. Many of us, indeed, were nearly maddened by hunger, and anything in the shape or semblance of human food was seized hold of with avidity. While we were disposing of our Indian meal, the howl of a puma was heard, which quickly appeared in the immediate neighbourhood of our camp, and walked round it several times; as this was the first wild beast we had seen, we eyed it with considerable curiosity and watched all its movements. The animal, however, was driven off by the Indians, though he kept a sharp eye upon the cattle, which no doubt had drawn him to the spot.

On the sixth day we commenced our march, in the goose line, one before another, at four a.m. This march was characterised by the same peculiarities as regards climate and natural obstacles as the preceding were. Now and then, it is true, we had variations; but for the most part they were so slight as to make the repetition of each day's march almost supererogatory. We halted for a rest and a drink of water at nine a.m. The water was bad, and scarcely fit to drink. This was not the only drawback we had to endure; the majority of us were grievously footsore, and we could scarcely make way at any pace. However, there was no help for it, and we had to trudge forward in the best manner we could. On this day, to make matters worse, as it were, we had to travel through cane swamps, which are difficult to get over without enduring great inconveniences, as the canes are sure to catch the traveller by the neck and feet, which they sometimes cut to a fearful degree. However, we put our hands as well as we could into our pockets, which afforded a certain kind of protection, but our faces, being unprotected, were lacerated in almost every direction. These canes grew very thick, and had to be cut down in several places ere we could possibly proceed on our march; and as the heat of the sun was varying from 120° to 130°, from ten a.m. to three p.m. (when it began to diminish), our sufferings may be at least partially conceived. We passed over five cane swamps, which were said to cover about five miles of ground, so that our pace measured about two miles to the hour. At six p.m. we arrived at a small Indian hamlet, footsore, weakened by hunger and thirst, and in every respect most wearisomely worn down with fatigue. We were fortunate enough, however, to procure some water, and a few corn cakes to eat; but nothing but extreme want could induce us to eat these cakes, for they were anything but palatable, and almost always left the sensation of thirst, which is more painful to endure than hunger, even in its sharpest and most twinging attacks. This was the hot season, and most of the rivulets and water-courses were completely dried up, so that it was common to go a distance of from ten to twelve miles before a drop of water could be procured. At night time we met with our usual beds, made of capoon-leaves, but most of us were much too tired to obtain anything in the shape of rest, as we had undergone a greater amount of fatigue during the day than we had ever experienced before. Our sensations are indescribable, and we could scarcely conceive that human nature could endure such an amount of pain and suffering as we were subjected to; while we were in agony, and thinking of our hard fate, the Indians close around us were lying in their hammocks, which were slung to trees between stakes driven in the ground. Very few, however, were asleep, for several were talking round their camp-

fires and cooking their meat, none of which, however, they offered to us; and we were not only painfully refused a taste of the viand, but cruelly tantalised with a smell of it.

This Indian hamlet, where we were encamped, was situated on rather elevated ground close to a swamp, and under some very high trees. It was on the acknowledged territory of the Indians. The ground being undulatory, the camp-fires were all around us, and some twenty Indians were situated on a mound close by, whence they could have a full view of the camp. Others were in a dell, in which, though hidden from ourselves, they could hear all that was going on in the encampment. The cattle were grazing about, near at hand, while a few were tied to the trees. All was comparatively quiet up to twelve o'clock, or midnight, when the Indians began their usual yells, the most unearthly and fiendish caricature of the human voice that it is possible to conceive, and began to chant their ghostly and lugubrious songs. Their sudden and savage shouts aroused the writer of this narrative out of a kind of doze, and as he jumped upon his legs he found his nose bleeding profusely, which, though it continued throughout the remainder of the night, had not a bad effect, for he experienced a kind of pleasing relief from a previously felt pressure.

On the seventh day our breakfast consisted of half a cup of coffee, which was weak, as we had to spread it over a large surface, or rather mingle it with a large quantity of water. We had nothing to eat, nor were we offered the slightest morsel by the Indians, who had been gorging upon our plundered meat, and gulping down our spirits on the preceding evening, as though they had not another day to live nor another meal to take. The ground over which we marched for the first few miles was rough and stony, and at intervals somewhat hilly. It was difficult marching, and we could scarcely get over more than one mile and a half in the hour, calculating the distance by the sun's position. When we halted, we had come about three miles from our previous night's bivouac, and this was the shortest journey we had yet taken. We were all surprised at this early halt, as it was still in the cool of the morning, and as that was our ordinary time for making the greatest push forwards, our surprise and wonderment were the greater. At last, however, we arrived at a small natural clearing in the bush, and, accordingly, lying down on the ground, we looked about us for a time until we could, as it were, collect our thoughts, and began to speculate as to what could possibly be the meaning of so early a halt.

Adam's Peak, Ceylon.

Although there are mountains higher than Adam's Peak in Ceylon, yet, from its being one of the highest—7,000 feet above the level of the sea—and a perfect cone, standing by itself, it forms an object of considerable attraction to vessels out at sea; and as it is interwoven in its history with a remarkable legend, whence it derives its name, its interest is peculiarly its own. Indeed, to the Eastern world it presents as much attraction, and obtains as much veneration as Ararat, in Armenia. In the one case, Noah's Ark is said to have rested after the Deluge; in the other, Adam is said to have first set foot upon the earth after his expulsion from Paradise, which, according to the Mohammedans, is situated somewhere midway up between heaven and earth. The country round about Adam's Peak is rich in gems, and there is a large extent of low hills round about the great cone. These hills are mostly covered with forests, and there is much fine shooting in them. The ascent of Adam's Peak is very difficult in parts, and chains depending from the rock are used to help up the numerous pilgrims, who arrive here from all parts of the East. Upon the very top, on an almost inaccessible crag, there is an enclosure with the shrine which covers the impress of the foot. The footmark is of a very large size, nearly five feet in length, and proportionally broad, pointing to the north. It is of the left foot only, the right, if we remember correctly, having been set by Adam on the Himalaya Mountains, or somewhere in Central Asia. Of course, the entire story is absurd, but it is very ancient, dating from several centuries before the birth of Christ. It is most probable that the great Buddhist teacher, when he came over to Ceylon, ascended the Peak, and left at its highest point a visible token of his advent, and a sign of his dominion over the island, his followers shaping out the footprint. The worship of footprints is, we believe, peculiar to the East, and is very widely distributed. Buddha's footprint may be seen in other countries; and the prints of Mohammed's foot may be seen from the confines of Eastern Bengal right away west to Arabia. One of the veritable shoes which the great shepherd-prophet of Arabia is said to have worn, we have seen carefully preserved in the most sacred part of the great Jumma Musjid of Delhi, along with other curious relics, as a single hair of his upper lip. The shoe, or rather sole of leather, was of a very large size, and the specimen of the moustache was as rough and coarse as a porker's bristle. If these relics are genuine, Mohammed must have been an extraordinary man even in a physical sense.

Here and there in the forests in the neighbourhood of the mountain—where the renowned *talipot* palm grows to its gigantic height, and is said to flower once in a century, its sheath bursting open with a report similar to that of a cannon—may be seen, as in India and other adjacent parts, the miserable remains of what were probably the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. They do not readily place themselves before the public eye, and it is only in out-of-the-way and retired places that they are met with. They are generically known as Veddahs, and are in an extremely low and degraded state of civilisation. A gentleman who ascended Adam's Peak during the early part of this century, told the present writer that he had come across several parties of these wild men, who were held in the utmost dread by the rest of the natives, and who were called by them *Rakh'sss*, a generic name for savages

and demons. In stature they were large, and powerfully built. They were extremely ugly, scarcely covered their nakedness, and generally avoided contact with the civilised races. Even down to the present day they remain in the same wild and degraded state. Although more than half a century has elapsed, this tells but little for our civilising and humane efforts in the East, notwithstanding the rose-coloured accounts of Sir John William Kaye. Indeed, it has been estimated that there are more than twelve millions, or nearly half the population of the United Kingdom, of aboriginal savages in various parts of India; and for this large proportion of the population of the country there is no special department to bring them within the pale of that civilisation which would benefit both the people and the government. Large tribes, numbering millions, lie within our own territories, who might profitably consume English manufactures, and of whose loyalty in times of disturbance we could be sure of. Only here and there we find anything like an effort made to influence one or two tribes. While hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling are spent by a stroke of the pen in matters almost immaterial, these wild tribes, a body numbering twelve millions, who might reclaim the waste lands, add to the producing power of the country, consume millions of manufactures, add to the customs revenue, and become an efficient and reliable defence in troublous times, are regarded as if they did not exist. The spasmodic and loose efforts made here and there are entirely unworthy of being regarded favourably, notwithstanding that the benefits resulting from them ought to convince us that with a special department and a special agency, the greatest good would result. Busied with larger populations and more immediate interests, these wild tribes are sadly neglected. In Ceylon the same spasmodic efforts have been made, and with as little general success; and there remains the fact before us that a race of human beings exists in a small island, surrounded by wealthy commercial ports, large naval stations, and busy European towns, uncared for, and in a condition little removed from that of the beasts.

However, the true remedy for this impolitic and inhuman neglect is a very simple one, and may at once be taken in hand. Let a State department be formed, with a special agency under it to carry out its views. The "Department for the Civilisation of the Aborigines" would include in its operations vast tracts of country now neglected. The Andaman Islanders, the Gouds, the Kols, the Todas, the Garrows, the Looshais, and a dozen other tribes, would come under the operation of its influence. Select officers, with a special fitness and aptitude for influencing these tribes—and who would devote their lives towards elevating and bringing millions of as fine men as exist anywhere, under the influences of commerce, trade, improved agriculture, settled habits, and some sort of enlightenment—may yet be found in the high-spirited men who form the beauty and the glory of the Indian Services. Such men exist, and have only to be called forth to come out. The result in a few years would be striking, and amply justify the creation of the new department, as well as repay tenfold whatever expense might have been incurred.



CINGALESE NOBLE OF KANDY.



CHIEF OF A VILLAGE, CEYLON.



STORM PETRELS, OR "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."

Fishing in Blue Water.

BY HARCOURT TORRIANO.

Our good little barque, the *Gleam*, as she rapidly neared the equator, upon her return voyage from Port Natal, had been running her four or five knots an hour steadily for the last week—rather a relief after a somewhat stormy passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and subsequent calms and baffling winds. Cape pigeons had been shot and angled for, mollyhawks and albatrosses had fallen victims to our firearms in great numbers; and "Danger," a splendid specimen of the black retriever, had distinguished himself by plunging over the ship's side, and bringing to hand our game, at all times when we were becalmed, or even when we were sailing at a moderate rate. In fact, the brave old dog would have gone overboard during a gale, and it was always necessary to restrain him whenever we were shooting in such a state of the weather that his going overboard would have imperilled his safety; for the dog was so great a favourite with all hands, that his death would have been considered quite a loss by the whole ship's company. "Danger" first saw the light, I believe, in Japan, and had spent his whole life at sea, having been brought on board when a little puppy, and having rarely left the ship, even while in dock or harbour, for more than a few hours at a time. It was a curious sight to watch him at his work—the utterly fearless way in which he would leap overboard, then his desperate battle with some large sea-bird, formidable alike in beak and wing; and, after having overcome and seized it, his struggle back through the fast swelling sea to the ship's side, when he would carefully swim into the looped rope which some of us were towing overboard for his accommodation, and allow himself to be hoisted on deck, still retaining in his mouth the bird which he had retrieved. If he seemed much exhausted, one of the lads generally went over the ship's side on a rope, and relieved him of his burden. The little Cape pigeons and stormy petrels he would retrieve almost without disturbing a feather. The Cape pigeon is a bird found in the seas about the Cape of Good Hope, in size nearly equal to the widgeon; the plumage is a mixture of dark grey and white, and the form of the body is very similar to that of the storm petrel, though more clumsy. It is a constant amusement among passengers round the Cape to angle for these birds, as they will take a bait of salt pork quite freely, if a small fish-hook or bent pin and a fine line are used.

The storm petrel is a pretty little bird, which often accompanies the ship for long distances; several of them being seen day after day sheltering themselves behind the stern of the ship during tempestuous weather, as they skim and flutter over the billows. At these times, if a long packthread is allowed to float from the ship's taffrail, they will often, upon coming in contact with it, entangle themselves by their flutterings, and may then be drawn on deck. These birds are called "Mother Carey's chickens" by the sailors, as their appearance at sea is supposed to foretell stormy weather. I do not think the petrel is ever known to take a bait.

Though we had been in the habit of towing a line astern, baited with a small piece of pork and a strip of white rag, we had only captured one dolphin, which had been boiled, in company with a shilling, and found rather palatable. The motive for boiling a silver coin is that the decidedly disagreeable, if not dangerous, symptoms which occasionally follow a repast upon the various kinds of deep-sea fish are attributed, by sailors, to the presence of copper, and it is by them supposed that silver boiled in the same vessel will show signs of the copper, should it at the time exist in the fish. One day, while watching the numerous shoals of flying-fish which were continually

appearing from and disappearing in the beautiful clear blue water, we became aware that these unhappy beings were pursued by a large school of dolphin, and, as always seems to be the case, a number of sea-birds had put in an appearance —though not a bird had been visible on the broad horizon during the morning, and were adding to the difficulties of the flying-fish by swooping down upon them while in the air, the dolphin seizing them as they alighted in the water. The flying-fish, when sporting or terrified, spring to some height in the air, and are kept suspended while performing a tremendously long leap, rather than flight, by the vibratory movement of their long wing-like fins. Those which, in the endeavour to leap over the ship, fell on board—as several did, our ship being low in the water—were eagerly seized upon by the sailors, and proved very delicate eating, and their flesh at all times free from any noxious quality. The fish, which is sufficiently well known, is about the size of a small herring, and particularly white when cooked, making a very agreeable change of diet after a long course of salt and preserved meats. No sooner was it known that we were among a school of dolphin, and that they were on the feed, than all hands who were idle at the time commenced searching their berths for string enough to make fishing-lines, and shortly some six or seven lines were over the ship's side, dipping in the water with the movement of the vessel. The baits, which it was intended should appear to the dolphin as flying-fish, were certainly not very true to nature, consisting merely of strips of white rag bound on to the upper part of the hook, but I venture to say that the most skilfully tied and dressed artificial fly never played such havoc among the trout as did our artificial flying-fish among the dolphin. As the bait touched and was jerked backwards and forwards upon the surface of the water by the angler, the dolphins rushed voraciously upon it, sometimes even leaping from the water, and hooked themselves in their eagerness. We soon found that if drawn quietly on board, care being taken that they did not touch the ship's side, they struggled but little, and rarely broke away from the hook; while if they struck against the ship they generally released themselves by their struggles.

In the course of a very short time the deck was strewn with fish, floundering in all directions, averaging in length about three feet. The beauty of the changing colours of a dying dolphin, though often mentioned, is almost beyond exaggeration. One moment the whole fish appears of a bright silver, then quickly changes to a golden hue, then flushes over (if I may use the expression) with a most brilliant light blue or bright green, and so continues changing colour until death. Fast and freely as the dolphin continued to bite, the "grains" was brought into play. The "grains" is an iron trident with barbed points, the trident being fixed upon a shaft about four feet long, which is loaded at the other end with a large piece of lead; a line is fastened to the shaft, near the iron trident. This weapon is thrown from the hand in the same manner as a harpoon, and upon striking a fish, the leaden weight (unless the fish struck be a very heavy one) throws the barbed trident points upwards, the weight of the fish thus assisting in his impalement as he is dragged on board. Numbers were transfixed by the grains and harpoon; but still the school remained with us, swimming alongside the ship day and night, though after a time we did not find our baits quite so successful. What kept the fish with us we could not understand, unless the bright colour of the copper sheathing of the ship possessed any attraction for them; but there they were, whenever we looked over the bulwarks, flashing in the beautiful moonlight or glittering in the tropical sunshine. Many of them had clearly been hooked and wounded, but continued by the ship, some with the sides of their mouths torn to rags by the fish-hooks, and others scarred by harpoon and grains, and these maimed fish even in some instances seized our hooks and were brought on deck. Most deep-sea fish rush and devour one of their kind when wounded, but these dolphins continued their course, in no way interfering with each other.

On the third morning after the appearance of the dolphins, we fell in with enormous schools of bonita and albicore; the sea at times seemed literally alive with leaping and plunging fish. The bonita are a handsome, round-bodied, thick-set fish, though something in form resembling the mackerel, and marked with thin stripes, running lengthwise from the gill-covers to the tail. These fish were very active when out of the water, flapping about and leaping out of the tubs in which they were placed, and making a great mess and noise on deck, unless quieted by the not very humane expedient of breaking the spine close to the tail, which of course rendered them powerless. Two enormous albicores having been for some time observed playing round the fore part of the ship, a shark-hook was attached to a stout cord, and after being fitted with a couple of streamers of white rag, in imitation of a flying-fish, this was let down into the water from the jib-boom, and after being flicked about upon the surface of the water for some time was seized by an albicore, which was immediately hooked through the jaw. When the head and part of the body of the fish was dragged above the surface of the water, it became very evident that the hold which the hook had upon the jaw would not bear the enormous weight of the albicore, when one of the ship's company, however, succeeded in transfixing it with a harpoon, which appeared to kill the fish instantaneously, having, I suppose, passed through the heart. After this, a cord with a running noose was slipped over the line and drawn taut round the lower part of the body of the fish, and he was hauled on deck. This fish was found to exceed 100 pounds in weight, and was thoroughly gorged with flying-fish, as had been the case with most of the dolphins and bonita which we had secured. Instances of large-sized albicore being taken by the hook are, I have been informed, exceedingly rare.

The albicore is very similar to the bonita in form, and both are, I believe, a species of tunny. The flesh of this fish is coarse in appearance, and not being particularly agreeable in flavour, the temptation to cook and eat it would be very slight where any other kind of fresh fish could be procured; in fact, this remark applies to all deep-sea fish (with the exception of the flying-fish). Sharks' flesh, dressed in the form of steaks, notwithstanding the very general prejudice against it, being quite as palatable as any other, though this can hardly be considered a *bonne-bouche.*

After keeping company with us for four or five days, the enormous schools of fish we had so suddenly fallen in with disappeared almost as quickly as they appeared, not, however, before we had captured several hundreds of them, a great number of which were salted down and packed in casks, as an addition to the ship's provisions. After some days, it was found that these fish violently disagreed with those who had freely partaken of them, and the remainder were, therefore, thrown overboard by order of the captain.

The Chinese in Borneo.

Chinese immigrants form a large portion of the foreign population of Borneo. It may readily be imagined that a large country like China, prosperous in trade and filled with an overflowing population, would early send forth many of her most enterprising inhabitants into neighbouring lands; and such has been the case. It would appear that from very early times the settlement of Malacca was a resort of Chinese emigrants and traders. In olden times Malacca, on the Malayan Peninsula, was the seat and centre of all the rich trade of the Archipelago; and it would be going out of our way here to show that Malacca was the site of the Ophir of Scripture. We mention this, however, to show the great importance of Malacca from the very earliest times, whence we may see the reason why the Chinese went and settled there. Their descendants are found in the place to the present day, and are called "Babas," to distinguish them from native-born Chinamen.

Probably at an equally early period the Chinese arrived in Borneo, and formed various important settlements, both to the north and the west of the island. It must be remembered not only that Borneo lies directly across the Chinese Sea, but, from its great mineral wealth and size, must have early attracted the attention of the people of the neighbouring continent. We have the evidence of this in the remains of large numbers of important Sanscrit words in the west, which prove that the Aryan race once held the communication open between Borneo and India; and Borneo is much nearer China than India. Indeed, the Chinese could hardly make sail for Malacca without at least sometimes passing almost in sight of Borneo. Hence it is that we ascribe a high antiquity to the Chinese settlements found in the north of the island. We shall see lower down that native traditions point to the same conclusion.

But the Chinese are remarkable as emigrants at the present day. As they are known to go as far as California, Peru, and Australia, it may readily be imagined that they find their way to parts nearer home. And such is the case. It has been calculated that upwards of 20,000 arrive annually at Singapore, either to swell the large Chinese town which Singapore has now become, or to be distributed all over the Archipelago. A very small proportion find their way so far as Maulmain and Rangoon, in Burmah; but the majority are distributed over the western islands of the Archipelago, including Borneo. They generally land with very little cash, and, after a rather short stay at Singapore—during which they give much occupation to the police—they disperse for their destinations. If they do not stay at Singapore they are generally engaged as agricultural or mining labourers by large Chinese labour companies. It is as miners principally that of late years they have been drafted into Sarawak and the western parts of the island. Wherever they go they take with them their distinctive manners, vices, and customs; and hence the aspect of Singapore in its Chinese quarter is hardly different from that of a Chinese town. There is the same busy activity, the noisy keeping of the new year, the joss-houses or temples, the *wayangs* or plays, the huge annual processions, the match-makers, and other things which obtain in China. These are in a large city. But when the Chinaman goes into the wild and far-off forests of Borneo he carries with him his national dress, his pigtail, his fondness for pork and fattened puppies, his industry, his feeling of union for his brethren, and love of organisation. Coming among an inferior and lawless race, he keeps to his distinctions, and maintains an organisation in self-defence. Among superior races, where life and liberty are safe, as in India and elsewhere, he gradually falls in with those among whom he casts his lot, and accepts even their dress and religion. In Borneo, however, a Chinaman remains purely, distinctively, and separately, a Chinaman.

Traditions in the north of Borneo point to a very early arrival of the Chinese in those parts, and evidently as miners. In the districts about Mount Kini Balu it is stated that the Chinese arrived there very long ago in search of treasure. A legend states that the treasure was in the form of a precious stone, which was guarded by a monstrous serpent. It is strange how the serpent is always represented as guarding treasure in ancient oriental fables; and it is probably from these that the western similar fables have been derived. In the most ancient Buddhist sculptures, probably several centuries before Christ, we see the serpent guarding the sacred emblem of the lotus on the walls and roofs of the ruins of the Buddhist temple near the Kootub Minar, in Delhi; and we see the same on the roof of the comparatively recently erected Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon.

The motive which brought the Chinese to Borneo was mineral wealth, and they arrived there very many centuries ago. They have always kept a communication open with China, and at present are largely recruited from thence. They have settlements and villages of their own in the northern districts, in Sarawak, and in the Dutch territories on the west. Generally they are miners; but many of them, especially at Kuchin, are shopkeepers, traders, cultivators of the soil, mechanics, labourers, tailors, &c. Even in purely Dyak settlements one or two families may be seen who either keep a shop for the supply of small wares to the Dyaks, or who squat down as husbandmen.

Generally speaking, their industry is remarkable. It is difficult to find a lazy Chinaman, except he be an opium-smoker. Whether a mechanic, a shopkeeper, or a husbandman, he is always active and doing something. If a cultivator of the soil, he is at work on his fields all the day long, all the year round, making his fields produce as much as possible, and often he has to keep watch at night. This is done by several uniting, and watching by turns. The wild pigs from the forest necessitate this night-watching. When there is no rice grown, there is always a field of potatoes, another of yams, another of tobacco, another of greens, another of hot spices and ginger, another of cabbages, and so on. In mining operations they are never lazy, and their work may be relied on. In this, their great quality of industriousness, they are probably superior to

any other race in Asia. The result, too, is that they are generally a sturdy and well-built race, and not weak and puny, like the Bengalis. Not only the islands of the Archipelago, but several provinces in India which want labour, would immensely benefit by a larger importation of the Chinese than goes on at present.

In the history of the world, the morals of a civilised heathen race have never been very bright; and, whatever they may be at home, where there is abundance of the female element, outside in Singapore, Borneo, and other places, where high prices by the wealthier class of bachelors. Very large bargains are made by the importers of Chinese females; and it is strange that they do not import more largely. In Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, where a well-to-do shopkeeper or tradesman has a wife, she is generally chaste and faithful, and makes a very good mother as well as wife; although the plays and dramatic representations in which they indulge are not of a character to promote morality, and would shock any audience in Europe.

Probably these Chinese emigrants cannot be exhibited



CHINESE JUNK AT SINGAPORE.

the proportion of women to men is as one in fifty, Chinese immorality is notorious and shocking. In Singapore, for about 80,000 males, there are only about 5,000 females. In Borneo the discrepancy is very much greater. The reason is that the Chinese Government prohibits the departure of females from the country. A good many of those in Singapore have been smuggled out of the country, but the vast majority of the emigrants are miserably poor, and can hardly afford to pay their own passage, much less smuggle out their wives. In many instances of those who have married in Singapore and Borneo, they have managed to get Malay and Dyak wives. In Borneo the Dyaks have enough of the female element to spare; but the Dyak mode of living keeps Chinamen, whom they despise, at a distance. They all seek wives, but they cannot get them. In Singapore, when a batch of Chinese ladies arrive in the market, they are eagerly snapped up at better in some of the most prominent traits of their character than by a brief account of an insurrection of a body of Chinese miners in Sarawak. Several gold mines are worked up the river above Kuchin, and Chinese miners have been there even before the advent of Sir James Brooke. These miners were in several gangs, and numbered many thousands. They were allowed to have their own rules and regulations under their own chiefs, so long as they did not offend against the state. The men consequently had a high opinion of themselves. On one occasion one of these miners, for some offence, had to suffer corporal punishment at Kuchin. Smarting under the lash, he went up to his brethren, and they determined on an extraordinary mode of revenge, which was to sack and burn Kuchin, and assume the sovereignty of the province themselves! They were well aware that there were but a few soldiers in the wooden fort, that the few European officials

could offer no resistance, and that they might by a *coup de main* even surprise the Malay town into obedience. The rajah, Sir James Brooke, was at this time living in his old house, containing a valuable library, and a large collection illustrating the natural history of Borneo, and the idea of a rebellion on the part of any portion of his subjects was the furthest from his thoughts. He had a small steamer, mounting a few guns, which was used generally to keep the communication open with Singapore, and more especially against pirates, when they appeared. This little steamer happened at this time to be absent on her voyage to Singapore.



A CHINESE BOY.

One night, all of a sudden, the Chinese miners came down on Sarawak in a large body of several hundreds, and armed with muskets and other things they could pick up. The rajah's house, standing on the other side of the river, was quite isolated from all assistance. Having, as they thought, surrounded this house, they raised loud yells and set it on fire. The rajah himself was so taken by surprise that he had only time to jump up, seize his pistols and sword, and rush out by a back door, which, fortunately, was unguarded. He managed to reach the bank of the river, and, being a good swimmer, holding his sword between his teeth, he swam across to the Malay settlement. Meanwhile the rebel bands on the town side of the river had attacked the fort, which they captured after a brief but gallant resistance by the single European who lived inside it, and killed and wounded several in the town, among them delicate and tender ladies, and even little children. The bishop and clergy and the Borneo Company's agents were spared.

By next morning they were in possession of the town, and the heads of the movement assumed to themselves the sovereignty. The bishop, and the manager of the Borneo Company were sent for, and ordered to submit to their rule, which they did. They were appointed to act as European

chiefs of the settlement, subordinate, of course, to the Chinese authority. Meanwhile the rajah had been among his then faithful Malay subjects, and, after arranging his plans, struck in for the interior to assemble his army of Dyaks, which he did in a very short while, and as he was returning with them, his little steamer, too, arrived. The poor Chinese were slaughtered and driven pell-mell out of the town by both Dyaks and Malays, these having now risen and joined the rajah's forces, and the former pursued the rebels with all their kith and kin, even those who were at the mines, right into the great forests at the back, where they were daily slaughtered in hundreds, often making a brave but ineffectual stand. A miserable remnant of only a few hundreds out of several thousands managed to cross over the Sambas frontier, and take refuge in Dutch territory.

Since then the laws have been more stringently applied to the Chinese emigrants in the province, and they have been kept well under control. Such an insurrection would be almost impossible again, though Kuchin is still but slenderly guarded. The rajah must remember that the capital is the seat of his authority, and ought to be the last citadel that can be attacked. Trade has vastly increased; and it does not do to have an insurrection with bloodshed and murder, whether from Chinese or Malays. A Malay insurrection, which has several times been on the point of breaking out, would spare neither bishop nor Borneo Company.

One principal reason of the success of the insurrection was the organisation which the Chinese emigrants possess in their secret societies. These are the very societies which are so notorious in Singapore and Penang, and which have often thrown those settlements into confusion and terror. Most of the emigrants who come out from China enrol themselves under one or other of these societies, which are often bitterly hostile to each other. Some of these societies number several thousand members, and we could relate several stories illustrating their working, which came under our notice while living among them in Singapore. But such stories properly belong to an account of the Straits Settlement, and not Borneo, where, though these societies exist, they are of no account. Whenever the Chinaman has laid by a small sum, he returns to China; for the love of "fatherland" is very powerful in him. It is only when he has formed domestic ties in his new home that he consents to remain there. If they have left families in China, they annually remit home a portion of their earnings. Their dress is similar to what they wear in China, consisting of short trousers, Chinese jackets, with the usual conical cane or bamboo hat. Many wear felt caps; and the better sort indulge in the luxury of shoes with thick wooden soles. A small bag tied to their loins contains their money and tobacco; while on a journey they have their oiled paper umbrella, and the unfailing pipe. Many smoke opium, but only a few to any marked excess. They generally smoke their own Chinese manufactured tobacco, which is prepared in some way that entirely robs it of the aroma which is so peculiarly pleasing to us, and imparts to it a nasty burnt oily flavour, which is inexpressibly disagreeable.

We shall conclude this brief sketch of the Chinese, as they are seen in Borneo, by narrating the legend attached to the Kini Balu Mountain. *Kini Balu* means "the Chinese Widow" in the Malay, and the origin of the name is thus accounted for:—In former times, when the Chinese were rich and powerful in North Borneo, the Malay Sultan of Brunai married an exceedingly young and pretty daughter of the Chinese chief. The sultan went out one day to hunt on this mountain, and as he did not return, his disconsolate young wife went in search of him. She roamed through the mighty forests, which line the sides of this giant of the Archipelago, for many days, but without meeting with the object of her search. She then cast herself headlong down a precipitous side, and ended her life. Hence the name of the mountain. With that love of poetry which so distinguishes the Malays, it is added that she was changed underneath to one of those extremely small and graceful fawns called *palandok*, found in the forests of Borneo. Being told that Mr. Low in his work on Sarawak gives another version of the story, we have consulted it, and find that his account contains several *prima facie* objections. He says that a Chinese prince became enamoured of a female spirit, or fairy, and in going to obtain her hand in marriage, he lost his footing and tumbled down dead. To this we have only to say that Chinese, Dyaks, and Malays, stand in great dread of the spirits of the woods and mountains, whether male or female, though we have seldom heard of there being any *female* spirits of "great beauty" among them; and that the prince must have been mad to have conceived such an idea in his head. The spirit was not evidently united to the Chinese prince, and how could she be called his widow? The legend which we furnish is probably the more correct version of the story.

Wanderings in Norway.

TRONDHJEM—ITS PROSPECTS.

THE cathedral is the sole object of architectural interest in Trondhjem; in the other buildings of the town there is nothing in the least degree remarkable. The streets, as a rule, are wide and regular, but villanously paved; the houses, which are mostly of wood, are large and clean, but built in the plainest possible style, without the least attempt at ornamentation. An air of quiet respectability pervades the town, and betokens the character of its inhabitants. An easy-going, hospitable race are the merchants of Trondhjem. To them small but certain profits bring contentment; by them, anything of a purely speculative character is regarded as a temptation of the Evil One. The situation of Trondhjem has made it one of the most important of Norwegian cities; want of enterprise on the part of its merchants has, however, prevented its attaining the position to which its splendid natural advantages should entitle it.

There are some signs that the worthy Trondhjemers are at last about to shake off their lethargy. The examples of Bergen and Christiania have stimulated them to exertion for their city's progress. A Bill has recently (April, 1872) been passed in the Storthing for the construction of a railway between Trondhjem and the capital. The route chosen (*viâ* Röraas and the valley of the Glommen) is a judicious one, passing through districts rich in minerals and other natural productions. The copper mines of Röraas have been worked profitably from the middle of the twelfth century, but the difficulty and expense of conveying ore from them to the coast has hitherto been a fatal obstacle to their development. Another Bill has also been procured for a railway between Sundsvall, on the Gulf of Bothnia, and Trondhjem. As far as Trondhjem is concerned, the importance of this latter line can hardly be over-estimated. Its promoters confidently expect that it will be the means of transferring to their city the winter trade now carried on by Christiania and Stockholm with the north of Sweden and Lapland. Should it fail to do this, it will, nevertheless, be of immense value to the country, by opening up rich districts which are at present almost absolutely unproductive.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the grand old cathedral of Trondhjem; certainly, nothing similar to it exists elsewhere. It is, however, in its historical associations rather than its architecture, admirable though this be, that the venerable pile is of deepest interest to us. A history of fire and blood is that of this cathedral. In the many incongruities of its styles we seem to read so many volumes of rapine and violence; every tide of invasion or rebellion has left its mark on the sacred walls. Curiously blended together are the different styles. In the oldest portion of the cathedral we have the pure Norman; then, in later constructed parts, comes a style which in every respect resembles the Early English. A medley of styles, more florid but far less meritorious, succeeds the Early English in the most modern parts of the building. The whole building is, alas! in a lamentable state of decay. The statues have fallen from the exquisitely-cut niches over the three doors which formed the entrance to the western end. The niches themselves are fast crumbling away; and the whole of the western end, with the nave, is in ruins. The only parts now roofed-in and used for divine service are the transept and eastern end, but the effect of these has been completely ruined by hideous whitewashed walls, built by some Danish king to support the threatening roof. Delicately-carved stones have been built into the massive wall, and, doubtless, many beauties of surpassing interest have been hidden by the ruthless brush of the whitewasher; many have been discovered in the course of repairs. Still, in the exterior of the cathedral, in its fine arches and delicate tracery, its beautiful mouldings and finished decorations, there is very much to repay the attention of a lover of architecture. The restoration of the cathedral is in progress; but, depending as it does upon voluntary subscriptions, it advances slowly. According to an Article of the Constitution of Eidsvold, the cathedral of Trondhjem is ever to remain the coronation-place of the kings of Norway. Trondhjem is, moreover, an archiepiscopal city. Surely these facts should shame the Storthing into voting an adequate sum for the preservation of the ancient building—Norway's almost solitary relic of the Norman age. Let us make a short digression, for the purpose of seeing how it is that the Storthing is not more liberal.

THE STORTHING—BÖNDER MEMBERS.

The feudal system has never obtained in Norway. Harold Haarfager was its only successful champion. Wherever he conquered he abolished the allodial law of inheritance, and converted the land into fiefs, to be held from him alone, on military tenure. The principles of feudalism are but ill-adapted to a turbulent people; they were never firmly established in Norway. With the death of the master-spirit who imposed them upon his subjects they perished, and the lands reverted to their allodial tenure. Since the days of Harold feudalism has not been restored in Norway; hence it is that amongst the Norwegian peasantry one may notice many peculiarities not to be found in the descendants of the *adscripti glebæ* of feudal countries. Difficulty of communication with the towns has hitherto checked the development of internal trade in Norway, and tended to confirm the people in their peculiar habits. The Norwegian *bönder* are a remarkably self-dependent class, who seldom indulge in luxuries, and who supply nearly all their wants by the produce of their farms. Their status corresponds with that of the English yeomen. Most of them are *udal*, that is, freehold proprietors, and these constitute a large majority in the Storthing. The great preponderance of this element is decidedly prejudicial to the true interests of the country, for the *bönder*, animated by a desire to save their own pockets, frustrate the government in many of its wisest schemes. They are wonderfully patriotic, these Parliamentary *bönder*, but it may reasonably be suspected that a wish to avert expense from themselves, by preserving the ancient institutions and customs of their country, has much to do with their constant laudation of "Gamle Norge" (Old Norway), when any innovation is proposed which may throw some additional taxation upon their shoulders. They are a frugal, close-fisted race, who deem the honour of being elected to the Storthing no adequate compensation for the loss that absence from their farms may occasion. In many districts there is a positive unwillingness to serve the country in Parliament. It has been found necessary to pay members for their services, and the endeavours of the thrifty *bönder* to make profit out of the small salary allowed them during the session, form the subject of some very amusing sketches in the *Viking*, the comic paper of Norway. But, in sober earnest, fancy reading the following advertisement in a fashionable and serious journal:—

"To Members of Parliament.—The cheapest board and lodging are to be found at So-and-so's. Liberal diet. Reduction made for two or more Members occupying the same room."

There are many such notices to be seen in the leading Christiania paper during the session. The salary of members of the Storthing is three dollars, about thirteen shillings a day, with travelling expenses to and from the capital. Out of this salary the member upon thrift intent pays a shilling a day for his room. His breakfast, which consists of a bowl of coffee and some *fladbröd* and butter, with something in the way of a relish, costs him about threepence. In the middle of the day he dines plentifully, if not over daintily, for another shilling; a few glasses of beer, or an occasional glass of aqua vitæ, or cup of coffee, will carry him on till supper-time, when he will satisfy the cravings of his appetite at a cost of ninepence. Allowing our economical member eighteen-

pence a day for his beer, drams, tobacco, and other expenses, he will fare well, and at the close of the day will retire to rest, happy in having saved at least two-thirds of the liberal sum which his country has allowed him for his maintenance. Such men will never consent to taxing themselves. In consequence of this, the revenue of the country is derived from resources peculiarly liable to be affected by political changes. More than two-thirds of it are derived from the customs. The *bönder*, being producers of their own articles of consumption, contribute but little to the duties; the great burden of taxation, therefore, falls upon the inhabitants of towns and the dwellers upon the coast, who are the consumers of imports. The government has long sought to place the revenue of the country upon a less precarious footing. By means of a judicious equalisation of taxation this might easily be effected, but, hitherto the avarice of the *bönder* has thwarted all schemes proposed for the rectification of the evil. The construction of railways and new roads, and the consequent development of the resources of the country, are, doubtless, destined to be the means of subverting the old Norwegian ideas of political economy. Let us hope that meanwhile time may be kind to the ancient cathedral.



COAST-VIEW, NORWAY.

ST. OLAF.

The history of St. Olaf, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, is closely connected with that of England. Himself a Christian, he was elected King of Norway by the *Thing*, on condition of respecting the rights and religion of the native chiefs, most of whom still adhered to the old pagan religion of their country. No sooner was Olaf firmly seated on the throne, than he turned his religion to political account, and, under pretext of a wish to confer upon his subjects the blessings of Christianity, waged a cruel persecution against all whom he suspected of hostility to his designs. His tyranny at last drove his subjects to rebellion, and in their despair they besought the aid of Canute the Great. That monarch landed in Norway in 1028, and was proclaimed king. Olaf, deserted by his subjects, fled to Sweden. There he raised forces, and two years later invaded Norway with a view of regaining the crown. At Stikklestad, near Sevanger, he was met by Canute. In the desperately-fought battle which ensued, Olaf was slain. His body was hastily buried by some faithful adherents. Sweyn, the son of Canute, was appointed by his father, with the title of king, to the government of Norway; but soon after Canute's death, in 1035, Magnus, an illegitimate son of Olaf drove him from the throne, and reigned in his stead. Olaf's body was now disinterred for fitter burial; it was found to be incorrupt. In those days it took but little to make a miracle; the fact of Magnus being king might also have had certain weight with the miracle-makers; at all events, the preservation of Olaf's body was deemed supernatural. Perhaps the pious Norwegians, who had but recently abjured the errors of paganism, wanted a national saint. Whatever the cause, public opinion had changed, and it was declared by every good and loyal Christian in the land that Olaf had been

shamefully treated. His little misdeeds were forgotten, or talked of as mere excesses of Christian zeal. Miraculous tales were told of his infancy and youth. He was proclaimed a saint, and his canonised remains were taken to Trondhjem, and buried there with great magnificence. Over them his son Magnus built a small chapel, which subsequently grew into the cathedral. The shrine of St. Olaf soon became famous, nor was its fame confined to Scandinavia. From all parts of Europe pilgrims flocked to it with their offerings. Not even Thomas à Becket, in later days, was held in such veneration as this sainted martyr-king. The most astonishing cures rewarded the faith of sufferers who undertook the pilgrimage to Trondhjem. The fame of Olaf was known throughout Christendom, and churches were built to his memory in London, Constantinople, and many other cities. The wealth and magnificence of the northern shrine increased for five hundred years. Evil days were, however, in store for it; a sect arose which honoured not St. Olaf. In 1541 the Danish Lutherans, in the fervour of their religious zeal, plundered the shrine and carried off a treasure of inestimable value. But the old saint, whose body was not yet corrupt, did not permit the sacrilege to go unpunished. Part of the treasure was sent by sea to Denmark; a storm arose, and the vessel which carried it was lost, with all on board. The rest of the plunder fell into the hands of robbers on land. The wealth so ill-gotten profited those Lutheran thieves but badly.

THE DEFENCES OF TRONDHJEM —MUNKHOLM.

Although a military and naval depôt has been formed in Trondhjem, and the town itself is of the greatest commercial importance to Norway, the head-quarters of the National Bank being established here, it is nevertheless almost utterly unprotected by fortifications. Beyond the river, on the eastern side, a large fort overlooks the town. From its situation and construction, this fort is worthless as a defence, but it serves a more peaceful purpose; the sentries upon the ramparts can detect any indication of fire in the town beneath them. If a fire is observed, the report of a cannon immediately warns the citizens of their danger; bells are rung by electricity all over the town, and messages are telegraphed from the fort to the different stations of the fire-brigade; and volunteers at once turn out. A good supply of water is always at hand; and often within a quarter of an hour of the detection of a fire by the sentry, every spark of what might have been a disastrous conflagration is extinguished. There is no time to be wasted, for houses built of pine burn with amazing rapidity. Thanks, though, to the admirable organisation of the fire-brigade, there is now but little danger of the recurrence of fires similar to those which have so often reduced Trondhjem to ashes.



THE STALHEIM ROAD.

In the bay, some three-quarters of a mile from the town, lies the small fortress of Munkholm. Before the introduction of armour-plated ships and rifled ordnance, this was a strong defence, but it could now ill withstand a bombardment, nor could its guns protect the town from the attack of a hostile fleet. The fortress has no very eventful history. After the deposition of Olaf, Canute founded a Benedictine monastery, the

first established in Norway, upon the rock. Some part of this may still be seen within the walls of the fortress. A low round tower is still pointed out as the remains of Canute's structure, and in this the interest belonging to Munkholm is centred. The Danish sovereigns used the island as a prison for State offenders, and converted the chambers of Canute's tower into dungeons. In one of these, the celebrated Peter Schumaker, Staatsminister of Denmark, was confined by Christian V. for well-nigh twenty years. It was Peter Schumaker who broke the power of the aristocracy of Denmark, and paved his master's way to despotism, by the creation of a titled nobility for Denmark and Norway. Confinement could not tame the restless spirit of the prisoner. Day and night he paced his dungeon like a caged lion, until at last the feet, which had ever followed the same track, had worn a deep path in the stone pavement, and the hand, which ever rested upon the table in his narrow prison as he passed it, had deeply indented the stone of which the table was made. Munkholm has long since ceased to be a prison; but the fate of Peter Schumaker, Graf von Greiffenfeld, has always been the best-remembered page in the history of that small island rock.

EN VOYAGE—TOLKS—REQUISITES FOR THE JOURNEY.

In spite of the kindness of its people, Trondhjem is decidedly a dull place in summer. Winter is the Trondhjem season; then everybody yields to the jovial influence of Christmas, be it past or future, and all manner of festivities are got up upon the slightest provocation. In summer Trondhjem suffers from *katzenjammer*, and rushes off to foreign climes or to its country houses to recuperate. Then the old city is but a *triste* residence for a traveller. I found it so. Having viewed everything that was to be seen, caught a few salmon at Lehrfossen, below the falls of the Nid, and many whiting and *sey* (coal-fish) in the Trondhjem Fiord, I began to find the nightless days a fearful bore. Luckily, before I had fallen a victim to *ennui*, a telegram came from my friend T——, with the news that he could not be with me before the 10th July; some crafty-minded men were plotting the confusion of Government, and consequently all Ministerialists had to remain at their posts until the crisis was over. The prospect of a sojourn in Trondhjem for more than a fortnight was too awful; accordingly, I resolved to devote my spare time to an exploration of the beauties of the country.

The equipment of my carriole is completed; the leathern knapsack has been strapped to the body; the *löbe* fitting the bottom of the carriole, has been well stocked with provisions; and the wine-case, containing four bottles, fastened to the dashing-board. I have had a farewell dinner at Hjörten, the Richmond of Trondhjem, and all is ready for my start into the interior. I am going alone, relying upon a pocket dictionary and a limited acquaintance with the Norwegian language, for the supply of my wants. I have had too much of the wiles of *tolks* to take one of that astute profession with me. It is all very well to provide oneself with a *tolk* when, intent upon sport, one determines to camp out upon the fields, or to settle down for a time upon a river. Then a *tolk* may be useful in a variety of ways. By a solitary wanderer, though, the object of whose travels is the beautiful in scenery, he is no more required than is a *valet de chambre* by a backwoodsman in the wilds of Texas. The profession of *tolk* is by no means a bad one. I have known a case of a member of the Storthing accompanying an Englishman in that inferior but lucrative capacity. It is but fair, however, to his parliamentary colleagues to record the indignation at his conduct professed by those members to whom I have mentioned the subject.

The first thirty-five miles of my journey I accomplished by railway. The line from Trondhjem to Stören has been constructed with no little engineering skill. Near Trondhjem, lofty wooden bridges, of a remarkably spiderish and fragile appearance, cross the foaming waters of the Nid, and the deep narrow valleys which traverse the range of mountains between the Nid and the Gula. Farther on, in Guldalen, the road has been cut through the rocks which rise almost perpendicularly from the river, and the line skirts the torrent in seemingly dangerous proximity to the edge of the precipice. The speed of the trains on this railway is not great; the train by which I travelled took nearly three hours to accomplish the thirty-five miles. The gauge of the line is very narrow, being no more than three feet and a half.

It was late in the evening when I arrived in Stören, for I had been advised to sleep there and have a good start early next morning, that I might reach Jerkin, an excellent station on the Dovre Fjeld, at the end of my first day's journey. The most fastidious traveller could find no fault with the hotel accommodation at Stören. The rooms are clean and comfortable, and the worthy host is assiduous in promoting the comfort of his guests. There are but few good inns in Norway, except in the towns. At the station-houses on the main roads a clean bed is generally to be obtained; but meat and white bread are delicacies rarely to be procured in the interior. At a few stations bottled beer of excellent quality may be bought, but the sale of wines and spirits is strictly prohibited, save at a few stores specially licensed for it. The Norwegian peasant in former days was too much addicted to the use of aqua vitæ and other spirituous liquors, so the Storthing, in its care for his welfare, deprived him of the facility of procuring it. A similar prohibitory law exists in Sweden, but the Swedes evade it very ingeniously. Landlords and *restaurateurs* in that country keep many bottles of divers spirits in a little room behind their counters. These are, of course, for their own private use, but any guest is at liberty to go into the little room and help himself to the contents of any bottle, when the landlord is not looking. No charge is made for the visit to the little room, but, strangely enough, that apartment is a source of the greatest profit to its owner. The Norwegians are less crafty. I have vainly exhausted all my powers of persuasion in an attempt to purchase some aqua vitæ when I have been half frozen; the sole reply of the hostess to my arguments was "*Det maa jeg ikke*" ("I must not"), until, at last, a very happy thought occurred to her, and she made me a present of the spirit that she would not sell. The stocking of one's provision and bottle cases becomes, therefore, an important matter to one who meditates a journey through the country.

TO JERKIN—THE DOVRE FJELD.

From Stören the road runs for some miles, with gradual ascent, through a wide valley of rich pasture-land, dotted here and there with small farmsteads. Soon it quits the thickly-wooded banks of the Gula, and turns in a south-westerly direction towards the Dovre Fjeld. Now the valley contracts, and our course winds through a narrow pass, between high, fir-covered mountains—a turn of the pass discloses a lofty

range of barren mountain-land, straight before us. The road winds on; now we see still loftier mountains, covered to their summits with dark waves of pine and fir, one rising behind the other in glorious succession. Ascending still, we skirt a deep precipice, and involuntarily guide our horse farther from the brink. Here a large cross is carved on the face of the rock. It is sacred to the memory of a road-maker, who, ten years ago, fell over this precipice; a thousand feet, at least, the unfortunate man must have fallen. With a shudder, we pass on. In the far distance a snow-covered peak towers above the intervening mountains, it is Sneehætten—distant some forty English miles.

There is something peculiarly exhilarating in carriole travelling in fine weather. The bracing effects of the pure mountain air have a wonderful influence over the spirits. The song of the *skydskarl*, sitting behind us, keeping time with the sound of the horse's hoofs, which the rocky banks echo back, harmonises with our feelings, and renders our enjoyment of the splendid scenery more perfect. The ever-varying character of the country through which we pass, now soft and pastoral, now gloomy and threatening, again, at times, stretching far away in a wild waste of barren moorland, unbounded, save by the rugged outlines of distant mountains, sharply drawn upon the deep blue sky, has ever fresh charms for the eye of the gazer. He must, indeed, be an unappreciative mortal who could tire of the wonders which each turn of the road presents to him. Dinner is over, and dessert, consisting of preserved multerberries and cream, finished. The Norwegians boast that the luscious *multer* is the noblest of all berries. It is certainly worthy of the highest esteem, as any sportsman who—hot and fatigued by a long tramp over the fjelds in August—has come upon broad marshes covered with this delicious fruit, can testify. The *Rubus chamæmorus* grows abundantly all over Norway, but it is in the extreme north that it attains the greatest perfection. In Finmark it forms an important branch of trade, and in some districts the gathering of the berry, except to eat it upon the spot, is forbidden to strangers, under penalty of many *skillings*. Norway is very rich in berries. Its wild strawberries and raspberries are of a flavour not to be equalled by those of other European countries.

Again we push briskly onwards along a tolerably level road, which, turning suddenly to the south, runs straight towards the Dovre Fjeld. We are now in the valley of the Driv, a rapid stream which has its rise near to Sneehætten. Gradually the mountains close in upon us, and the broad valley becomes a narrow ravine, through which the Driv dashes along in a succession of rapids. Now we are ascending the Dovre Fjeld itself. The ravine becomes still narrower, and the character of surrounding nature more grandly picturesque. Our road, which follows the course of the Driv, is a model of engineering skill. In many places it has been quarried out of the face of the perpendicular rock; in other parts it has been stolen from the very bed of the river. Above us frown lofty mountains, the sides of which are now covered with birch and fir, now ornamented with towering pinnacles of rock, now studded with enormous masses of granite or gneiss, rich in an infinite variety of deep colour. Innumerable waterfalls, any one of which would, in England, be considered of wondrous beauty, stream down the mountain sides into the river. The river itself grows wilder still, and, roaring hoarsely, hurls itself in cataracts down the ravine.

We have reached the head of the pass, and are upon an immense open moor, surrounded on every side by snow-clad summits. Far off upon the moor lie vast patches of snow, gleaming with deep roseate tint in the evening sheen. Now we have reached the highest point of the road, 4,600 feet above the sea. We have climbed above the limit of pine and fir; and juniper-bushes, dwarf birch, and a variety of smaller plants have taken the place of trees. Towards the west towers Sneehætten, seemingly but a mile or two from us; many a long mile of morass, though, intervenes between us and it.

By some it is supposed that the plateau of the Dovre Fjeld was not always the barren waste that it is in the present day. The antiquary, Gerard Schöning, in 1775, discovered the remains of an ancient temple upon the moor near Jerkin. In some of the lakes in the district he found the trunks of pines. I was unsuccessful in my attempt to discover any traces of the supposed temple, but I came upon one place on the open moor where lay a number of huge boulders, arranged in irregular semicircular form. The presence of these detached boulders in such a place is remarkable, but it may be accounted for without difficulty. Their rounded appearance denotes that they have been deposited there by the torrents of distant ages. We need not go so far back to account for the existence of the pits. The presence of the trunks of pines in the lakes is less easily to be explained. It must have been in very remote times that the pine flourished in this region, and the physical features of the country must have undergone wonderful changes since the Dovre Fjeld could have been a peopled district.

The New Government Expedition Round the World.

If the establishment of oceanic telegraphy had accomplished nothing but to conduce to that great consummation, "peace and good will among men," by bringing nations in closer communication with each other, and practically, for that purpose, annihilating space, it must be admitted that, morally speaking, it has accomplished much; but, in addition, it has opened up a fresh field for scientific investigation, in which philosophers of all lands are hastening to reap the harvest. Although we were not the first in this important work, when we do begin, we are in earnest; and if other nations have had their rush at the "new diggings," the machinery we have brought to bear will not leave us behind in the riches we shall accumulate.

As is well known to all who are interested in the progress of science, our Government has been for some time past, at the instigation of the Royal Society, aiding in a systematic examination of the depths of the sea. These investigations have had a threefold purpose—1, that of establishing the contour or form of the earth beneath the waters; 2, of ascertaining the system of oceanic circulation or currents; and, 3, of ascertaining the biological condition of the great ocean basins.

Vessels of the navy have successively been detailed to assist the Society in these researches—first, the *Lightning* for two months, in 1868; and then the *Porcupine*, in 1869 and 1870. These expeditions, which have produced what may well be called wonderful results, were placed under the scientific charge of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Gwynne Jeffreys, of the Royal Society, who each in turn accompanied the various expeditions; and so well did they do their work, and so satisfied were the Government that a wise use had been made of their concession, that it has culminated in the selection of a fine frigate, the *Challenger*, for the sole purpose of extending the investigation beyond the neighbourhood of our own shores to the wider field of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—from the icy regions of the north to those of the south.

The *Challenger* is a steam screw frigate of 1,462 tons, and 400 horse-power. She completed her fitments and left Sheerness last month, and is commanded by an officer specially selected for the purpose, Captain George S. Nares, who was lately in command of a surveying ship. The other officers have been also selected for their abilities beyond the usual requirements of a man-of-war. The scientific charge is worthily accorded to Professor Wyville Thomson, lately filling the chair of Natural Science at Queen's College, Belfast, and the first instigator of these deep-sea researches. Professor Thomson will be accompanied by a staff of scientific men well qualified for the different branches of physiology they will have to investigate. As chemist he has been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Buchanan, late senior assistant in the chemical laboratory of Edinburgh University; as naturalists, those of Mr. H. N. Mosely, M.A., a pupil of Professor Rolleston; of Dr. von Suhm; and Mr. John Murray, a Canadian gentleman. A secretary and a photographer will be also attached to the expedition.

The equipment of the expedition has been most thorough; no expense has been spared to ensure the most complete success; all the latest appliances for deep-sea sounding have been furnished, including one lately devised by Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., in which fine wire is employed, the depth being ascertained by connecting the wire with dials which register the quantity run out. The superiority of this process over the usual mode (by means of lines) is obvious, in the almost total annihilation of friction in passing through the water; but as the instrument is only on trial, the precaution of providing line and sinkers has not been neglected. Upwards of 100,000 fathoms of the former are on board, and 600 iron sinkers, each weighing a hundredweight, in addition to a number of leads fitted with cups or tubes for bringing up portions of the bottom; these latter are for sounding in shallow water of a thousand fathoms and under. A number of the protected thermometers that have been found so perfect in ascertaining the temperature of the sea at great depths, and on which so much depends in connection with its physical condition and the great question of oceanic circulation, have been supplied—dredges of all sizes and forms, with dredge-ropes miles in length, and steam deck-engines for heaving them in—fishing-nets, hooks, traps, lobster-pots of every conceivable variety, and bait to tempt the most wary inhabitant of the sea; so that a good opportunity will be offered to various species to have the honour of introducing themselves to their fellow animal, man, by submitting themselves to be pickled on board the *Challenger*. For terrestrial animals equal facilities are offered, by means of nets, bags, cages, and traps suited to their respective habits and tastes; and the quantity of arsenical soap and solution provided for their use will, we feel assured, quite satisfy them.

For preserving these animals when caught, there are abundant supplies, one item alone being 600 gallons of spirits of wine, carefully stored in one of the magazines. Of bottles of all shapes and sizes their name is legion; thousands of tubes, some for examining minute animals microscopically in their native element; and a small aquarium is even fitted, to enable the philosophers to study the habits of their new friends. The quantity of boxes for preserving can only be numbered by the thousand; and, for registering their habitat, 100,000 labels have been provided.

For analytical purposes, a laboratory is fitted on the main-deck; and all the means and appliances for such investigation supplied in duplicate and triplicate, in the event of accidents. Carefully-devised metal bottles have been specially made for bringing up samples of water from great depths for analysis; and the chemical investigation will form not the least interesting results of the voyage.

It may be added that the ship is fitted for adding to out hydrographical knowledge, whenever an opportunity occurs, by a complete set of surveying instruments, and provided with officers who, by previous experience, know how to use them.

At present it is purposed that the *Challenger* shall first go to Gibraltar, and on her voyage to that port try her capabilities for sounding and dredging in the Bay of Biscay, and initiate those who will have so much to do in the great work of the voyage. From Gibraltar she will proceed to Madeira and the West Indies, to Bermuda and the United States; then back to the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands, and thence to Brazil, and again across the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope. From the Cape she will proceed to the Marion Islands, and Crozet's and Kerguelen Land. From Kerguelen Land she will make a détour south towards the Antarctic Regions; and it is greatly to be hoped that the weather and state of the ice will enable her to solve the problem of the connection of the various portions of land discovered by Biscoe, Balleny, Wilkes, and D'Urville. Australia and New Zealand will next be visited, and from the latter place she will proceed through the Coral Sea and Torres Strait, between Lombok and Baly, through the Sulu Sea to the Philippines, then to New Guinea, Solomon Islands, and on to Japan. From Japan she will proceed towards Behring's Strait, and to Vancouver, and then round Cape Horn home.

When the scope of this voyage is considered, and what is to be done in it, the question naturally arises, When shall we see our friends, who are now about to leave us, again, and when shall we have the results of this voyage before us? For the first, it must be left to the future. For the second, it must be remembered that ample provision is made for sending home the collections as made; thus the "easy-chair philosophers" will work up the material as it arrives, and keep us informed of the progress of their discoveries; but it will be many years before the final results of such a voyage can be before us in its entirety.

A committee of the Royal Society have greatly aided the arrangements for the voyage, by instructions to guide the inquirers. Leaving England, as they will do, under such favourable auspices, and so completely furnished with every requisite, we can only bid them "God speed."

Captured by the Honduras Indians.—II.

THE MYSTERIOUS HALT.

WHILE we were lying as quietly as we could upon the ground, with the view of resting our weary limbs, two of our men, who had charge of the cattle, were ordered to the front to drive them ahead. We were instantly on the *qui vive*, and wondered what would come next. There were no orders, as we fully expected, to continue our march; but we observed that the Indians were holding a consultation at some distance from us, and as this was the case, we had not even the poor consolation of watching and noting their gestures and demeanour, from which we hoped to draw some favourable and intelligible deductions. We, however, were strictly guarded, more strictly than usual; but what struck us was that our guards, some forty in number, had left their baggage in the bush, and out of our sight. This, after all, proved a trifling affair, though it instantly attracted our notice; but every allowance must be made for entertaining such, perhaps trifling, apprehensions, when the mind is strung to the highest excitement through fear, and has no means of reasoning upon the circumstances which surround it and which are continuously undergoing a change: it may assume a thousand things, and each assumption will in all probability prove as baseless and as unsubstantial as a dream. Such was the condition in which we poor captives were placed at the moment to which we refer.



CHIBULA, INDIAN OF EKETCHÉ.

Our guards had their cutlasses drawn, and looked in the direction where the council was held, as though they awaited command. Now and then they cast a sullen and contemptuous glance at ourselves, and occasionally one of them would burst out into a quick and screechy talk with his companion, pointing at the same time towards us. Meanwhile, we were seated on the ground talking to each other, and speculating as well as we could upon the meaning of what was transpiring before us. But the majority of our women wept bitterly, and nothing could console them or allay in the slightest degree their fears. At length, a Spaniard, who acted as a clerk or *employé* amongst the Indians, and who had been uniformly kind and courteous to us on the march, came amongst us, but he put on such an ambiguous expression, and gave such a vacant stare, not saying anything, that he made matters, as we thought, more gloomy than they were previously to his joining us. The Spaniard was silent and downcast, and left us as though he had not heart to disclose the calamity which was impending over us. Well, if the worst occurred they could only kill us, and there would be an end of the matter; for it would be better to meet death at once, than be the victims of continuous fear and apprehension; so, at least, many of us at that moment thought. We had come to the conclusion that the Indians intended to carry out their often-repeated threat—to murder us; nor were we far wrong in concluding that such would be the case, for the Spaniard soon afterwards learned from the Indians themselves that they were divided in opinion. Both parties were in hopes of obtaining a ransom, but the difference between them was concerning the probability of obtaining it. One party maintained that the trouble and expense incurred in obtaining the ransom were much greater than it could possibly be worth, upon the principle that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, while the other resolutely maintained a contrary view, and ultimately overcame their opponents. After three hours' consultation it was determined that our lives should be spared, and after being kept in painful suspense during the time, we were ordered to proceed forward as before.

We had derived but little comfort or new strength from our

long rest, for the painful uncertainty of hanging every moment between life and death had completely neutralised that rest. There is, perhaps, nothing so depressing to the feelings as to be kept upon the stretch for a series of hours; no muscular energy nor mental resolution can possibly counteract its effect. We started at two p.m., with a blazing sun overhead, and no hope of water until we reached our journey's end—an Indian town, which would take the rest of the day, the whole of the night, and the greater part of next day to reach, making in all forty-eight hours' march without water. Our prospect was anything but encouraging; but most of us, upon reflection, preferred it to an ignominious and semi-savage death.

We filled our gourds with water, but that was consumed in about a couple of hours, for the heat of the sun was intense, and thirst, as usual upon an empty stomach, demanded an almost constant supply. On we marched, however, sometimes on dry ground and sometimes on ground covered with creepers, stones, or dry mud. We could scarcely keep at times on our feet, and fatigue had so completely seized hold of us that we rolled about as though we had been under the influence of drink. We ibtterly lamented, and even ventured to complain, of the distance to the Indian town, the terminus of our terrible journey—town do we say? rather a den of thatched huts, of which more in its proper place. We continued marching till half-past seven p.m., when we arrived at a kind of gloomy-looking dell, which was surrounded by rocks, trees, and brush; but we were told that there was water in a creek close at hand, which more than made up for the repulsive aspect of the dell. We were in ecstacies; and although we had scarcely tasted anything for the past three days and nights, with nothing to eat on that fourth night, still we had water, which would enable us to go on another day without food, if absolutely necessary. Upon arriving at the dell we were ordered to halt, to cut leaves and make our bivouac, which was readily done, for we were extremely fatigued. Sleep, however, came not to throw an oblivious veil over our misfortunes, for we were hungered and had nothing to appease our appetites, and were therefore restless. The Indians treated us with the utmost contempt and neglect, and seemed regardless whether we died of hunger or not, although they had a stock of provisions by them, both in the shape of corn-cakes and of meat. We managed, however, to pass the night on the ground, and arose next morning, but were not at all inclined for a long walk through the bush. We could hardly, indeed, put one foot before another; yet we were told that this—the eighth and last day—would be the hardest of any that we had got over; that we had to travel over rocky and uneven ground, where no tracks were to be found; and that the Indians would have to cut our way through the bush. Gloomy and disheartening as were these anticipations, we kept up our courage, and were determined not to think either of fatigue or of thirst, until we had accomplished our journey. The march was as difficult as we anticipated it would be. At times we had almost to go on hands and knees to get up some of the hills; but to descend them was equally bad, if not worse. Having passed over four or five hills and rocky dells, we were told that we had still a very high hill to get over, and then to walk through bush for some miles, when the Indian town would be reached—marched into, and not sighted as might be imagined—for the town, as it was called, was in the heart of the bush, where everything around it was wild and solitary in the extreme. After several hours of painful travelling we came to the commencement of the town, when we were ordered to halt, which order we readily complied with, some of us immediately lying under the bushes, some leaning against them, while others were endeavouring to rest themselves as well as they could, for the path, or rather track, through which we marched was so narrow that there was not room to fairly sit down on the ground. The Indians now commenced loading their pieces, for what purpose we did not know, but soon found out, for some twenty of them were ordered to march ahead, to form in line, and to fire a salute in honour of their success. They also ordered some of our men to play the accordion and the drum, which they did, and the two instruments had certainly a most inharmonious sound. Our men, however, who played these instruments were so nervous that at first they could hardly hold them in their hands, which caused laughter amongst the Indians, who appeared delighted to have command over us. We were now, however, at the end of our march, which had lasted eight days; and at three p.m. we were ordered to march into the town. How we were to be dealt with, and what was to be the upshot of this cruel kidnapping, we were sadly at a loss to conceive.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

The Indian village, or town, as it was pompously designated, consisted of a series of detached huts, built of wickerwork, which were situated on small mounds, at a considerable distance from each other. One of these structures was called the jail, to which we were marched, and in which we were specially lodged and strictly guarded. This structure was open between the eaves and the lower part, which was strongly fenced, and it was large enough to hold nearly the whole of us. There were guards placed round the jail, both inside and out, to prevent us making our escape or even attempting to make it. The guards inside were lying in hammocks almost all day, and certainly throughout the night, and seemed very cold and taciturn in their demeanour. Our entrance into the town was announced by the ringing, or rather tolling, of two bells, which continued their doleful and monotonous notes for some time, as though we were all being led to execution. The native Indians, —men, women, and children—were at their doors, some of them eyeing us apparently with great anxiety, while others seemed to treat us with a kind of apathetic scorn. At length we were ordered to send out some of our men to cut leaves for our bivouac, and to get our prison ready for a stay. A number of Indians were told off to guard these men.

Dismal as the prospect before us appeared, and irksome as it was to abide by the rules which our captors laid down for us, yet we found it a relief, after our long and fatiguing march, though the hut in which we were huddled was as miserable as it was possible to conceive. We had gone upwards of one hundred miles, and had encountered difficulties in our route which seemed at one time insurmountable; and we had done this, too, under the most adverse circumstances, so that if there is any deduction to be drawn from our captivity it is this—that human nature is scarcely cognisant of the amount of suffering it can endure, or of the difficulties it can be made to overcome, when coercion is brought to bear.

We began at length to think about food, but how we were to obtain it, and what kind we could get, were very puzzling questions. The Indians seemed indifferent in the matter, and left us to devise measures for ourselves; and as hunger is

above all restraint, we quickly planned out the way to get something to eat. In consequence of having importuned the guard for some time, we were allowed to send out one of our men into the town to purchase food, and after a few hours' delay he returned with some plantains and eggs, by no means enough for a single meal for the whole of us, but just sufficient to give us an appetite. However, we did the best we could under the circumstances. The writer of this narrative drank an abundance of water, and smoked a short clay pipe, which was the only comfort and consolation he could find throughout the journey. A whiff of tobacco, in our condition, was a perfect godsend, and wafted us for the moment into a state of forgetfulness, which we all more or less required and earnestly sought after. We had given up all idea of escape, as the only way out of the town was by that by which we had entered, and as that was strictly guarded, it would have been folly to attempt it in that direction. The only chance left for us was by diving into the bush, and, by making a détour, endeavour to get into the track we had made, and thus return by the way we had come. But this was purely chimerical, for the chances were that we should have been lost in the bush, and have placed ourselves in a worse position than we were in. We, therefore, quietly submitted to our fate, and awaited the course of events with the intensest interest and anxiety. Our shed, or jail, or den, was placed upon a mound, and as it could not hold all the captives, some blacks were bivouacked outside in shanties, which they had erected for the purpose. These shanties were barely water-tight, but as this was the dry season, that was of little account. Looking out from our prison we could see some half-dozen huts or houses, all of which were detached, the intervening space being covered with trees and bushes. The town is skirted by a circle of bush, and is very irregular; a double path forms the main road, and all the other paths radiate a point. There were some forty huts, or houses, in the so-called town, with perhaps an average of five people in each—men, women and children.

The Indians were resting on their arms after we had been safely lodged in prison, and they were received with shouts of delight by their wives and children, the women being more excited and more vociferous than the men. All expected, in some form or other, a share of the spoil, which was something considerable. It consisted of dry goods, prints, silks, handkerchiefs, beads, jewellery (of which the Indian women were passionately fond, and which had been taken from the persons of the captives), knives—in short, every description of goods suitable for their wants and tastes, and which amounted to the value of 1,000 dollars and upwards. In addition to this there were 750 dollars in coin. We say nothing of the clothing and money taken from our people. The delight of the Indians, with all these things spread out before them, which was literally the case, was beyond all rational bounds. They danced, they shouted, and they yelled with almost hideous ecstasy; and after several days of feasting and nights of revelry they desisted from sheer exhaustion, and something like quietude, if not order, was restored. At length a division of the spoil took place, and we had the extreme mortification of seeing our property adorning the women and children, and covering the men, in a way they had been little accustomed to, judging by the manner in which the clothing and ornaments were put upon their persons.

We had now been in the hands of the Indians for about ten days, and certainly thought that we should have heard something concerning our release. Our fears were allayed, in some measure, by the delight which the Indians displayed in the distribution of the plunder, and as it would more likely conduce to their feelings to obtain a handsome sum for our ransom than by dispatching us in a less profitable manner, we were in a comparatively comfortable state of mind. We imagined, however, that news of our captivity must have reached Belize, for just before the Indians crossed at the Bravo to attack us, or, to speak more strictly, when they were attacking us, we contrived to send off a Carib boy up the river to warn a man and his gang, which consisted of five men. This was an American, who was blasting some rocks in the river. We expected, naturally, that the Carib boy had got clear of the Indians, had given warning to the rock-blasters, and that all had reached Belize, and had given an account of the capture of ourselves. It would take them three or four days to reach that town, but we thought it strange that our release—or the offers for our release—should not have arrived before this. We were left, however, for some time to float on a sea of speculation, and at times we could scarcely bear the pain we had to endure. We heard, moreover, that the Indians had already sent on a messenger to negotiate for our release, and that 12,000 dollars was the sum demanded; and what added to our fear was that Mr. H——, our chief and superintendent at Belize, would treat the Indian demand lightly, or perhaps refuse it directly and definitely. In that case, we had every reason to believe that the Indians, in a fit of indignant rage, would have shot us as unceremoniously as they would have killed a number of dogs. There was another alternative, also, which our superintendent might have entertained, which would have been equally disastrous—namely, he might persuade the authorities at Belize to send a detachment of troops to rescue the captives from the Indians, an idea very likely to occur to him. Had this been the case we must inevitably have been sacrificed, for the Indians on the approach of the troops would have retreated still further in the bush rather than be taken prisoners; but the first thing done to the captives would have been to murder them at once. We speculated upon these several hypotheses until we were completely bewildered and lost in the maze of uncertainty. Still, while there was life there was hope—the last slender plank of safety we had left. Ransom or death was, therefore, the only alternative to which we unfortunate captives were reduced.

We remained in this painful state for several days, and were the victims of all manner of rumours, the majority of which were of a very menacing and melancholy nature. Some said we were to be marched still further into the interior; others calculated that we should be shot, and even pretended that they knew the time when; these, of course, were some of the negroes, who had ingratiated themselves, in a certain way, with the Indians. Looking at the matter, however, as calmly and considerately as the most cool-headed amongst us could, we came to the conclusion that it was a mere toss-up whether we should be ransomed or have to fight for our release; and if reduced to the latter alternative, all had made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

While brooding over our melancholy position, and looking in every direction for some ray of comfort, a messenger came in bearing a letter, which received our instant attention. On

reading the letter, however, we found that it contained but little intelligence of importance to us, for it was from a mahogany-cutter who was friendly with the Indians, stating that he had heard the news of our capture through the American, whom the Carib boy had warned, and who had gone on to Belize. The mahogany-cutter said that he had written to the Indian chief, and warned him that if the slightest injury were done to us, he and his band would be severely punished; he also recommended the chief to release us at once, which, of course, was of little avail. The letter, however, had this effect, it released the writer from the suspicion we entertained, perhaps wrongly, of his having a hand in our seizure, through his intimate knowledge of these Indians and his jealousy of our interfering with his pursuits.

Day after day passed away, and night after night, in a similarly monotonous round, sometimes hope and sometimes fear being uppermost in our thoughts. The more, however, we saw of the Indians, the more prominently and pointedly did their character display itself. They sunk lower and lower in our estimation; and exhibited on occasions the greatest cowardice and the most bullying braggadocio. These Indians, our captors, were a band of runaway vagabonds of every possible description; some of the gang were murderers, all were thieves and robbers, and would have had as little compunction in cutting your throat as they would of clearing out your pocket; for they knew if they were once again to fall into the hands of justice there would be no hope for them. Amongst this desperate gang of assassins and kidnappers we remained for several weeks, and had to endure the alternations of their cunning, unscrupulous, and half-brutish dispositions. They often held what they called councils of war; but which, in fact, were nothing but crafty calculations as to the possibility of their obtaining the ransoms for us they desired, or how they should the most advantageously dispose of us on the contrary event occurring. All this was painful in the extreme, and yet we had to endure it as though it were inevitable. At length we had news from one of our people at Belize that efforts were being made to release us from our captivity; but that it would be some little time before all could be judiciously arranged for that purpose. This news was, to a certain extent, encouraging; but we awaited the expected rescue with both doubt and fear. We knew, of course, that everything could not be done at once; but our fear was that it would not be done in time. For instance, we could scarcely imagine how those who came for our release, unguarded by troops, could be protected from the Indians; for, in the event of their bringing the required ransom, it was possible, if not probable, that the Indians would make a second attack, and hustle off both relievers and ransom together. Secondly, if our relievers came guarded by troops, they would be suspected by the Indians, and the latter in all probability would be so frightened as to make them heedless of the ransom in their fear of being captured, if not shot on the spot. These speculations and circumstances tended at times greatly to discourage us, and made us occasionally think that our situation was quite hopeless; and, indeed, it appeared about as hopeless as it well could be.



EKETCHÉ.

What materially aggravated our feelings was, however, the want of food, the way we were kept in the jail, and the pain we endured by the ropes, though loosely bound round our arms, not being slackened since we were first bound. Neither had we changed our clothing since the first day of our capture; and the state of our persons was wretched in the extreme. The latter arose, in a great measure, from the Indians not allowing us to go to a neighbouring lagoon to wash, for fear we should endeavour to make our escape. This was the dry season, and the water in the lagoon was very low. The surface of the lagoon itself, as it was called, was only seven feet by four, and a good shower of rain would easily raise it to the brim, while a hot day or so would leave it nearly dry. It was out of this miserable puddle of bad water that upwards of 200 human beings had to drink and cook with, and 125 head of cattle had to be watered daily. Sometimes the water was so muddy that



YOUNG INDIANS OF EKETCHÉ.

we could scarcely drink it; and to drink bad water sadly increased the fever which had materially weakened us. Some of us could scarcely walk a hundred yards without resting; and one who was walking only a quarter of a mile to wash himself at the lagoon, was so tired that he had some difficulty in getting over it. Bad water and scant food would soon weaken a giant, much less a man of ordinary physical strength. Good eating and drinking seldom came into our minds during our waking moments, but occasionally we dreamt of a bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a good mutton chop, our ordinary repast at Belize. But to remain day after day without food, and to have a gnawing, craving appetite, with nothing to satisfy it, was the very extreme of misery. Some of us even prayed for death; for a release of any kind, at certain moments, would have been gladly hailed, nay, indeed, welcomed with satisfaction. No medicine was to be had; our chest had been rifled, so that chills and fevers alternately, both by night and by day, reduced us to the very verge of death.

EKETCHÉ.

The name of the village or hamlet in which we were imprisoned was called by the Indians Eketché. Having obtained a booty at our expense, the people of the town made up their minds to live riotously until it was all consumed. As we have remarked, they hailed with joy the arrival of the spoil, and it appeared one continued feast, only relaxed by the sheer impossibility of their being able, for a given time, to consume more. Passing along the town we remarked in several huts a large number of bowls and pots, in which the feast was being cooked; but of not a particle of the food did we partake. The Indians generally commenced their feast about one a.m., and continued it through the day. They drank copiously of a kind of strong and intoxicating drink, or spirit, distilled from aniseed, which was about forty degrees above proof. They became at times fearfully intoxicated, and quarrelsome amongst themselves; but their quarrels seldom ended in blows. After these feasts were over, they generally held meetings, for the purpose, or the pretended purpose, of determining what they were to do with us. So, at least, it was reported by the blacks, who, somehow or other, contrived to get amongst them, and learn what their intentions were. One day the Indians would give out that they intended to march us to Blue Creek—to a bank, or "estate," as it was called in that country, where the ransom-money was to be paid, and where they were to meet our liberating friends. The next day they would change minds, and tell us plainly that there was no chance of their being paid; for, if they marched us to Blue Creek, we would run away, and escape their clutches. They would say, moreover, "If we get to Blue Creek, we shall find a number of soldiers in ambush ready to attack us, and what then will our ransom be worth?" In fact, they had no confidence amongst themselves, in any part of the business, and each of the leaders was trying to get the best of his companion. Hence all was uncertainty, dread, doubt, and fear with us, and we never could calculate for two consecutive days—nay, hours—what would be the upshot of it all.

The Indians having brought us little or no food—except some corn-cakes once a day, just enough, as they thought, to keep body and soul together, but which did us more harm than good, for these cakes increased our thirst, and compelled us to drink more than we otherwise should have done, of the bad water served out to us—we were, therefore, compelled to search the town over for vegetables, or anything in the shape of eatables we could find. These we occasionally obtained; but the blacks ate up, like locusts, whatever they could lay hands on, and gave us literally nothing, though they made purchases with our money. This was not the worst part of their conduct; they not only collected provisions and consumed them, but they tired out the patience of the Indian housewives by their repeated and violent importunities for food, so that very little chance was left for us, who followed them. When, therefore, we were allowed to go round in search of something to eat—to beg for a few beans, or yams, or other vegetables, the people would say that they had already given all they intended to give, and that we need not call again. Our demands, though courteously and quietly made, were, as a matter of course, rarely attended to, and we continued to drag out a miserable existence, just on the borders of starvation.

The negroes belonging to our band worked at cutting fodder for the cattle which had been captured from us. They received about sixpence per day; for each of the Indian leaders, or chiefs, had a small herd of cattle belonging to him, and therefore employed one negro. This kind of employment was tolerated by the general, as he knew that the negroes had no provisions, and that they could not expect much from the cottagers. Besides, the Indians themselves had to hunt, and to attend to their plantations, as well as keep guard over us, so that they had no time to look after the feeding of their cattle, which was rather a wearisome job, the fodder having sometimes to be brought a great distance. The negroes, therefore, with their sixpence per day were better off than we were, for they were able to buy sufficient plantains to live upon, whereas we had neither money nor the slightest chance of obtaining food in any manner whatever.

Having been in this state for several weeks, we were delighted to receive two small boxes of provisions which were sent, by horse, from the Bank, by B—— and Co. Nothing could have been more acceptable to us, after our privations, not even our release, for it seemed as if hunger had taken up a permanent residence in our stomachs. These boxes contained some biscuits, sugar, and rice, which, however, only lasted us about a week. Still, they greatly revived us, and might be said to have renewed the lease of our existence. Unfortunately, the boxes were nearly filled with clothing for the mahogany-cutter, and were sent to relieve him, and not for our succour and support, although we needed both of these the most. We felt this bitterly, for it appeared as if our friends had forsaken us, and thought us scarcely worthy of redemption; otherwise they could as easily have sent half a dozen boxes as two, and that would have been a great relief to us, to say nothing of the feeling and humanity involved in the act. We felt chagrined and mortified that we should be thus slighted; and for a moment or so we could scarcely decide who were the unkindest—our enemies who had so furtively captured us, or our friends who had so cruelly abandoned us in our captivity. After waiting a couple of weeks or so, we heard, however, that everything was being done for us that could be done, and that our friends were in hopes that we should soon be in safety.

Meanwhile all kinds of rumours were afloat amongst the Indians, who showed a shifty, wavering, undetermined disposition. Their habits, likewise, partook of the same uncertain character, for they were

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

Sometimes the Indian would lie in his hammock throughout the day, his musket by his side—laughing, chatting, making hammocks or straw hats, or priming his pieces, for almost everything was done in the hammock. At other times he would be beating his drum, and bringing out of it the most horrid and inharmonious sounds possible. Some would be lying on the ground in a state of beastly intoxication; others would be roaring, shouting, and quarrelling to the very verge of hostility in a grog hut, which was generally very full. It was in these dens that they mostly melted their coin, whenever they got any, which was rather seldom, instead of handing it over to their better halves, who, as a rule, were badly treated.

The women, for the most part, were at home, that is in their own huts, either smoking, cooking, or making necklaces of beads, at which they were very expert, and displayed considerable taste. Sometimes they were occupied in making blouses for their male companions, or in what may be termed purely domestic matters. We have frequently sat in the hut of a friendly Indian—one whom we had got acquainted with from sheer pity on his part at our forlorn condition—and watched the work which was going on. We found it the best policy to be civil and submissive to both men and women, instead of appearing to resent our captivity; and by these means we got on much better than by adopting an opposite mode of action. We had occasionally, for instance, offered to us a bowl of hot Indian meal, something like gruel, at others they would hand us a cup of aniseed; but as that was too coarse and too strong for our weak stomachs, it was politely declined.

After several weeks—indeed months—of captivity, we were allowed to go in parties to the lagoon to wash ourselves, but were always guarded by five Indians. Many of us, however, could scarcely walk the distance—a quarter of a mile. The lagoon, as we have said, was not large enough to bathe in; nor could we have bathed in it had it been larger, for it was the sole source of our obtaining water for drinking purposes. We, therefore, filled our large gourds with water from the lagoon, and having fortunately preserved a large sponge or two and some soap, we undressed and respectively sponged each other's backs, and poured water over ourselves, almost *ad libitum*. Although this mode of bathing was performed in the bush and not on the sandy sea-shore, it had its delicious and invigorating effects, which wrought quite a change in our feelings and general health. We next washed our trousers and shirts, which proved a great comfort—indeed, a luxury.

We occasionally witnessed an Indian funeral, which, in some respects, was peculiar. For several days after the funeral has taken place the Indians hold a wake, at which they sing in a dirge-like tone both night and day, at intervals introducing their intoxicating aniseed, which they drink in copious draughts, and soon become dull, or stupid, or uproarious. When the bowls are empty and the drink is all gone, the wake ceases, and things are restored to their wonted shape. The way the Indians bury their dead is by wrapping the corpse in its clothes and in blankets; and the grave is dug about four feet deep. When the corpse is quietly consigned to its resting-place, the earth is filled in and stamped down with a post. A white stone is then placed at the head of the grave, to mark the spot where the corpse has been buried. A throng of women attend these funerals, and generally precede the bier. Fever appears to be the leading malady amongst the Indians, and when it assumes a malignant form, which it frequently does, great numbers are swept away by it. We noticed that the majority of the Indians in Eketché had a pale and delicate appearance, and we learned that few attained to what may be termed old age. They are accustomed, moreover, to scanty and precarious living, and the almost constant exposure to excessive heat or excessive rain, both of which have a trying effect upon the constitution. The principal clothing of the men were coarse blouses, made of a dirty white material, which became still more dirty by their constantly wearing them. Once on, never off, neither by night nor by day, until they were worn out. The men also wore straw hats, the rims of which were painted red, giving them a rather gay appearance. Shirts they dispensed with, and they wore sandals on their feet, which were strapped round the instep and fastened by ropes, or thick string, between the toes. They were, in fact, filthy and dirty in the extreme, and the odour that emanated from their persons was offensive in the highest degree.

The Indians are exceedingly superstitious, and place implicit reliance upon their priest. In their worship they appear devout, and their contributions to the altar, considering their limited means, are very liberal. They attend their chapel-hut, if we may be permitted to designate their place of worship by such a name, at least once a week, and oftener if need be—when, for instance, they are about setting out on an enterprise, or returning from one—and pay due respect to their spiritual pastors and instructors. The priests read from a small book—breviary, we may say—a few short sentences, in a rather hurried manner, and went through certain ceremonies, which were *caviare* to us; for, not knowing at that period scarcely a word of the Indian language, it was a mere dumb show, as far as we were concerned. They would occasionally keep up their worship the whole of the night, and we must say that upon more than one occasion the priest has been as intoxicated as some of his flock. After attending their place of worship, some of the Indians would come into the jail, and make all the noise they possibly could, by clapping their hands at the jokes, we presume, made by their companions in their hammocks. We heartily wished them elsewhere, for they had no respect for time or person, but merely came in with the determination to make themselves as disagreeable as they could.

One day, being on the look-out, we remarked two men at some distance from the jail walking coolly along as though they were accustomed to the place, and appeared to be making towards us. We knew they were strangers, but could not conjecture who they were, or what they had come for, unless it was for something in connection with ourselves. They turned out to be two Spaniards, one of whom had brought letters from our friends, at which, of course, we were highly delighted. But our delight did not last long, for it turned out by the letters that our friends were expecting us, had done so for some time, and were surprised at our non-appearance. They had, therefore, sent on a Spaniard to arrange matters and get us off at once. Alas! he had no such power. After negociating with the Indians for about a week, the latter determined to send scouts, or volunteers, to ascertain whether there were any troops at Blue Creek, or anywhere within a given circle of the locality. A favourable report at length came in, and a majority of the Indians held out for immediate marching, and, fortunately for us, they gained the day, although there was considerable squabbling about it.

Stranded in the Hellespont.

BY JAMES BONWICK.

WISHING to visit a port in the Levant, I secured a passage in an English steamer which had brought out coals from Newcastle, and had been chartered to carry a cargo of wheat to the place I sought.

At first I congratulated myself on my good fortune in voyaging so comfortably with my own countrymen, especially as I should be the only cabin mate of the captain. A few minutes dispelled my dream of pleasure. I found myself in the midst of a drunken crew, who, after regaling themselves in the low wine-shops of Galata, were working off the alcoholic excitement in round cursing and free fighting. The *noble* art of self-defence was but rudely observed on board, as kicks were administered to the fallen, and teeth savagely applied instead of fists.

This confusion interfered with getting under weigh in a proper manner, and prevented the adoption of measures affecting the safety of the ship. The honest captain was entirely dependent upon the engineers and firemen for the working of his vessel out of port. His anxieties about the weather hastened his efforts to gain sea-room in the Sea of Marmora.

As evening drew near, the wind rose higher, and a snow-storm burst upon us. The zephyrs, that are fabled to dwell upon the sunlit shores of orient lands, had surely then retreated to their sheltered caves of amber light. Although the very clime in which the radiant goddess blushed forth into existence from amidst the laughing waters, such a blast as now rushed down from icy Russia would have been an uncomfortable salute to the undraped form of Beauty. Love must have been stronger in Leander's days than in these fallen times, to have breasted the sea on such a night to earn a woman's smiles; though how the lady could have kept her torch alight, or her teeth from chattering, we unromantic creatures of the present day cannot well divine.



ENVIRONS OF RODOSTO.

Many years ago I experienced a Yorkshire snow-storm, when a genuine north-easter came fresh from a Lapland glacier, called at an iceberg on the way, and nearly bowled me over and along a bleak and barren moor. But that was nothing to a taste of the quality in the Sea of Marmora. It was severe enough to have been the resuscitated tempest that froze the Swedes before Pultowa, or which pelted with icicles the retreating French from Moscow. To raise one's head above the companion-ladder was to behold a wild revelry of elements which artists never paint, and poets never sing. It was at

least sufficient to cool the heads of the drunken crew, and lay their feuds at rest.

To put back was impossible. No steam-power could face so terrible a wind. To take shelter in so harbourless a coast, with the sea raging and night pitchy dark and blinding, was equally impossible. To go onward was dangerous. Sometimes the vessel was arrested altogether, and then again the word was passed for *slow*. A most careful watch was kept upon the compass, though the drifting power of such a storm was recognised with fear.

To attempt retirement to blankets was absurd. A good fire was maintained in the cabin, and in its company I spent the weary hours, occasionally relieved by the presence of one of the officers. The captain, who was a genuine British sailor, was constant in his watch, and vigilant in his devotion to duty.

"It is a regular hurricane," he said. "In all my life I never knew a worse. It blows as I never felt it on the east coast of England. A pretty night to be out with a crew not fit to get a ship taut and ready for weather. God help British masters! I do wish we had the chains all right. But the mate and I, as you saw, had to do seaman's work to get away at all."

The tempest, if possible, increased towards dawn. An occasional visit to the companion-ladder, gave me a sensation of the horrors. After heroically maintaining his post on deck through the long and trying hours, the captain resigned his charge, about five in the morning, into the hands of his chief officer, and threw himself down on the couch for a snatch of sleep. About two hours after, the mate called him up. There was danger. Although broad daylight, such was the thickness of the snow and the flying drift, that nothing could be distinguished beyond a few yards from the vessel; and yet the mate fancied he had seen the fitful glimmer of a lighthouse.



OLD BULGARIAN PEASANT.

The captain went up, and I awaited below, with no small anxiety, the issue of the official conference. A few minutes after, I fancied there was less motion than usual, though I suspected no mischief, as we had so often been still from the stoppage of the screw, or the diversion of the waves. Presently, however, the steward rushed down, and called out, "For God's sake be quick! the ship's aground!"

In a moment I was after him on the deck. I plunged through the snow that lay thick upon the vessel, and sought the news. But the seas, as they tore madly past us, told the story; and the occasional bump and shiver of the ship, as the waters lifted and then dropped her on the bottom, too plainly confirmed the tale.

We were fast. But how? and where?

The well-known coolness of Englishmen in the hour of danger was now apparent. All were calm, though sensible of impending destruction. The first and natural thought was about the boats. We must take to them if the vessel yielded to the assault. But there was little chance of frail boats living in such a storm, even if we succeeded in getting afloat in them. At any rate we must prepare for the worst; and one after the other stole away from the deck to make up a parcel for the shore. I followed suit, and hastily made up a small bundle.

"Ah!" said one of the engineers to me; "it's very unlucky. I am nearly ready to pass my examination. It is a hard case for a striving man." Then, with a heavy sigh, he rammed a few articles of clothing into a bag.

The captain was equal to the occasion. Before, I had thought him a rough-spun north-countryman, although a good seaman. But now, such keen intelligence, self-reliant power, and assertive dignity were displayed that he seemed one of the old Homeric heroes, or the valiant son of a Northman Viking.

"What's below?" was his first inquiry. And it was with a joyous air he was soon able to cry out, "All's right, my lads! It is only sand. A tight iron boat from Newcastle can stand a lot of thumping here."

And the thumping we got. Sometimes it was a gentle tap, like the knock of a self-mistrusting lover; or a sharp double one, like a postman's rat-tat; or a rapid succession of blows, like the running fire of a platoon. Then there came a rasping and grinding, that ominously told of the vessel making a bed for herself beneath. The waves that had so long made sport of us, tossing us hither and thither, now raced past us, as if in merry glee at our fate, and seemed to laugh in rude chorus, as they left us distanced on the sands.

It was soon discovered that we were under shelter, as the billows were observed to roll off from the steamer instead of rising against her sides. An opening in the cloudy drift at last disclosed the cause. We were within two ships' lengths of the shore. The high land defended us from the worst of the tempest. "So long as the wind keeps where it is, there is not so much to fear," exclaimed the captain. "Only let the weather lower a bit, and we can get ashore safely."

"But supposing the wind should chop round?" said I.

"In that case," he replied, "the waves will soon break up the vessel, and we shall be uncommonly puzzled to land at all."

There we were, so near to the unshaken hills, but thumping

away on a sandspit, with the snow-storm as fierce as ever. Every now and then we could catch a glimpse of the white-robed shore, upon whose cold but still inviting breast we gladly would have thrown ourselves.

Hours of painful suspense followed. The efforts of steam were exerted in vain. But it was good news to know that no water was made. And yet the wind raged on, and our fate was suspended in the balance. The captain stole quietly into his cabin to bind up some papers and prepare his package for shore. The crew were at peace. The marks of recent conflicts were there, but tongues and hands were at war no longer.

"Ah, sir!" cried one; "that's a bad business with that cursed drink. The ship was a hell. I don't wonder at this trouble coming. God Almighty couldn't stand it no longer."

A few became impatient, as the time passed on. The ship held fast, and the captain gave no orders. They thought it their duty, then, for every man to look out for himself; and I heard it freely canvassed whether it was not right to seize the boats, and so make sure of life. But nothing was done besides grumbling. It was felt that the captain, interested as he might be for his character and for his share in the ship, had still a life to care for, and would not needlessly hazard the safety of those on board.

The day passed. The night approached, and our anxieties once more came to the surface. "Why not land while there is light?" was asked by many. The captain had now no absolute fear of his vessel, so long as she made no water and the wind did not change. It was a miserable night we spent. Yet gradually the wind subsided, and the snow-flakes fell less heavily. At daylight the shore came out boldly and clearly to view, and the outline of farmhouses in the distance gave us a degree of hope. The lighthouse was but half a mile off. We could now land easily, if necessary

Men were seen on the shore. A boat was sent off towards them. The mate returned with the news that some one round the point beyond could speak English. The captain and I resolved to go in search of the learned stranger. When seated in the boat I thought of my shore-bound parcel, and discreetly sent for it. I had no wish to tempt the sea-nymphs again, and resolved, if possible, to make my way back to Constantinople along the untried *terra firma*.

Four men rowed us past the lighthouse, and round the projecting point; then we came in sight of a cluster of houses. It was the Greek town of Khora.

No sooner had the prow touched the shingle, than we were surrounded by nearly a hundred curious and chattering Greeks. One, of more refined appearance than the rest, made his way towards us, and gave a salute in very tolerable English. Led by him into a dingy and beclouded café, through snow up to the knees, an attempt at a parley commenced. But, pressed by the crowd that poured into the room, not a word could be heard for the confusion. The interpreter, therefore, requested our company at his house close by.

All at once the captain thought of his men. They were gone. It was easy to guess where they were. The nearest liquor shop disclosed the runaways. Sternly ordering them to the ship, the captain stayed to see them off from the shore, and we were left behind with the noisy strangers.

The house of the Greek was near the sea. The staircase was so encumbered with snow, driven by the late storm through the lattice ventilators, that I had to be assisted in the ascent. Under the circumstances, we two were permitted to enter the room with our boots, although others put on slippers, or traversed the carpet in their stockings. The rights of hospitality were tendered. The ladies of the household brought in tiny cups of black coffee, with cakes and sweetmeats. This was followed by glasses of raki, or spirits. Wine next appeared on the table, and cigarettes were vigorously brought into action.

Negotiations were then commenced. The captain bargained for a score of men, in two large boats, to assist his own crew in lightening the ship of its cargo. A telegram for tug-steamers was dispatched, with the hope that by their means the stranded ship might be raised. Such an expectation was eventually realised.

It was now my turn for business with the Greek. Though much nearer the Dardanelles than to Constantinople, I had the belief that the latter was more practicable to reach, especially as a steamer went there from Rodosto, a town on the way. The Greek informed me that if the weather continued fair, four men could row me to Rodosto in about seven or eight hours. If not a comfortable passage at that time of the year, it was the shortest route; besides, the overland journey over the mountains was quite impossible, as the snow lay there in great masses, and the track for horses would be concealed. It was easy to get horses at a village which was at the other side of the higher range, and it might be prudent to do so should the wind get up.

The agreement was drawn up between us. The sum of fifty shillings was to be paid to the simple villagers of Khora for this exertion of their benevolence. Though at first startled at the amount, I submitted to the terms with the best grace I could

Breakfast was now ready, and I was invited to partake of the frugal meal. First there came the soup; then slices of sausage, with full provision of garlic, were eaten with coarse, dark-coloured bread. The main dish was one difficult to describe. A number of eggs had been fried in a solid substance which had more of the taste of cheese than anything else; a quantity of oil floated about, and was soaked up with bread by the company, as each person from time to time dipped in his piece. A dessert of walnuts followed. Wine and water formed the drinks, though coffee closed the feast, and gave the signal for tobacco-smoking.

The company consisted of the Greek interpreter, his two brothers, another relative, and myself. We were waited upon by his wife and two sisters; the ladies, of course, finding breakfast for themselves elsewhere. The latter were all young and really very pretty. They had that beautiful eye, that charming smile, and that winning grace, that has distinguished their countrywomen in all ages, and has ruined the peace of so many of the sterner sex, from ancient Paris down to modern Byron.

The room was provided with a divan on three sides. This was furnished with pillows and cushions, most fancifully embroidered. A few chairs were placed by the round table in the centre of the chamber. A brazier, heaped up with glowing charcoal ashes, gave some warmth to the family, but certainly did not improve the healthy character of the atmosphere. The number of latticed ventilators, now covered with cloth, showed that provision was made in such a climate less against the rigour of winter than the heat of summer.

My host was a fine-looking man, but with an eye indicative of self-possession and diplomatic powers. He was exceedingly friendly, and frank in acknowledgment of the virtues. "Some men," he observed, "have no soul, no honour. They only

seek to rob. They have no interior." And here he put his hand upon the assumed position of the source of love, and was prepared to thank Providence that he was not like other men. He had been a traveller, and could sympathise with a traveller's misfortunes, though some were only too ready to take advantage of such necessities. There were those Armenians of Turkey, for instance, a bad race, selfishly bent upon the ruin of others if anything could be got by it for themselves. He, as a Greek, belonged to a more honest and benevolent people. In short, it was demonstrated to me that I was a most fortunate individual thus to be thrown upon the Christian shores of Khora, and the kind offices of so good a friend.

The boat being ready, I took my departure. My four Greek rowers were lively enough, for laughter and chat kept time with the short jerking stroke of the oar. An elastic woollen band or cord was twisted round the oars, and so hung over a side peg in the boat. In this way the propeller was secured in its place, while allowed some freedom of movement. Every now and then a fresh band was required, as friction wore it through. For convenience, I suppose, one man prepared the cigarettes and passed them on alight to his companions. In the same way, provisions—bread, garlic, and rum—were passed from one to the other without suspension of rowing.

From the many observations made upon the peculiarities of the rocks, and the evident interest taken in the very geology of the formation, I was convinced of their intelligence, and the natural inquisitiveness of the Greek mind. I very much doubt whether English boatmen would have been attracted by such features. A Greek gentleman, who was my fellow-passenger, was repeatedly asked questions concerning the shore, and from his action rather than language I recognised his explanation of the stratification. The geology had points of interest to excite the attention of observing peasants. Volcanic agency had tilted the rock at varied angles, and presented masses of irruptive material by the sea-board.

Here and there the mountains fell back, and disclosed valleys of singular attractiveness. In these, the flat-roofed tenements of wood were found scattered about the vineyards and orchards. At one of the villages my fellow-passenger was landed. The wine of the district has a great reputation. It is more potent in character than the vintages of France and Germany. The Greeks and Armenians of the province consume most of the produce. They also manufacture their own much-admired spirit, *rhum*, of which they manage to drink so much larger a quantity in safety than can be attempted by western Europeans. They and the Italians have gained a reputation for sobriety, while indulging to an extent that would make an Irishman belligerent, and induce profound intoxication in an English sailor. They will sit for hours in their *cafés* and drinking-sheds, imbibing their strong wines and undiluted spirits, and rarely exhibit the debasement of helpless drunkenness. A reeling fellow-countryman once apologised for his condition by cursing the Greek foreigners who could not reel, because, said he, "them fellows have such strong heads, and are used to it." The fact is notorious. The physiological reason is acknowledged by some authorities to be their use of oil in food. This may account for the proverbial sobriety of Jews, in spite of the quantity of alcoholic liquors which they consume, as they, like the southern people of Europe, are accustomed to the free employment of olive oil in their dishes.

We had now approached the slope of the ranges near which another and larger Greek village was established. Here my crew began to look mysteriously at each other, and at myself, and converse about the weather. They were evidently affectionately considering my welfare, and calculating how they might divert an impending evil from my course. Although the sea and sky were calm, they were full of apprehensions of a coming storm; and, amidst their mixed discourse, I recognised the words *fresco* and *vento*, as especially intended for my ears. Yes, these worthy mariners were persuaded that a fresh wind was coming, and that my further progress in an open boat on the Marmora was dangerous. At the same time they pointed to the houses on the shore, and smilingly hinted at my means of escape from the perils of the deep by uttering the word *cavallo*, and imitating the movements of that extremely useful quadruped.

There was no help for it, and so we landed. The multitude of idlers thronged around us as usual. It seems that the Greeks, from the time of Paul at Athens, have little else to do but see or hear of some new thing. I was forced into a crowded *café*, and a cup of dirty-looking coffee was charitably extended to me; while a most animated discussion took place about the life and fortunes of the stranger.

I saw I was to be the victim, and resolved to sell my pocket as dearly as possible. My rowing friends were dividing their time between drinking, talking, and impressive argument. I was evidently the subject of discourse. Then I was importuned most vociferously to accept of services at the hands of the villagers. Twenty horses were at my command, if I would only pay for the cavalcade to Rodosto. I appealed to one of the four boatmen, a brother of the Khora interpreter, and, by the aid of some Italian and expressive dumb motions, I strove to show that I was booked through to Rodosto, and that if he would row no further he must pay for the *cavallo*. He signified assent, and then led me to a saddled animal. I counted out the fifty shillings, and directed attention to a part as payment for the said *cavallo*.

Fixing my bundle on the neck of the little horse, I made a fruitless attempt to mount. The saddle was a wooden one, provided with a lofty prow and stern, like an ancient galley, and covered with a rough sheepskin. The stirrups were simply suspended cords. With my feet on the hemp, I could not without assistance gain my seat on the mysterious saddle. I had then to alter my length of stirrups by an accommodation of strings, twisted about the front horns of the saddle. Looking round for the reins, I saw a single long chain in the hand of the young fellow who was to be my conductor. With this chain he was to lead me through the most difficult paths, and with it I had at other times to steer my way. Finding it heavy to hold, I twisted a portion round the wooden projection, and managed to guide the sure-footed and gentle beast.

It was with great difficulty I forced the retreat of several horsemen who sought the honour and pecuniary advantage of being my guardians on the road; and one fellow came on so persistently and suspiciously, that I had to stop and refuse further march until he turned back. Though I was fortunately not travelling alone in the kingdom of Greece, but under the protection of the Turk, I did not feel quite comfortable passing through a country almost wholly tenanted by Greeks, in spite of their classical features and smiling faces.

The cold was bitter enough, and the afternoon was showing symptoms of retirement to evening, when I set off on my three

hours' ride over the worst apology for a road I had ever known. With plenty of experience of bush paths, and uncivilised highways of mine and pitfalls, this Turkish main thoroughfare was even more uncomfortable and dangerous. It afforded the key of explanation to the want of agricultural progress in a region proverbial for its ancient fertility. Part of the way lay over rocky ranges, with precipitous ledges; and then through cultivated districts, where the ravines were awful to contemplate. Rivers were provided with rude wooden bridges, or left to be crossed at a ford in the waters. Not too securely seated, and with little power in my one-armed bridle, nothing but the admirable sagacity and behaviour of my steed saved me from broken bones, or mud interment. The snow, however, was no slight source of anxiety, as it often concealed dangerous holes and other impediments, and in some places lay in drifts of six and eight feet deep.

Nothing but cereal cultivation met my eye on the route. The ploughing was performed with most primitive appliances. The fields were unenclosed. The husbandmen dwelt together in little hamlets. Horsemen, mounted upon high wooden saddles, passed me from time to time; and an occasional rough wagon plunged by, with creaking wooden axles, drawn by strong, patient-looking buffaloes.

The villagers were decidedly of the Greek type. In this part of Bulgaria the countrymen of Leonidas and Pericles form the principal population. All through Turkey in Europe, colonies of that race are found scattered among the Turks and Sclavonians, but near the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora they appear to monopolise the country. The vineyards are theirs, and the shops are theirs. The more patient toiling Turk is on the farm further inland, or bearing the burden in the public streets. The Bulgarians proper form the staple of the interior, and are agriculturists. Their huge, burly proportions, with stupid expression of countenance, make a contrast to the more agreeable physique and lively features of the Greeks.

The Greeks of Turkey, called *Roum* by the Turks, are chiefly found on the southern side of Bulgaria, and are the vine-dressers and traders. They are the most vivacious, the most intelligent, and the most wealthy of the various nations. They are about a million in number. In Constantinople itself they may be said to include nearly one-fourth of the population. As their language, the Romaika, bears such evidence of foreign contact, so does their race exhibit the infusion of strange blood. In their moral characteristics they present a very remarkable likeness to the ancient people. The stories of Greek sagacity and perfidy in the history of the past could be illustrated in the annals of the present day.



TSIGANE OR GIPSY AT RODOSTO.

I am sorry to say that, while hearing very much to the disadvantage of the Greek character, I learned little in its praise. Not a few travellers receive warnings against implicit trust in Greek honour and fidelity, and not a few experience the exhaustion of pocket resources in their dealings with this quick-witted and laughter-loving race. Under the strong hand of the Turk, their playful exercises of rapacity and cupidity are confined to the more legitimate transactions of commerce; but in their own land, where they are free and independent voters, they enter more boldly in the Dick Turpin line of business, and rival the Neapolitan and Calabrian bandits in the art of ransom.

And yet there are apologists for the wrong. So long under the tyrannical Turks, it is wondered that they have remained so honest and virtuous. It is forgotten that other races have been centuries under oppression without acquiring the vice of brigandage, or the more gentle craft of swindling: the Turk has been the lord of the plodding Wallach and of the honest Bulgar.

Once, in conversation with an ardent admirer of the Greeks—a German missionary of the East—I ventured to hint that the marauding propensities of the Morea did not elevate the nation in the eyes of practical, law and order loving Englishmen. "Oh," said he in reply, "it is a mere question of politics with them. When the ministry of Athens does not please the people, the roads are troubled with brigands."

I thought it a singular mode of expressing dissatisfaction, in a country blessed with a representative government. "Yes," added my friend, "it may seem so to you; but then, you know, they only rob English and American travellers."

This confounded me more than ever, and I began shrewdly to suspect that after all the Irishman might be right in tracing his Milesian ancestors to the seat of the Acropolis. Was it not after the accredited Irish mode to proceed in so illogical and blundering a fashion as to waylay British tourists, just to demonstrate their dislike to a Bill under discussion in their Athenian Parliament? In this defence of their character the missionary hazarded their reputation for sense.

But who that remembers the valiant deeds of Grecian story, the heroic devotion to freedom, the exaltation of poetic genius, the lithic monuments of taste and grandeur, the enraptured love of beauty in the race, would not admire the blood, and would not hail the political enfranchisement, the intellectual growth, the moral elevation of the Hellenic people?

Night was rapidly gathering in, as my pony scrambled into the town of Rodosto, along the natural road of the sea-beach.

Knowing that an English consul lived there, I sought him out, as I felt my helplessness in a land of strangers, and in a place unprovided with any hotel. The gentleman, Mr. Andrico,

an Armenian merchant, received me kindly, and insisted upon my taking up my quarters with him until a steamer should call on its way to Stamboul.

It was now I discovered that a Greek trick had been played upon the traveller. My boat friends had neglected to pay for the *cavallo*, and my purse had to supply their deficiency of

"He has written it in my pocket-book here," was my reply. "It is ——"

"And now please to read the agreement," added he.

It ran as follows:—

"Mr. —— is obliged to pay the sailors of Khora 2½ pounds for this voyage to Rodosto. P. JHONSON."



MY CHIEF BOATMAN.

honesty or memory. In telling my story in the evening, a Greek gentleman of the company, who happened to speak English, inquired if I had an agreement with the Khora interpreter. That precaution had been taken, I replied. In fact, after writing it out, the Greek had handed the paper for my inspection. Upon receiving my approval, he had signed his name, doubled up the document, and passed it on to me as I rose from the table. But, taking it from my pocket, I exhibited it to my interrogator.

"What is the name of your Khora friend?" said he, with a smile.

The identity of "Jhonson" with a Greek afforded much merriment to the Armenian gentlemen present that evening, who all slanderously affirmed their conviction that the sailors had received instructions as to the *fresco-vento-cavallo* expedient of getting rid of me.

My stay in Rodosto was made agreeable by the hospitality of the worthy consul. In few places out of England were the sweet influences of home brought before me so attractively as in the family of this Armenian gentleman. His lady was the very model of a good wife and mother.

The house of my host was one of the best in the town.

Like the rest, it was of wood. Fires were of rare occurrence, I was informed, owing to the necessity for extreme care; in the same way, accidents are fewer in England on crowded lines near junctions, than in more open routes. The rooms were large and lofty, being well furnished with efficient means of ventilation. The windows, as usual in oriental countries, projected over the street, and were provided with lattice-work. The furniture partook of the Western character. The bed was covered with two warm padded coverlids over the sheet. The pillow was of extraordinary size and height. A divan ran along one wall of the chamber. A lofty and architectural-looking brazier stood in the centre of the drawing-room, though a less pretentious one served the sitting-room.

The mode of living was similar to that in most Eastern quarters. Early in the morning a cup of coffee was taken, and a cake or piece of bread was soaked in the liquid. Between eleven and twelve breakfast came on, Italian fashion, with wine and several courses. Dinner was served at sundown, and was nearly ditto to the breakfast. Coffee, of course, appeared at the close of each meal. A cup of tea was the digester at a later hour.

The want of vegetables, and that in an agricultural country, struck me as a strange neglect. The meat was very poor in quality, and costly in price. The bread was of such coarse texture, while that of Constantinople was so white and good, that I inquired the reason of the difference. The cause was the want of proper mill appliances at Rodosto. The cheese, the product of sheep dairies, was miserable enough, while the butter, in little globular pieces, was tasteless and discoloured. Dried tongue, German sausage, and caviare, were on the table at each meal. The poorer people appeared to depend upon the dark bread, onions, garlic, oil, dried fruit, cheap soups, and hard country cheese. Bread dipped in wine would serve for a meal. Anyhow, everybody seemed by looks to have sufficient for health, if not enjoyment. The children in the streets were fat and rosy.

Rodosto contains about five thousand people. The Armenians form a part of these, and the Turks make up a considerable force, though the Greeks greatly outnumber all others together. I was interested in some stray specimens of the Tsiganes, or gipsies. These are now freed from their old servitude. Though varied in their pursuits of life, they form a distinct community of their own. It is said that there are nearly half a million of them in Turkey. They are iron-workers, musicians, showmen, horse-jobbers, and, occasionally, pilferers; some have lately settled down to agriculture, so foreign to their natural taste.

The town possesses representatives of the two classes of Jewish emigrants, Spanish and Polish. Those of the first are descended from the exiles of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Bulgarians are almost wholly devoted to farming. They still retain the broad open face of their Hunnish fathers of the Volga region. They burst into Europe with savage fury at the close of the sixth century, and were established as conquerors when the Northmen ravaged the southern shores of the Continent. Rodosto is not without the Sclaves, who entered Greece after the Huns or Goths, and now comprise the majority of the population of European Turkey. They, like the Bulgars, belong to the Greek Church.

I was much interested in learning something of the religious condition of the various races of Turkey. In no other country of Europe is toleration better understood, and freedom of conscience so effectually preserved. All creeds may be maintained without interference, and any description of public religious procession would be protected.

Before the era of liberty, the Greeks and the different Sclavonic peoples were united in sympathy against their common oppressor, the Turk; but now the influence of the so-called *nationality fever* has began to work, the Sclaves perceive their superiority of numbers, and, satisfied with the rule of the Sultan, have no desire to see any extension of the kingdom of Greece, besides having no aspiration after the patronage of Russia. They are drawing nearer their brethren of Sclavonic Austria and Hungary, ready to take advantage of political changes.

The Turks have no objection to these national movements when Sclave is opposed to Greek; their government, in spite of existing evils, has so manifestly progressed, that they have less fear of disunion than they had twenty years ago. Their policy of religious emancipation is bearing good fruits of peace. They foster the national spirit of Christian communities, when favourable to disunion among those bodies. In granting to the Bulgarian Greek Church facilities for self-control, they lessen the moral power of the Greek and the Russian patriarchs.

The Armenians of Rodosto, as elsewhere, are of two sections. The Orthodox Church of Armenia, one of the most ancient forms of Christianity, comprehends over two millions of the race now scattered over a great part of Asia and Europe. A very small minority, called the Dissidents, allied themselves to the Church of Rome about a hundred and fifty years ago. As orientals, and, on national grounds, attached to their own peculiar liturgy and ceremonial observances, they could not be brought to adopt the uniform practice of Rome. Wisely enough, therefore, the Popes have suffered the apparent anomaly of distinct services for the sake of outward union.

The Armenian Dissidents in Rodosto meet for worship in a large upper room. I was present at the festival of the Purification of the Virgin. On the altar were many lights, after the old fashion of Eastern Christians. A respectable-looking old gentleman officiated as priest. He was attended by three boys, a large part of whose time was spent in taking off and replacing the hat of the father, and in bowing to each other. The intoning was very peculiar, and far from musical. As the paucity of members, or the poverty of the congregation did not permit the organisation of a choir, three or four gentlemen of the communion retired to a vestry, leaving the door open, and there recited portions of the service with propriety, if not with much harmony of voices.

Rodosto has the usual Eastern streets, narrow, tortuous, and ill-formed. The wooden houses have strong lattices at the windows, to preserve the beauties from being stolen, or to lessen the force of stolen glances. The shops are small, and open to the street. Usually the tradesman sits with his cigarette, ready for a chat or a trade. Whenever it is possible to sit at work, that attitude is adopted. The Greek shopkeepers are by no means so apathetic as the Turks; and, with all their zealous attention to smoking and yarning, have a keen eye to the main chance. The cafés were well attended, and the evening droning, called singing, attracted tumultuous applause from the inmates.

Admitting the doctrine of Turkish fatalism and the fact

of their indifference, I could never see the necessity for Greek communities submitting to bad roads and dirty streets. Interrogating a most intelligent and honourable Greek, the postmaster of Rodosto—one whose honest face and kind expression would relieve a stranger of a load of prejudice against the national character—I learned that efforts had been made to improve the town tracks. A sort of organisation was got up to mend the public ways, and a self-imposed tax or subscription was arranged to pay the expenses. But the whole affair fell through. Those who had promised to pay withheld their cash, and others could not see why that which had satisfied their fathers would not do for themselves. So, with a stone thrown into the worst places, and an occasional sweep of the mud, the streets were allowed to remain.

The introduction of the municipal system, after the old Roman type, might do much for the advancement of the people, and the improvement of the town traffic. Others doubt the possibility of Greeks, any more than Turks, being able to work so useful a machine of self-government. No cordial effort could be made among a population mutually mistrusting each other, and unwilling to make any personal sacrifice for public objects.

A few days wearied me at Rodosto. A steamer arrived at last, and bore me onward to the capital.

Turks, Greeks, and Armenians crowded the deck. They were squatting or lounging about, with the inevitable cigarette. A Turkish lady, closely veiled, coiled herself up in a corner at the stern, and was not comfortable in the rolling of the vessel.

The individual who appeared most jolly under the circumstances, and who evidently assumed more importance than any of the rest, was a negro. Dressed well, with fine rings on several fingers, he claimed attention by the frequency of his remarks, and the merriment of his laughter. The "irrepressible black" was well illustrated in his face. A slave he might be, but, as a true believer, he was an equal and a friend. He had certainly no troubles or trials to justify a Mark Tapley philosophy, and was simply jolly because he had no cares.

Japan and the Japanese.—II.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

YEDO, OR TOKAY.

YEDO, or, as we must now call it, To-kiyo or To-kei (Tokay), the capital of Japan, is, like Nineveh of old, "an exceeding great city of three days' journey," and the traveller who cannot extend his visit beyond a week must be an exceedingly clever and observant person to carry away more than a very fragmentary knowledge of it.

Tokay, which covers an area of thirty-six square miles, is situated at the head of a beautiful bay, and, being on undulating ground, presents a most picturesque appearance when viewed from an eminence. It is intersected by rivers and numerous watercourses, canals, &c.—*hori*—over which fantastic wooden bridges are thrown. At intervals elevated spots occur, and these are often crowned by temples or daimios' palaces, now belonging to daimios no more. These buildings are not crowded together as in Piccadilly or Mayfair; they have their outer and inner courts, in which flourish magnificent trees. The palaces are usually approached by private bridges, as the dwellings are frequently surrounded by watercourses. Within these residences all is peace and tranquillity, and all are alike scrupulously clean. The mansions of the great present no difference from the dwellings of the poor, or of the artisan class, except in their extent, and the fineness of the quality of the mats and the value of the screens which adorn them.

The most prominent objects in the city are the temples, of which there are a great number. The two great religions of the empire are well represented. These are the Shintoist and the Buddhist, and they seem to be a good deal mixed up, though the great temple of Kwanon—the Kwanyin, or goddess of Mercy of the Chinese—is specially set apart. This is near the Asakusa Tera, not far from the Adzuma Bridge over the Sumida River. Another temple in the same quarter, close by, is the Higashi-Monzeki, or Eastern Monzeki (Buddhist temple), the Western (Nishi) Monzeki—being some distance away near the shores of the bay on the way to Shinagawa.

The Confucianists are represented by halls where lectures on the doctrines of Koshi (Confucius) are delivered. The Japanese deem these schools of philosophy rather than temples. The chief place of this sort is the Shohekō, otherwise called Daigakkō, near the Shohe Bridge. Here, at stated times, lectures are delivered upon the ethico-political doctrines of Confucius.

Among the most famous places in Tokay are the temples and the mausoleums of the Tycoons. That one especially noted is at Toyezan, also called Uyeno, where were interred the four immediate successors of Iyeyas, the ancestor of the late reigning family. Iyeyas himself was buried in a lovely spot, called Nikkō, among some hills, a day's journey north of Yedo. But a memorial temple was erected near Toyezan, and dedicated to him under his posthumous title of Tosho Gongen Sama. Toyezan, before the late revolution, which reinstated the Mikado, was a magnificent place, but having been fortified by the Tycoon's party, it was partially destroyed in the contest which ensued, by the troops of the Princes Satsuma, Choshiu, Tosa, and others.

Another place of sepulture for the Tycoons is the temple of Zozoji, in Shiba, near the Tsukiji, or "reclaimed ground" near the sea-coast, where the foreign settlement is, and where the foreign legations are situated. The tomb of the Tycoon, who is buried here, is very imposing. In the outer quadrangle a large number of stone lanterns are erected of granite, bearing the names of the daimios who dedicated them to the memory of the Tycoons. Within are many bronze lanterns of a similar pattern. They are all massive in structure, and are like small lighthouses. The mausoleum itself is rich with gold and lacquer, and superb carvings.

The Tycoons were buried in stone vaults within a sort of sanctum, into which none but the chief appointed guardian and priest was allowed to enter, and he only barefooted. The door to these vaults is of solid bronze, and within sits the effigy of the deceased Tycoon as in life with his incense box, table, and its appurtenances before him. At one time it was impossible to get admission to the quadrangles, but now the guardians of these holy places are not unwilling to accept a gratuity and grant *entrée*.

It may be said of Tokay that it is well watered everywhere, and as the rivers and streams are many, so the bridges are numerous, there being some eight hundred in the whole city. The boundary of Yedo on the south is Shinagawa, on the west Itabashi, and on the north Senjü. Through Shinagawa the Tokaido or great Eastern Road runs from Kioto to Nihon-bashi (or the Bridge of Japan), noticed before. The road northward from Nihon-bashi is called Oshiu Kaido (or Way to Oshiu), a northern province. At Shin-bashi (or New Bridge), about two-thirds of the distance between Shinagawa and Nihon-bashi, is erected the terminus of the Yokohama and Yedo Railway, which has been opened by the Mikado himself quite recently. On this occasion, his imperial majesty directed that high officers and others of position should appear in their ancient court dress and not in modern habiliments. The Emperor, also retained the old style of dress on this occasion, but he rode in a splendid carriage built by a London firm, and was drawn by four fine bays. How different from the manner of his ancestors, whose faces were hidden from their subjects, and all was dumb show!

At the recent opening of the railway at Yedo, a vast concourse assembled. The accommodation on the platform at the terminus was for 10,000. The Mikado wished that all who desired to see the procession should find admittance. His majesty also directed that his beautiful pleasure-grounds—erst the private gardens of the Tycoon—at Hamagoten, should be thrown open to the public. At this place it used to be the custom of the Tycoon to give audiences to the foreign ministers. Its situation by the sea is most delightful, entirely surrounded by water, and connected with the land by a bridge. It is of great extent, and is, therefore, very suitable for a naval school, which occupies part of the site. Unlike the Chinese mandarins on the occasion of the Emperor's marriage, the Mikado courted publicity on the opening of the new railway. So anxious do the Japanese appear to have been that the ceremony should be performed in fine weather, that the day was postponed, although the great holiday—the 9th day of the 9th month, which is observed through all Japan as a fête—had been chosen.

The 14th of October was auspicious; the weather was charming. The people began to assemble early. A train from Yedo was dispatched with some 800 soldiers before eight o'clock in the morning. The foreign ministers who were in Yokohama left by a train soon after eight. They were all invited to meet the Mikado, and also the "gentlemen of the press" had the privilege of being present.



SHOPS, YEDO.



THE NIHON-BASHI—BRIDGE IN YEDO.

About nine o'clock his majesty the Tennō (*i.e.*, "divine emperor," a name for the Mikado much affected by the Shintoist, as it points to his divine ancestry) left the castle in a state carriage, accompanied by the prince of the imperial family, Arisagawa-no-Miya, and the prime minister of Japan, preceded by a squadron of cavalry, and followed by the members of the Japanese Government, by some of the principal nobility of Japan resident in To-kei, and by several officials of the imperial court.

The course of the procession lay through the south gate, along the road by Sakurada and Saiwai-bashi, to the Shin-bashi station, where his majesty arrived about ten o'clock. The Tennō was received at the entrance by the minister of public works, and the chief commissioner of railways, and conducted into the central hall, where the ministers and other high officials with the representatives of foreign powers, were assembled. A plan of the new line of railway was then presented to his majesty, and a procession was at once formed to the platform of the railway, and the train being filled with passengers, it proceeded to Yokohama, where it arrived at eleven o'clock. The Mikado was here received by the governor of Kanagawa, the railway officials, and the consuls of the Treaty Powers. Having taken his seat in the chair of state, which had been specially made for this occasion, the imperial speech was read by the minister for foreign affairs, in reply to addresses delivered on the part of the foreign residents. As this speech is not lengthy we may quote it here.

"I am profoundly pleased to hear the congratulatory words which have been addressed to me by the foreign guests residing at Yokohama. Of the people who live in this country, whether born on the soil or merely temporarily abiding here—whether here by chance or voyaging hither of their own accord—none are deprived of protection or lose their rights. This work will be still further extended, with the object of increasing prosperity and of advancing my country in the path of civilisation; and as long as the harmonious relations now existing between this and foreign countries continue to endure, I shall have both foreign and native people close to my heart."

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Mikado retired to a drawing-room prepared for him to rest awhile before the return to Yedo, and immediately he left the pavilion, the crowd rushed forward, and seizing the chair of state and the carpet on which the sacred foot had trod, tore them both to shreds, each possessor of a scrap considering himself fortunate in thus securing it. The police were powerless; the crowd was so immense, and they attacked these articles with so much vigour and impetuosity—at the same time with characteristic good humour—that it was quite impossible to prevent it.

The return to Yedo was effected without mishap; and at the great terminus his majesty thanked the railway officials, praising their energy and perseverance in completing this first section of the railway system, which the Mikado said he intends to develop still further, until it spreads throughout the whole country.

On the return of the Mikado to the Oshiro, some of the ministers of state and the foreign ministers were entertained at Hamagoten. Cakes were provided for all the people, too, who passed into Hamagoten. Each person received two cakes of *mōchi* (a kind of rice cake), one red, the other white. As evening drew on, the fun became fast and furious. The Japanese can enjoy themselves heartily on an occasion like this; and they felt almost beside themselves with joy at having actually seen the Tennō himself. Illuminations on a grand scale followed at Yedo as well as at Yokohama.

As we leave the railway station we advance up the O-dori, or Great Thoroughfare, as this part of the Tokaido is called, and after crossing the Kyobashi we reach the Nihon-bashi. The street is spacious and lined with shops, frequented by a busy multitude. The shops are all open to the street, as is seen in the illustration on page 48. On the left is a restaurant, exhibiting the *specialité* in cakes on the signboard. The Buddhist priest inside is handing a cup of tea to his *confrère*. The shop in the centre is a metal warehouse, where vases and candlesticks, pots and pans, may be purchased. The next store is a draper's. The assistant is just completing the arrangement of the sign-cloths, which bear sundry particulars relating to the articles to be procured within. The huge bell which is being removed is of the usual type, and very heavy; the athletic workmen who are propelling it would make rare models for some school of art. Young Japan has decided that everybody shall wear decent apparel in future, and sundry arrangements in public bathing-houses have received attention, so that the fashion of promiscuous bathing is being discouraged, and bathing-houses are now under regulations.

A good deal has been written on the habits of the Japanese and their shameless disregard of modesty, as shown in this particular of public bathing. The statements of early writers on Japan were doubtless correct that here and there children and females might be seen carrying on their ablutions in the open air before their houses. We believe this was nothing but custom, and no bad custom in their opinion, though our education and feelings respecting it differ from theirs. As soon as the Japanese find it leaves an evil impression on the minds of foreigners, they make arrangements to avoid giving offence. They use a Chinese proverb which says: "In a vineyard don't adjust your hat; in a melon-patch don't tie your shoe;" in fact, avoid all appearance of evil.

In Japan we have the fullest development of the organ of veneration. Duty and obedience to superiors lie at the very basis of their social and political life, and have made the Japanese what they are. They are not servile, but they have the utmost degree of respect for their masters; this feeling pervades all classes. A man of rank taking part at a *matsuri*, or fête day, makes a characteristic picture. His countenance and bearing display the extreme of respectful feeling. His head-dress shows his high rank, and the mark on his dress shows his exact position; this mark is the *mon-dokoro*, or family mark—we think that of Tosa. He wears his *wakizashi*, or court-sword: at the court of the Mikado it is only allowed to wear one sword. His dress is all of silk. The cap and the manner of wearing it show the rank of the individual. He may be taking his *rôle* at the ceremonies at Higawashi, a temple in the suburbs of Yedo, where the Mikado prays periodically.

The Japanese endeavour to combine worship and pleasure. They have little to do with angry gods. The Queen of Heaven (*Kwanon*), mentioned previously as the goddess of Mercy, has many followers, and the visits to her temple in Yedo, as well as to the other *teras*, are so many fair-days in the Japanese calendar. The fairs of our own Christian land may claim a similar origin. The avenues to the temples are lined with

shops, and pictures of famous public female characters adorn the interior.

Taking our stand on the Nihon-bashi, as represented in the illustration, we view the Emperor's palace in the O-shiro, and the various edifices within the same sacred enclosure. The vista of houses, low but regular, is not unpleasant. The water is thronged with boats, and we can see beyond the next bridge to the line of river, whose opposite bank is composed of solid masonry. These are, in fact, the outer works of the Soto-shiro, or Gaikaku. The snow-crowned peak of Fujiyama appears in the distance.

The bridge of Nihon-bashi is a busy thoroughfare. Here is a fish-market too. Our picture gives an illustration of the manner of carrying fish to market; there are two coolies bearing a monster of a fish as big as themselves. In another place we perceive a load of packages dragged along by labourers. Here is a stately *yakunin*, with all the insolence of office upon him; or a two-sworded *samurai*, the soldier "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel." There we have a priest of Buddha, sleek and content with his lot. The absence of heavy wagons and draught-horses makes the busy traffic less noisy than it would otherwise be; but still there is a hum of work like that of bees in a hive, and yet withal there is little rudeness. Everyone conducts himself as the schoolmaster and the State have ordained, and things go on happily enough, if we except an occasional burst of wickedness or revenge on the part of some *ronin*, a wandering, unattached, poor but proud ex-official.

Another picture, drawn from the neighbourhood of the Japanese Billingsgate by the Nihon-bashi, may be glanced at as characteristic. There is the baker with his meal-tubs, and the fishmonger, with his fish lying on straw in a swinging tray, with his muffler, umbrella, and pattens forsooth. In the rear is a well-known barber's shop—an important institution in a country where so much attention is given to the dressing of the hair and the shaving of the crown. Here may be seen, at any hour of the day, the patient workmen operating either in making smooth the chins, or in erecting a curious *coiffure* on the heads of the customers who drop in. A barber's shop in Japan is by no means a bad place for an observer of native character. There he will meet with the various classes of tradesmen, as well as the porter and the common labourer, or coolie, as foreigners delight to call him.

One of the most beautiful streets in Yedo is the Suruga Cho (street). Looking westward on a fine spring morning, we see the ever-famous Fujiyama rising in the distance, and the gay population, with its busy life, gives a beauty to the scene. The trees rising in front of the houses show the opening season of the year, and make the prospect almost rural in its freshness. The huge signs of the shops, and the circular *mondokoro*-like stamps on the daimios' establishments, add a quaintness seen nowhere else but in Japan.

If we ascend the Suruga Tai (terrace)—one of the most elevated spots in the city—we may see far and wide, and overlook the Shiro, or sacred enclosure itself. Walking along the elevated promenade, we may look down upon the O-cha-no-midsu ("the water good for making tea"), with the covered bridge over it, and here and there a solitary punt. There is a curious little history about the place. A certain noble—my lord of Sendai—of former times, after leading a very dissipated life, committed a murder in a fit of rage or jealousy, and he was condemned to bear the expense of excavating this canal as a punishment for the crime.

We have referred above to the numerous water-ways of To-kei. To a people like the Japanese these are a necessity; they serve to cleanse the city, and at the same time form silent highways. To judge from the number of boats on all these canals, as well as on the river Sumidagawa, it is easy to conclude that much traffic is carried on along these watercourses. If only the tenements were palaces, we might fancy ourselves in Venice, so many are the canals. The Japanese boats, however, are not gondolas any more than the houses are palaces like those of old Venice, and excepting the craziness of the dwellings, which is not found so frequently in Japan, the canal street might pass for a creek in some Chinese city.

The life of the Japanese people has heretofore, under feudal laws and a sort of despotism, been slow—exceedingly slow. Naturally bustling and active, they have still been the slaves of custom, and have been in the habit of doing everything quietly and slowly. Hence, the palanquin, or *norimon*, and the boat have been their means of locomotion—now the railway car and its consequents are in motion.

Adventures in Borneo.

ABORTIVE GOLD-HUNTING EXPEDITION.

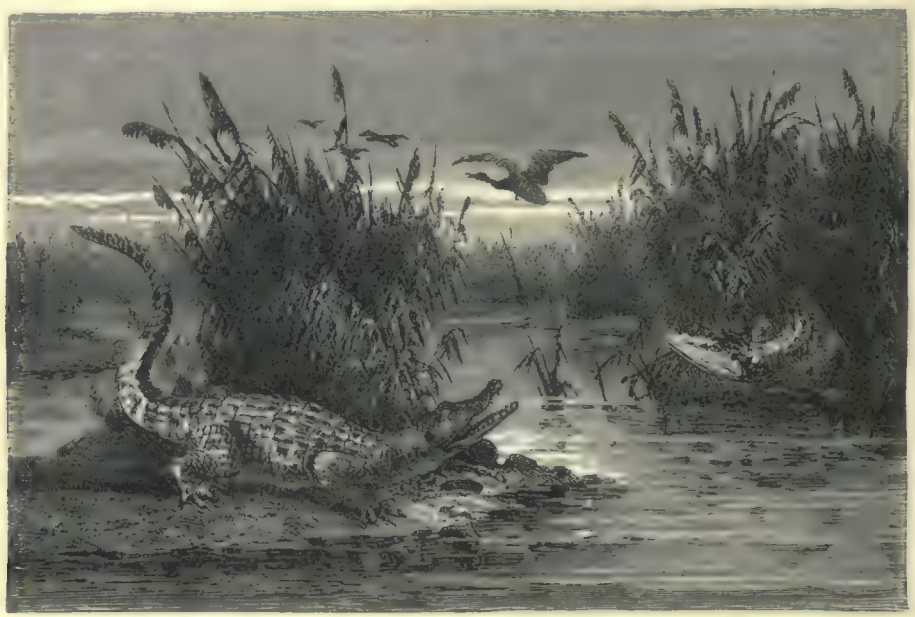
THE following are extracts from the diary of a resident in Borneo, near the settlement of Sarawak :—

"Made up a plan to go on a gold-hunting expedition up the stream which runs down into the river on the opposite side. The stream brings down sands which contain particles of gold, and it was believed the matrix might be found higher up. A friend joined me, and we determined to start early on the morrow. Accompanied by two Dyak boys, to assist in paddling and dragging the canoe against the stream, we commenced our journey soon after breakfast. With our conical hats, and curious costumes, we cut remarkably funny figures. Unfortunately, we were ignorant of several facts. In the first place, the current of the stream was much stronger than we had reckoned on; and in the second, the the sides of the stream were so deep and abrupt, that to drag the boat along we had to walk in the stream itself, which was so powerful as several times to carry us almost off our legs. Working a whole day with our nether extremities in icy-cold water was just the way either to bring on various maladies with the eyes and the feet, or to lay us up with a strong attack of fever. We soon found that the stream itself higher up was so choked with fallen trees and branches that it was impracticable to take the canoe on In fact, we com-

pletely failed, and returned home late in the evening hungry, weary, wet, and tired out, without accomplishing anything save laying in a considerable stock of experience.

"The following is a brief history of the not very tragical adventures of the day. After crossing the river, we were able to paddle up the stream for a short distance. The clearings ceased, the banks rose up higher and quite steep, the ground sloped considerably, and the current became so strong that paddling served no longer. So getting out of the canoe up to our knees in water, drawing up our Chinese trousers, and taking off our shoes, we four manfully pulled the canoe up-stream. After a time the current became still more powerful, and we may be said to have dragged the canoe *up-hill*. The banks here were quite high and perpendicular, and we could see nothing save their bare rocky walls. We had great difficulty in keeping on our feet at the same time that we dragged the boat up. By mid-day we were thoroughly exhausted, tired, and hungry; finding a convenient spot, we tied the boat, and got into it to make a meal, discussing afterwards how we should go on further.

"Having finished our lunch, we determined to leave the boat where it was, and walk along the top of the banks, as the pebbles and rocks had begun to hurt our feet, and there were too many obstructions in the channel of the stream. Right up in front we could see the magnificent waterfall, formed by the stream leaping down from the mountain summit. The feeling of loneliness was overpowering, while the never-ceasing roar of the cascade in the solitude made it most impressive. We scrambled up to the top of the bank, and ascended up several hundred yards with great difficulty, as the brushwood lay right across our way. Here and there we stopped to get down into the channel of the stream to examine the rocks and pebbles. We went on thus till about four o'clock in the afternoon, but still both the waterfall and the mountain were far off. But for the line of the channel to which we kept, we should have lost ourselves in the forest. At length, utterly weary and tired out, and with our feet quite sore, we determined to retrace our steps to the boat, and return home, as we felt convinced that we should be able to accomplish nothing, while, if night came on, we might lose our way back, and have to pass a night hungry and shivering in the forest. Besides, the channel of the stream had here cut such a deep bed that we could no more get down into it. So we returned, and in about an hour reached the boat, the descent being much easier and more rapid than the toilsome ascent, though this is not always the case, as I experienced twice, once in Burmah and again in the Himalaya Mountains, when, after having got up certain high and perpendicular hills, I could not come down again without the greatest risk and danger, where I could not have indeed descended at all again, but by resorting to novel and dangerous modes of vast leaps and slides, which astonish me when I think of them. But danger is a strong bracer of both wit and muscles.



ON THE UPPER SARAWAK.

A certain Malay whose walk was so slow as to be noticeable, showed considerable agility when a Chinaman was after him with fixed bayonet! Thankful we were when we reached the boat: we got into it, hurried, or rather *drove*, down the stream, and very soon had reached the river and crossed it to our home.

"Fell into a high fever! Such is the result of yesterday's foolish expedition. My friend is all right. His is a body coarse and gross, and his constitution is that of a horse."

VISIT TO A DYAK VILLAGE.

"Went into the forest at the back of the hill just for a peep into it. On entering it, could see a good way all round, the trunks rising in countless numbers, often covered with beautiful and fragrant orchids. I was by myself, and the deep religious gloom, with the perfect stillness, were quite overpowering. The perfect stillness was the more marked by the resounding ring of the *rinkas* which tenant the trees overhead, and the clear, long-drawn sounds of the *wa-wa*. The floor is almost bare of vegetation, being covered over with dead or decaying

leaves. The branches overhead at a great height quite shut out the rays of the sun. I could not say at this moment whether it is bright sunshine, or cloudy and rainy outside. Troops of monkeys may be seen far up above among the branches. Some of the trees are of immense girth and size, and several must rise to nearly two hundred feet! Bees and beehives abound in these forests. No game or wild animals are visible, though deer must be in abundance as well as wild pigs. It would not be pleasant to meet with a herd of these latter here, solitary as I am, though armed with a Dyak sword. To my surprise I meet a Dyak woman, wandering like myself in the solitude. She has a basket behind her back which I find filled with various kinds of grasses and greens already cooked; and she is armed with a Dyak sword. These solitary woods must afford every opportunity to Dyak lovers and maidens for assignation, and it is here probably where these latter carry on their course of love before marriage; for in the village and settlement their lovers remain unknown. After her '*Tabeh*,' which probably means 'My respects to you' (it is the common salutation), she asks me what I am doing, and I reply, '*Main, main*,' which means, literally, 'Play, play,' meaning that I am having some recreation. On she goes, and I am again left to utter solitude.

"I shortly after come upon a small rivulet, a few feet wide, and to my great surprise find a queer, plated-armour covered creature quietly walking about. I have never seen a live armadillo before, but this creature is surely that and no other. The water is beautifully clear and cold. I begin to think that I may lose my way back, and may furnish a horrid meal to savage and infuriate wild pigs, for I believe they are fond of human flesh, while the Dyaks will be giving out that an *antu* has destroyed me. So I retrace my steps.

"A curious-looking flat stone which I see excites my curiosity. It seems to be a fragment of a larger piece, and there is a curious-shaped circular trough scooped in it, with a channel opening out at one end. These must be the stones which the Dyaks are supposed to reverence so much, and which they declare to be immensely ancient. Some attribute mystical signification to the circular hollow in the stone, and connect these relics with one of the most impure superstitions of the Hindus. But I am myself inclined to believe that both this hollow and the hollow under the erect Hindu *Lingam*, represent the ancient sacrificial trough to drain away the blood of the victim, which was sacrificed on the erect pillar in the centre, and that this, the true meaning, has been lost, being over-laid, and replaced by a preposterous idea. I can never bring myself to believe that the early Aryans, as noble a race as ever existed, could have indulged in such obscene, gross, and low superstitions as the *Lingam* theory represents. Their ancient poems, the Vedas, would prove otherwise. Besides, these stones with such marks exist in many countries which have no idea of *Lingam*-worship. They have lately been discovered even in Ireland and Scotland, where the circular marks are double, united by a drain, and called the 'spectacle ornament.' Some learned antiquarians decide that these marks represent the mysteries of the Buddhist faith. At all events, this stone before me is several thousand years old, and a venerable piece of antiquity! As I emerge from the wood, I see the upper portion of a huge skull lying in the high grass. It is that of a crocodile. What a huge creature he must have been to have had a head as big as this! It is fully four feet in length! The animal must have been a monstrous and gigantic one. It is not improbable that some of his size are still living, and what a wonder and curiosity one would be in Europe, where specimens of that magnitude are so great a rarity.

"When I had emerged from the wood, and had ordered the skull to be carried in, I was told that a huge crocodile had just shown itself in the stream which runs past the house. Up I jumped with a heavy gun, which I loaded with a double charge of powder and slugs, and taking a steady and sure aim, sent the whole charge flying at his head, which alone was visible above the water. The head is the hardest part of a crocodile,



RIVER SCENE IN THE DYAK COUNTRY.

and although I am convinced I hit him, as my aim is very sure, he dived down at once, and after a few bubbles I saw him no more. As he was a very large specimen, I think the balls did him little injury. The report was very loud, and frightened the Dyak village out of its propriety; for numbers of men and women came running to see what was the matter.

"Visited the *pangeran*. He was not at home, and his wife came out and received me. A wooden stool was given me to sit upon. She has several children, the eldest of whom is a girl of about fifteen years of age, who also came out and sat down on a mat. These Malays are better clothed than the Dyaks. A *roko* (cigarette) was at once prepared for me, the tobacco being rolled up in the outer thin peel of the *Nipa* palm leaf. The *sirih* (betel-leaf) box was also brought out; and a leaf prepared for me with shell-lime, areca-nut, catechu, and spices. Wherever one goes, to Dyak, or to Malay, he must submit to smoke a *roko*, and to partake of *sirih*. To refuse would be considered as most uncourteous, and tantamount to an insult. I have been obliged to submit to so much *sirih* eating since coming here, that my teeth are already assuming a shining, jet-black appearance, and I find it impossible to remove it. The Dyaks have their teeth quite black, and consider it a mark of beauty. 'Dogs,' they say, 'have white teeth!' Our talk was very varied, and consisted of inquiries regarding the *pangeran*, the state of health of the family, my intended movements, the prospects of trade and crops, and so on. Left, after mutual salutations and expressions of regard, having been there nearly an hour.

"Paid a visit to the *orang kaya*, or chief of the Dyaks. He occupies a couple of large rooms, in the centre of the largest of the long-houses. He is a very intelligent-looking man, with much of gentleness about him. His younger brother is still more gentle and intelligent. It is remarkable how position, even among savages, serves to refine a man. The courtesy and well-bred demeanour of this *orang kaya* would not have been out of place even in Belgravia. He has only very young children, being a young man himself. I was seated on a fine mat, and tobacco and *sirih*, as usual, were offered. He showed me an exceedingly fine mat, six feet by four feet, which had occupied his family six months in the making! In its way it is as remarkable for workmanship as a piece of Dacca muslin, which also takes six months to make. There was another mat, almost as fine, which I secured for a sum of six rupees, or twelve shillings, the ladies giving me to understand that though they accepted a money equivalent, they would not have parted with the mat, save to oblige me. I have often had to treat both Dyaks and Malays for diseases, and the fine, grown-up sister of the *orang kaya*, who is single (she is understood to have declared that she will marry no one but a European), asked me to treat her for an incipient cancer in her left breast. I thought that it was amenable to treatment, and consequently gave her some ointment which is very efficacious in such cases. A few days after, I had the satisfaction of seeing the cancer fast healing up. I was shown all the furniture and arms in the rooms. The former are rude and poor, though betokening great *Dyak* wealth; while the latter consisted of guns, swords, spears, and several most valuable *krises* or daggers. Some of these daggers are hundreds of years old. Their steel is of the finest quality imaginable, flowered and watered and inlaid in the hilt, which is often of a wavy shape, while the hilt is of solid ivory beautifully carved. These are exceedingly deadly weapons at close quarters, as a blow from one would almost pierce through a coat of mail. Even to the present day the Dyaks are famous for their superior manufacture of steel. The usual heap of skulls was seen in one corner of the room. This chief's father was a great warrior, and had been present in numerous fights. There were several prints, issued by some religious society, representing sacred subjects, as 'David and Goliath,' 'The Good Shepherd,' 'The Good Samaritan,' &c.

"Went out again in the evening. The entire settlement was flooded with water, the spring-tides rising very high here, and we had to wade through, often stumbling in some hole or hollow. In one hole we had the pleasure of leaving behind a shoe in the effort to extricate ourselves. Saw the *manang*, or the sorcerer of the village. He has given up his tricks, being convinced that they are morally wrong. He is a pleasant-faced man, though the traces of former deceptions are visible on his countenance, which seems to have been made by nature frank and open, but which his education and training screwed up. He is unmarried, and an unmarried young friend lives with him, in the same house, which is separate from the others.

"We had sat for a couple of hours in our wet trousers, and returned home late at night through the same flood, and hence we were not surprised at getting a strong rheumatic attack, which we certainly had deserved.

"Got into a canoe with a lad, and paddled off to the mouth of the river and walked about on the shores of the Chinese Sea admiring the majesty of the scene. There were numbers of beautiful shells lying strewn about. We had brought no provisions with us, and feeling very hungry managed to hail a solitary fishing-boat. Got a fine fish weighing about a couple of pounds, a little salt and a quantity of rice, and we set about cooking them. The fish was simply 'broiled on the coals;' but the flavour of that simple meal of boiled rice, fish broiled, and seasoned with coarse pieces of salt (extracted from the *Nipa* palm) still lingers on my palate!

"My Madrassee servant told me this morning that late last night, while coming to sleep in our small mat and bamboo hut (fifteen feet by ten feet), he had seen a devil in the shape of a pig! The poor fellow has been so filled with stories about *antus* that they are continually running in his head. It was in vain he was told by me that if he saw a pig it must have been a pig and nothing else; he persisted in affirming that it was the devil he had seen in the shape of a pig. The superstition that the devil appears suddenly to a man at night in the shape of an animal is very prevalent in India, and it was impossible to get the idea out of the man's head that he had seen the devil. He began to pine away from that day, to dread going out in the dark, and ultimately fell ill; so that we were obliged to pay for a boat and send him away. In India I have known of cases where men have died through the fright they have thus received.

"Attended the festival of the thank-offering for the harvest. In an open space there were a number of made dishes placed uncovered, and it was supposed that the gods ate the essence of the food. About ten or twelve old women went round these dishes in a circle, chanting in a low tone. I could not find out what they uttered, as the Dyaks keep remarkably close when questioned regarding their faith; generally professing utter ignorance. There was drinking, and feasting, and dancing,

and music going on all over the place. The drink is manufactured from the juice of the *gomuti* palm, and I did not see one individual drunk. The music consisted in beating circular brass bowls with two sticks in two hands to time. Had to partake of the feast before I returned. There are many slaves, male and female; but as they dress, eat, work, and live in the same way as their owners, it is impossible at first sight to discover them. It is only after a long stay that the freeborn can be distinguished from the enslaved, by the more open countenance of the former. The slaves were enjoying, with their masters, this feast."

VOYAGE IN A WAR PRAHU.

"A war *prahu* has been fitted out by the chief, with nearly eighty men, to join in some expedition, of which I did not inquire the particulars. I asked for a passage up as far as Kuchin, and was very gladly asked to go with them. The prahu is nearly a hundred feet long by ten broad, and quite a substantial boat. There were two small guns at the two sides, and two others at the bows. About forty men took the paddles at a time, and, when weary, were relieved by another forty men; and it is remarkable how swiftly we went. The vessel was filled with guns, and swords, and spears, while there were a few jars of water, and very little provisions. On the war-path these Dyaks do not burden themselves with much food. By the time we had reached the mouth of the river, here more than a couple of miles wide, and quite open to the Chinese Sea, a terrific squall came on all of a sudden. But for the seaworthiness of the boat and the seamanship of the men, we should have inevitably foundered. As it was, it was with the greatest difficulty we managed to get close in shore; and when we had got there, we were more than once in danger of going out again, as each wave came in right against us. At last a number of men got on land with stout ropes, and we were secured to trees on the bank. The storm was a perfect typhoon, and raged for nearly a couple of hours with terrific fury: owing to our rather insecure and dangerous position, we were obliged to be constantly on the watch. When it had passed away, the sea was left a mass of white foam. Had we got out a couple of hours earlier we should have been inevitably wrecked."

PEARL-BANKS—GOLD AND COAL MINES—ANTIMONY.

"Not far from the spot where we leave the above war prahu, it was pointed out to us that there were pearl-banks, from which pearls had been fished in olden times for export to China. We should think that numerous pearl-banks existed on the coasts of Borneo. The old story of the serpent guarding the precious jewel in a lake, which the Chinese went to rob, would seem to refer to a pearl fishery; and we have heard that there are other pearls on the northern coast, where there are pearl oyster-banks. We think the Sarawak Government might try to work them, for a large revenue might be the result, as in the north of Ceylon.

"The country is exceedingly rich in mineral ores. The metal that seems to be most plentifully diffused is gold. It is remarkable how widely-spread is this the most precious of metals over not only the province of Sarawak, but the whole island, as there are gold-mines worked on the western and southern coasts likewise, and to the north of the island. The whole soil of Sarawak—hills, plains, and beds of rivers—is auriferous. The only form in which gold has yet been found, is in dust, but even this repays working in various parts, as Seniawan to the south, and Sakarran to the east. The gold worked at the former place is from the top as well as the base of a hill named Batu Kladi (*Batu* means rock; *Kladi*, a kind of vegetable). This hill of limestone is full of narrow, deep, and irregular crevices, filled with the *débris* of the rock and the precious dust. This is taken out and washed. How the gold came into these crevices is a question the solution of which is rather a difficult matter. But the most remarkable feature about, or rather *inside*, this hill remains to be mentioned. Some time since, a party of miners, digging very deep, came upon a cavity, which led to the banks of a large internal lake. The discovery was soon noised abroad, and Malays and Chinese flocked to the place in great numbers. The Chinese proposed to bale out the entire lake, bucket by bucket! Everyone was convinced, even a hard-headed Scotchman, that the bottom of the lake was lined with gold. The Chinese plan was not nearly so absurd as the plan the Malays formed of draining off the waters by cutting an opening through the solid rock for a tremendous distance. This plan ended in mere talk, for it was impossible to carry it out. The Chinese, however, were exceedingly industrious, and one day assembled in several hundreds, with heaps of buckets, and commenced the operation of baling out the waters, the buckets being passed on from hand to hand. After a whole day's hard labour these misguided men found that the waters had not diminished by even an inch! After a long and earnest consultation that night, the plan of baling out the lake was abandoned, and no other practicable plan has since been put forward. This account seems to have a strong family resemblance to the story related of the first body of Chinese miners in the north; and it is not impossible that there, too, a large subterranean lake exists, the bottom of which is paved with tons of the precious metal. On Batu Kladi there are now more than a thousand Chinese miners, although, before the insurrection against Rajah Brooke, there were several thousands. At Sakarran the washings are from the beds of rivers; and in that place, too, there are more than a thousand Chinese miners.

"Besides gold, diamonds and coal are very largely diffused throughout the island, and antimony, too, occurs in Sarawak. There are several diamond mines in Sarawak which were once worked, but which, for various reasons, have long been abandoned. In parts of the south of the island, diamond mines are still worked; and it is well known that the Sultan of Mattan, a state to the south, is said to possess the largest known diamond in the world. This has been declared, on inconclusive testimony, to be only a common crystal. The value of coal in the present development of steam communication by land and sea, in the East, need not be enlarged on. And this precious mineral has been found in incalculable quantities in every part of the island. The Dutch get coal to the south and south-east, while the province of Sarawak seems to be one immense coal-bed. Even the small island of Labuan, held directly by the British, on the north-west coast, is found to contain good and serviceable coal. From the southern coal-fields of Banjermassin the Dutch government supply all their Indian war-steamers, while the coal of Labuan and Sarawak supplies the British Navy stationed in those waters, and is largely exported to Singapore for the supply of the numerous steamers of all nations which touch there. If

the coal-beds of the north and south are but the extremities of a vast bed, how vast the bed must be! And how exceedingly rich an island Borneo must be, if viewed only as a coal-producing land! There are thousands of acres of known coal-beds in Sarawak alone which await the advent of the capitalist. The Borneo Company do some business in it; but it would require a score of such firms to open up the coal wealth of Sarawak, and we need hardly say that the profits realised would be enormous. The Borneo Company also work some coal-mines at Sadong, about twenty miles to the north of Kuchin, but the mines are far from water carriage.

"The mineral that as yet pays most profit to both the government and the trader in Sarawak is antimony. The trade is very extensive, and the yield must be annually increasing, as many square-rigged vessels are annually loaded with it. This trade took its rise with the establishment of Singapore, and the earliest notice we have of it is in a *Singapore Chronicle* for 1825:—

"'Eight tons of crude antimony, or rather of the mineral just as extracted from the mines, and consisting of masses of from five to fifteen pounds' weight of ore, containing very little extraneous matter (white quartz) were sold by public outcry, and fetched throughout thirty-six dollars per ton. By accounts received from Europe, it seems that the mineral of Borneo is considered a very rich ore, but larger quantities are required for fair experiment than the small samples hitherto transmitted. We are informed that the present purchase is intended to be sent to a respectable house in Liverpool to satisfy this demand.'

"Such was the beginning of this trade, and there are Chinamen and others living in Singapore who have told us what brave profits they made then on the metal. The oppression by the Malays, which caused a rebellion among the Dyaks, stopped this trade for many years, till Sir James Brooke gave peace to the northern parts of Borneo. The Borneo Company have taken a lease of the mines, pay so much per *picul* (133 pounds), and they have large numbers of Chinese miners in their employ. These antimony mines are not far from the Seniawan gold-mines, and it is there alone that the metal has as yet been discovered. The ore is found of various degrees of purity, and we have seen nothing so pretty as a complete collection of antimony ores which the Borneo Company at Sarawak have treasured up to exhibit to travellers and other new comers. Antimony is a chief ingredient in type-metal; and hence Borneo is becoming of great use to Great Britain, and it is not improbable that the very type with which this account is set up is partly composed of the antimony which has been brought from Borneo.



ORANG-OUTANG.

"Iron is found in all the low soils of the island, but the per-centage of the metal is so small, that it does not repay working.

"From the account we have furnished of the Malays and Dyaks, it will have been seen that rude as they are, they are not without considerable manufacturing skill, the beginnings of an industry which may yet come up abreast with that of more civilised nations. Indigo and other dyes are prepared from the indigo-plant, and *sapan* wood, which furnishes a red colour. Iron is manufactured into the most superior kind of steel, far excelling English steel in quality. From iron, hoes, swords, spears, and other instruments are made. Cotton is grown, and a strong cloth is manufactured by a rude process of



ENVIRONS OF A VILLAGE IN BORNEO.

weaving—a cloth which the Dyaks wear in preference to what they call 'the weak and flimsy English stuffs.' Boats are built of considerable finish, as well as brass bowls cast, on which they perform their rude and elementary music. The weaving of the very fine kinds of mats, which may be folded up as a sheet of cloth, shows a fineness of workmanship which may be put to better uses. Thus the people exhibit skill, design, adaptation of means to end, and these are the beginnings of great industries. At some early period there was doubtless more civilisation on the island than now exists."

THE ISLAND OF LABUAN—BRUNAI, OR THE FLOATING CITY—THE SOLO SULTAN—ANIMALS—FUTURE OF BORNEO.

"Beyond the Millanow country, to the north, is the Brunai dominion of the native Malay sultan. The island of Labuan lies off his territories. Beyond these are parts held by the Malay Sultan of Solo, the group, or archipelago, to the north-east. Lower down towards the south is the territory of Koti, colonised by the Bugis of Celebes, but recognising the authority of the Dutch. To the west of this is the Dutch territory of Banjermassin, and north of this, Pontianak and Sambas, territories also belonging to the Dutch. There are several Malay sultans under the protectorate of the Dutch.

"At one time last century, we might have owned a large portion of North Borneo, as the Sultan of Solo had made it over to us. At one time we actually occupied the long island of Palawan, but the garrison was massacred, and the station given up. When Sir James Brooke had proved the value of Borneo, we managed to obtain the very small island of Labuan from the Sultan of Brunai, for the purpose of a coaling station. There is a fine harbour, and abundance of coal, and we dignify the officer in charge with the title of Governor. The island is unworthy of further notice except that it serves as a watch upon the Sultan of Brunai, and the pirates who used to sweep round the Eastern seas, but who have entirely disappeared, owing to the exertions of the British gunboats, supplemented by the assistance of the Dutch and the Sarawak Government.

"The city of Brunai is situated on a river of the same name, at the distance of a few miles from its mouth. This city is the capital of the Malay state of the same name, and once ruled over the entire north-west coast of Borneo. At the time Sir James Brooke first touched Borneo, Sarawak had completely thrown off the yoke, and there was no government recognised. The sultan made the best of a bad case, and made over Sarawak to Sir James Brooke. The city of Brunai, being built on the river and on small islands, presents an appearance from a distance as if it floated upon the surface of the waters. The city extends several miles in various directions, and journeys from one house, or part, to another, are made in boats. Though the city appears so large, the population is not great, as the houses are scattered. The total population would hardly be more than 40,000 souls. Most of these are Malays. There are a few Chinese settlements in the interior, towards the south, while the sea tribe of Badjow Dyaks are found to the north. The great tribe of Kyans—probably a primitive branch of the Dyaks—touch the Brunai territory to the south, and proceed far into the interior of the island. They are a very interesting race, and supposed to be nobler in character than even the Dyaks.

"The territories of the Sultan of Solo extend down a great way, and for some distance into the interior. The Solo people are all Malays, and some trade is carried on, in square-rigged vessels, with the parts in the interior, though little is known of them. We know of ships commanded by European captains which have been there. All these parts annually furnish numerous Malay pilgrims for Mecca. These pilgrims on their return are dignified with the title of *Datu Haji* (lord pilgrim), and dress in the usual long pilgrim's robe. These men are usually the worst among the Malays, being always found connected with plots. Southwards towards Koti, where there is a Dutch residency, the country has been occupied by the Celebes, or, as they are called, the Bugis men. These Bugis are a remarkable race, superior in physical build to the Dyaks, and carry on very extensive trading operations in the Archipelago. About two hundred of their trading *prahus*, fitted out for the high seas, arrive every year at Singapore from Celebes, bringing numerous most valuable articles of traffic, such as the *pea-berry* coffee (which is the best in the world), tortoise-shells, mother-of-pearl, gold dust, Cajeput oil, corals, rare varieties of sea-shells, native-made cloths, and live birds of the most gay and gorgeous plumage, such as sun-birds, birds of paradise, lories, and cockatoos. On their way they touch at numerous ports, and sometimes even visit the northern coasts of Australia.

"While the coasts are thus occupied by various powers, the great interior of this vast island remains entirely unknown. What riches, what races, what states, may be found there, are matters of conjecture.

"The principal animals of the island are the rhinoceros, panther, monkeys and apes of many varieties, small cows, buffaloes, wild cattle, and a small breed of horses. The panther, cows, and horses, are smaller than the continental species, and the former is hardly a match for a well-armed Dyak with his buckler and sharp heavy sword. The cows are a stunted breed, and only found to the north of the island. A few English oxen have been introduced into Sarawak. Small horses are seen at Brunai and at Koti, where there are also buffaloes. The *orang-outang* is found only in the northern half of the island. There are deer of many kinds, the smallest being the *palandok*, not larger than a cat, and exceedingly graceful and pretty.

"The character of the Dyak is peculiarly simple and pleasing. Circumstances have induced a ferocity in him which is foreign to his nature. He is grateful for benefits, and remembers kindness. He is loyal, gentle, harmless, honest, truthful, teachable, and moral. He is brave and courageous, and never shrinks from the enemy. Contact with civilisation has failed as yet to spoil him, though there is no doubt that drink, deceit, and immorality, will greatly lower his character in time. However, should Christianity supervene, there is great hope of the Dyaks. Every well-wisher of the island will wish success to the Sarawak government, the extension of its rule, and the diminution of the evil influence of the Dutch. Borneo stands pre-eminent in its combination of mineral and agricultural capabilities, and will silently and steadily rise to take her proper position in the earth. Her rivers are large and navigable, her extent is greater than that of the Austrian or German empires, her races are either simple and noble as the Dyak and Kyan, or industrious as the Chinese; she has obtained peace both from pirates without and internal feuds and warfare. An enlightened Englishman is at the head of a strong native government, and Christianity is making way with rapid strides. A happier time may not be very far off."

Recent Discoveries in Madagascar.—I.

Our readers may remember that in a previous volume we gave a general sketch of the travels of M. Grandidier in this island. It is now our purpose to give some account of the productions of the country, of the people who inhabit it, and other points of interest upon which valuable light has been thrown by the observations and researches of the same indefatigable explorer. And first, a few words as to the structure of the country.

The interior of Madagascar is encircled at some distance from the coast by an almost continuous girdle of primeval forest, from ten to twenty miles in width; the land enclosed by this belt is arid and barren; the mountains, formed of red clayey soil, useless for all purposes of cultivation, are unshaded by a single tree; there grows neither flower nor shrub, except where at the source of some stream a tiny island of verdure appears lost in the ocean of bare mountains; so that in all this part there remains for actual utilisation only the marshy bottoms of the narrow ravines which separate the chains of hills. The natives have planted fields of rice in these small valleys, which yield a rich return; but in other parts where, at the outskirts of some of their villages, attempts have been made to cultivate manioc, potatoes, and cotton, their efforts have been rewarded with but sorry results. The soil in all this region is naturally so very hard and sterile that it would require immense labour to make it productive. Added to this, the natives do not possess the necessary implements for the task, and they themselves are not at all of an industrious or persevering turn of mind.

In the north-east the country is continually watered by excessive rains, and the vegetation is rapid and luxuriant. M. Grandidier thinks that coffee-plantations would flourish on the mountains near this coast. The cultivation of the sugar-cane would meet with more success in drier parts of the island, where its growth would be slower and the juice, consequently, thicker and more rich in sugar. Many districts of the east and west coast would yield crops of cotton, sesame, and *arachide*. In the south and west of the island the drought is so continual that cultivation is impossible, except along the course of the streams, and as these are comparatively rare, there does not seem to be any great future for this part in an agricultural point of view; but there are in Menabé excellent pasturages where large flocks might be raised. At present, however, there is no chance of such resources being developed.

Europeans, unfortunately, are not permitted to own land in Madagascar, and even if they were, there is another difficulty which would prove a serious drawback to all undertakings, and that is the *corvée*. According to the existing treaties the queen and her governors have the power to demand the instant service of men at any moment. No matter what work they have in hand, or what inconvenience or injury it may inflict upon themselves or their masters, they *must* obey the voice which calls them to work for their sovereign. Now, if the *corvée* were utilised for the public good, such as the construction of canals, public roads, &c., the evil would not be so great, but as it at present stands, it is only put into requisition for building houses for the queen or other grandees of the kingdom. M. Grandidier considers that the *corvée* and slavery are the great stumbling-blocks which prevent Madagascar from becoming the important country that it otherwise might; but he has reason to hope that ere long these impediments will be removed. He trusts that the English and French residents will unite in efforts for the abolition of the *corvée*—at any rate, as it at present exists; for if, in lieu, an impost were levied in money or products, the officers and soldiers might be paid with the tax. Since the adoption of Christianity, the slaves have begun to see their rights as men, and it seems probable that the day is approaching when slavery, that curse of African countries, will be swept from off the face of Madagascar.

FAUNA.

Animal life in Madagascar abounds in species peculiar to the island, and the curious forms met with at almost every step give to the country one of its distinctive features. But although it furnishes many most curious types, the species are not so numerous as has been hitherto asserted. The collection of lemuride monkeys brought over by M. Grandidier has been examined by M. Milne-Edwards, who, after careful study of their anatomy and embryology has come to the conclusion that these animals must be regarded as forming a distinct order, and that it is an error to place them amongst the apes, where naturalists have hitherto ranged them. Another curious feature with respect to these lemurs is the immense number of individual varieties in one different species; a discovery which has notably lessened the long array set down in zoological catalogues. MM. Grandidier and Milne-Edwards show that although twenty-two kinds are described by different writers, in reality there are not more than six or seven which can be separated by distinctive features; the fact being that the local races have been mistaken for species. The lemurs of Africa are much more closely allied to those of Madagascar than is usually thought to be the case.

Up to the present time it has always been held by zoologists that no representatives of the order of the pachyderms, or of that of the rodents existed in this island, but M. Grandidier's discoveries of *Hippopotamus lemerlei* and his *Cheropotamus Edwardsii*, and of the great rat of Menabé, have shown this belief to be erroneous. The birds bear some affinity to those of Australia. In both countries, for instance, it appears there is no representative of the family of woodpeckers, so common in other parts of the world; and black parrots again are peculiar to the two countries.

THE CLIMATE.

The climate varies very much according to the seasons and localities. At the time of the monsoons from the south-east, the east coast is subject to continual rains, but the inhabitants on the west coast and in the interior are enjoying their fine season. In like manner, during the monsoons from the north-east, the north-west coast and the country inland is deluged with rain, while the east coast is having its turn of dry weather. The southern part of the island, as we have before remarked, does not often benefit by a rainfall, and is subject to long droughts which bring terrible famines on the inhabitants of

those districts. The monsoons, though turned from their true direction by the configuration of the coasts, occur with great regularity, and the gales from the south and east are very violent.

M. Grandidier thinks that the idea usually entertained about the climate of Madagascar being very unhealthy is a mistaken one, and that with the exception of certain parts on the north-east and north-west coasts which are swamps covered with mangroves, the country is not specially trying to Europeans. He wondered, indeed, after seeing the lives of debauchery and idleness led by many of the Creoles and European traders, that there was not a much greater mortality amongst the residents. Creoles, whose blood is vitiated and enfeebled, and young soldiers who are sometimes transported all at once to these tropical countries without any previous acclimatisation, run the greatest risks. Older men would have little or nothing to fear from the climate, if they led regular lives.

The most serious form of disease met with in the island is the *téty* or *koulaha*, a malady said to be of a syphilitic origin, and distinguished by tubercular eruptions and a curious discoloration of the hands and feet. According to M. Grandidier few Madecasses escape it, and they have their own special remedies for it, which are generally efficacious in the long run. Another affection common among the Hovahs at Emerina is calculus, which makes many victims. The Madecasses suffer much also from convulsive disorders, which they attribute to possession by an evil spirit or demon, and, for their cure, make use of incantations and special treatment, curious enough were there space to describe it.



MADECASSE SOLDIER.

POLITICAL DIVISIONS.

The country, politically speaking, is divided into two distinct parts—namely, that governed by the Hovahs, and that independent of them. At the beginning of this century the population of the island was divided into a certain number of tribes—about fifteen—each of which was governed by two or three chiefs, who were constantly at war one with the other.

"It was feudalism without a suzerain." It might be safely affirmed that on the east coast, at least, each village would form a state in itself, each family have a chief of its own, and be perfectly independent of its neighbours. At this period the Hovahs possessed no more power than any of the other tribes.

In the year 1810, however, when Radama I. became king, their supremacy began to be established. Radama was an enterprising man, intelligent and full of courage, and he at once commenced a warfare with the neighbouring tribes. At first these expeditions were merely raids, for the purpose of carrying off cattle, or pillaging some hamlet—expeditions taken under cover of the night—and ended directly the booty was secured. Finding himself sometimes defeated—although at other times victorious—in these petty contests, the king, following the enlightened advice of certain Europeans, disciplined his troops and now determined upon territorial aggression.

But, though possessed of an army, the plan adopted by the Hovahs was that of stratagem rather than war. They would cause two neighbouring states to quarrel, and then the weaker of the two would invariably place itself under their protection. It is true that, although there was little fighting, many men were lost in these martial expeditions; but the loss was the result of the defects, or rather the total want of, a commissariat department. When armies of from fifty to sixty thousand men are taken through desert countries without any provision being made for their sustenance, the wonder is not great if many die of starvation.



LEMUR MONKEY.

The sovereigns who have succeeded Radama have continued to increase the power of their kingdom, so that in less than fifty years the Hovahs acquired without difficulty undisputed sway over half the island. From Fort Dauphin to Cape Amber, and from thence to Bambetok Bay, all the tribes own their authority. Moreover, their portion of the country is the most fertile, and best adapted for cultivation. Added to this, its inhabitants number almost seven-eighths of the entire population.

INHABITANTS.

M. Grandidier found it quite impossible to gain accurate statistics as to the population of Madagascar, but it is his opinion that, taking the whole, there cannot be four millions of people in the island. There are nearly one million of Hovahs in the province of Emerina, and in the country of their neighbours and allies, the Betsileos, about six hundred thousand inhabitants. Then in the east the population may be reckoned to be two millions, and amongst the independent tribes there are about five hundred thousand souls.

"The inhabitants of the island belong no more to one and the same race than the whole of the country does to one king," says M. Grandidier. Kafir, Mongolian, and Caucasian races have been mixed and crossed with the native Madecasse, and these alliances have in each case altered for the better the original appearance of the aborigines. It is only on the east coast that the pure type is preserved, and there you meet with the real Madecasses, whose depressed noses and round flat faces, crowned with bushy heads of hair, form anything but attractive physiognomies. The personal appearance of the people on the west coast is not nearly so ugly. From time immemorial they have come in contact with other nations. Vessels *en route* from the Red Sea to Sofala, and Chinese junks to the coast of Africa formerly passed this way, and doubtless touched on these shores; later still, the Arabs traded here. And so, in course of time, the woolly hair of the native grew shining and glossy, and the dusky skin assumed an olive hue and became many degrees more transparent; for amongst the free men there are to be seen evident traces of Caucasian descent—amongst the slaves traces of the Kafir.

There is yet a third race, very distinct from the other two, which has established itself in the island, and which evidently belongs to the great Mongolian family. In distant ages, before the Christian era, the Malays (from whom this race appears to have descended) traded with the natives of Ceylon. At what period they landed in Madagascar—whether they came there of their own accord or were driven on its coasts by the violence of the winds—tradition does not tell; but it seems certain that these people, the Hovahs, were at one time resident on the west coast, before they migrated into the interior, to what is now the central province of Ankova. That the Hovahs are of Asiatic origin M. Grandidier has not the least doubt. In short, they possess all the characteristics of the Mongolian race: their eyes are long and oval, their cheek-bones projecting, and their complexions copper-coloured. The Hovahs, although not more courageous than the other natives, possess that respect for authority, that spirit of obedience, those habits of industry, and that social organisation which distinguishes the Asiatic races, and which are wanting in the other Madecasses.

The "Right" Whale: a Popular Monograph.

BY AN OLD WHALESMAN.

THE description of any animal, plant, or mineral largely used in the domestic economy of mankind must always have an interest for the reflective mind; and among these the "right" whale—one of the grand cetaceans that furnish oil and whalebone—should certainly hold a prominent rank, since nine-tenths of the civilised peoples of the earth make use of these commodities in one way or another.

Celebrated as the right whale has been, and well known to commerce for a period of nearly four centuries, it is not a little strange that we have as yet no really correct description either of its appearance or habits, and even such information as we do possess is in many respects erroneous. Though many books have been written upon the subject by retired whalers, they treat chiefly of the chase and mode of capturing it, and not of the animal itself; while most of the numerous books of natural history relating to this subject give but sketches drawn from fancy, and by persons who have never studied nature outside of their cabinets. In one of these, written by a celebrated naturalist, we are told that "whales have legs in addition to their flappers," and in the engraving which accompanies the description the right whale is represented with a head bearing a ludicrous resemblance to that of a gigantic bull-frog.

From such misrepresentations the world must acquire very erroneous ideas concerning Leviathan's appearance; and it is to correct these that the following monograph is put forth. The writer having spent many years in the pursuit of these grand cetaceans, deems himself capable of giving at least a correct delineation of their appearance, as also a faithful account of some of their more singular habits.

And first a word or two as to the geographical range of this species, known to whalesmen as the "right" whale, the *Balæna mysticetus* of naturalists.

The right whale inhabits the seas of four, if not all five, of the grand divisions of salt water. It is found in the Atlantic, though there only small in size and few in number compared with what might have been seen in former times. The eastern Arctic, around the coasts of Greenland, some forty years ago was a celebrated coursing ground for right whales, but the constant warfare waged against them has greatly reduced their numbers. In the western part of the Polar Basin they are encountered, though not in large numbers, the more numerous species there being the great "Polar whale." In the Indian Ocean right whales are common, but the chase there is generally after the more valuable sperm whale or *cachalot*, which affects a warmer clime than its larger congeners. It has not been ascertained whether the right whale exists in the South Polar Seas, but probably when the waters within the Antarctic become better known, Leviathan will be found there in as great numbers as at one time around the shores of Greenland.

At present the favourite haunts of the right whale are in the northern and southern sections of the Pacific Ocean, and thither are most of the whaling vessels dispatched, being always sure of finding full cargoes, though many vessels are also engaged in the chase of them in the North and South Atlantic, as also in the Indian Ocean.

The right whale varies in size, according to age and the waters in which it is found, but its length averages from sixty to ninety feet, and its circumference around the thickest part of the body is little less than two-thirds its length. The flukes or tail are from ten to fifteen feet in horizontal extent, and the fins or flippers from about five to eight. The head is about seven feet from the tip to the spout-holes, and over three from the highest point on top to the roof of the mouth inside. The average circumference of a right whale's head is from twenty to thirty feet. The cows are about two-thirds the size of the bulls.

According to Captain Scoresby's estimate, a whale sixty feet in length will weigh seventy tons, or as much as three hundred fat oxen, while the oil taken from it will be about thirty tons. It is a common saying among whalesmen that it requires thirty fathoms of water for a "three-hundred-barreller" to swim in.

The flukes of the right whale are of solid blubber, and for attack or defence are by far the most efficient weapon the animal possesses, sometimes sending a whale-boat and its crew full thirty feet into mid-air, and often killing many of the men. These flukes are not placed vertically, as in other fish, but transversely, and parallel to the surface of the water; so that whales have been known to swim on at the rate of a mile an hour after death, the onward movement being caused by the waves giving to the flukes an almost life-like propulsion. The point of junction between the flukes and the main body of the animal is extremely small, and the tendons at this part are easily severed with a spade.

The head, from which the whalebone is obtained, is a most singular structure, and nicely adapted to the wants of the cetacean. In shape it has been compared, and very appropriately, to a round-toed, flat-soled shoe, with straight sides. The lower jaw is from eight to ten feet wide where it unites with the body, but becomes smaller towards the extremity, resembling, when cleaned of the flesh, a bluntly-pointed arch about seven feet in length. The skull or crown bone, which serves as the upper jaw, is a single bone, slightly rounded on the top, and four or five feet wide at the neck, but also smaller at the extremity. It is to this bone that the slabs of what is usually termed "whalebone" are fastened. They are in pieces of from two to ten feet in length, about twelve inches wide at the top, tapering down gently and curving inward, till at the lower end they are mere points. The pieces radiate edgeways, from what may be called the ridge-pole of the roof of the mouth, and are about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and half an inch apart. They are not of the ordinary osseous nature, but more resembling coarse hair, closely matted together; and on the inside edge this hair is fringed out, and serves as a sieve through which the animal strains its food.

The eyes of the right whale are not much, if anything, larger than those of an ox. They are placed in the back part of the head in such a position that the whale cannot see *before* it. Their power of vision is, however, very great when any object comes within their "field."

The "spout-holes" of the right whale are on the top of its head, near the neck, and consist of two large oval cavities,

apparently scooped out of the blubber, each capable of holding several quarts of water. At the bottom of each is an orifice leading right downwards. These can be opened and closed at the pleasure of the animal; though they are always kept shut when it is swimming under water. Whenever it rises to the surface these cavities are, of course, filled with salt water, and it is this, mixed with Leviathan's breath, that causes the well-known "spout." The water is thrown vertically upwards in a close stream, till its force becomes spent, when it bursts and falls back like the spray from an hydraulic fountain. The "spouts" are best seen when the whale is coming directly towards, or going away from, the observer; and these singular *jets d'eau* are often projected to the height of thirty or forty feet. As the animal always "blows" the moment it comes to the surface, the sailors on the look-out watch for this spouting, and when seen, give the signal, "There she blows!" The fins or flippers of the right whale are placed just behind the eyes; and consist of a hand-like collection of bones, having four fingers—the two inside ones being the longest; they are inclosed with a thick layer of blubber, which envelops the whole hand, and of itself yields several barrels of oil. The flippers are used both as propellers and means of defence, but appear to have another purpose, that of balancing the body upon the waves.

The colour both of the right and sperm whales, is a glossy black; though the former are sometimes seen mottled with large spots of a whitish hue. The skin of both kinds is similar. Outside the regular skin, which has no peculiarity, there is a coat of what resembles coarse stiff hair, of about a quarter of an inch in thickness; and outside this again is another cuticle, like glossy black silk, but so thin that when a piece of it is laid over the page of a book the print can plainly be seen through it—the sailors say even plainer than without it.

The blubber on a fat whale is from ten to twenty inches deep in its thickest part—from twelve to fifteen inches being the average—and covers the entire body from snout to tail. It is generally of a whitish colour, though when very fat it has a bluish tinge. It is coarser in texture, and harder to the touch than fat pork; and is so thickly impregnated with oil, that a cask closely packed with solid blubber will not contain the oil boiled out of it, even without the scraps from which it has been extracted! When properly boiled in a clean pot, the oil is of a light colour; but should not the pot be perfectly clean, it will have a dark tinge, and is then deemed of inferior quality.

The length of a whale's life is still a subject of conjecture; but judging from its size and other peculiarities, it cannot be less than that of the elephant, which animal the whale resembles in other characteristics than size. It is supposed that the right whale does not gain its full dimensions till twenty-five years of age; and some notches on the slabs of whalebone are pointed to as proofs of this fact. This, however, is not deemed a trustworthy criterion.

The velocity with which a right whale can make its way through the water is astonishing—far beyond what is generally supposed. Its ordinary rate of speed is moderate enough; but when a boat becomes fastened to one by the harpoon, or it gets "gallied" in any way, it rushes off at a rate that would leave the fleetest locomotive far behind. What a whale's best speed is has never been exactly ascertained; but the following anecdote related of one is given as true, and seems to imply that it is only a little less than that of electricity:—"A whale-ship fishing off the western coast of Greenland, one day struck a large right whale—the largest the whalesmen had seen during the cruise. Leviathan started off in a westerly direction; and night coming on, the boats were obliged to cut from him, leaving the iron still sticking in his flesh. That was the last that they ever saw of him; but two days after, another vessel engaged in the same business, caught the same whale—of course identified by the irons—in the Polar Basin, near Behring's Straits!" He had thus made the famous North-West Passage in forty-eight hours—the quickest time on record.

The food of the right whale consists of small sea insects, or *medusæ*, known to whalesmen as "brit." These animalcules are of a reddish colour, and generally about the size of mustard-seed; though sometimes very much larger, some being nearly half an inch long. They float in immense shoals upon the surface of the sea; sometimes colouring the water to the extent of many miles, as if it were blood. The whale swims in amongst them, with its lips dropped flat along, or a little below, the surface; and when large quantities of the "brit" have surged into its yawning gape, it closes its lips in an upward direction, scooping the insects into its mouth, and along with them several hogsheads of sea-water. The jaws are then opened again, and, with a grand outward breath, the water is ejected through the whalebone fringes, leaving the insects clinging to the coating of hair inside; there to be gathered up by the whale's great tongue, and sent wholesale into its stomach.

Why the throat of this which is almost the largest animal in existence should be no larger than that of a horse or ox may appear an eccentricity of nature. Yet such is the case with Leviathan, to the perplexing of naturalists. The Bible readers, too, may be puzzled by it; for certainly the whale that swallowed Jonah could not have been a right whale.

As far as is known, whales are wholly uniparous, no account being given of their having ever been found with more than one calf at a time. The young of the right whale is at birth about twelve feet long, and weighs nearly a ton. It resembles the parents in every respect, except in size and colour, the latter being a shade lighter than in the full-grown animals. The cows are strongly attached to their young; and, though at other times inoffensive, and evidently unused to warfare, they are ever ready to defend their offspring with fearlessness and fury, and will attack boats, or even ships, in revenge for any injury inflicted upon it. When the calf is first born, the dam teaches it to swim, by keeping close alongside of it, until the little one gets tired; when she will dive under, and raise it up so that it may rest upon her back. At this season the cows are very savage, and it is always regarded as a dangerous movement to strike a whale calf, though it is sometimes done for the purpose of bringing the "school" to a halt.

When a right whale is suckling its calf, the quantity of milk is enormous; and if the mammæ be cut open, the flow will whiten the ocean for rods around.

When accompanied by its young, the right whale generally endeavours to keep "on soundings," probably for the purpose of having within easy reach a resting-place for the calf.

Whether the right whales are migratory in the ordinary sense of the word is not known; but certain it is that no dependence can be placed on their movements. They appear and disappear almost mysteriously at times; and no one can imagine whence they come or whither they go.

To-day scores may be counted from the mast-head, all steadily moving in the same direction; to-morrow not one will be in sight. Several days after, you meet a vessel coming from the direction in which they had disappeared, and learn from her that not a fluke has been seen. While you are wondering at this, you are startled by the cry of "There she blows!" and the next moment the ocean is alive with them; all moving in one direction—perhaps the very opposite to that they were going to when last seen. Where they stray to in their perambulations is a mystery, unless we may suppose them to have been hidden under water; but this, from the necessity of their coming to the surface for respiration is plainly impossible. This habit of hide-and-seek belongs also to the bow-head whales, and is, perhaps, more peculiar to them than to the black species.

A very singular circumstance connected with the habits of these great cetaceans, is the mode of communication that exists among them. By some sort of telegraphy, as yet unexplained, one "school" can give notice of danger to another at a distance of several miles. This has been often observed, and may be seen from the mast-head at any time, when two schools are in sight, and an individual in either has been struck by the harpoon. The moment the iron is fast, the spectator will see the whales of the more distant school—it may be five miles or more off—rushing in a straight line from the scene of danger.

Besides man, the right whale has three other enemies it may well dread. These are the sword-fish, the "thrasher," and the "killer." There is also a case on record of a sea-serpent having attacked and conquered Leviathan, but as the existence of the creature is somewhat mythical, it cannot be classed as one of his regular enemies.

The killer is itself a small whale, and may therefore be accused of cannibalism. It has very sharp teeth, is exceedingly swift, and attacks the right whale; the assailants being in schools of a large number together, probably knowing that in "union there is strength." These harass and worry the great creature until life is extinct; and then content themselves with devouring only the tongue, leaving the carcase to the birds and sharks. The sword-fish and thrasher, in attacking the whale, often act in concert—the sword-fish keeping underneath and stabbing Leviathan from below, so as to force him to the surface; while the thrasher flings itself on his back, where it can have full play with its terrible tail—which it cannot make use of under water. An attack of sword-fishes and thrashers united together in a hostile band against a right whale is one of the most singular and thrilling spectacles to be witnessed on the mighty deep.



THE "RIGHT" WHALE (*Balæna mysticetus*)

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—I.

BY ROBERT MICHELL.

KAZAN.

It was not without some misgivings and feelings of depression that I landed myself and luggage at Samara, and left the "Aëronaut" Company's well-appointed boat to pursue its pleasant course down the opaque Volga. A stoppage at Kazan, an inspection of that city (one of the prettiest in Russia) and of all its curiosities, with many amusing incidents on board the boat, contrasted only too strongly in my mind with the prospect of the long and dreary journey before me. The pleasant part of the journey from Moscow had been performed only too quickly; so quickly, indeed, that I was at a loss to decide whether it was Time that had outstripped the boat, or *vice versâ*. Very leaden wings had Time in Samara, where I was obliged to stay for a day or two.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOUSE.—WOMAN MAKING BREAD.

Kazan, however, must not be passed by unnoticed, and but for Turnerelli's exhaustive book about it, I should consider myself bound to give the reader a description of that semi-oriental city. I will linger only a little over the scene, in the endeavour to depict its general outline as it presented itself to me by the light of a crescent moon.

The city of Kazan stands on a rising ground some three miles from the river-bank. All around it, as far as the eye can see—except where on the north the view is intercepted by the steeps of the river-side—is boundless plain, shrouded in a gloom which blends on the distant horizon with the lighter and variegated tints of a placid sky, in which, far overhead, is set the silvery semicircle of the magic moon.

The city is connected with the river by a high embankment, which insures communication when the lowlands around are flooded by the swollen waters.

The Tartar droshky-driver took me by the lower road—rather, over the lower ground—showing *à la Russe* supreme indifference to ruts, and in one instance a perfect unconsciousness of having left me some little time back floundering with the hinder part of the vehicle in a juvenile ravine, while he was still urging on his gaunt steed from his box-seat.

On nearing the city, the moonlight first revealed the taller spires of the churches, then an ancient and towering brick minaret, so accurately represented in the frontispiece to Turnerelli's work. Now we pass an odd-looking tomb, or mausoleum, in which are gathered the bones of the Russians who fell on the field of Kulikovo, where the dominion of the Tartars was contested and overthrown; and shortly before entering the archway leading into the city, the pale light of the moon is seen to illumine the Moslem minarets and the numerous silvered Byzantine domes and steeples, while here and there it glitters on the bayonet of the lonely sentinel, through the gateways and crevices in the crumbling battlements.

The city seemed that evening time to be wrapped in a transparent mantle of drowsy light, of a most peculiar colouring—a mixture of purple, grey, and yellow, produced by the faint reflection in the sky of the last rays of the setting sun; and but for the occasional solemn booming of the big church bells, the call to prayer from the Moslem mosques, the far distant cry of the bittern, and the incessant barking of innumerable dogs, the entire city would have appeared to be engulfed in the spreading stillness and shadow of the vast plains; the silvery zig-zag streak of the Volga tapering far away into invisibility.

THE VOLGA.

Ptolemy, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient geographers, tell us but little about the Volga; they call it the "Great River."

As for the people inhabiting its banks, it is stated that the river flowed through the lands of the Sarmatians and Scythians. Herodotus informs us that the country of the Great River was occupied by the Thessagetæ. The Huns, Hazars, and Bolgars in succession established their power along the Volga. When the seat of the Grand Duchy of Russia was moved to Vladimir, the kingdom of the Bolgars was shaken to its foundations through the conflicts of the latter with the Sclavonian race. The Russians then began to fortify themselves along the upper course of the Volga, and in the beginning of the thirteenth century they erected a stronghold on the eminence which commands that river opposite to the mouth of the Oká, where now stands Nijni-Novgorod. But in the middle of the thirteenth century the Tartars, destined to be the scourges of all Eastern Europe, made their appearance from the Caspian plains. From the river on which stood Serai, their capital, they over-ran Russia, made her people and her great "Kniazes" their tributary vassals, and pitching their tents by the Volga, in its mid-course, established their fame as the "Golden Horde." Soon, however, the "Golden Horde" wasted their strength in internal feuds. The various tribes of Tartars formed into separate hostile camps, and their hold on the "Uruss" slackened. Then came the tossing billows of fresh Tartar invasion, headed by Tokhtamysh and Timour, succeeded by the strenuous efforts of the Russian "Kniazes" to emancipate themselves from the Tartar yoke. Baty-Khan, of the "Golden Horde," was driven southwards. In the fourteenth century, the Tartars, adopting Mohammedanism, founded the kingdom of Kazan, where they continued to be a terror to the Russians. John III. succeeded at last in forcing them to pay to him that tribute which they had previously exacted from the Russian princes, and John IV., his successor, finally conquered the Tartar kingdom, and annexed Kazan with Astrakhan (Hadji-Turkhani,* or Astorokani), in 1557 to his *tsardom*.

ON BOARD THE "AËRONAUT'S" BOAT.

I shared a cabin on deck with another son of Albion, who was passing southwards, and who very speedily on his return to England enlightened the world with the results of his deep researches into the condition of the free Russian people. He would have it that all was Asia from the left bank of the Volga, and he saw in the elevations occurring on that side of the river nothing less than the main range of the Ural Mountains. But these were the only little points of difference between us until we parted company at Samara, he proceeding with the boat to Tsaritzin, whence he went on to Odessa and the Crimea, and I taking the track across the Samara steppes to Orenburg.

The boat was crowded with deck passengers, huddled together in a manner which precluded all possibility of exercising one's legs. These passengers were sheltered from the rain and sleet by an awning, but warmth they derived from each other, being packed closely—men, women, and children lying and reclining upon or against each other, and taking up every inch of space. The scene they presented was very original, especially towards night, when beggars, pilgrims, priests, peasants, and soldiers, had all arranged themselves for slumber in various positions. The little ebullitions of temper where encroachments were being made on the comforts of a near neighbour, frequently afforded occasion for merriment.

An alarm was raised among this company when the boat one night put in at a landing to take fuel. It was discovered that some river pirates had boarded the steamer under cover of the darkness, and, seizing upon the effects of some of the sleepers, which they threw over into the little craft which had stealthily brought them alongside, had hurriedly disappeared again over the ship's side. One poor old woman, in very needy circumstances, had missed her bundle, her only *armes et bagages*, which had been snatched from under her head. A peasant was robbed of his sheepskin and his boots, and others sustained various losses. But the sympathies of all were bestowed on the poor old woman who, in the aforesaid bundle bewailed the loss of a melon, a pair of new boots, a destined gift to a little granddaughter, and forty-three copper copecks, secreted in the remotest recess of an old stocking.

The circumstances of the robbery having been diligently inquired into, lanterns were lowered over the ship's side, and some vigorous thrusts were made into the stream below with boat-hooks and measuring-poles; but the effect was *nil*, for the pirates were already far away on the wide waters. One only, who in a struggle for the booty with his fellow, had missed his footing and had tumbled into the river, was shortly after picked up dripping wet from the muddy bank.

A wealthy merchant had purchased a steamer to tug his barges up the stream, and consigned it to the care of a Russian skipper and crew. These, as the story ran, all went ashore to keep holiday, the engineer and the stoker accompanying them. The latter having neglected to close the pipes through which the water was received, the hull soon filled, and the boat sank. Great was the consternation of the skipper and the crew when they returned to the river-side. This had only just happened, and was related to me in illustration of the carelessness and of the hap-hazard nature of the Russian.

Captain von D——, a native of one of the Russo-German Baltic Provinces, who was on his way to Irkutsk to serve on the staff of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, happening to recognise among the deck passengers a party of soldiers belonging to a regiment in which he had previously served, beckoned to the corporal in charge of them, and in an undertone, ordered him, and rather peremptorily, to collect his men in a group in front of the cabin, and to bid them sing some national airs.

Imagining that his *sotto voce* had escaped my hearing, the captain said, turning to me, "Those men recognise in me their former officer; they all loved me exceedingly, and I am prepared to wager anything that they will by-and-by demonstrate their pleasure in singing for me their old regimental songs."

I was politely silent, and observed the corporal, obedient to orders, mustering the men, who—if not altogether with joyous alacrity, at any rate like well-disciplined soldiers—rose to the summons of their *unter officier*. They sang one chorus, one man with a high alto leading off, the others joining in the refrain, and swelling the harmony. It was excellent singing, to a swinging and inspiriting measure. They were loth, however, to continue without a *pour-boire;* and were not so enthusiastic at the sight of Captain von D—— as the latter would have had me believe. Questioning the corporal subsequently on this point, I obtained from him the following laconic and somewhat

* A Tartar by whom it was founded.

contemptuous reply in Russian rhyme, "German!" "pepper!" and "cuffed his men."

When about to disembark at the point of his destination on the river, Captain von D——, full of his own importance, again accosted me. "You will see," he said, "these soldiers of my former regiment rush into the cabin, each of them, in his eagerness to serve me, carrying ashore some of my effects." Alas! the corporal, this time, kept out of the way, and the boat had hardly been made fast to the pier when the soldiers of Captain von D——'s former regiment were scrambling over the bows in utter forgetfulness of their old officer.

Two peasants, watching the action of the machinery, were sorely puzzled as to the motive power which set it in motion and propelled the boat.

"Ivan," exclaimed one, turning to the other, who was, with a certain expression of awe on his face, watching the proceedings of the stokers below; "Ivan, I say, by whose will, thinkest thou, is all this worked?"

"By the Spirit," replied Ivan, very positively, but in a reverential under-tone.

"By the Spirit!" exclaimed the questioner; "and by what Spirit, then?"

"What a booby art thou, and a lout, not to know that it is the *Unclean Spirit* alone who works by fire," broke out Ivan. "Seest thou not the fire they are kindling below?"

"But," argued the first speaker, "every village crone bakes bread and porridge by a fire! Does then my wife invoke the *Unclean One* to prepare our meals?"

"Well, thou boor!" Ivan exclaimed; "and is there not a *domovoi* (house bogy) in every hut?" and in order to thoroughly vanquish his interlocutor, he pointed—as to additional evidence in support of his argument—to the volumes of smoke coming out of the chimney, saying, "Behold how with the black clouds the *Unclean One* works the boat along!"

"As you like," protested the sceptic; "there is some other strange agency here, for," he said—and here he crushed Ivan, who had treated him with such supreme contempt—"my chimney emits smoke, but my hut remains motionless in the village."

This was a palpable hit, and there was a general guffaw as I turned to push my way in the direction where some *moujiks* were playing cards.

Here I found one man, who had withdrawn from the game, counting his winnings on the broad sheepskin-covered back of a young peasant stretched out flat, with his chest resting on his small bundle of effects. The latter was staking his last cherished copper coin on the chance of a card. It was instantly swept away from him by the hard hand of that merciless fate which had already robbed him. He turned over, and in doing so, upset the small piles of copper symmetrically arranged on his back. There was a scuffle at once, while the game proceeded as usual. The scene was not at all a pleasant one. There were several peasants bewailing the loss of all they had had—of their little all, earned by the sweat of the brow.

"Vaska!" shouted some one of the group, addressing the luckless youth, who had now made it up with the man of the scattered coins, and who was blubbering most piteously over shoulder of the latter; "Vaska! how wilt thou get home to thy village and to thy little wife?"

"Bring out that new kerchief thou hast for her," suggested a second; "it will pass for a "fiver" (a five-copeck piece). Mayhap thou'lt win on it."

"If thou losest that also," chimed in a third, "then stake thy little wife as well. I stake a blue note (ten roubles) against her!"

"Look up, Vaska! What! fearest thy wife will wallop thee?" These and sundry others were the mockeries launched at the poor fellow, who at last brushed away his tears, besmearing his face in a ludicrous manner with his dirty paws, took out the kerchief alluded to from within the breast of his furry coat, and with a bravado and desperation flung it down, challenging anyone to stake a "fiver" against it.

"It is by far too common a custom among that class of our passengers, sir," said the captain of the boat, later, in answer to my inquiries, "to gamble away all their hard earnings on their way home, after three or four months' labour on the Volga and hereabouts. Many of them leave these boats to beg their weary ways to their distant native villages."

In the saloon cabin three wealthy contractors, one remove from the social condition of the peasant, who had fattened at the cost of the government, were playing a three-card game at which thousands were exchanging owners, and at which their all was being staked, with a trust that Providence would still pull each of them through.

The boat was nearing Samara when the steward, who knew that I was going on to Orenburg, informed me that a lady on board, bound for the same destination, was desirous of picking up with a fellow-traveller, who would be a protector to her, and who would share with her in the expense of the carriage and horses. "She has commissioned me," he timidly put in, "to ascertain whether you would be inclined, sir——" But ere I could say how I was inclined in this delicate matter, the lady in question appeared on the scene in person. She was elderly, short, and very rotund, wrapped in an innumerable quantity of wadded and fur garments, mantles, shawls, and wraps. Her face was very red, and her speech proved to be extremely voluble. "You're for Orenburg? but"—this to the steward—"I thought it was the older gentleman. I could not be so rash, no, no!" Then, as if changing her mind, she ran on, turning to me, "Well, it does not matter, you are a foreigner. What luggage have you? I have only three boxes; these four band-boxes, a little dog—Moska! Moska! Where is that little brute? Stewardess! stewardess! I say, bring me my scent-bottle. Phoo! how close it is here! how they have filled the place with smoke!—a feather-bed, two pillows, and a *samovar* (tea-urn); that is all—oh, yes, by the way, and I have a maid—one maid—and I start immediately."

Immediately, however, I could not proceed from Samara to Orenburg, as I explained, and on that rock our negotiations split.

SAMARA.

I am at last in Samara. It is long past midnight, and I learn that there is an assemblage of the landholders of the province, and that, consequently, it is very doubtful whether there is any accommodation for travellers in the town, who would therefore be obliged to sleep in the cold on the landing-pier. I try two hotels—three—but they are all full to overflowing, so my driver takes me, as a last resource, back to the river-side, to a very disreputable-looking place. Here I find a sofa in a shabby, foul billiard-room; but I feel thankful even for that. It appears, however that the wainscoting of the walls

and even the sofa itself, are over-tenanted already, so I spread my rug on the billiard-table, and, despite the protestations of the innkeeper, dispose myself to doze off upon it till the morning.

On the next day I obtained an apartment vacated at the best hotel in the town, where I found myself in comparative ease and luxury.

Samara is one of the most dreary places on the face of the earth. It is, however, the place of residence of the enlightened and amiable governor of the province, and it is brimfull of civil and military authorities, all equally amiable and polite in their attentions to foreign travellers. Here, too, I saw a party of Monakhi, or Black Clergy, with a metropolitan of some "holy Russian city," on their way to some shrine or monastery.



RUSSIAN MONAKHI, OR BLACK CLERGY.

Samara is not an ancient city; yet no one can tell when it was first built, just as there are no means of ascertaining how many times it has been burnt down. The fires that have repeatedly consumed it have devoured all the records of its first creation. Tradition alone refers that either to the period of the reign of Boris Godunof, who here stemmed the advancing tide of Krim Tartars, or to Michael Theodorovitch, who, after concluding a treaty with Persia in 1635, erected a fort where Samara now stands, for the protection of the traffic on the Volga. But "some very old inhabitants of Samara," naïvely says a very recent Russian authority, "assert that the city was built shortly after the first fall of Kazan."

Samara was held a short time, in 1670, by the famous Stenka Razin, a Kazak rebel, who, by dint of false promises won over the garrison and inhabitants, and so gained possession of the citadel without a blow. This ruffian, after ransacking the citadel for treasure, put to death the Russian governor, and all those who refused to unite in his cause.

The place is still a thorough wilderness, and bears in many respects the stamp of the presence of the wild Bashkirs, Kalmucks, and Kirghizes, who camped there in times past. It is only half paved with pebbles, and its streets and wide open places are exposed to all the horrors of the rough snow-storms which in



A CREEK ON THE VOLGA.

winter time sweep mercilessly through them. There are an "old town" and a "new town," stretching in one long line from the sandy shore of the river to the more elevated and firm ground, in the form of an amphitheatre. Along the banks of the river ague is said to be very prevalent, but in the town above, the climate is considered to be moderate and healthy. There is nothing peculiar in the type, customs, or costumes of the Russian population of Samara, who number about 30,000 in the town. The only one idiomatic expression which I could catch as being characteristic of the vernacular of the place, was that of *Gorchitchnik* ("mustard-fellow," or "mustard-pot"), used in vituperation. This term, I imagine, is derived from the well-known German Sarepta colony in the neighbouring district of Saratof, where mustard is grown.

The province of Samara was formed of contiguous portions of the provinces of Orenburg, Simbirsk, and Saratof, and divided into seven districts. It is an immense smooth plain, very little above sea-level, intersected, however, by a steep ridge of hills stretching along the great Irghiz River, which divides the province into two almost equal parts, north and south, which differ widely in the nature of their soil. In the northern half the earth is black, that part being a continuation of the belt of black-soil provinces running through Mid-Russia. The southern half—or that part of it which lies between the great Irghiz and the head-waters of the two Uzen rivers which, flowing to the south, terminate in the Kirghiz lakes—is poorer. It has a clay soil, but this, though inferior to the black earth, is tolerably good for agriculture.

South African Game.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIST.

ALTHOUGH the idea that a settler in a colony is in the daily habit of walking into the bush and shooting his dinner is decidedly erroneous, still there is a considerable quantity of game yet to be found in some of the South African colonies, and an abundance in many of the wilder and more remote regions beyond the boundaries of those colonies.

The variety of game, as may be supposed, is large, extending from the gigantic elephant to the little blue bush-buck; and from that largest of all existing feathered bipeds, the ostrich, to the beautiful varieties of quail so abundant in many districts.

Within the colonial confines the chief sport consists in buck shooting and partridge and quail shooting. Partridge shooting is followed by many colonists with as much zest as by any sportsman in England, although the birds are not, as a rule, very plentiful.

A good pointer is rather a coveted possession, and on account of the difficulty experienced in rearing the whelps, may be considered a valuable animal. Dog-flesh is subject to many serious ailments in South Africa. The most fatal disease appears to be one which attacks the liver. Imported dogs almost invariably die, notwithstanding all care, soon after their arrival, often dying quite suddenly and with every symptom of having been poisoned. Singular as it may appear, in a semi-tropical climate, I believe that a case of hydrophobia has never been known in South Africa.

Three varieties of partridge are to be found, and are called by the settlers "red wings," "grey wings," and "bush pheasants," and by the Natal Kafirs, *eswampi*, *amatentale*, and *isiquehla*. The "red wings" and "grey wings" in habits and form are very similar to their British congeners. The bush "pheasant" (*isiquehla*), a bird evidently belonging to the same tribe, and miscalled "pheasant," lives almost entirely in the bush, among sugar-canes or any thick cover, and is flushed with difficulty. The "red wings" and "grey wings" are sought for with pointers upon the grass-covered plains and among the old Kafir maize gardens, while the bush bird is generally shot as he springs unexpectedly from some low cover, or falls a victim to the weapon of some Kafir "pot-hunter," who is employed by his white master to squat in the bush at early morning and sunset to shoot anything eatable, for the household.

Of course, as the population of a country increases, the game diminishes, and although colonial game laws have been enacted, still the preservation of wild animals in districts inhabited more by savages than Europeans is a matter of extreme difficulty. The Kafir manner of organising a buck hunt is to collect as many men and dogs as possible, and to surround all the smaller covers from which the bucks are to be driven, and with dog, spear, and knobkerry, to slaughter, irrespective of season, age, sex, or condition, every animal which they can secure. Many English landowners refrain from shooting the does of any kind of buck upon or in the neighbourhood of their own grounds.

The different localities produce different kinds of antelopes, some of which frequent the open lands, while others haunt the thick bush, which they rarely leave. The largest kind of buck found in the bush is a fine-looking animal, shy, wary, and difficult to stalk, and very bold when at bay, capable of crippling or even killing a large dog, and sometimes even charging a human foe. I myself knew a settler who had some of his front teeth broken by a bush buck, which he had wounded and was endeavouring to secure. The cry of the male of these antelopes is very similar to the barking of an angry dog, and they also sometimes make a great noise by striking the hard ground with their feet. These sounds, when heard by the traveller during a still night, as they often are, would hardly be supposed to proceed from so timid and shy an animal as an antelope. In the lands of South Africa which lie at a higher level than the coast—the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, for instance—the wildebeeste, or gnu, the hartebeeste, the quagga, and the springbok are found, in some districts in great abundance. Wildebeeste are often found in enormous troops, and are generally hunted by men on horseback, the hunter galloping until within shot, and then firing away as quickly

as he can until the animals are again out of range. The horns of the wildebeeste, which are formed like a couple of large hooks, his large head ornamented with a quantity of bristling hair, and his furious antics when wounded and brought to bay, give him a rather formidable appearance. He is never, however, by African hunters, classed among the game which they consider dangerous. In many of the Dutch farmhouses wildebeeste horns are used as hat-pegs and gun-rests, and certainly have a very ornamental appearance when used for this purpose. The hartebeeste is about equal in height to the wildebeeste, but is an antelope of a more slender build and of less formidable appearance. The hartebeeste is capable of leading the hunter a long chase. I remember seeing two very tolerable horses thoroughly "pumped out" by a long run after some hartebeeste, within the colony of Natal. Hartebeeste and quagga are at times to be found within the colonial boundary—the Drakensberg range; and there was about two years ago a small troop of hartebeeste upon the Noodesberg, a large plain, distant only about forty miles from the coast-line of Natal. This troop, which numbered only about half a dozen individuals, was carefully preserved, and has probably by this time increased, as the females of the antelope tribe appear to produce a fawn every year, with the exception of the little blue bush-buck, called *ipete* by the natives, which is believed by many hunters to produce two, or even three fawns during the year.

The springbok, like the wildebeeste, the hartebeeste, and the quagga, is gregarious in its habits, and is often seen in enormous troops. This buck, which is about equal in size to an English goat, is easily distinguished by the broad white stripe which extends along the whole back. The springbok is capable of performing the most astonishing leaps, hence the name of springbok, or spring-buck.

Quagga are sometimes hunted and shot for the sake of their hides. Quagga flesh is eaten by some of the South African native tribes, though the larger number of them hold it in abhorrence. The meat is dark in colour, and the fat of a disagreeable yellow tint, and I never knew an Englishman make any other use of it than as food for his dogs.

The Orange Free State, which consists of an enormous tract of open country, is possessed of a most salubrious climate, though the cold during the winter months, which correspond exactly with the English summer months, is rather severe, the traveller finding the necessity for a good supply of blankets when sleeping in tent or wagon. Horses from the warmer districts require clothing at night. Very little wagon travelling goes on during the winter, the scarcity of grass rendering it almost impossible to perform a journey through many of the upper districts. The Orange Free State lands afford excellent stations for the stock-farmer; horses, sheep, and cattle thriving well, both climate and grasses suiting stock. Agriculture is carried on also, and good crops of wheat, oats, and barley may be grown. The Orange Free State being a Dutch republic, does not contain many English settlers, but is much travelled by English traders from the colonies. There is a saying in South Africa that "gun-barrels will not rust in the Free State," though this is of course an exaggeration. Still there is no doubt that the climate in this region is thoroughly healthy, and the air for many months of the year very dry and bracing. Leopards, although they exist in all parts of South Africa, are not now often met with. Occasionally a young pig is carried off during the night from some colonist's swine kraal, or an unfortunate dog—the leopard appears to be very partial to dog-flesh—is found missing from the verandah in the morning. Sheep, in the stock-farming districts, are destroyed, and poultry carried off, from time to time, in all parts; but for all this the leopards are not often seen. I have been present at several leopard hunts, when thick cover, which was known to have been haunted by these animals, has been driven by natives and dogs, but I never upon one of these occasions saw a leopard.

Now and then Kafirs come to their white neighbours with doleful stories about leopards having devoured their young cattle, and entreat the "bos" to "*Pat'isibahm shia ēngwe*" (take gun, hit leopard). A stock-farmer once showed me a dog which had, unassisted, killed a leopard. I found, however, in course of conversation, that the leopard had on the previous night devoured a quantity of poisoned flesh which had been laid for it, and was sick—in fact, dying—from the effects. Many stock farmers, when they are unfortunate enough to have an animal destroyed by the leopards, poison the remains with strychnine, and leave them upon the spot where they were discovered.

I once saw a leopard which had been caught in an iron trap by a man living in one of the villages of Natal. This animal had been in the habit of paying nightly visits to the colonist's premises, and carrying off poultry; a strong iron spring trap, attached by a chain to a heavy log, was therefore set for him, carefully concealed with loose earth, and a live fowl was tethered in the vicinity. The leopard, during the night, was caught by the foot, and though he dragged the trap and log some distance, was easily tracked to a swampy piece of cover. When I saw the animal, he was confined in a large strong packing-case, with wooden bars nailed in front. I inquired of his captor as to how he managed to liberate him from the trap and secure him in his present den; he informed me simply that he "scruffed" him. This was hardly sufficiently explicit, and upon questioning him further I learned that he first contrived to get a stable-fork over his neck, and then forced him bodily into the mud and slime of the swamp where he found him, after which, seizing the half-suffocated animal by the loose skin at the back of the neck and loins, he managed to force him into a large sack, altogether a most dangerous proceeding, as the leopard was more than half grown, and very savage. Probably this leopard is now living in some English menagerie, as being only very slightly injured in one paw, he was sold and shipped for England.

A large kind of tiger-cat, called *inshlosi* by the natives, is found in many districts, especially in the Zulu country. This animal, which may almost be described as a leopard in miniature, is a ferocious little brute. I knew a colonist who shot one of them when in the very act of gathering itself together to spring upon him. As a rule, both the leopard and tiger-cat will fly from the presence of man, and it is only when wounded that they become dangerous. A large leopard was killed within a mile of the town of Durban, by a youth, who was buck hunting, and who managed, upon coming unexpectedly to close quarters with the leopard, while rambling through the bush, to destroy it, although he had only charged his gun with shot. This event occurred about four years ago, and was noticed in the local newspaper at the time. Lions now are but rarely seen by the colonists, except by such of them as

take trips into the wilder regions for the express purpose of hunting—though there is a district on the confines of the colony of Natal which is called the "Lion Veldt" (*veldt* is the Dutch word signifying a plain), where they are sometimes seen and oftener heard. In the coast district of the Zulu country, bordering upon the Amatonga country, lions are occasionally shot by the hunters, as also in the more remote districts beyond the Drakensberg range. In a lion-haunted country it is always considered necessary to tether the cattle close to the wagon, and to burn large fires during the night.

Hyenas, though both they and the jackals often "make night hideous" with their horrible din, are skulking, timid brutes, and only prey upon the very young, the sick, and the wounded of the animal kingdom. A story was told to me, however, of a hyena having killed an aged Kafir woman and partially devoured her. The grandson of this woman then set a trap over her remains, in which the hyena was caught and killed. The hyena-traps which the natives set are often to be seen, and consist of a short passage formed by a number of bush-posts driven into the ground, making two fences opposite to each other; between these fences a number of heavy logs, upon which are piled large stones and pieces of rock, are suspended, leaving sufficient space underneath for the victim to pass in and seize the bait—some kind of carrion—in doing which he brings the whole of the logs and stones down upon himself. The natives are rather skilful as trappers, and make several ingenious snares for different kinds of animals, though they generally prefer the iron spring traps to any of their own invention. The Kafir tribe are naturally cruel, at all events to the brute creation, and the tortures they will sometimes inflict upon some wretched monkey, trapped during the maize season, are simply abominable. Undoubtedly the monkeys give such of the natives as plant their maize near the bush great provocation, entering the fields in troops, and tearing off from the stalks and carrying away the maize, and they are so active and so cunning that there is but little chance of even shooting them, much less of destroying them by means of the natives' *assegai* (javelin) or *knobkerry*. A troop of monkeys when robbing a maize garden always have a number of sentinels posted among the topmost boughs of the adjoining bush, at a signal from which every monkey is in a moment hidden in the depths of the cover.

The black rhinoceros is considered by the majority of hunters the most formidable of those kinds of game classed as "dangerous." Two kinds of rhinoceros are found in South Africa, and are called by the hunters the "black" and "white rhinoceros." Both these animals are to be met with in the more remote parts of the Zulu country, and also in the land of the Amatonga tribe.

A large stretch of water on the Amatonga border of the Zulu country is abundantly stocked with hippopotami—crocodiles also, by the way. Hippopotami are very generally shot from a boat, and many hunters have told me that after the novelty of the sport has gone, there is but little excitement in it. However, I cannot speak from experience, having seen nothing of this kind of hunting.

Some few years ago a considerable number of hippopotamus hides were shipped to England, by an Englishman residing in the Zulu country; but I believe that the speculation did not turn out a lucrative one, and was abandoned after the first trial. These hides are used in the South African colonies in the manufacture of lashes for wagon-whips, and for riding-whips. The flesh of the hippopotamus is eatable, and is sometimes cured in the same manner as bacon. Hippopotamus ivory is valuable, especially the curved tusks, which are used by the makers of sextants and mathematical instruments. I once missed an opportunity of buying a whole mouth of hippopotamus ivory, at the kraal of a Zulu; the trader who arrived at this kraal, shortly after I had left, had the good fortune to hear of the people having killed a hippopotamus some time previously, and upon inquiring for the ivory, it was produced and bartered away to him at a price, no doubt, very much to his advantage. I suppose the reason the savages had not offered me this ivory was their ignorance of its value among Europeans.



HIPPOPOTAMI ASHORE.

The African buffaloes are generally found in troops, numbering from four or five to hundreds, though occasionally an old bull is found leading a solitary life, having, it is generally supposed, been turned out of the herd on account of his continued attacks upon the other and younger bulls. These old bulls, or "rogue buffaloes," as they are commonly called, are excessively dangerous, being always ready to charge down upon any living thing, even when unwounded and unprovoked. The two formidable curved horns of the buffalo unite in one great mass, which covers the whole forehead; firing at the head, therefore, is of but little use with this kind of game,



CHARGE OF BUFFALOES.

unless the bullet can be lodged somewhere near or between the eyes. The vulnerable portion of a buffalo's skull extends only over a very few square inches.

Buffaloes, though shy, and requiring very careful stalking, are often very dangerous when wounded; and it is in following up and finishing off a "cripple" that the greatest risk is incurred.

It only occasionally happens that a troop of buffaloes will charge together, and then, as they are quick in their movements, and any small timber will give way before them, they are very formidable antagonists. The fact that a buffalo charges blindly forward, rushing for the spot whence the flash of the gun came, if he has been fired at, is the hunter's chief safeguard, giving him an opportunity to dart on one side, and perhaps to deliver a broadside shot as the animal passes.

Many men, both white and coloured, have lost their lives while buffalo-hunting, though it often happens that a buffalo falls, after many shots, without having made a single charge upon his assailants. I once put a rifle-bullet into a buffalo as he stood in the bush at about fifteen paces from me; and after a few tremendous plunges, he joined in the flight with the rest of the herd.

At times, when cautiously creeping through the bush in quest of buffalo, the hunter suddenly finds himself in the midst of a scattered troop, which are quietly taking a siesta in some spot almost darkened by the overshadowing foliage. A friend of mine, while buffalo hunting in the Zulu country, wounded a bull buffalo, which immediately charged down upon him. While endeavouring to escape, his foot was caught in some of the creeping plants with which the bush often abounds, and he was thrown to the ground, where he had sufficient presence of mind to lie as close and still as possible, though doubtless he would have lost his life, but for the efforts of a dog which he had with him. This dog, seizing the buffalo first by one ear and then by the other, so worried and distracted the animal as to prevent his either goring or crushing my friend. When this buffalo was shot by some of the hunting party, his ears were found to be quite lacerated by the teeth of the dog.

Buffaloes are now rarely found within the colonial boundaries, although they have been shot in the colony of Natal within the last few years. These animals were of course wanderers from the more remote parts of the Zulu country. As a general rule, buffaloes, when trooped together, are not nearly as dangerous as the solitary animals. In fact, one of the herd being wounded will, if not too "sick," join in the flight, though this is not invariably the case. An old colonist who had passed much time in the wilder parts of South Africa, related to me an adventure he had met with when several full-grown buffaloes charged down upon himself and a party of Kafirs, appearing quite unexpectedly from among the heavy bush through which he was travelling.

Those Englishmen who now make hunting excursions in South Africa have often numerous difficulties to contend with; and it is not by any means advisable for an inexperienced traveller to enter the territories of some of the savage tribes, unless accompanied by "an old hand;" as without some knowledge of the language, habits, and predilections of the people, he is apt very speedily to realise the fact that he is no longer within the bounds of civilisation, and that from the dictum of a chief there is no appeal; and should he betray any hesitation in leaving the country after being ordered to do so, he may find himself escorted to the border by a company of armed natives, who will allow no unnecessary delay upon the road.

In many cases suitable presents must be made to the chiefs through whose domains the European wishes to hunt, and considerable tact, as well as the exercise of a great deal of patience, is often required. However, a well-organised hunting trip through a country abounding in large game of various descriptions, combined with the complete change of scene and utterly new mode of life, is to a man fresh from his mother-country very enjoyable.

A hunting trip either "overberg" or in Zulu-land, with wagons, tents, horses, plenty of provisions, &c., and a party of friends, is a very pleasant affair, and very different to a trading trip, when a man starts with no other companions than the Kafirs he employs to carry his goods, the said Kafirs often disposed to be mutinous when far in the Zulu country, and perhaps does not see another white man for a month or two at a time. The popular idea that the crafty and avaricious European takes advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of the poor innocent black man is quite erroneous, as the native tribes are keen bargainers, and admirable judges both of the cattle which they sell and of the goods which they receive in exchange. Taking into consideration the risks, hardships, and privations which a white man has to endure as a trader among savages, his profits really are not too large or too easily gained. The only solace or amusement he can expect is a little occasional shooting, and a hard trader does not always get much of this, his time being so fully occupied in bartering for cattle, &c. Certainly, the feeling derived from entering a civilised house for the first time after a long trip over the Tugela is a pleasurable one. One thing a traveller in Zulu-land is never likely to suffer from is extreme thirst, as the whole country is abundantly watered, and the water is almost invariably good. A bath can also be obtained, daily, either a shower-bath, under some little waterfall, or a swim in the deep pool of some river, though it is as well to be careful of the still, sluggish pools, and, in fact, of deep water in general, on account of the crocodiles which frequently haunt such spots. Upon one occasion, coming upon a long, deep pool, in one of the smaller Zulu rivers, I immediately pulled off my clothes and indulged in a cool, delicious swim. Leaving the water, I observed that my Kafir packmen were standing in the shallow, carefully pouring water over their bodies. Asking them why they did not bathe in the deep water, they quietly informed me that they knew it to be swarming with crocodiles. After this, I was more cautious about bathing in deep water. It is a good rule for a white man, in strange rivers, only to bathe where he has seen the natives enter the water. There is, I remember, a large lagoon near the river Umhlatuse, in the coast district of Zulu-land, which is most abundantly stocked with crocodiles. Around this lagoon I have seen the "spoor" (or footprints) of hippopotami; but though I sat up one night I did not succeed in getting a shot. Some of the rivers in Natal also are not entirely free from crocodiles. In one river in particular I have seen and counted eight or nine at a time, and many a token of my good-will have they received, in the shape of wire cartridges and bullets. However, the Natal rivers, when fordable, are almost invariably safe, and many of them do not appear to contain crocodiles at all. Dangers from the various *feræ naturæ* are, as a rule, ridiculously exaggerated.

The Kafirs are very fond of telling stories of a most

ferocious snake (which they call *ihlōn lōn*, to the best of my recollection). This snake they describe as being exceedingly venomous, and always ready to pursue and do battle with mankind; and also as being capable of overtaking a man mounted on a swift horse. As for its appearance, it is said to be not a very large serpent, and to be adorned with a red crest. Though many settlers have a firm belief in the existence of this snake, I must confess that I have always considered it analogous to the *bunyip* of the Australian aborigines. A man may unexpectedly come upon the lair of our most dangerous and combative snake, the black *imambu*, a creature horrible to look at, and if unarmed with gun or stick is apt to make himself scarce without any very minute examination of the animal, and hence, in my humble opinion, the origin of the terrible fiery-crested serpent.

A bitter hatred for the whole loathsome race of snakes seems to take possession of a man living in a country where they are numerous and venomous. At any time I would go out of my way or dismount from my horse for the purpose of killing a snake. Some colonists have assured me that a few varieties of the South African snakes are not venomous; however, most people kill all that come before them, giving none the benefit of the doubt. It is singular how seldom man or beast is bitten by snakes, and if the proper remedies are at hand the poison seems always to be combated. I have known rather strong measures taken in case of snake-bite, and with good effect. A Kafir labourer, in the employ of some friends of mine, coming to the house and complaining that he had been bitten by a snake, the wound was immediately cut and cauterised, and a small fragment of nitrate of silver forced into it. A quantity of eau-de-luce was administered internally, in addition to which the patient was allowed to drink nearly a bottle of over-proof Natal rum, which last remedy he appeared to place great reliance in. This enormous quantity of stimulant appeared to have a good effect, as is generally if not invariably the case when a patient is under the influence of snake poison. Some of the native tribes appear to have discovered remedies for snake-bites. A lad in my employ, a mere child, having been bitten by a snake (an *imfazi*), was treated by his own people, and was sweeping my room in apparently good health and spirits within twenty-four hours. That the natives do not place great confidence in their medicine, whatever it is, seems apparent by their generally seeking the aid of the white man when bitten by a snake.

Captured by the Honduras Indians.—III.

OUR SECOND MARCH.

At length we received orders from the Indians to prepare for our return march. We were to be ready at an early hour in the morning. We were commanded to lay in sufficient provisions, as the distance to go over would occupy at least four days. Hope again smiled in our favour, and we were all as it were in an ecstacy of enjoyment at the idea of returning to our friends. We lost sight of the arduous task we had before us, and did not think how ill we were prepared, in our weak and emaciated condition, to undertake such a journey. The writer of this narrative thought himself sufficiently strong for the march; not so one of his companions, who was literally prostrated, and could not by any possibility manage to walk. We had, however, three horses, and we made up our minds that he should have one, leaving the other two to the children, who could not possibly travel on foot. One horse had been specially sent and retained for myself, but I willingly gave it up, rather than that my emaciated companion should suffer the pains and tortures of a journey on foot in his condition—if, indeed, he could have performed it at all. After several delays, excuses, subterfuges, and false alarms, we at length began our second march, which we shall now briefly relate.

It was in the rainy season when our second march commenced, and we well remember the last morning we spent in the place of our imprisonment. We had got all our provisions in readiness, which consisted of plantains, yams, and some very fat pork, having the day before our leaving the place purchased two pigs for a few dollars (sent secretly by our friends), and which were quite a god-send to us. This stock of provisions was, however, quite inadequate to feed about forty persons, and, as will be seen shortly, we had to suffer very severely, abstemious as most of us were throughout the entire march.

We arose at four a.m. on Tuesday morning, expecting to start immediately. We had two gourds full of water, and went round the town to bid farewell to the people who had supplied us with provisions when we were literally starving, and to see also if we could procure any further supply for our long journey. We stood about watching our captors, and saw that they all laid in a good stock of provisions, such, for instance, as large quantities of corn-cakes, which were made about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, each having about a hundred of these, besides plenty of pork, with which they ordinarily supply themselves when about to undertake a long journey. After waiting several hours (till eleven a.m.) in great suspense, and fully expecting that something would occur—from having been so frequently disappointed—to prevent our departure, we were rejoiced to hear the sound of the bugle, and the beat of the drum, which ordered us to advance. We went in goose line, and ready for the march, and never did music sound sweeter to the ear, badly as both instruments were played by the Indians. We had scarcely marched a mile from the town when the rain came down in torrents; we were soon soaked to the skin, and in a dripping condition. The Indians were nothing daunted by the rain, though we suffered severely by it; indeed, it appeared to nerve them to greater activity, so that we marched at a very smart pace. We marched in this way for about eight miles through mud, and over slippery hills, which caused us to feel that our strength was not equal to what we anticipated it really was. At length we sat down and rested

for a time, our captain (a kind man), who was rather friendly to us than otherwise, said he would wait until the general, who was some little distance in the rear, came up. He said, also, that he would endeavour to procure a horse for the lamest amongst us, but when we saw that the children must be deprived of a ride, we immediately determined to go forward on foot, whatever might be the pain and suffering we should have to endure. It was with difficulty, however, that some of us got along at all; and when, after marching some distance, we arrived at the foot of a high hill, about a mile and a half in extent, and in some places steep and slippery, we gave up all hope of getting over it. The rain still poured in torrents, and added enormously to our difficulties; nor did there appear any hope of its cessation, for all around, as far as the eye could reach, was a gloomy indication of its continuance. However, we cheered each other on, and though it was terrible work to get up the hill, being obliged to put our hands on our knees, and lever ourselves, as it were, along, we ultimately surmounted our difficulty. Every time that the weakest of us stopped, to gather breath and to ease the pain in our legs, the Indians who guarded us would often thrust us forward with the butt-ends of their pieces, not in a feeling of kindliness, but on the contrary, for they frequently exclaimed that if we did not march better they had orders to take us back to the town again. These Indians were not the same men as we started with, therefore were ignorant of the writer having a fever upon him, and being tortured with a sickness infinitely worse than fatigue. Still, the idea of getting free buoyed him up, and enabled him to undergo what, in his wildest dream, he could scarcely imagine that he had undergone. His not being able to proceed, moreover, would have made a halt for the day necessary; and that might have caused the Indians to entertain all kinds of views, such as that, perhaps, his illness was feigned, for the accomplishment of a certain end which they could not see or imagine.



SETTLEMENT ON NEW RIVER, BELIZE.

We got, at length, to the top of the hill, and I was completely exhausted. How to move further I knew not, for my legs sank under me, and from sheer exhaustion I laid myself down on the ground. I had not been there long when one of our men attempted to arouse me, saying, distinctly, that the Indians would make away with me if I did not keep up with the rest. This he had learned from the Spaniard. He also informed me that we had a further march of nine miles to make that day, and the very thought of walking that distance filled me with a kind of dread which cannot be expressed in any language that I can command. My vital powers had become so weak that I felt it would be impossible for me to hold out. I made an effort, however, to rise, and was no sooner on my feet than I felt a giddiness come over me, accompanied by sickness, which I attributed to constant exposure to the weather, want of proper food, and more, perhaps, than all, the lack of a draught of pure water, in which I always found a reviving power. I prayed fervently that I might find strength for that day's journey, for I felt after what my companion had told me, that I should be dispatched by the Indians, in the event of my becoming too fatigued to proceed on the march, and that they would say at Blue Creek that I had run off and they knew nothing of my whereabouts. Nor could such a statement be refuted by my companions, for I had been behind them some time, and only met them at our nightly rendezvous. I at length, by sheer determination, overtook my companion on horseback, who was going leisurely along, for, though riding, he was completely knocked up, and could hardly keep hold of the reins. He, also, was dying for want of water, and as I had a small quantity in my gourd we gladly divided it between us. At length, however, we bivouacked, and took out a portion of our scanty stock of provisions, which consisted of three pieces of tough meat and some cold yam, which, after all, we found more palatable than our general prison fare was at Eketché, and proportionately more refreshing. The rain having ceased, we commenced cutting leaves and making a shanty. Everything we touched, however, was wet and cold, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we kindled a fire to dry our clothes before we ventured to lie down. Although we managed to dry them pretty well, we could find no rest. I had kept my boots on from the time we started on the march, and was afraid of taking them off, lest I should never get them on again, for they were soaked through and through. I implored my companion to do the same, but he imprudently took his off, and had to cut them to a rough kind of fit for the next day's march. The rain again came down in torrents, but luckily we were partially sheltered; and, being fatigued, I and my companion fell into a kind of doze, which passed away the time in a comparatively agreeable manner. We rose next morning at six, finished our scanty provisions, and then had before us a journey of from

twelve to fourteen miles. We kept on waiting until the rain should cease, while, at the same time, it seemed to increase. At about eleven o'clock, however, we were ordered to march, and by sheer good luck I managed to get hold of a horse, which I mounted with some difficulty, for it turned restive, and for a time got the better of my weak hold of the bridle. My companion could hardly sit upon his animal, being almost worn out with fatigue. We soon became drenched with rain, and a more miserable ride it would be difficult to conceive, for it was through bush with scarcely-manageable animals, over slippery undulations, and occasionally up steep hills. Nothing in the shape of travelling could possibly be worse; so, at least, we then thought, in our miserable plight.

We arrived, at length, at one of the Indians' hamlets, as they are called, which was eight miles or so from the point at which we started in the morning. This station consists of five or six huts, only one of them, however, being habitable. It consisted of a slight clearing in the bush, with a small plantation of yams and plantains. We pulled up our horses, but dismounted with difficulty, being stiff from the preceding day's march, and made somewhat stiffer by the ugly ride we had had during the day. I was chilled, too, with the wet, my clothing consisting simply of boots, trousers, and shirt, all of which were saturated with the rain. I entered the hut, after tying my animal to a tree, and seeing a small fire, I endeavoured to dry my clothes. Unluckily, the chill which I had frequently to endure, came on me, and I had no alternative but to get near the fire and lie on the ground until it passed away. Not finding myself getting drier, and the chill still shaking me, I made my way to another hut, but had to wade through mud and water before I could reach it. There was a fire, however, in it, but it was surrounded by a number of our men, who were drying themselves, which I was delighted to see; but there were a number of Indians, also, who partially engrossed the fire in cooking their food. I waited some time before I could get near the fire; but I soon began to feel warm, and get my clothes a trifle drier. On looking round the hut, I counted twenty-five of our own people, and from thirty-five to forty Indians; the place, being about sixty feet by twenty, was crammed to repletion. The Indians had some packages containing their provisions, and their muskets; while some of our people had a few bundles of old rags, and an extremely scanty store of provisions. It was then six p.m., and I had had no food since six a.m., and therefore felt very hungry; and what aggravated the case was that the Indians, who had plenty to eat, and to spare, did not vouchsafe to give us the smallest particle of food. As the majority of us had nothing to eat, we lighted our pipes, and stayed our stomachs as well as we could, although we had very bad tobacco to smoke — the only thing left to console us for our day's fatigue. We had not even wherewithal to drink, except some water which had been fouled by the rain, and was neither fit for man nor beast. We slept pretty soundly, however, although our bed was damp, the surface of the ground irregular, and there were plenty of fleas which did not forget to bite us. The Indians, for the greater part of the night, jabbered among themselves, in their peculiar undertone and language, as if something were not quite right; so at least we conjectured, construing, as was natural in our position, every thing and every incident, however slight in their nature, to be against us. We expected to start early next morning, but the rain fell in torrents, and we knew that this would make the swamps very difficult to traverse, and materially impede our progress. No order, however, came to march. Lying in a hammock which I had got suspended, I heard some of our people conversing together, and from what I could gather, the Indians were getting ready, at a moment's notice, to kill us. I felt, for a moment, that this was not at all impossible, as the Indians were priming their muskets with fresh powder, and some of them were snapping caps to ascertain whether their charges would go off, although the locks of



INDIAN OF EKETCHÉ.

their muskets had been well covered with waterproof skins. Shortly after, our Spanish guardian came into the hut, and had a long conversation with the captain, the general, and some of the head men. He spoke Indian, apparently in a hurried, impatient, but fearless manner. I watched the Spaniard closely, and the effect his conversation had on the general. The latter simply shook his head, and looked rather fierce, and very determined. We construed this as foreboding ill. However, the day passed away and nothing of consequence took place. We had no food for two days, and many of us were extremely weak for the want of it. Towards night, however, one of the Indians gave me a corn-cake, and a small piece of meat upon it; this was given by the captain, at the command of the general. By this time all the negroes had been ordered out of the hut, and there was only myself amongst some fifty Indians. My almost constant companion, even, was not there, as he had in the course of the day shifted to another hut, by way of change, to see if he could get a hammock to lie down upon, as almost all the hammocks in our hut were occupied by Indians. While I was eating my cake and meat, some Indians who had been boiling a kind of root, called *cocous*, gave me some to eat. I accepted the present gratefully, and acknowledged it with the best grace I could. One of the Indians made signs that he could lend me a pipe; and, having mislaid or lost my own, I received it with pleasure. Although these Indians were courteous to me, they were by no means so to the negroes, who were refused sternly everything they asked for. So, also, was my companion, whose brusque manner, however, to his captors was perhaps pardonable, but not under the circumstances. I found civility go a great way, although it was occasionally much against the grain.

At length, some twenty-five Indians, who had been missing for some little time, returned to the station. Some said they had been hunting, but it turned out that they had been to the town, and that all was right. It appeared that the Indians had heard—by rumours spread abroad by certain lying Indians, who were desirous of seeing us slaughtered—that the town where the ransom was to be paid had been attacked by an unfriendly tribe, and that all there had been massacred. Our Spanish guide had, somehow or other, obtained the clue to these movements, and had he not remonstrated with the general, we should, to a man, no doubt, have been destroyed. The return, however, of the twenty-five, and the confirmation that the rumours were false, luckily saved our lives.

The morning of the sixth day broke gloomily on the horizon, the sun having a watery appearance, and everything around us indicating rain. However, having had a few hours' rest, and a little food, I felt nerved to the journey before us; besides, this was to terminate our captivity. We marched the first four miles through a cane-swamp, and, being mounted, I felt equal to almost anything I should have to encounter, though my strength was low. I plunged through swamps and dashed through the vines and creepers, regardless of the wounds they inflicted on me, for a vine cuts like a knife, and is of a very unyielding nature whenever you come in contact with it. I eluded them, however, as well as I could, sometimes by ducking my head, and at others by falling down at the side of my horse, Indian fashion, to avoid being literally torn off the animal. My companion, however, through his inability to avoid the creepers and vines, was occasionally unhorsed; and it required all my remaining strength to reseat him in the saddle, so little was he capable of assisting himself. It was truly pitiable to see any human being in so terrible a plight as he was, after falling from his horse. We continued in this way for about twenty miles, always in the bush, and had passed over five different swamps overgrown with canes, two of them being from four to five miles in extent, and the travelling, we need scarcely remark, was as painful as circumstances could possibly make it.

At length we came to what is termed by bushrangers a "pass." It was a natural road through the bush, and was covered with grass. This was agreeable travelling, after emerging from cane-swamps and the bush. This road, or rather path, was upwards of eight miles in length, when we came to a river, which had to be crossed. After tarrying on the banks of this river, which was swollen by the rains, some of our men felled a tree across the stream, and by this means got across with but little difficulty. I, however, had no alternative but to wade through the water, which took me up to the neck. I found this the best way to secure my horse, and to help my companion over, having led both horses at the same time. The animals, however, plunged about rather madly at first, but when fairly in the stream they were easily towed to the opposite bank. We remained in our wet clothes until all our people had crossed, some having gone lower down the creek, in search of an easier manner to cross than we had done.

The remainder of our march was, at least for full an hour, over a muddy track, knee deep in water, until we arrived at a clearing, where we rested before ascending a high hill, which was in parts rocky, steep, and slippery. We found great difficulty in getting our horses up the hill, and the people had, therefore, got far ahead of us. We were guarded by five Indians, but they did not offer the slightest assistance. They were cool, and quite callous to all our sufferings, and seemed rather to enjoy than to commiserate the difficulties we had to surmount. They ordered us, however, in a somewhat brusque manner, to hurry on, at least so we understood their signs, which required little explanation. After travelling again through bush, which appeared to be thicker and more impassable as we proceeded, we arrived at the end of our second day's march, where our ransom was supposed to be paid, and our troubles would cease. We found, however, nothing but deserted huts, some of which our men crowded into, while the Indians kept apart in others. I had scarcely arrived when I felt a severe attack of fever, which arose, I believe, from having my clothes dried upon my back, after crossing the river; this caused me to lie down upon some dead leaves, outside the hut, the interior being filled with our people. We were guarded as usual, and were given to understand that some Indians had been sent a little in advance to receive the ransom, which caused us great anxiety. All manner of conjectures were made as to the settlement being accomplished in a peaceable way; but we were not left in suspense very long, for a body of police, eight in number, were seen advancing, and after a short interview with the Indians, the latter courteously informed us that all had been settled, and that we had only to get up and go a short distance through the bush to the bank of the river, where we would find our friends. We lost no time in complying with the Indians' request, and in less than half an hour we found ourselves in a small Spanish hamlet, on the river's bank, where the ransom-money had been paid, and the termination of our captivity consummated.

Our friends were awaiting our arrival with boats ready to

receive ourselves and baggage, which was scant indeed; and having bid farewell to the Indians, some of whom were really courteous in their demeanour, however cruel they had been in their capture of us, we crossed the river, where we met an officer in uniform, with eight police, who had arranged matters. We then took boats and paddled down the creek some three or four miles, when we arrived at a plantation, where friends were prepared to receive us, and where a welcome repast was ready for us; and, as we had scarcely tasted anything for two days and two nights, we may be pardoned for saying that we never felt so great a pleasure during the course of our whole existence. After the repast we retired to rest, until boats could be got ready for transporting us to Belize, which, after rowing down the Hondo, we reached in seven days, being fearfully punished throughout the passage by heat and sand-flies.

The ransom demanded by the Indians for our release at the commencement of the negotiations was 12,000 dollars; they ultimately received 3,000 dollars.

Recent Discoveries in Madagascar.—II.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

WHILE the numerical strength of the natives of the coast is diminishing daily, or at least remains stationary, that of the Hovahs is increasing to a remarkable degree; and now that peace is established in the island, it will probably double itself in another half-century.

The customs of the different tribes are not absolutely the same, yet there is so much general resemblance between them, that it is easy to include the salient features of their principal social and religious laws in one broad sketch, which will apply equally to all the inhabitants of the island.

The Madecasses believe in a God who is all powerful, the creator of the world, and master of the destinies of man. This God they worship, and invoke in every action of their lives. They also believe that near to this God dwell the souls of their ancestors, and that these act as mediums between the Divinity and man, and thus they exercise a great influence over the welfare of their relations. M. Grandidier, with his usual thoroughness of research, tried to trace out how this combination had arisen, and was led to conclude that the worship of the shades of their ancestors existed as their original religion, and that they grafted on to it that purer worship of God, whom they adore without the aid of temples, or any direct representation of the Deity, and which most probably came to them through the old Arab traders. The idea of the eternal strife between the principles of good and evil seems never to have entered their minds.

In all acts of importance the Madecasse addresses God himself, while at the same time he makes mention of his *razanes*, or ancestors; to God he offers a bullock over which he makes his prayers. Certain portions are roasted as offerings to the ancestors—his guardian angels. But should the prayers only concern the petty details of his every-day life, he invokes his ancestors direct, and contents himself by offering a little boiled rice and a few drops of rum.

The Madecasse mind, ever superstitious and on the look-out for the miraculous, is naturally disposed to receive with avidity and entire faith the predictions of soothsayers, who drive a profitable trade in this country by revealing the future. They consult the *Sikidy*, or Destiny, by means of certain grains, just as our fortune-tellers consult cards; and while the natives receive as true the interpretations deduced from the chance arrangement of these grains, they do so because they believe that arrangement to have been made by the hand of God. They also possess talismans in which they place great confidence, since they believe that the power possessed by these charms is communicated to them by the Divinity.

Marriage appears to be the only act of private life which is not accompanied by prayer. Sacrifices and prayers are almost invariably offered on the occasion of births, circumcision, and deaths. A young girl is allowed entire liberty of action until the time when one of her lovers, who must be of equal rank with herself, and have gained her permission, makes a formal demand of her family. If the marriage is considered a suitable one, then all that is necessary to make it valid is the simple consent of the father, given before witnesses. The husband has then the power to put away his wife if she misconducts herself, and she is not allowed to marry again unless her husband has divorced her. The marriage thus far is mere concubinage, according to our ideas. The property of the wife is left in the hands of the chief of her family, and her earnings are deposited there too, until the birth of a child; then the wife's possessions are joined to those of her husband; then prayers and sacrifices are offered; then the marriage is considered indissoluble.

The Madecasses possess an exaggerated fear of burial-grounds; they bury their dead in desert places which they never go near, except for the purposes of interment. Although they offer sacrifices on the occasion of a death, it is never done near the grave. Each family makes choice of some spot where they set apart one or more stones as sacrificial altars. The Sakalavas address prayers to the manes of their ancestors on the ruins of the houses they inhabited during life—true altars, on which they offer a little rice and a few drops of rum. The Betsileos and the Antsianakas are the only people free from this dread of burial-grounds, placing the tombs of their dead by the roadside.

TOWNS.

Although the island is so large in extent, it contains but five towns of any importance. These are Tananarivo (population 75,000), Fianarantsoua (10,000), Tamatava (7,500), Madsanga (6,000), and Foulepoint (4,000). The other so-called towns are really nothing more than villages, often inhabited by but one family. The country, with the exception of the valleys of Emerina, Antsianaka, and some parts of the Betsileos country, is very sparsely inhabited. Some-

times M. Grandidier walked for days without coming across a single habitation; and on one of his expeditions he slept for seven consecutive nights in the open desert.

ROADS.

Roads in this country there are none which can be properly so-called; they are but paths marked out and trodden by the feet of travellers, and so narrow that it is often impossible for two people to walk abreast. Regular roads might, however, be cut easily enough. It is true that the country is mountainous, but, on the other hand, the ascents are gradual, and the highest altitude is never very great. The soil is firm; and by making use of the rocks which crop out on every side for macadamising, engineers would find no difficulty in making good roads, practicable and easy for traffic.



TANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

GOVERNMENT.

The government of the Hovahs is that of an absolute monarchy. Now that a queen is on their throne, the supreme power rests entirely in the hands of the prime minister. It has always been the policy among the Hovahs not to put any of the nobles into high government offices, lest, from their relationship to the queen, they should seize a favourable opportunity, depose her, and make one of themselves the reigning sovereign, which would not be a difficult matter. The prime minister, therefore, has no royal blood in his veins, and his position is not by any means an enviable one, for he is surrounded by enemies, and he is obliged, from prudential reasons, to flatter the principal personages of the realm by consulting them and by taking their advice. The family which has given prime ministers to three sovereigns springs from the ranks, yet in half a century it has become the wealthiest and most influential in the island.

The army of the Hovahs numbers about 35,000 men, and is managed on the same plan as our volunteer corps, for neither officers nor men receive any pay; and, as the soldiers are scattered far and wide, each occupied in getting his daily bread by agricultural labours or by trading, the army could not be mustered very quickly. These men, though they have been trained somewhat in military tactics, learned from Europeans, and though they are far superior to any of the other tribes, would quickly succumb to a European army; very probably they would be ready at the first attack to go over to the enemy, for they hate the severe discipline to which they are subjected. M. Grandidier visited most of the Hovah forts, which he found only fitted to resist the attacks of natives, and not sufficiently strong to stand an hour's bombardment from a mountain howitzer.

The tribes independent of the Hovahs are ruled by petty kings, who are supposed to hold supreme authority over their subjects. They are, however, very much in the hands of their chiefs, over whom they have no real control, and whom they are obliged to keep in good humour, or they, with their family, dependants, and slaves, would forthwith march over to another state, and these not unfrequent defections are, of course, serious losses. The independent tribes have no regular army.

Every man, free or slave, arms himself with musket and *assegai*, whenever he goes out, whether by night or day. In times of war, they form themselves into irregular bodies, and make their attacks by night. These sorties are but for the purpose of carrying off booty; the idea of adding to their territories seems never to enter their minds.

TRADE.

The trade on the east coast has always been of great importance to the islands of Mauritius, Bourbon, and the Seychelles, the importations of cattle and rice from Madagascar being really indispensable to these islands. The articles exported from this coast to Europe are india-rubber, hides, and copal. During the last three years the india-rubber trade has increased in an extraordinary manner. More than 250 tons have been exported during that time.

The trade on the west coast is equally important. Without speaking of the quantity of rice constantly exported to the north-west, to Zanzibar, to the African coast, and to the Comoro Islands, there are immense cargoes of hides, turtle, peas, beeswax, and ebony, and violet-ebony wood, sent out of the country, which valuable commodities are exchanged for cotton cloth, printed calicoes, coarse crockery-ware, powder, flints, &c.



PRIME MINISTER.

THE MANNERS OF THE SAKALAVAS OF THE SOUTH.

It is only within the last few years that any intercourse has been held with the inhabitants to the south and west of Madagascar; and M. Grandidier claims the honour of being the first traveller who has attempted, or at any rate succeeded in making acquaintance with these people, and of observing their ways and customs. Some of these are very curious, and merit description.

As regards the character of the Sakalavas themselves, M. Grandidier considers it to be on a par with that of other savages. They indeed bear a very bad name with the traders who frequent the ports on those coasts, and who describe them, not without reason, as a most rapacious, perfidious, and insolent race of beings. But this bad character must not be applied to those inland. Seaports, even in civilised countries, are the resort and feeding-grounds of what are termed land-sharks, and all ports seem to afford special scope for men to display their worst traits. The Sakalavas are apparently not exempt, and are particularly extortionate in their dealings with merchant vessels. When a man-of-war enters their port, they are on their best behaviour, and appear to be the most inoffensive and honest of men, but to the unlucky trader they show their true character. They charge any sum they please for the right of anchorage; and each time the vessel arrives the captain is made to pay at an increasing rate. Not only has he to provide presents for the king, but for all the chiefs as well, and the value and number are expected to be larger every voyage. If he refuses to accede to these extortions, all liberty to trade is forbidden, and he is not even allowed to receive the merchandise which his agent may have bought for him in his absence. This corrupt state of things, it may readily be imagined, is highly injurious to commerce. M. Grandidier much regrets that the treaties concluded between the kings of the Sakalava country and the French Admiral, M. Fleuriot de Langle, are not strictly enforced, for then these unjust exactions would cease to be made. Indeed, as matters now stand, it would be better if these treaties had never been drawn up, for the natives speak very contemptuously of the French, owing to their non-enforcement.

The religion of the Sakalavas is very like that of the rest of their fellow-countrymen. They worship a single god, *Drianahar*, or, the "Supreme Being," who is the all-powerful Creator of the world, to whom they raise neither temple nor statue. They never omit to mention their ancestors and their country in their prayers, for the Sakalavas also believe that the dead, whom they hold in much awe, have great influence, and no native ever dares to break a vow made to the shades of his relatives.

All their acts of prayer and thanksgiving are accompanied by a sacrifice, and the ceremony is conducted in this manner, first, they tie together the feet of the animal, and having thrown it on the ground they then place its head towards the east. In front of it they put a small clay vessel, in which incense burns. When all these arrangements are completed, the chief of the family repeats a prayer in a loud voice, all the while striking the body of the victim with a sacred knife. They then select a tree—a *hazoumanitre*, or "tree of the law," which they stain with the blood, and this tree is for the future regarded by them as a remembrance of this particular ceremony. Their next act is to cook a small portion of the sacrifice at the foot of this tree, as a religious offering to their ancestors. The remainder of the animal is distributed amongst those who have

assisted. These sacrifices strongly recall those of the Jewish law. There are occasions on which human beings are immolated in the place of oxen. In the province of Fiherenana, when a young king shaves for the first time, it is the cruel custom to dip the razor in the blood of some old man celebrated for courage, and he is accordingly put to death for this special purpose. The birth of a child is usually considered an occasion for rejoicing, and is signalised by the discharge of muskets. But again these people show their foolish superstition. A child may be born on an unlucky day, these days varying according to the different families; and, when this is the case, the new-born infant is condemned to exposure, and consequently to death. Unlucky days are those on which any misfortune has happened in the family. For instance, a father of the family of the Vourounioukas, whose daughter had died in child-birth on a Thursday, attributed her death (not without reason) to the child, which was at once deserted; and, since then, all the children born on a Thursday in that family are taken away from their parents, and left to die in the open air.

At the birth of a son and heir, it is the duty of a Sakalava father to offer an ox to God, and to set apart a *hazoumanitre*, as a sign that he acknowledges his son. The first religious rite to which children are subjected is that of circumcision. It is not attended with any manifestations of joy, as there is always a doubt whether the young infant, of whom but little care is taken, will survive the rite. On this occasion a bull is sacrificed instead of an ox. The child is placed on the animal during the invocation, and the succeeding ceremony is very unique. The father holds the infant in his arms, its nearest relatives encircle it and conceal it under their *lambas*, and the operator performs the ceremony with a blunt razor. The severed part is then placed in a gun charged with powder, or on the point of a dart; the gun is fired, or the dart thrown over the roof of the father's dwelling, and if it sinks straight into the earth, it is a sure sign that the child will be a brave man.

With the eldest sons of kings, however, the rite is conducted in a very different manner, their whole bodies being considered sacred; and upon one of the uncles of the future monarch devolves the honour of a repast as singular as it is disgusting.

What has been said with respect to the marriage laws of the other tribes applies equally to the Sakalavas. Their morals are very lax previous to marriage, but afterwards the wife must be faithful to her husband. If she is not happy, she may return to her parents, but she cannot marry again until her husband has publicly divorced her. Infidelity, which is by no means uncommon, is punished by a fine paid by the offenders to the husband. If relations wish to marry, it is necessary to offer a sacrifice to God and the ancestors. A *hazoumanitre* is planted to commemorate the act, and the married couple eat the heart of the animal sacrificed. The husband provides the sacrifice; and if afterwards the wife is guilty of infidelity, she is required to pay to him the cost of the animal.

The Sakalavas are fond of children, and adoptions are frequent. In this, as in more civilised countries, might makes right, and a man is the more powerful and prosperous the more he numbers of children, dependants, or slaves.

These people, like the rest of their fellow-countrymen, are eminently superstitious. There is not a single man among them, free or slave, who does not possess his *ahouli*, or talisman. This *ahouli*—for which often a high price is paid—is the tip of the horn of an ox, which contains some sand saturated with grease, some old nails, little bits of wood, a few screws, &c.; all things in which they place unbounded confidence; believing at the same time that it is the Supreme Being who endows these odds and ends with the good properties they suppose them to possess. Each talisman has its own particular virtue; one will render its possessor invulnerable; another is a precious love-philtre; some give health, others wealth; there is also one to which they attribute the power of killing their enemies. When the Sakalavas speak of death by poisoning, they do not allude to vegetable and mineral poisons, but to the effect produced by these talismans. A man will throw an *ahouli* under the bed of his enemy, breathing a prayer at the same time that it may be his death; and he is quite sure that, sooner or later, his prayer will be answered. Or perhaps a passer-by will be invited into a hut to partake of the owner's hospitality, and joins the family repast, and it so happens that the next day the host falls ill, and shortly after he dies. To the Sakalava mind the cause is clear: he has been poisoned, and that by the man he entertained. And yet, be it remarked, both partook of the same dish of maize, off the very same plate too! The sons of the deceased at once arm themselves with muskets, and set forth in search of the poor fellow, whom in their stupid superstition they consider has poisoned their father.

The Sakalavas believe that most of their people die of poison in this manner, and that it is only those persons who live to an extreme old age who really die a natural death. The *ahouli* is generally worn suspended from the neck, and from time to time a Madecasse will address his prayers, and even offer an ox as a sacrifice to it, and also pour a few drops of rum on the sand, in order to propitiate the talisman. It is not an uncommon thing for the soothsayers to set their *ahoulis* in opposition one against the other. Each prophet prays with great fervour to his talisman, that his particular wishes may be granted. Whoever during the ensuing month falls ill, or has any misfortune, owns himself to be vanquished.

There is one very curious custom which the people on the west coast put in practice when attacked by a certain convulsive malady to which they are subject—this is called the *sandatse* or *bily*. A little hut of reeds is constructed in the middle of the fields, to which the sufferer is removed, and some of his relations, who make a vow of chastity for the time being, accompany him. Each evening they chant their prayers to the Supreme Being. The men occupy themselves by running—weapons in hand—round and round the hut, raising clouds of dust and repeating the while a monotonous refrain, which they accompany from time to time with shots from their guns. If one did not know the good intentions by which they are actuated, one would suppose that their desire was to hasten the death of their relative. On the last day of the ceremony, the patient is placed on a platform some few feet in height, and on it his toilet is made in public; he is then obliged to eat a morsel of the sacrifice which is offered to God. Then, if he has the strength, it is his duty to dance to the shouts of the crowd which surrounds him; and also to choose a young calf from his herds, whose life is considered sacred until the death of its master.

The Sakalavas have a great fear of death: they not only place the graves of their relations in sequestered nooks, but they also pull down the house of the dead man, and put away everything that has belonged to him, and never even so much as

mention his name afterwards. After the death of a king, they replace his name by another; for example, King Ramitra has since his decease been called Mahatenatenarivou ("the prince who vanquished a thousand enemies"). This practice of never pronouncing the name or even words which bear the same termination, has had a marked influence on the language, which, although the same originally throughout the country, is now changed into numberless dialects. The funeral rites of the Marouserananes kings are very remarkable, and worthy of record. When a king dies, his body is sewn up in the skin of an ox, and suspended in some secluded spot in a neighbouring forest, and the care of it confided to one particular family. After the lapse of several months, the chiefs assemble together and go in search of relics—one of the cervical vertebræ, a nail, and a lock of hair; the rest of the remains are buried with great pomp. Human sacrifices are offered, and since a king must not rest on common earth like his more humble subjects, his coffin is placed on those of his victims. But to return to the relics. These valued possessions are enclosed in the tooth of a crocodile, and the way in which such a tooth is obtained is this: they bait a narrow part of the river by throwing into it a liberal supply of the intestines of oxen, &c., and when the company have arrived for the feast, their retreat is cut off by barricading the outlets, and the next proceeding is to pick out the finest amongst the party assembled. They then bind their prize with cords, and drag it on to the bank: between its jaws, just in the exact spot where are its largest teeth, they thrust a hot potato. At the end of a quarter of an hour the tooth is quite loose and can easily be extracted; the unlucky creature is then released.

The relics, when enclosed in the tooth, are placed in the house which is kept sacred to the ancestors. As the possession of these relics constitutes the right to the throne, they are constantly in danger of being stolen, either by different members of the Sakalava tribes, who know that the authority of usurpers even will not be disputed if once they hold this treasure, or by the Hovahs, who are aware of this superstition of the Sakalavas, and who, when they visited that part of the country, were much more anxious to secure the relics than the reigning monarch. But the Sakalavas always carefully guard the former, under the pretext that it is a homage they ought to pay to them as emblems of royalty.

Such is the account M. Grandidier gives of Madagascar. In considering the whole question—the country, commerce, the people, the climate, he arrives at the conclusion that on the whole it is quite as well for the French that Madagascar has not become one of their colonies. It would be, according to his idea, a heavy burden, which even in the future would not repay the great outlay necessary to gain any profit from the undertaking. The Madecasses on the coast and fertile districts are too indifferent, too idle, of too independent a character ever to make good labourers.

The work of raising Madagascar into a great country such as it might become, devolves on the Hovahs, who appear to be capable and fitted for this task. They have already begun the work. Characterised by the spirit of perseverance and of industry, they possess the power to regenerate the country, and though M. Grandidier would by no means have his countrymen to relinquish their imprescriptible rights, or to allow the island to be invaded by foreigners, he thinks that their wisest course is frankly to acknowledge the present position of the Hovahs as masters of the best part of the land, to protect them, and to join them in their efforts to civilise the country.

Japan and the Japanese.—III.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

The empire of Japan has been preserved in its integrity by the ancient traditions and by the later teachings of Confucianism and Buddhism. Ancient tradition ascribes to the rulers of Japan a divine origin. The emperor is said to have been descended from the Goddess Ten-shio Dai-jin, the worship of whom and the veneration for ancestors has been modelled into a sort of politico-moral religion, called Shintoism, or the *Kami no michi*—"way of the Kami," or "the superior ones." This is undoubtedly a kind of hero-worship, which points to the imitation of the manly virtues of great men. But there are some curious points about it which are not so clear. It abounds with symbols and mysterious rites. Its festivals are called *matsuri*, and they consist in a number of formalities gone through by the chief dignitaries of the persuasion. The worship contains some remarkable traits. The offerings are simply pieces of paper, called *gohei*, cut in quaint fashion, and these represent various things, among others, "the sins of the people." At the *matsuri*, or festival, these *gohei* are scattered abroad to the winds, and in like manner the sins of the devotees are said to be removed. Sometimes the great public ceremonies take place by the sea-side, of which a very remarkable one may be witnessed at Futami, in Ise, that takes place at the end of the sixth month. The officiating priests are seated in their canonicals before the *gohei*, drawn up in lines and facing the sea, while the worshippers are in a band behind them.

The priests of the Shinto faith belong only to three families, and they are thus separated from the common people like the Levites of old. The adherents of this faith profess to hold communion with the gods by prayer, and their prayers (*harai*) are offered in the *miya* or in their own houses. The time of prayer is usually in the morning. Like all primitive oriental religions, Shintoism is based on natural phenomena, as it were, apotheosised, but it appears to have much more of the spiritual element than the Hindooism of the Brahmins or the rationalism of the Tauists. No images are carved out for the worshippers, but offerings of various sorts are said to please the unseen god, whose assistance or protection is sought for. Purity of the

heart and honesty in action are the chief doctrines which the Shinto priest inculcates. Periods of penance are practised, and the would-be penitent allows himself to be shut up in a small closet away from his fellows and without food, for days together, in order that he may bring himself into that frame of mind which is desired. A curious picture which we have seen represents an out-coming penitent from his confinement; two of the temple attendants are opening, with great effort, the massive sliding doors, and the devotee appears in the opening, while a glorious ray of light seems to shed its lustre on all around, as if from the very "gate of heaven," and in the foreground is placed a vessel of burning coals, fire being held sacred by the Shintoist.

The worshipper in the public *miyas* first performs ablutions at the door, then kneels opposite to the grated window, peering through which he can observe the perpetual sacred fire. He presents his offerings of rice, fruit, or *sǎkĕ* (wine), and perhaps a formal prayer, though Shinto prayers are not always prescribed, but are left to be the reflex of the petitioner's own mind.

Within the *miya* is kept also a mirror, a sword, and a sacred gem. These are symbols of the power of the emperor, whose exalted position is upheld by reference to the Shinto elements of faith. Of the mirror it is said that in early times the heaven-illuminating god arrived at Kashiwabara, the capital of Japan at that time, and placed an eight-cubit mirror and a grass-shaving sword in the palace on the throne of the emperor, and these received such homage as was rendered in the early times. The efficacy of the god was very great, so that the emperor, dwelling with this god (these divine symbols) was, as it were, equal to a god. There is some disagreement as to the material of the ball or sacred gem; one says it is a crystal ball, another calls it a ball of greenstone.

In every *miya* there are representatives of these three divine symbols, and there the worshipper reveres the Kami.



AMMA, OR SHAMPOOERS.



CONVIVIAL PARTY OF LOWER CLASS JAPANESE.

The original articles which are necessary as a proof of the possessor being the lawful Mikado were once stolen, and kept for several months; but they were subsequently recovered. On several occasions they were nearly destroyed by fire, and so late as 1851 there was an instance of this. On the last occasion they were preserved by the Kunge Hashimoto at the imminent risk of his life.

There are many thousands of *miyas* through the empire, but there are said to be some twenty-two chief shrines, and the greatest *miya* is that in Ise, near Osaka. The ceremonies gone through in the larger *miyas* are very elaborate. It is considered to be a crime to neglect visiting and assisting at them.

The great doctrine of the Shintoists is, that purity of the heart is the chief thing. They believe in the immortality of the soul, heaven and hell, rewards and punishments, and have engrafted the five cardinal virtues from the Confucian philosophy. These are humanity, justice, humility, sincerity, and prudence.

The Japanese usually rise early, and the first refreshment is tea at six or seven o'clock in the morning. About half-past seven or eight they breakfast on rice and eggs, or fish, the latter sometimes pickled, and wine is partaken of. The mid-day meal or dinner consists of rice and fish, fowl, or game with soup from these, and wine and sweetmeats. About four or five they again take tea, and a plain supper at six. Tea is frequently taken in small quantities through the day, and *săké*, a spirit distilled from rice, is taken at the larger meals. Spirits are produced by fermentation and subsequent distillation from the following:—rice, tea, the plum, and the sweet potato. The chief wine and that most celebrated is the *Sakai no săké*, or wine of Sakai, an important place not far from Osaka.

In the picture on the preceding page we have a convivial party among the lower classes, of a distinctive character. The attendant is bringing in the fish on the usual *dai*, or stand. The method of holding the chopsticks is shown well in one instance; the lady seems to be about to manipulate the rice, which is eaten from bowls of lacquer-ware, which often serve for the double purpose of drinking and eating, although in consuming the *săké*, cups are occasionally dispensed with, and the bottle itself goes round. Among the higher classes more civilised modes are in vogue.

Latterly, in large measure, European customs, even in eating and drinking, have begun to prevail, and European wines are consumed. But the Japanese are moderate in their habits, and do not eat and drink so largely or so frequently as Europeans do.

The life of the people is, like their costumes and their dwellings, picturesque and quaint. There is a considerable amount of superstition, especially among the lowest class, but it is tempered with a good deal of quaint humour. The common belief in the fox's transformations leads to wonderful stories of fairy-foxes, which have in them considerable touches of satire. The more sensible part of the population smile at them, and the children are amused. But palmistry and astrology are rife, and exercise a baneful influence. In one of our pictures we have a very natural scene in common life. It shows the main entrance to a humble restaurant. The sign-board tells us that it is a "place of rest," and that food (*meshi*, rice) is the article of sale. The two attendant shop-girls are watching, and listening to the conversation of the two old cronies squatting by the door. One of these is a professional fortune-teller, the other, the old man with the staff like an alpenstock, is an *amma*, or professional shampooer. A traveller, who is lounging upon the bench, listens with apparent earnestness. The listless attitude of unconcern of the young girl in the doorway is very characteristic.

Fortune-telling in Japan is carried on by a degraded class of wayfarers, who employ various arts to attain their predictions. The lines on the hand, or palmistry; the furrows on the cheeks and the form of the face, or physiognomy; and the style of forming the written characters are among these. They are strange persons, like the confraternity of gipsies in some other parts of the world. Divinations by the "Eight Diagrams of the Chinese Philosophy of the Yih King," by curiously-formed Chinese characters, by the flight of crows, and by other means, are not uncommon. The popular illustrated books explain the various methods, and there are *connoisseurs* in each department.

The *amma* is a great public character; he is frequently blind, and always old. He goes about the streets of the large cities at night, near the time of performing ablutions, and he is ready to operate upon any weary body and to any extent. His price varies from a sum equal to twopence up to sixpence. For the latter sum he will shampoo the body from head to foot. His usual method of attracting attention is by means of a small flute, on which he plays as he perambulates the streets. The *amma* is often rather well-to-do, but the majority of his class are poor, and pick up only a precarious livelihood. They cry as they go along, "*Amma hari! amma hari!*" In the accompanying woodcut we have three resting, or waiting to be hired. This use of blind men in Japan is worthy of the consideration of the various societies in the world which have for the object of their benevolence the welfare of the blind.

One of the most famous or rather infamous places in Yedo is, or rather was, the Yoshiwara. It was until the other day, a government institution for the accommodation of the public women. It was the recognised public establishment where the vices of the people might run riot. Not that it was without regulations; the strictest arrangements being in force regarding the classes and conduct of the inmates. The display and style of dress of the unfortunate women might vie with any of the *demi-monde* of our highly-civilised communities. On certain days, once or twice a year, the *Jōrōs* of distinction form a procession in which they carry upon their dresses the most elaborate pieces of ladies' needle-work, and their toilettes are wonderful to behold. From twenty to fifty of these ladies display the presents they have received, and the embroidery they have achieved during the interval since the last procession. Fish and fans and birds and children, and all manner of strange devices are depicted upon the dress of the *mulier formosa*. The cost of these garments is enormous, the outer dress being worth four or five hundred pounds, and the waistband being valued at nearly a hundred. The beautiful pins used in the head-dresses are of amber, and are very expensive, even in Japan. The combs are of the same material, and they, with the set of twelve hairpins, add to the charms of each individual beauty, and the whole of the decorations mark respectively the merits of the wearer. The government of Japan has acted wisely in

closing this venerable institution, and it seems to be in earnest in its endeavour to raise the position of the women of that country.

A visit to the Yoshiwara gives the traveller a good idea of the style of the buildings in Japan, and the mode of promenading with an attendant umbrella-bearer. The place is of great extent, and covers many acres of ground. There is but one entrance, over which the government guards were placed to observe who entered and departed. Now all is changed, and we must give the Japanese credit for the vigorous action they have taken in the matter.

The dispatch of such places as the Yoshiwara is not all, the Japanese government has established hospitals and workhouses on foreign models. The Dai-gaku Tō-kō is the great medical hospital. It is situated near Uyeno and is free to all. Many of the mansions (*yashiki*) of the late daimios are now utilised for useful and benevolent purposes. The workhouse is where was lately the *yashiki* of the Prince of Awa.

Yedo is supplied daily from the country with vegetables, which are brought to the market, situated in the Konya-chō, near Tsukiji. The vegetables most in use are the cabbage, onion, sweet potatoes, lettuce, radish, &c. The rice market is at Okura-mai, near the government rice stores at Asakusa. The fish market is at Nihon-bashi, the bridge of Yedo.

The city of Yedo is one of three principal cities of the empire, which are *foo* cities, a designation derived from the Chinese; the others are Osaka and Kioto, otherwise called Miako and Sai-Kiyo (western capital). It is under a *chiji*, or governor, who rules over all the municipality, but only in a civil sense; he has no military command. The present governor, Kimmasu Yuri, is a man of enlightened sentiments, and has recently made the tour of Europe to gather information concerning municipal laws, police regulations, and other matters of special interest to him. Yedo being the seat of the government, and the residence of the Mikado or emperor, all the offices of government are located here. On the deposition of the late Tycoon in 1868, the capital of the country was changed from Kioto to Yedo, which then was called *Tokio* or *Tokei*, "eastern capital," and the emperor formally took possession of the Shiro or Castle, having been conveyed from Miako to Osaka and thence to Yedo with a long array of the daimios and high officers of the empire in great pomp.

With the downfall of the Tycoon, all his system of government was destroyed, and a period of anarchy, but of short duration, succeeded. . The revolution, which had been commenced by an attack on Prince Satsuma's *yashiki* at Yedo, and had been carried on by the forces of the daimios in the neighbourhood of Kioto against the army of Tokugawa Yoshi-Hisa, the Tycoon, has been the proximate cause of two great changes, the recovery of the executive power by the Mikado or emperor, and the destruction of the feudal system of Japan.

As soon as the Mikado's power had thus been re-established, a decree was issued declaring the Tycoonate abolished. But, in consideration of the merits of the Tycoon's ancestors, he was more leniently dealt with, as will be seen by the following subsequent decree of the Mikado :—

"The conduct of Tokugawa Yoshi-Hisa having proceeded to such an extreme as to be properly called an insult to the whole nation, and having caused the deepest pain to the mind of the Mikado, both sea and land forces were sent to punish him. Hearing, however, that he is sincerely penitent, and lives in retirement, the excess of the royal compassion shall be exhausted, and the following commands be enjoined upon him —let him be respectfully obedient to them. A period of eleven days is granted to him in which to comply with all these orders. As this period is already a matter of great clemency, on no account will any other request or complaint be listened to. The Mikado, having established both his clemency and his authority, will not allow any claims of alliance to have any influence with him. So be promptly obedient, and resort to no subterfuges.

"Art. 1. Yoshi-Hisa having, in the twelfth month of the last year and afterwards, insulted the Mikado, attacked the imperial city, and fired upon the imperial flag, was guilty of a most heinous crime. The army was accordingly sent out to pursue and punish him. But as he has manifested sincere contrition and obedience, has shut himself up in retirement, in hope that his crime may be pardoned; in consideration of the no small merit of his family, which, since the time of his ancestors, for more than 200 years has administered the affairs of the government; and more especially of the accumulated meritorious services of Mito Zo Dainagon (the father of Yoshi-Hisa);—for these various considerations, of which we are most profoundly sensible, we give him the following commands, which, if he obeys, we will deal leniently with him. Grant that the house of Tokugawa be established [*i.e.*, not expunged from the list of daimios], remit the capital punishment [his crimes deserve], but command him to go to the Castle of Mito, and live there shut up in retirement.

"Art. 2. The castle [of the Tycoon at Yedo] to be vacated, and delivered over to the daimio Owari.

"Art. 3. All the ships of war, cannon, and small arms to be delivered up, when a proper proportion shall be returned [to the head of the house of Tokugawa, who is reduced to the rank of an ordinary daimio].

"Art. 4. The retainers living in the castle [at Yedo] shall move out and go into retirement.

"Art. 5. To all those who have aided Yoshi-Hisa, although their crimes are worthy of the severest punishment, the sentence of death shall be remitted; but they are to receive such other punishment as you shall decide on. Let this be reported to the imperial government. This, however, does not include those persons who have an income of more than 10,000 *kokus*."

The Tycoon was thus deposed from the almost regal status which he and his ancestors had held for upwards of two hundred years, and he accepted the altered position and circumstances in which he found himself. In him the glory of the Tycoonate was extinguished. He was a man of mark, and had shown his good sense and liberal views by entering into treaties of amity and commerce with foreign powers, though indirectly this led to his downfall. He fulfilled, with a good grace, the directions given by the Mikado's government, and retired, under escort of 400 select troops drilled under the French system, and 1,200 Japanese soldiers, to the city of Mito, situated on the eastern coast, north of Yedo. His wives and family were removed from the Oshiro to the *yashiki*, or palace of the Prince of Mito, in Yedo.

But this great revolution, which had been effected almost without loss of blood, was not ended here. The northern

daimios, who had strong leanings towards the Tokugawa family, with which some of them were allied, were sufficiently displeased with the action of the southern daimios—who, by a *coup d'état*, had deprived the Tycoon of his power—and they consequently formed a coalition to dispossess the southerners. They assembled their forces, with Aidzu at their head, and advanced to Yedo, where they fortified themselves on the rising ground at the cemetery of the Tycoons at Toyezan, or Uyeno, and withstood for a whole day a formidable attack of the Mikado's party. The latter, however, were finally able to take the place by storm, and in the heat of conflict succeeded in almost annihilating their enemies.

Wise counsels prevailed after this defeat, and the Mikado issued another edict, recalling the Tycoon from Mito to Yedo; but he was ultimately removed to Tsuruga, in Echizen. This act of clemency gained over some of the opponents, and a stop was put to the civil war.

From this point began a new *régime*, and one of the first and most important acts of the hereditary daimios was to voluntarily resign their heritages into the hands of the Mikado. The memorial of Prince Akidzuki laid the basis of this self-denying act. He says:—



FORTUNE-TELLER AND "AMMA" (SHAMPOOER).

"Let those who wish to show their faith and loyalty act in the following manner, that they may firmly establish the foundations of the imperial government.

"1. Let them restore the territories which they have re-

ceived from the emperor, and return to a constitutional and undivided country.

"2. Let them abandon their titles, and, under the name of Kazoku (noblemen) receive such small properties as may suffice for their wants.

"3. Let the officers of the clans, abandoning that title, call themselves officers of the emperor, receiving property equal to that which they have hitherto held.

"Let these three important measures be adopted forthwith, that the empire may be raised on a basis imperishable for all ages."

Gradually all the 264 daimios, or feudal lords, gave up the deeds, granting their fiefs to the emperor, and accepted about one-tenth of their former incomes as sufficient means to keep up their new status; the support of vast numbers of retainers being no longer needed, the large revenue derived from their estates was also unnecessary.



PROCESSION OF THE JŌRŌS IN THE YOSHIWARA.

The new government consists of twelve departments, the officers of which are divided into three classes. The first class consists of the chiefs who are appointed by commission from the Mikado himself; the second class is composed of under-secretaries, who are appointed by the chief department, or privy council office; and the third class, which is more numerous, is elected by the chiefs of each department. The first and second classes are permitted to attend at court on imperial *levées* and on days of public congratulation, but the third class attends only the *levées* of the heads of departments. The names of the boards of government are:—

1. The *Dai-jō-kwan*, or Privy Council Office, has 10 chief officers, 34 second-class officers, and 193 assistant secretaries. The present chief, or prime minister, is Sanjō Daijō Daijin, and this department rules in all great acts of the state.

2. The *Shin-gi-shō*, or Ecclesiastical Board, consists of 2 chief officers, 14 under-secretaries, and 122 assistant secretaries. This board regulates the Buddhist and Shintoist religious bodies.

3. The *Gai-mu-shō*, or Foreign Office, consists of 3 chief officers, 23 officers of the second class, and 90 of the third class. Since the relations with European countries have been extended, this department has attained an importance it did not before possess.

4. The *O-kura-shō*, or Treasury, has 3 chief officers, 60 in the second class, and 476 of the third class. As much of the imperial revenue is collected in rice, this department employs a larger number of officials than the others, excepting the War Office. The imperial rice-stores are by the Sumida River, near Asakusa.

5. The *Hio-bu-shō*, or War Office, has 8 chief officers, 130 of the second class, and 753 of the third class. The army is being remodelled and drilled on the French system; the navy on the English system.

6. The *Mon-bu-shō*, or Board of Education, has 1 superior, 31 officers of the second class, and 189 of the third class. This department is most actively engaged, for 5,000 new schools, where foreign languages, in addition to the native

language, are to be taught, are ordered by the government.

7. The *Kō-bu-shō*, or Board of Works, has 3 chief officers, 30 of the second class, and 342 of the third class. The railways and telegraphs which have been commenced will give plenty of occupation to this department.

8. The *Shi-ho-shō*, or Board of Law and Judicature, consists of 5 chief officers, 28 of the second class, and 136 of the third class. When we state that the *Code Napoléon*, or such of it as is suited to Japan, is being translated for the Japanese behoof, it may be understood how much business lies before the officers of this board.

9. The *Kō-nai-shō*, or Lord Chamberlain's Office, regulates the *ménage* of the imperial palaces. It has 6 superior officers, 37 of the second class, and 197 of the third class.

10. The *Kai-taku-shi*, or Ministry for the Colonies, has 1 superior, 14 of the second class, and 177 of the third class. Japanese colonies are confined to Yeso and a few small islands.

11. The *Fu*, or Establishment relating to the Government of Cities.

12. The *Ken*, or Establishment relating to the Government of Districts.

The Falaba Expedition of 1872.

THE expedition sent out from Sierra Leone to Falaba, under Professor Blyden, by Sir Arthur E. Kennedy, Governor-in-chief of the West Africa Settlements, left Freetown, January 6th, 1872, and returned March 26th, after having traversed, in going and returning, about six hundred miles of territory.

The object of the expedition was not so much to promote geographical science as to advance the interests of trade, by calling the attention of the chiefs to the importance of suppressing chronic wars among themselves, and of making the roads safe for traders and travellers; and also to make known to them the deep interest of Her Majesty's Government in their welfare; but it has been thought that the following extracts from Mr. Blyden's journal (with whom the writer is in correspondence) might not be without interest to the public.

"From Freetown we proceeded by boat to the town of Kambia, a trading place situated on the south-east bank of the Great Scarcies River, about fifty miles from its mouth. The mouth of the Great Scarcies is about twenty-five or thirty miles north-west from Freetown.

"Kambia is a great centre of trade. Hither are collected persons of different tribes — Timanees, Soosoos, Fulahs, and Limbas. The king, Almamy Al-Hay, is of Timanee extraction, but a Mohammedan proselyte.

"I found the town and surrounding country in a very unsettled state, owing to the influence of one Bilâli, a native of the Kissy country, and formerly a slave among the Soosoos. About twenty-seven years ago, he ran away from his master, Almamy Mumineh, now residing at Kukunah, a town about fifty miles north-east of Kambia, and founded a settlement between the Soosoo and Limba countries, to which numerous fugitives have from time to time betaken themselves.

"By numerous accessions of that class of persons, Bilâli has succeeded in forming a powerful party, and in arousing among a large portion of the servile population, not only a devotion to the idea of liberty at any price, but a strong attachment to himself, and a hatred of all who hold slaves; and he is by no means scrupulous as to the price he pays for their support.

"On the other hand, the slave-holding chiefs in various parts of the surrounding country, excepting those of the Limba districts, have formed a combination against him. But their efforts to oppose him thus far have been unsuccessful.

"In the town of Kambia there are conflicting views as to the merits of the Bilâli contest. The Timanees and Soosoos are against Bilâli; the Limbas sympathise with him; so that there is danger of civil discord in the town, which is kept from breaking out only by the influence of the European and Sierra Leone traders. The king, somewhat advanced in years, and apparently of pacific disposition, is anxious for the peace and security of his country. But he says that no native power can put down that energetic insurgent without the aid of the British Government. For nearly a whole generation he has defied the power of all the Soosoo and Timanee chiefs.

"On the opposite side of the river from Kambia is the town of Billeh, a Mohammedan town devoted to religious and literary pursuits. Hither intelligent youths are sent from all quarters to be indoctrinated in the principles and literature of Islam.

"On Friday, January 12th, we visited this town. When we landed we were received by Mohammed Hafiz, the eldest son of Fode Tarawally, the literary chief of the town. We found Tarawally seated in a hammock in his spacious verandah, reading an Arabic manuscript. Around him, seated on mats, were gathered his pupils, about twenty in number. He received us with an easy and graceful politeness. He had all the gravity and reserve of a learned professor. His grey beard and intellectual face, large head and lofty brow, and his whole demeanour made a most agreeable impression on us.

"He addressed me occasionally in Arabic, but he spoke generally in Soosoo through an interpreter. He is now over eighty years of age and yet is unremitting in his studies, and can read the finest writing without the aid of spectacles. He told us that the year his first son was born—about fifty-three years ago—was a very remarkable one, as a great earthquake shook the whole country.

"The town of Billeh is devoted exclusively to literature. No trading, and very little farming is carried on—though I saw fine horses, and, in a pasture near by, a herd of cattle grazing.

"January 20th, at 10 a.m., we left Kambia, our course being

east-north-east, and after fourteen hours' travel—exclusive of rest—we reached Kukunah.

"The country for the greater part of the way seemed more suitable for grazing purposes than ordinary agriculture, though we saw extensive fields of ground-nuts and beni-seed. As we approached Kukunah, the soil became more fertile, and we passed through a heavily-timbered district. In the neighbourhood of Kukunah, the country gave sad evidence of the dire results of war. We met very few persons on the road, and now and then a deserted village.

"Were it not for the war, Kukunah, which is a beautifully situated town, would be an important rendezvous for traders. The Seracoolie people, who bring hides and gold-dust from the interior, would prefer passing through this country, as the roads are better and much more easily travelled: but they dare not come this way except in large numbers, so as to protect themselves against predatory bands.

"This region of country, from its exceeding fertility, abundance of good timber and large supply of water, is well adapted for a colony. A number of intelligent Africans from Sierra Leone or the West Indies settled here, and willing to engage in agricultural pursuits, and moderate trading, would very soon rise in wealth and importance, and save this country from distracting wars, constantly stimulated by professional 'warriors,' who eke out a miserable existence on the proceeds of their nefarious pursuits; but so strong is their indisposition to work that they prefer to subsist, however wretchedly, on the products of other people's labour.

"January 28th, 1872.—Left Kukunah at 10 a.m., course north-east. On the morning of the 30th, when about forty miles north-east of Kukunah, we crossed the Great Scarcies River, which we found flowing from the south-east in a north-westerly direction. About two miles higher up the river, from this point, it diverges by a sudden bend from its general direction of north-east to south-west. The stream is here small and shallow, about fifteen yards wide, easily fordable in the dry season but of very rapid current. On its western bank is situated Kufuna, a Soosoo town, formerly very large and important, but now very insignificant.

"About eight miles east of Kufuna, we came to the town of Ganjah, which is presided over by a Moslem chief of considerable intelligence.

"The region of country through which we passed for the last one hundred miles, or after leaving Kambia, is of exceeding interest. It is mostly rich prairie land, with patches of heavy forest here and there. The soil in many places is of a rich, dark, fertile mould, supporting very luxuriant herbage, and an ample supply of timber. Ground-nuts, guinea-corn, beni-seed, and rice are cultivated in large quantities. Potatoes and other esculent roots of large size and excellent quality grow abundantly. Oranges, mangoes, guavas, pawpaws, and limes are plentiful The soil is also well-suited for the production of sugar-cane and coffee, as well as for ginger and arrowroot. We passed through prairies where thousands of cattle might easily feed and fatten. Iron ore of the greatest purity is widely distributed, and we saw several smelting furnaces where large quantities of that useful metal are produced.

"Questions of the practicability of railways in this part of Africa are now exciting some interest. So far as I have yet observed, the face of this portion of the country would present very few obstacles in the way of prosecuting such an enterprise. The land is gently undulating, and I think it nowhere rises more than five hundred feet above the level of Kambia, the head of boat navigation on the Great Scarcies River.

"It is obvious that an almost level country affords the utmost scope for the construction of good common roads in the first instance, and of railroads at no distant period. The creeks and rivers to be crossed are very few, and mostly shallow, so that the transit from Kambia along the whole route, even as far as Falaba, would offer very few engineering difficulties. It would be impossible to estimate the vast results, agricultural, commercial, and political, which would accrue to this country from the presence of a railroad. The expense would be comparatively insignificant, as lands could be secured for a mere trifle; and the traffic which would be attracted to the road from various wealthy districts, now entirely unknown, even by name, at Sierra Leone, would in a short time enrich the shareholders in such an enterprise, and develop, to an extent now incomprehensible, the commercial importance of the colony.

"The next town in importance which we met after leaving Ganjah was Sumata, beautifully situated in the midst of surrounding hills. This town is about thirty-two miles east of Ganjah, at the source of the Great Scarcies River, on the eastern bank. The river here flows in a south-easterly direction, and is such a tiny stream that a man can easily jump over it at this season of the year.

"Sumata is a town of considerable importance, as nearly all the caravans from the interior pass either through it, or in its near neighbourhood.

"Not far south-east from Sumata is Samaya, another town of great influence on this route. After leaving Ganjah, as our course lay almost due east, we left Samaya on the right, but passed across the northern portion of its territory.

"While at the village of Korokoro, sixteen miles east of Ganjah, where we halted for the night, armed messengers arrived from Mambarillai, King of Samaya, demanding by what authority we were passing through his territory without calling at his capital and having first consulted him, and peremptorily ordering us to retrace our steps and repair at once to Samaya. In vain I urged upon the messengers our ignorance of the country, and the haste with which we were proceeding on an errand from the Governor of Sierra Leone to Falaba, visiting all the chiefs on our *immediate* route. They imposed a fine of seven pieces of cloth and two bars of tobacco, which we were obliged to pay before we were allowed to proceed.

"On the morning of February the 3rd, about sixteen miles east of Sumata, midway between the towns of Koto and Yimbereh, we crossed the Little Scarcies River, which is here a bold stream about a quarter of a mile wide, and in the dry season about three fathoms deep.

"We reached Yimbereh, which is an important trading town, about two o'clock of the same day. The King of Yimbereh is a venerable old man, of great influence in this quarter. He received us very kindly, and expressed deep interest in the object of our visit.

"A little before we entered the town there had arrived nine Seracoolies, in great distress and consternation, stating that the caravan in which they were proceeding to the coast had been attacked a few days before, about twenty miles east of Yimbereh, by the Hooboos, several of their number killed, their women captured, and all their goods plundered.

"In consequence of this intelligence, we found the town of

Yimbereh in great excitement. The king and all his head men advised us to remain at the town a few days, and allow the Hooboos time to retire with their plunder from the neighbourhood.

"The Hooboos are certain renegade Fulahs, who are in chronic rebellion against the King of Timbo. They infest the neighbourhood of Falaba during the dry season, and are a terror to traders and travellers. They are a fierce and impudent set, having no regular settlements. They are Mohammedans, and have some knowledge of letters; but their country seems to afford no scope for their energies. The only kind of farming operations for which their soil and products are adapted is the breeding and grazing of cattle, which requires the employment of few men. They are therefore jealous of the Soolima country, of which Falaba is the capital, on account of its vast agricultural capacities, and its commercial importance caused by the trade which passes through it to and from the Mandingo, Seracoolie, and Sangara countries; and their constant effort for years has been to diminish the influence of Falaba by rendering its neighbourhood unsafe for traders.

"The Hooboos, moreover, being Mohammedans, while the people of Falaba are pagans, invoke certain doctrines of their religion, which enjoin war against infidels, to give a sanction or an excuse to deeds which disgrace humanity; and, in spite of the efforts of the King of Timbo, to whom they owe allegiance, they are fast developing their occasional and unconnected acts of brigandage into a regular system of pillage and plunder under the dexterous euphemism of *war against the enemies of Islam*, by which they enlist in their horrible service recruits from among the zealous Mohammedan youths in their country.

"On the 5th of February, we left Yimbereh under the guidance of the king, with a strong escort. The king accompanied us to Dubayah, a town within his jurisdiction, about twelve miles further east. At Dubayah we remained several days, while the king sent messengers to various towns further on the road, to make inquiries about the movements of the Hooboos. He was anxious to satisfy himself as to the possibility of our proceeding in safety, before he would allow us to go forward.

"Dubayah is a well-fortified town containing about one thousand inhabitants, and possesses some pictorial interest. The spurs of a range of hills running from the north gather into an amphitheatre around it. The hills are covered with tall grass, dry at this season of the year, of a yellowish colour; while the valley in which the town stand sis cheerful with vegetation of a fresh and beautiful green.



VILLAGE IN THE HOOBOO COUNTRY.

"After leaving Dubayah we entered a hilly and dreary country. About ten miles south-east from the town, we crossed another branch of the Little Scarcies River, flowing from the east in a westerly direction. This is the section of country in which the Hooboos had committed their late act of plunder. After a great deal of palaver, we succeeded in persuading our carriers to go through this way. We all felt the risk we were incurring. But we pushed on rapidly, and came suddenly to Kamalafi, a Limba town, situated in an almost inaccessible mountain recess, a fit retreat for robbers and banditti.

"The King of Kamalafi is in league with Abal, chief of the Hooboos, and has, it is said, great influence over that robber chief. He was startled at our sudden arrival. I presented him with a few valuable articles in the name of the Queen, assuring him of the earnest desire of Her Majesty's Government to promote the welfare of his country by making the roads safe for

travellers and traders, and of the readiness of the Governor-in-chief of Sierra Leone to co-operate with any chief who is well-disposed towards the British Government and its plans for opening up the country. The king seemed very glad that in that out-of-the-way place, considered so dangerous, he had been visited by a messenger from the Governor of Sierra Leone. He expressed no opinion as to the road, except to assure us that nothing would molest the expedition. He treated us with marked kindness, and on the following day sent his son to clear the road before us.

"From Kamalafi we set out for Bafudeyah, another Limba town in sympathy with the Hooboos. Here we were received with remarkable coldness and indifference; for the news of our approach had preceded us, and the chief had learned that we were on our way to Falaba, towards which town the Limbas in this quarter have no friendly feelings. Bafudeyah, however, is the only town along the entire route at which they gave us no cola-nuts—which are always presented to strangers on entering a town, as an expression of welcome. They exacted payment from us for the passage through their town, and would allow us to employ no carriers from among their people.

"At length, after a great deal of perplexity, suffering, and expense, the expedition arrived safely at Falaba on the 1st of March, on the fortieth day after leaving Kambia, and on the fifty-third from Freetown. Nearly every step forward had its peculiar and unforeseen stumbling-blocks to be cleared out of the way. Every step was hampered with singular forms and expensive ceremonies. But no amount of experience or forethought could have provided successfully against the capricious and tortuous methods of the people in these regions.

"On arriving at Kambia, whence we started for the interior, I found that we had made a serious mistake in not having procured carriers at Freetown. We found ourselves altogether at the mercy of the native carriers, or rather of their masters, the chiefs and head men, who charged us what they pleased, and fixed the amount of the load each man should carry, and the distance to which he should go. Our baggage was large when we left Freetown. We had a tent with its equipage, bales of tobacco, cases containing presents for the chiefs, boxes for clothing and books, supplies of food and medicines, cooking utensils, &c.; and the natives multiplied the number of carriers by making what would be one man's load at Freetown, three men's, and would not carry for more than two or three days' journey. They then left us in the hands of another chief, more impracticable and less intelligent than the last, who would further divide the loads, so as to increase the number of carriers from his town; and, for a less distance he would charge the same or a greater price. Our train of carriers became, under these circumstances, unnecessarily large, producing the impression upon every town we passed through that we were carrying a great deal of money to Falaba; and each chief strove to make us leave as much as possible at his town.



TRAVELLING IN SOOLIMA.

"After I had given what I considered a suitable present to a chief, he would be sure to demand an additional amount for the right of way, alleging his paramount influence on the road. They seem unable to understand the idea of a free passage through their country. Entirely unacquainted with the usages of civilised nations, they cannot appreciate such a thing as motives apart from immediate mercenary interests. They supposed that in passing through their country, we were reaping some immediate pecuniary advantage, and it was but fair that they should have a share in that advantage. And knowing that we were helplessly dependent upon them to carry our effects from place to place, they detained us in their towns as long

as they pleased, under the pretext of getting the carriers together.

"They are, however, not entirely ignorant of the vast resources of their country, and of the advantage of having it opened to trade. When I told them of the desire of the British Government to promote the welfare of the country by developing trade and agriculture, of which desire my visit among them and the presents I gave them were the proof, they always seemed pleased, and expressed the hope that the government would carry out its idea.

"The route adopted by the expedition from Kambia to Falaba must be considered the darkest portion of the interior accessible from Sierra Leone. No foreigner had ever before traversed it, especially on a mission from Her Majesty's Government. The people are, as a rule, besotted pagans, unimproved even under the influence of Mohammedanism. Indolence has long been their habit. They live altogether by the labour of their slaves, and by extorting heavy tolls from the poor interior traders who happen to pass through their towns. The ordinary instincts of human nature, which suggest plans for growth and improvement, have not been developed in them. They have existed for ages under circumstances entirely incompatible with human progress.

"The passage of the expedition through their country was the first intimation they seem to have had that there is an outside world having any knowledge of them, or feeling any interest in their welfare. It is to be hoped that a feeling of self-respect has been excited in them by our visit. They will hereafter feel that they are objects of the thought and regard of Her Majesty's Government, and they will be careful how they enter upon those acts of aggression and plunder for which certain sections of their country have been notorious.

"They suffer from the usual evils which attend on any extensive system of slave-holding. All their work is done by slaves. Their agriculture is confined to the most fertile portions of the land, and large districts, becoming—under the deteriorating effects of slave industry, and negligent and unskilled labour—constantly larger, are wholly surrendered to nature and become wildernesses. Such is the origin of the wilderness, three days' journey in length, on the north-west of Falaba. The high road from Futah and the Mandingo country to the coast, formerly lay through this wilderness. It is now the haunt of the Hooboos and other marauders.

"These tracts, thus abandoned, become the resort of hordes of robbers from the nearest towns, who, too poor to keep slaves, and altogether averse from the restraints of settled labour, give themselves up to the precarious life and atrocious practices of the wilderness.

"In the Soolima country, of which Falaba is the capital, things assume a very different aspect. The villages are in better order, and nearer together. The towns are larger and more important. The people seem well-fed, well-clad, contented, and happy—the object of envy to their Limba neighbours on the one hand, and the nomadic and impoverished Hooboos on the other.

"The Soolima people might even be much better off than they are, but, in the absence of a convenient market for their produce, when once they have secured a subsistence, there is little inducement to labour left. If there were a demand for the surplus produce of their farms, Soolima would be a wealthy agricultural country.

"The scenery in the Soolima country is in various parts singularly picturesque, consisting for the most part of extensive and fertile plains. In one direction are seen lofty and precipitous rocks, destitute of vegetation, sometimes isolated peaks or cones of granitic formation, rising to the height of 2,000 or 3,000 feet; in another, abrupt timbered hills, often with dome-like or pyramidal summits of granite, which present a white appearance, and glitter in the sunshine like the snow-capped peak of Teneriffe. In still another direction are seen gentle slopes covered with tall grass or moderate-sized trees. On one of these slopes stands the town of Falaba, surrounded by a natural stockade of over five hundred huge trees, one hundred and ninety of which are very old, and enormous silk-cotton trees. One of the gates of the town, of which there are seven, is ingeniously cut through the trunk of one of the largest trees. The population of the town during the trading season, from December to May, cannot be less than 6,000.

"It is a fact of singular interest that a country, the general conception of which is that of an arid plain, or wilderness of marsh and swamp, should not only present a picturesque appearance, but be found to possess in many places great agricultural capabilities.

"The King of Falaba received the expedition with great kindness. On the first day of our arrival, he summoned his troops and principal men, and gave us the privilege of a military review in the royal square. He himself took part in the war-dance—a feat, it is said, performed by him only on extraordinary occasions. He deferred hearing the message from the governor-in-chief until he had presented me with a gold ring and a few cola-nuts, as a token of welcome to his town. On the following day, in private council, I read to him the governor's communication, which he received with evident manifestations of joy and pride. He begged me to assure the governor that he has put himself and his country under the protection of the English; that the country is open to British subjects as far as the influence of Falaba extends in the interior; that whatever the Governor-in-chief of Sierra Leone wishes him to do, he will do, for he believes that the British people have at heart the welfare of his country.

"He stated that he regards Sierra Leone as the natural outlet for the trade of his country, and of the Seracoolie, Mandingo, and Bouré countries—though not a little of the produce from those regions found its way to Melacoorie and Scarcies.

"He said that the gold in Bouré is almost inexhaustible, but that Bouré is not the only place where gold exists; that there is an abundance of gold not far from his own country, Soolima, not yet made available for trade on account of wars, and the present inaccessible wildernesses through which it must be approached. We may reasonably conclude, therefore, that at any time some new gold-fields may be opened, equal or superior to those of Bouré, and nearer to Sierra Leone, whereby an impetus will be given to the commerce of the colony unknown in its previous history.

"It is, therefore, of great importance to the interests of trade that so able, intelligent, and well-disposed a ruler as the King of Falaba should have the liberal support of the English Government in his efforts to suppress those influences in his country which interfere with the safety of the road.

"On the 10th of March the expedition left Falaba, to return to the coast, adopting the Port Loko route, and after being

detained two days on the road by the chief of Big Boumba, we reached Port Loko by 'forced marches' on the 23rd, at 10 a.m.

"We found the face of the country, for a great portion of the way, extremely rugged. There is a series of plateaux or highlands running from the north-west to the south-east, between Caballa and Little Boumba, a distance of about one hundred miles; its total length from north to south has been estimated at three hundred miles. It contains the sources of the Niger, and of most of the numerous rivers north of the equator which empty into the Atlantic. After Caballa has been passed by the traveller going east, the land slopes gradually down into the plains of Sangara and Bouré, through which flows the Niger; so also the traveller coming west, after he has passed Little Boumba, experiences but little fatigue, for there is again a gradual slope to the Atlantic. The source of the Niger is evidently not far from Falaba; it is said to be in the Kissy country.

"After leaving the Soolima country, the next country on the west is Koranko. This is a very extensive country, but only a thin strip of it crosses the caravan road. Caballa is the capital, where resides Bullatemba, a powerful war-chief, who is friendly to trade and civilisation, and is very efficient in his efforts to keep the roads open.

"The country next to Koranko on the west is Limba—a very extensive region. Most of the troubles both on the Port Loko and the Kambia route are said to be owing to the mischievous activity of some of the Limba people. A narrow strip of their country extends north of the Port Loko road, forming a wedge between the Soolima and Soosoo countries; and their towns in that district furnish shelter for the Hooboos and other marauders, who, but for them, would not linger on that route. So also on the Port Loko road, they are continually waging war or committing isolated acts of plunder. Their towns are always built on difficult and scarcely accessible highlands, and protected by the cover of thick forests. This is the case with the great Limba towns of Konkoba, Katimbo, and Kafugu on the Port Loko road, and Kamalafi, Bafudeyah, and Lako on the Kambia road. They are an extremely savage and inhospitable tribe, addicted to robbery and freebooting, especially those on the Kambia route, who are in league with the Hooboos, and seem to think it their interest to stop all communication between the interior and the coast.

"Loko is a small and insignificant country; the Timanee district is well known.

"It is evident that the trade of Sierra Leone with the interior is as yet only in its infancy. I saw no British calico or muslins among the tribes I visited. They raise large quantities of cotton, and manufacture their own wearing apparel. Until their time becomes more valuable, English cotton goods cannot be furnished to them as cheaply as they can make their own cloth. But if the demand for Manchester prints is small, English hardware and cutlery, powder, guns, beads, &c., and woollen cloth, are eagerly sought after."

A Day Ashore at Pernambuco.

"HERE's Brazil at last, anyhow! Hurrah!"

Brazil it is, sure enough. Yonder, behind the long white line of gnashing surf that keeps running up and down like a restless beast of prey, lies Pernambuco; its tall church-towers, and broad white streets standing out against a curving background of dark-green forest, that forest whose western skirt trails over the lower spurs of the Andes. We are at the easternmost corner of South America, and about to set foot, for the first time, upon Brazilian soil. Far out as we are from the shore, the echoes of our signal-gun have hardly died away, when we are environed by a host of eager assailants—black, white, yellow, and brown—some in white shirts, some in white trousers, and many without either shirts, trousers, or boots, alike in nothing but their determination to get as much out of us as possible. One boat is alive with frisking monkeys, which skip and chatter as ceaselessly as their masters; another echoes with the screams of countless parrots, which seem to be all singing a song consisting of nothing but a chorus; a third is piled to the gunwale with boxes of Bahia cigars, and native nicknackeries of every kind, "from a sceptre to a saucepan;" a fourth is loaded with the magnificent fruits of Brazil, the very names of which are unknown to Europe. Mingled with these traffickers are some dozens of brawny boatmen (chiefly negroes) in straw hats and tattered white shirts, who stun us with clamorous outcries, generously offering to pull us ashore for not more than ten times their proper fare. I seize upon one of these latter, and (having bated him down to one-half his original demand) jump in, and am pulled shoreward, the magnificent panorama unrolling itself before me at every stroke of the oar in a way impossible to describe.

It is a time-honoured custom with travellers to give you an idea of a place which you have not seen, by telling you that it is very like another place which you have also not seen. Acting upon this principle, I may say that my first sight of Pernambuco reminded me very strongly of Jafia. It has not, indeed, the splendid elevation of the old Syrian town, starting up in one great pyramid out of the chafing sea; but the broad sweep of level beach, the open roadstead, the treacherous reef with its lashing waves, and, above all, the glorious vegetation which frames the picture, are identical in both. And now, in the splendour of the morning sunrise, Pernambuco, despite its low level, makes a fine picture. The vast sweep of the bay, fringed with its broad smooth border of yellow sand; the hill of Olinda, at the northern extremity of the crescent, towering with all its waving woods against the lustrous sky; the boundless sea of foliage melting away in the background; in front, the long low wall of the reef, black and grim amid the churning foam, crowned with the grey ruins of its ancient fort; and the great city outspread in the midst, with its low white houses and candelabra-like

cupolas, its spacious quays planted with feathery palms, and its forest of masts, gay with the ensigns of every nation, from Uruguay to Russia.

Five minutes later, I find myself in a long, high, well-shaded room, presenting my letters of introduction to a portly English merchant, whom I find sitting in his shirt-sleeves beside an open window, with an enormous *moringo* (jar) of iced water at his elbow. His disposal of my case is brief and masterly. "Want to see the town, eh! Charley! go with this gentleman, and show him all there is. Bye-bye. See you at two o'clock." And a fresh-looking young man, starting into life at the summons, pilots me out, while his commanding officer recommences work with redoubled energy.

Away we go, then, my chaperon and I, through dusty squares, and narrow rubbish-blocked lanes, and trim little boulevards, lighting upon some noteworthy object at every step. Here come a stalwart negro (whose black skin, showing through the rents in his white tunic, reminds me of the spots on the sun) carrying a queer little brown *porco do mato*, or wild hog, all snout and bristles, like a porcupine. Yonder, at the gate of a huge, empty courtyard, stands a mulatto servant with a scarlet handkerchief round her head, chaffering over a magnificent parrot, which is to form the *pièce de résistance* of her master's dinner.

"Well, here we are at the bureau," exclaims my guide, entering a little rabbit-hutch at the corner of one of the great squares; "and now we'll just take a 'bond' out to the Madalena."

"All right," answer I; "but, to begin with, what *is* a 'bond?'"

"It's a name they give to the cars of the Street Tramway Company, which are getting to be quite the fashion in Brazil. Here you are, now—jump in."

The car (which, with its open sides guarded by huge ribs of wood, looks not unlike the skeleton of a starved omnibus) comes jingling up to the door; we jump in, the negro driver cracks his whip, the four mules break into a spanking trot, and away we go.

Away, in the glorious tropical sunshine, across tne broad smooth river, along the banks of which dainty little villas, and stately public buildings, and smooth, spacious lawns, and clustering bosquets of shrubbery, lie outspread in endless panorama. Away, up the great thoroughfare, where everybody seems to be out of doors making holiday, and even the houses themselves, with their open windows and fluttering white hangings, look as if they had come out in their shirt-sleeves to enjoy the fine weather. Away, past little painted shops, and tall white dwelling-houses, and buzzing markets, and crowded drinking-booths, and diminutive mulatto sentinels, lounging lazily in front of do-nothing government offices—till at length the great white city melts away behind us, and there arises on every side a wilderness of gorgeous vegetation, such as Europe never saw nor shall see. There they stand, all the glorious forest-kings over whom brave old Humboldt out-poured himself in simple, honest admiration. There rises the stately cocoa-palm, slim and graceful as an Eastern prince—the true aristocrat of the forest; and the beautiful tree-fern, with her long trailing hair; and the truculent cactus, savagely extending his huge lance-like spines, like the scythes of an ancient war-chariot; and the gaudy poinsettia, fluttering its crimson pennons; and the feathery fan-palm, outstretching its long, tapering fronds on every side; and the dark, glossy orange-tree, side by side with the spiky thorn-palm and the vast banner-like banana.

"Fine sight for the first time, eh?" remarks my cicerone, noticing my look of admiration. "I'm sorry I've been here so long, for now I've got quite used to it; but the first time I came this way I stared with all my eyes. However, wait till we get to the Madalena, and you *will* see something."

But out to the Madalena we are not fated to get; for at this point our charioteer, who has driven throughout (as my chaperon viciously remarks) "like a suicide with a team of mad dogs," carries his eccentricities to a pitch of absolute insanity. His team, instead of being kept well in hand, straggle all over the road; the car rocks from side to side like a hobby-horse, and (but that a Brazilian "bond" is the steadiest vehicle existing) would infallibly upset us. Suddenly another "bond," running in the opposite direction, comes sharp round a corner right upon us. Our driver, wise too late, attempts to pull up, but in vain, the car lurches, the driver loses his balance, and smash comes the head of our near leader against the iron guard-rail of the other car, the blood spurting up under the stroke as if from a syringe. The wheelers tumble over the leaders, the harness gets entangled, both cars come to a dead halt—and all is a whirl of dust, shrieks, swearing, and utter confusion.

"Well," growls my comrade, "there's an end of the Madalena, anyhow; and the best thing we can do is just to get into this other 'bond,' and go right away back again."

We change cars accordingly, and, after a merry ride, arrive in town again.

My first thought is to go straight back to my friend's office, where I find him still scribbling away as I had left him; but just as I enter, he flings down his pen with a "That's done, thank goodness!" and, putting on his hat and coat, tells me to "Come along, and have a look at the Public Library."

To the library we go accordingly. A pleasant little place it is, with its cool, shady rooms, its spacious balconies, its open windows facing the sea, its marble tables covered with newspapers, and its fine full-length portraits of the emperor and other Brazilian celebrities; but I make short work of it, remembering that it is past two o'clock, and that I must be aboard by three.

"Never you mind about that," says my hospitable guide, in answer to this suggestion; "just come across the road and let's have a glass of something, and I'll get you a boat in good time, never fear!"

We cross the road, and find ourselves in an "interior" which Teniers would have given a fortune to paint, or Dickens to describe. A dark, low-browed roof, traversed by heavy crossbeams; walls smoked to the colour of mahogany; shelves filled with vessels of every shape and nationality, from the big punchy Dutch jar to the tall slim *demi-boutei le* of Bordeaux; and, in front, the bar, with its landlord (a long, lean Portuguese, with a face like a half-decayed leek) serving out drinks to a motley throng of slender Brazilians, sallow Spaniards, keen-eyed Yankees, red-faced Englishmen, yellow Creoles, and blubber-lipped negroes. I toss off a couple of glasses of lemonade, and, taking a hasty leave of my entertainer, jump into the boat which he has engaged for me, and bid good-bye to Pernambuco.

An hour later, I am upon the open sea once more.

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—II.

BY ROBERT MICHELL, F.R.G.S., MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF RUSSIA.

SAMARA.

THE institution of Samara which is worthy of a visit in the warm season, is the Kumys-cure Establishment, by the Volga, four miles from the town. During the summer months this place is the resort of all the families of Samara and of the adjoining provinces. Many also come from afar, for pleasure or for health. Mothers flock here with their marriageable daughters; bachelors crowd here *pour passer le temps*, who in most instances leave, dragging after them the matrimonial fetters; many sober, aged respectabilities transfer themselves hither merely to do homage to, or to sun themselves in the light of, some illustrious personages who may be known to be honouring the locality with their presence. Others come for the purpose of restoring a shattered constitution, or to find the *kumys* an antidote against scrofula, ague, palsy, or consumption. Let doctors, who know it, pronounce on the virtues of *kumys;* I can only remark that it is very distasteful and gaseous; that it pops like champagne and often bursts the bottles. The establishment, standing on the elevated banks of the river, consists of a range of buildings, including stables, outhouses where the milk is fermented and bottled, saloons, private apartments, &c. There is a garden which is not rich in flowers or vegetation, the soil around being poor, and the very little shade and protection from the glaring sun afforded by the scanty birch, mountain ash, aspen, and fir-trees, fail to make this resort an ambrosial retreat. I sipped the *kumys*, took a view of the great Volga beneath, flowing and winding with a placid resignation through a champaign devoid of all loveliness, but imposing by its grand and solemn desultoriness, and turned back to the town to make preparations for my journey eastward.



STAGE HOUSE AND TRAVELLING "VOZOK."

Before starting on this journey I would fain say something of this far-off and vast Russian province into which I had strayed against the advice given to me by Mr. Babst, of Moscow, before he learned that I was not quite a stranger in the land.

To Mr. Babst I may here make my acknowledgments for all the letters of introduction with which I was provided.

The province of Samara is one of the wealthiest in all Russia. It embraces 2,885·36 square geographical miles, or say 1,836,400 acres of the most excellent land to which the plough has ever been applied; indeed, three out of its seven

immense districts are beyond compare the finest in this respect in the whole Russian empire. The chief produce is wheat, of which immense quantities are grown, for home consumption and for export through St. Petersburg and the ports on the Azof. The price of bread in Samara is only two-thirds of a penny per pound, and the peasants are all above eating the common black bread of Russia, indulging in no other flour than that which makes the white loaf. The population of the province is 1,743,422, which gives a ratio of 605 individuals to every square mile. A large proportion of these are engaged in cattle breeding in the southern districts, leaving immense tracts of capital land either uncultivated or but negligently utilised. Many large estates are leased to tradesmen and to barge-owners on the Volga, who work the lands with hired labourers from all parts of Russia. The wages given by these speculators to the field labourers in Samara are high as compared with those in other provinces, and thousands of peasants —men, women, and children—flock to Samara from far and near to gather the abundant harvests. The indigenous population is settled in villages containing from five to ten thousand peasant inhabitants; but these are far apart. Even along the high road from Samara to Orenburg, the stages from village to village average over fifteen miles in length, and the seven district towns are over one hundred miles apart; Stavropol and Samara, both on the Volga, being alone about fifty miles distant from each other.

The ways of communication are either bad in the wet seasons of the year, or they are conspicuous by their total impracticability. When dry, the ground of the steppe country—it is all steppe from Samara to Orenburg—is smooth and firm enough for the daintiest of broughams. There is no made road, all is simple beaten track, with the stars of the night to guide the traveller in the right direction, or with the telegraph-posts alone, where the track lies along the wire, to save him from erring in the wild wastes, and from perishing he knows not where—supposing he should care to know where it is that he is perishing—in the opaque light of the fearful *buran*. Carcases of dead horses and cattle here and there mark the track between the villages; and here and there, too, lies by the wayside the corpse of a murdered travelling tradesman, who when in a state of somnolence or drunkenness, received his quietus from a blow with a cudgel studded with nails, administered by a skulking boor, who generally springs up by the wayside at a signal from the driver. In the autumn and winter—and, indeed, it may be said, at all times—wolves infest the road, attracted by the carrion; but in the later seasons they are voracious and daring, not only lurking about, but audaciously sitting, dog-fashion, immediately in your way. They grow desperate when, the ground being covered with snow, their legitimate prey, the cattle, are gathered into the villages. They will then scour the country in packs, prowl around the villages, howling hideously, their demon eyes glistening fire in the dark, and, intercepting the poor peasant abroad, in an instant devour up all except the cart and wheels. These vehicles, being all so exactly alike, rarely serve for the identification of the small remnants of the luckless boor's apparel, and even his sheepskin and boots have a flavour in them which causes them to partake of the horrible fate of the body they cover. An exactly similar mishap overtook a Russian major on the Jaxartes—only in this latter instance it was a tiger which swallowed the man, coat and all. The officer had wounded the beast mortally; but ere the tiger expired he made a bound;—and by his dead carcase a rifle alone was afterwards picked up by the Kazaks. The tiger was cut open, and by the undigested buttons and particles of the Russian uniform found in his interior, the missing officer was accounted for. The beast, stuffed and in an unsatisfied-looking attitude, is on view in the museum in Orenburg. He is pointed out to visitors as the tiger that swallowed a live major.

THE SAMARA PROVINCE—ITS POPULATION, ETC.

A few words now about the history of the population of the province of Samara.

Samara is one of those many regions of Russia in which the agricultural settlements are but of very recent origin. The north-eastern portion of the province received a permanent population only in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the south-western portion was not stocked with Russian peasantry before the middle of the eighteenth century and the first two decades of the nineteenth. Previous to that there had been only a few Kazak *Slobodas** by the Volga and along the military frontier of those times. The frontier in the middle of the eighteenth century passed along the Cheremshak River. The so-called *first Trans-Kama line* ran up the latter river to the Cheremshak fort, in the Bugulma district. From this fort to that of Sheshma, on the Sheshma River, an embankment was raised, which may still be seen; and farther on, the line was drawn to the Kama River. A *second Trans-Kama line* was established towards the close of the eighteenth century, from the mouth of the Kinel River to the Sok, and thence to Sheshma fort. Even then it was found necessary to protect the enclosed scattered *Slobodas* by means of fosses, palisades, and *chevaux de frises*. In the year 1871 the *Samara line* was organised further south; this stretched from Samara up the river of that name to the Yaik, or Ural River, where it joined the *Orenburg line* of frontier, which was established simultaneously.

In the course of time, however, these forts and lines lost their significance, and the Russian settlements having extended far beyond them to the south, the Samara Kazaks were removed to Orenburg.

How many thousands of miles into inner Asia have the Russians not advanced their lines since? How many thousands of square miles of desert beyond have they not covered with their arms, while more than half the rich fields of Samara —the granary of Russia—their own natural inheritance, lie uncultivated and utterly neglected? Luxuriant land in Samara may now be purchased at 15s. to £1 the acre, while blood and money are being wasted in acquiring boundless deserts with small oases in Central Asia. In the government of Orenburg, a proprietor of tens of thousands of dessiatinas, Mr. T——, cannot sell his land for more than five roubles the dessiatina, and is holding out to see what the offers will be when a railroad is opened across the steppes.

It must be borne in mind that at the periods referred to in the tracing of the frontiers, the whole of the region under review —between the Volga and the Ural Mountains, down south to the Caspian—constituted the camping-grounds of nomad races. In ancient times it was the site of the kingdom of the

* Sloboda, I take it, is a corruption of *Svoboda* (leisure, freedom), which is a designation applied to grants of land to Kazaks who, in settling upon them, received various privileges, and were allowed to enjoy certain immunities for conditional services exacted from them.

Bolgars, which has long perished and literally left "not a wrack behind." The Tartar kingdom of Kazan succeeded that of the Bolgars, and during the entire period of its existence the nomad tribes were perpetually at war with each other, or making inroads into Russian territories. After the downfall of the Tartars, the Bashkirs gave in their adhesion to Russia, and step by step the Trans-Volga country was occupied by sedentary classes. The Tartars, expelled from Kazan, crossing the Kama, first settled in the northern districts of Samara. Next came the Chuvashes, the Cheremisses, and the Mordva (remnants of the ancient Huns, and kindred to the Finns in Northern Europe). But during the reign of Peter the Great, the Bashkirs, Kalmucks, and Kirghizes, who were only nominal subjects of the "White Tsar," still roamed over the plains of Samara. The Bashkirs, who were the most turbulent, committed constant depredations, attacking the new settlements, driving away the cattle, and capturing men, women, and children.

At last, in 1745, they openly rebelled, and were finally reduced to order. The establishment of actual Russian supremacy in these parts dates only from that period when Russian nobles first began to acquire estates in Samara, stocking them with serfs from their domains in the interior. Large tracts of land here were given by Catherine II. to a body of Kazaks from the west, or Malo-Russian provinces, and the edict of 1762 brought many thousands of dissenters, flying from the persecutions it prescribed. Here these dissenters founded the once famous Irghiz monasteries. Then came German colonists, invited by the Russian Government to show Russians an example of industry and perseverance. Finally, to screen themselves from the terror and torture of the *knout*, came bands of homeless vagabonds and of escaped criminals and ne'er-do-wells, who founded the settlement of Alexandrof Gai, where in later days Pugachef, the rebel and pretender, was seized and secured in an iron cage.

So much for the history of the population of Samara. Of the Bashkirs the Russian inhabitants preserve still a wholesome dread, giving them a bad name, and, if possible, always avoiding their part of the country. But the isolation of the Russian peasantry from the centres of administration, their localisation in parts almost beyond the reach of the law's arm, which cannot consequently take quick effect, and their continued ignorance and rude mode of life, do not tend to advance their moral and material condition. The peasant still receives the buffet from his employer, or from any superior, which in the west now involves the penalty of three roubles; but he is *Bashkirised*, and has on several occasions—to wit, the *émeutes* created by Stenka-Razin, Pugachef, and others—demonstrated his own turbulence of spirit.

While on this subject I cannot pass over in silence a most remarkable movement among the serf population of Russia, which took place in the year 1825—the first of the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas I. In the year of grace 1823, the Russian Government issued an *ukase*, directing that all houseless beggars and vagabonds, and all who, being in a penurious state, without occupation, "knew not their parentage or places of nativity," were to be dispatched straight to Samara, to occupy the vacant lands. This gave occasion to one Peter Vassilief, of Simbirsk, to spread abroad, with some sinister motive, a rumour to the following effect. The government, he gave out, had sanctioned the colonisation of the luxuriant and smiling lands along the Ural and Syr-daria (Jaxartes) rivers. All serfs, he declared, who were dissatisfied with their masters, who were poor, or oppressed, were allowed to transfer themselves unconditionally to the "new line," where, he said, they should be free, unmolested, and happy,—to a land where the rivers ran with milk and honey. "A great Kirghiz Khan," said Peter Vassilief, "has invited you all to go and partake of the bounties of Nature. The Tsar himself has accepted for you this invitation, and the Holy Synod, to avert opposition from your lords, the tyrants over your souls and bodies, has promulgated a decree over the heads of governors of provinces and other owners of slaves, authorising your escape to the land of freedom."

Thousands upon thousands of peasants, among whom the rumour spread with the rapidity of wildfire, flocked to the ferries over the Volga. From twenty Russian provinces they came with the speed of a hurricane, anticipating all attempts to stop the movement, every one of them fully believing in the fabulous exuberance of the wealth of the "promised land."

Rejoicing in this anticipated freedom, and lingering not to question or to doubt, the serf hastened he knew not where; he abandoned his home, his wife, and his children, for other, brighter prospects, to which he was allured by the phantom of liberty. His credulous mind was won over with ease when Peter Vassilief and his agents, drawing homely pictures, told him that in the "promised land" women, washing the linen, beat it on the backs of sturgeons by the rivers, so abundant were those waters in fish; that he would find a new hut built for him, with cattle and fowls in the enclosure attached to it; and that, on an oaken table inside, he would find a sum of 500 roubles to start him in his new life.

It was remarked, after the inquiry into this strange event—the documents relating to which are preserved in the local archives—that there was not a single case of violation of the criminal laws among these deluded hosts of simple peasant slaves, who, with disappointed hopes and heavy hearts, were constrained, and not mildly, to return to bondage.

FROM SAMARA TO ORENBURG.

Travellers proceeding to Orenburg provide themselves with the necessaries for the journey at Samara. Firstly, they buy a *tarantass*—a four-wheeled carriage with a spring pole, which they generally contrive to dispose of at Orenburg, unless it is required to take them on across the steppes and deserts to Tashkend. They then take in a supply of cold cooked meat, of hard-baked cakes, and a *nécessaire* containing tea, sugar, and a tea-service. Tea and *vodka* (corn brandy) are the inevitables of all Russians, of course they do not both constitute the inevitables of ladies, travelling or at home. In Russian travelling, tea is in the fullest sense a comfort, a luxury, and a necessary. The traveller must not expect to obtain anything in the villages, when he is going across country in Russia, but the rudest peasant fare. He will find bread, butter, and eggs to be the only articles of food suitable to his palate; but if he shall have taken his precautions, hot water is the only thing he will need to ask for; and that is always procurable. There is a *samovar* in every peasant's establishment.

The *tarantass* may be provided with a seat, or it may not—*ça selon;* if it is not, the traveller will prudently dispose of his largest trunk so that it may serve as a seat, laying over it a large quantity of dry hay, and covering that with a rug. In this arrangement he must be guided by a consideration of the

length of his journey and of his comfort for the night. In this case a feather bed and a couple of pillows—for his own use—will not be found amiss; but let him beware of any fellow-travellers who will hold out these articles to him as inducements to allow them to share the seat in the carriage.

My bargain with the contractor, who speeds the traveller on, was struck; a carriage was secured; the provisions were packed away, and the *podorojnaya*, or way-bill, was obtained at the posting office, when, at the last moment, I was obliged to yield to the solicitations of an elderly gentleman, a Malo-Russian, who had been appointed to the direction of a court of judicature in Orenburg, and to accept him as a *compagnon de route*.

The old gentleman's society proved to be very agreeable on the road. He was, as I have said, a Malo-Russian, one of that race distinguished for its cleanliness, spirit, truthfulness, and integrity, which fact reconciled me to the partnership. His sincerity and dry humour, coupled with an occasional vigorous expletive addressed to the drowsy peasant driver, and followed by a prod in his back with a very Gamp-like umbrella, enlivened the journey, and hastened our progress. I must here express a hope that Mr. F——, the gentleman in question, has been appreciated by his colleagues in Orenburg, and that his official paths have been made smooth and pleasant for him.

The distance from Samara to Orenburg is 419 versts, or about 200 miles. Horses are changed, after the first, seventeen times; and glad one is, after fifty-four hours' continuous jolting in the month of October, over the face of the most monotonous country in the world, to see the end of the dreary track.



RUSSIAN PEASANT MIGRATING.

In the month of October the days are short and the nights are dark, and Russians unaccustomed to travelling in out-of-the-way parts, even in their own country, are timorous, although really there is no danger on Russian roads to deter any man with ordinary senses about him from travelling in all directions. They one and all, however, seek for partners on the score of safety and economy.

Having come to terms with Mr. F——, I was settling my hotel bill with the waiter, when a young man, who had just arrived, and who had evidently studied to keep himself warm on the road rather than risk catching a cold through the performance of any ablutions, rushed into my room.

"You are going to Orenburg, I learn," he said hurriedly, but politely; "could you not postpone your departure for a little while, and allow me to travel with you?"

"The horses are at the door!" exclaimed Mr. F——, entering the room; and having overheard the young gentleman's proposition, he proceeded to explain that I was already engaged to him.

"I did not know; excuse me," said the other, with a little *hauteur*. Turning to me immediately after, he ran on in French: "But I am going all the way to Tashkend, and as that is, probably, where you also are going, then——"

"Pardon me," I replied, "I am bound by my engagement."

"What does that matter?" he insisted. "Here we are, both going to Tashkend, nearly two thousand versts beyond Orenburg; it might be more convenient to you—I mean, I hope you consider me a more congenial partner—I mean our respective ages, as it would appear. I hate travelling alone."

He went on still, without giving me an opportunity for interrupting him. "My luggage will shortly arrive; I lost it on the road. Could you not reconsider? They say it is dangerous travelling here; and there is no one passing on now besides yourself. How vexing!"

I thought of Jingle.

"Are you really afraid of travelling alone?"

"Of course I am," he admitted, taking me up quickly; "I am told the road is unsafe—there are robbers!"

"Fables, *mon ami*. But if it be so, take fire-arms."

"Fire-arms!" he exclaimed, in horror; "I cannot use them. I am even more afraid of a pistol than of robbers. A robber may have mercy on you if you give him your money, but a pistol will go off without respect for your feelings or person."

"Then in every case I could not help you, for I have with me a cutlass, a revolver, and a gun with four barrels, not to mention powder, shot, and ball-cartridges."

"H'm!" ejaculated the anxious but yet hopeful youth. "Oh," he said, recovering himself quickly from the shock I had given him, "but we would hide all those things safely away; they would not explode. And Tashkend! think what a journey it is to Tashkend! You cannot, you surely cannot go alone! Do consider; do wait; do take me. I am hurrying to my post as secretary for special commissions to the Governor-general of Turkestan. My name is K——, son of the poet K——. I commend myself to you; and so, you know, I should not detain you anywhere."

I expressed my pleasure at making the acquaintance of the son of the poet K——, who could speak English, French, and German; who could play marvellously on the piano and violin; who could dance to perfection; who was in love with, and adored by, most of the Russian fair; whose self-importance and dignity would carry him anywhere and through everything at home, but who lacked the very little spirit required for a



CHURCH OF THE OLD BELIEVERS, AT KAZAN.

solitary journey to his post, through lonely wilds, to the eastern limits of his country.

I had not made up my mind to go on to Tashkend, and Mr. K—— was, *par nécessité*, obliged to excuse me. I learned afterwards that Mr. K—— was detained for some considerable time at Samara "for want of my luggage."

We should have left Samara at six in the morning, but did not start before nine, consequently it was ten or eleven o'clock at night when we pulled up at the fourth stage, and called for a fresh relay. A peasant came out of the hut with a dim dirty lantern.

"What is it?" he asked, looking half-asleep and bewildered.

"Horses! quick!"

The old man with the lantern hesitated, scratched his uncombed head, muttered something about the darkness and disappeared.

The driver, a tall, swarthy, ruffianly-looking fellow, sidled up to me as I got out of the *tarantass*, and in wheedling tones begged for drink-money. In order to get at my pocket I was obliged to take off my belt, to which a pistol in a holster and a hunting-knife were attached; this I inadvertently deposited on the ledge at the back of the carriage, and leaving it there, had made a step back to where I thought the man was still standing, when in the darkness I detected him already on the other side, and laying a hand on the weapons.

He had already seized them, and was just disappearing on the off side of the carriage, when I rushed at him, and giving him a shove which made him stumble and fall, recovered my belt and its appendages.

Considering it rather an extraordinary thing for the man to wish to take my arms, I thought it best to frighten him.

"No, my friend," I observed, "you do not get my knife without you carry off the blade in your body, or the pistol without its contents in you. I never allow any one to lay hands on either of them with impunity."

The man muttered some excuse, and led away the steaming horses.

"If this," I said to Mr. F——, "is the character of the people here, you had better keep to the carriage and effects, while I go into the hut to arrange about horses."

"And rate them all well, the scoundrels, for keeping us waiting."

Entering the hut, I suppose I had not put on a sufficiently imposing mien, for the old man at once and flatly told me he had no horses. I knew he was bound to have six relays of a pair, and was confident that he was not speaking the truth; he, however, strove to assure me that he would not have any till morning. When I began loudly to remonstrate, he said it would be several hours before he could provide us with fresh steeds, and by-and-by in came his spouse and the man who had so nearly run off with my arms.

They all ranged themselves round the deal table, supporting, in one voice, the assertion that they had not the means for sending us on.

"I shall go and see for myself. The lantern!" I cried.

"It has burned out; and there is no use talking," said the old peasant, resolutely; "you had better make up your mind to pass the night here."

"Horses! horses!" called out Mr. F——, from the outside; "I'll send you all to Siberia if you do not look alive."

This created some sensation. I was implored to sleep the night there, but I refused, and ordered horses to be instantly attached,—or awful consequences would follow, I ventured to remark.

Then came the excuse that the road was unsafe. "It is dark," they said; "and the boys of the next village are given to playing pranks." *Shaliat* was the expression.

"Phoo!" I exclaimed; "I shall chance that, rather than sleep under your tender care; and who cares for the 'boys?' I have a pistol which can kill six men at a shot, and a knife sharp and long enough to go through three! So no more nonsense; horses at once, or I shall report you to the governor —my friend—my intimate friend," I presumed to say. At the same time unsheathing my imposing knife—intended for encounters with wolves and bears—I passed it, like a razor on a strop, backwards and forwards over the table.

"Well," said my worthy friend, "I'll drive you, if you are really not afraid. But can you shoot straight, *barin* (sir)?"

"So straight," I boasted, "that if I slept here with half an eye open and with my pistol in my hand, I could put out that dying light, and then, with my long sharp knife I could cut all your throats in the proper places."

This terrible speech settled the matter at once. In less than half-an-hour we were dashing out of the village with four fresh horses.

The driver was inclined to be loquacious; he assured us that the road was really dangerous in dark nights, in witness whereof he pointed out to us the corpse of a murdered man, lying by the wayside, covered with matting. We saw another later in the day. "Now," said our man on the box, "there is an ugly turn in the road—the only one which occurs all the way—where there is a bit of a gully, with some brushwood. If you will look carefully, you will perceive some men. There," he cried—"there is a lighted pipe; and there are four or five young fellows lurking behind that bush, with no good intentions, I can tell you."

"Do they gain much of a livelihood at their calling?" I inquired.

"Well, no, not much; occasionally, however, they do hit upon a man with a treasure. What are we to do?" said the driver, unconsciously betraying himself. "We have the communal system among us, and the patriarchal system. We all live with our fathers—married and single; the old men are hard on us, and yet we must have something to go to the *kabak*, or to a fair with. Oh, my dear ones! On! on! on! Oh! ho! ho! hi! Whew!" and the fellow fumbled his reins, without, however, making his shaggy little steeds go any faster.

Mr. F—— was asleep, and snoring; but I was awake, though very fatigued, and inclined to fall off too. But all this was a novelty to me, and my interest in the matter kept me alive to the occasion.

"Whew! whew! whew!" whistled the fellow, at the same time sidling off his seat, and seeming inclined to fall back upon me and my sleeping companion. I was watching the men lurking behind the bush; they were rising to their legs. The peasant on the box was awkwardly close to me, and both Mr. F—— and myself were much embarrassed with rugs and various *impedimenta* under the hood which sheltered us. Suspecting that the man was up to no good, I cleared myself of the articles about me, and pushed the fellow back into his seat. "Sit up straight!" I said to him, roughly, and with determination. "If you should happen to slip your rein, or to

find that some part of the harness has given way, letting those fellows come up to us, the first shot out of this pistol shall be through your brain." I put the muzzle of the revolver to his head. It made him start. In a moment we were off "like an arrow from a bow," to the merry jingling of the thin-toned bell attached to the arch over the leading horse's head.

THE BELL—INFLUENCE OF THE COUNTRY ON THE FORMATION OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER—BUZULUK—AN ADVENTURE.

Early in the morning I woke to the consciousness that we were moving along very slowly. This was the effect of the jolting of the *tarantass* to a different measure, and to the comparative silence of the bell.

This bell is an indispensable appendage to a Russian harness, in travelling. It is very musical; very agreeable. The Russian driver is fond of it; it reconciles him to the very uncomfortable position he generally occupies, on the side of the posting-cart, or on the plank of which he makes a seat. He sways himself to its sound, which relieves the universal silence and solitude. The bell is to him "a voice in the desert;" its melodious monotony harmonises with his melancholy mood. The peasant makes it the theme of his mournful ditty, varying this with frequent apostrophes to his horses. Some score of years ago, among various other old-fashioned habits and customs, the Russian nobles vied much with each other in the qualities of the sound of their respective bells. Tinkling bells, in travelling, are even now the source of much pride, envy, and humiliation, in the provinces, just as in the remote corners of Russia, notwithstanding the emancipation of the serfs and numerous other reforms, many old whims, oddities, and practices of the good old patriarchal days, are still followed and retained.

The bell chimes in, too, very well with the silent soliloquies which you are apt to make in measuring long distances on Russian highways and byways, and it stimulates those fancies which are materially and unconsciously bred from a feeling of dependence on surrounding circumstances—a feeling which overcomes you in plains like those of Russia. You do, indeed, feel completely under the control of the influence of silence, solitude, and immeasurable plain surface; you feel you cannot span that space, you cannot see the boundaries of it. The level plain around you, in which you are a mere speck; the canopy of heaven above you, on all sides, as interminable as the earth, are all you see. There is no object to suggest to you an idea; no prominent feature to stir you to a sense of action; nothing, in fact, to arouse in you a faculty for controlling, instead of being controlled. You succumb; you are spell-bound. You acknowledge yourself to be secondary to all and to everything. Your nature becomes a passive one. Your Russia becomes your "*Holy mother* Russia;" your city of Moscow becomes your "*Mother* City Moscow;" your Volga becomes your "*Mother* Volga;" your vast territories become your "raw *Mother* Earth." A lethargy overtakes you; nothing in your mind assumes a tangible form, and your fancies roam at leisure, and as you lose all sense of the value of time, those fancies gain full sway over you, and parading solemnly, develop into trackless and vapoury theories. Your only desire grows to be a thirst to cover space; it propels you on and on; it increases into the intensity of a yearning after a goal—a limit; you will penetrate deserts and steppes, searching for that limit; you will advance still, and still march on, till inaccessible mountains face you, or till you encounter circumstances which will at last repel you. Then your progress stops, and you succumb—as it is already your nature to succumb—to stern realities.

The tongue of the melodious but monotonous bell is, therefore, the most suitable and soothing companion of your fancies and your feelings, in these parts. It cheers you, also, mildly by day; it lulls you to sleep in the night, and ceasing then to tinkle, breaks your slumber, and you wake.

Mr. F—— was, as usual, fast asleep, smothered in hay and furs.

"What is it?" I called out to the driver; "why have you stopped?"

"Look there, *barin*," he answered, suddenly rousing himself and touching up the horses. "Do you see that man hurrying across the plain?"

"Yes; and what then? Come, it's too cold to stand still. Spin along!"

"That man is coming towards us aslant, and is now sure to intercept us."

"What does it matter? *Poshol!*" (Go.)

"That man means no good," continued the fellow, looking about him, as if in search of more men. "There is no village or habitation for hundreds of versts in the direction from which he is running. And see what a big fellow he is, and what a staff he carries," he said, with a show of alarm, as the stranger neared us, or as we neared the stranger."

I saw at a glance that the man was a pad, and while watching his countenance, drew my pistol and held it carelessly over the side of the carriage, in order that he might see it. He did catch sight of it, and very suddenly staggered back astonished and in affright.

"What is it, my good man?" I asked him, as we jogged on slowly. The man recovered himself, and, keeping his stout bludgeon, all studded with horse-shoe nails on the knob—as I saw it was—behind his back, pulled off his hat with one hand, and pleaded for "charity."

I laughed in his face, enjoying his disappointment; and, looking back shortly after, saw him raise his cudgel at me in a menacing manner. The man was full six feet in height, if not an inch or two more. A handsome, tall boor, with a jet-black, glossy beard, and with dark, piercing eyes. He wore a fine and valuable new sheepskin coat, like the one I wore, only incomparably superior to mine, and a tall, conical, Persian hat, of black lambskin—itself a costly article of attire.

We reached Buzuluk, which is about midway between Samara and Orenburg, at about six in the afternoon of the second day. A fair had just been held in the town—one of those periodical fairs held there for the convenience of half the province—and the place was in some commotion. It was a Sunday. We entered a *restaurant*, and called for a hot meal, some tea, "and," Mr. F—— added to the demand, "some *vodka!*"

"We cannot serve you with spirits to-day, at this hour; it is forbidden," the waiter informed him.

Mr. F—— raised his eyebrows, and—with his voice—a protest. The man only cast his eyes in the direction of three officers, who were sitting at a table, sipping some liquid out of a broken little teapot, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered, "It is not permitted."



KAZAN.

This was something new to Mr. F——. It was to him a great deprivation; he might have obtained the *vodka* at the posting-house, where we put up the horses. Then, also, the idea of a Russian—cold, fatigued, after a long journey—being denied a glass of his favourite *vodka!* He was himself a judge; the fellow was to understand that. He was no judge, however, and a perfect stranger of no weight and authority in Buzuluk. Mr. F—— must excuse the man; he was only a waiter.

A strong flavour of *vodka* reached Mr. F——'s olfactory nerve, from the table where the three officers were sitting, at which he caught at once, calling the waiter's attention to the fact. The waiter turned somewhat pale, wished to say something, but failed in utterance.

"Waiter!" cried the most important-looking one of the trio, "serve that gentleman with what he wants, instantly. Go!"

The menial was immediately metamorphosed into quite another individual. He was radiant, and with great alacrity produced a broken little teapot, similar to the other, and placed it, together with a diminutive cup, before Mr. F——.

We finished our meal, the first hot repast (cabbage soup, with floating lumps of meat and fat) which had passed our lips on the road, and withdrew, Mr. F—— bowing an acknowledgment to the officer who had sanctioned his *vodka*. The trio were the master of police—a colonel in full uniform—and two satellites. The regulation about the *vodka* was a preposterous law, put in force to serve his own purposes, by that terrible functionary, the master of police.

We had an hour to spare while the horses were being procured for us from the neighbouring meadows, so Mr. F—— and I took a stroll, looking into the various shops facing the square where the fair had been held. The commodities exposed for sale were cheap and coarse, and such only as might be in demand among the peasantry. Here and there, also, were articles of dress worn by the nomad Kirghiz; wide overalls of red and green yuft; boots of the same; felts and lambskins from Bokhara; these latter were dear—from five to twelve roubles each; wooden saddle-frames for Asiatics, and other articles to remind one of the vicinity of Asia and of Asiatic races. Cart-wheels were there, ironmongery, hempen horse-collars, harness, pitch, and tar in bladders filled like sausages, &c.



RUSSIAN PEASANT OF VLADIMIR.



TARTAR BEGGING WOMAN.

I was just turning a corner round a booth, when I chanced upon a scene. A young woman, very respectably attired—and, as I could see by the flare of a large tallow wick—of very prepossessing appearance, holding a paper in her hand, was in the act of freeing herself, in an indignant manner, from the touch of a shabby-looking fellow, in the soiled uniform of a line officer.

"I have told you to leave me alone!" I heard her exclaim; "I am already sufficiently distressed."

I could see she was weeping. Imagining that I had accidentally intruded where a third person might be *de trop*, I drew back, rejoining my companion. At the same time I caught the tones of a man's voice, followed by a shriek. The female figure brushed quickly by, pursued by the officer, in his cloak. I intercepted him.

"It seems to me," I said, "that you are persecuting that lady. I will not permit it."

"Are you her husband? What right have you?"

"The right of a man to protect a woman from a cowardly ruffian!"

"How do you dare to raise your hand against an officer? You know the penalty for such an insult to my uniform!" exclaimed the fellow, putting his hand with an imposing air on the breast of his coat, while I still grasped his other arm, to detain him.

"You are yourself a disgrace to the uniform you wear, which should be torn off your back," put in Mr. F——, with warmth.

"Tear my uniform? You have torn my uniform!" cried the officer, an idea evidently coming into his head. He put his free hand to the collar of his coat, trying to burst his buttons, and having done so, said, "There, you must pay for this. You must go to the police-station. No money will repay me for this. I am dishonoured!"

"You are a fool and a rogue," said Mr. F——. "I am witness that my friend has done nothing but what was quite right, and that you tore open your collar with your own hand. Now be off! Here are two witnesses against you. I am a judge, and wear a uniform better than yours; so beware!"

The young woman had quietly joined us. The officer noticed her, but seeing he had the worst of it, he moved off, vowing vengeance against me. After he had gone, the young person who had been the object of the ruffian's molestations, in a very sweet voice, almost drowned in tears,

thanked us for our interference, and asked us to conduct her to the house where she was staying. It was dark, and she was afraid the man might pursue her.

This was quite an interesting little adventure, and Mr. F—— was so extremely funny about it, that our charming charge regained her spirits and began to laugh. She explained to us, with a delightful simplicity, that she was the wife of a young official of Nijni Novgorod, who had brought her to Buzuluk, and who, having duties to perform in the region, had lodged her in the town, and leaving her, had started into the country. "I was reading a letter which I had from him at the post-office," she explained, "when that man so rudely accosted me. The letter informs me that my husband cannot possibly return to fetch me from here, being called immediately to Kazan. Michel advises me to return to Samara, with any suitable traveller who may be passing through this place. This is very distressing," she said, in a piteous tone; "there are so few respectable people passing on that way, and no single travellers. My means," she added, "are too slender to allow me to travel all alone, or to remain longer in my lodgings."

We bid her hope for the best, and, assuring her that we would tell the posting-master to secure a fellow-traveller for her, took her address, and bid her farewell at her own door. I strongly suspected that Mr. F—— left something in her hand at parting, for there was some hocus-pocus proceeding in the dark before he turned away rather abruptly, with a "So, so, my daughter," not intended for my hearing. It was my fate to encounter the lady again on my return.

A Night among the Lions of the Vaal River.

BY CHARLES WALTER KINLOCH.

It was in the year 1840, when residing at Graham's Town, in the Cape Colony, during a temporary absence from India on sick leave, that I was induced to join a hunting expedition formed in that city with a view to exploring the wild and little-frequented country lying to the northward of the river Vaal.

My companions were a young officer of the Bombay army who has since died in the service of his country, and a Bengal civilian, who is now in the Church—and who I trust may long live to adorn by his learning and his doctrine the profession of which he has made choice.

Our party comprised thirteen persons in all, the European portion being represented by my two friends, myself, and our two English servants, and the African by blacks of various denominations and tints, from the copper-coloured Malay of the Cape to the ebon-skinned negro of Mozambique.

My two companions and myself were each provided with a commodious travelling-wagon, in the centre of which was a bed comfortably made upon a cartel, or frame, attached to the flanks of the vehicle by means of leathern straps. To the sides of the tent, or roof of the wagon, were appended canvas bags, for carrying such articles as were required for daily use, and above these again were laid our guns and rifles, which were secured to the roof by small leathern lashings. Fore and aft were large chests, containing our stock of gunpowder and lead, and a variety of tools for repairing the wagons in case of need—the side boxes being filled with plates and knives and forks, and other articles appertaining to the dinner-table. A fourth wagon carried our supplies of provisions, calculated for a journey of six months' duration, a large stock of beads, brass wire, tobacco, snuff, and cheap gew-gaws, to barter with the wild tribes of the interior; and last, but not least, 3,000 pounds of oats—a highly important part of the outfit, seeing how greatly the success of the expedition would depend on our horses reaching the hunting-ground in good condition for the chase.

Our route lay through the colonial townships of Somerset, Cradock Town, and Colesberg, and thence across the Orange River, over a treeless barren waste of three hundred miles or more, to the willow-fringed banks of the Vaal and to the richly-wooded Cashan Mountains, situated some ten or twelve marches to the northward of the latter river.

The Vet River, the last of the numerous streamlets that lay between us and the plains of the Vaal, was already some marches in our rear. Our path, which for some days had run over a slightly undulating country, intersected by occasional sand-hills and stony ridges, had now entered upon a vast expanse of desert, whose arid and shrubless soil, covered only here and there by a few patches of a scrubby kind of heather, stretched away in our front till lost sight of in the blue haze of the far-distant horizon. There was literally nothing to relieve the dismal monotony of the scene, save in one direction, to the south-west, where three table-shaped hills could be discerned rising out of the illimitable waste, and presenting to the traveller the one sole object in the dreary landscape for his eye to rest upon.

As we plunged deeper into the pathless waste, the game became more and more abundant. Troops of the wildebeest, followed by long lines of the blessbok and springbok, came continually bounding across our track. Leaving the caravan one morning to pursue its course, my two friends and myself, attended by my English servant Watson, struck across the country in pursuit of the game. We speedily bagged a fine springbok, which fell to a well-directed shot from the captain's rifle, and after hunting the wildebeest for some hours we all joined company again on the top of an undulating slope, where we dismounted, preparatory to making an attempt to ride down the quagga which we had just seen for the first time. Accordingly, leaving my two friends to follow the trail of a wounded wildebeest which they had just discovered, I mounted my trusty steed, "Samson," and taking Watson with me, mounted on my fleetest horse, "Chaka," we rode in the direction where the quaggas had been observed. We soon perceived the troop, and had arrived within a hundred yards of their rearward ranks before they took alarm. There they stood, a goodly troop indeed, gazing at their pursuers, with nostrils distended and with ears erect!

Poor creatures! how vain were all their efforts! of how little avail their symmetry of form and fleetness of foot when opposed to the superior speed of the trained horse, and his greater power of enduring fatigue. A sharp gallop of three miles brought one of the herd to a stand—a fine, handsome stallion. Dispatching him with a single ball, delivered at arm's length, I again pushed on to join my servant Watson, who, half a mile in advance, was now in the very thick of the troop. Singling out a dashing young colt, we gave him chase, when, after a burst of a mile, having run him to a stand, we endeavoured to capture him by means of a lasso, in the hope of bringing him alive to the camp, but after making several ineffectual efforts to secure him, we abandoned the attempt as impracticable, and our stock of animal food being low, we were compelled, in the interest of our numerous followers, to destroy him. A single bullet sufficed to do the work, and death was instantaneous—a far less terrible death than that which would probably have awaited him a few hours later, in the stealthy attack of the savage lion or the fiercer onslaught of the famished wolf.

Mr. Watson was in high glee at so successful a termination to the day's sport, and as he busied himself in cutting up the quarry, an operation in which he showed considerable dexterity, he was loud in praise of his own horsemanship and of the qualities of the noble animal he had ridden, and if, he said, I would only mount him on the same good steed again, he would engage, should the opportunity offer, to ride down the "Old Gentleman" himself. In this idle strain of rodomontade did Mr. Watson continue to indulge, until I called his attention to the propriety of our seeking for the track of the wagons. It wanted about an hour of sunset when we remounted our horses to return to camp. Neither of us had a very clear idea of the direction in which the wagons had proceeded, but we felt pretty certain, from the position of the three table-shaped hills to which I have referred, that an easterly course would bring us on the track. Riding, therefore, in that direction, we came almost immediately upon a wagon road; that this could not be our road, however, seemed quite evident from the circumstance of its proximity to the scene of the quagga hunt, and also from there being no fresh cattle marks upon it. We crossed it, therefore, and continued riding to the eastward until the sun went down, when, seeing no trace of a second road, we both began to entertain some doubt in regard to the one we had left behind us, more particularly as it seemed to run in the direction we believed our wagons to have taken. In the hope, therefore, that it might after all prove to be the road which we were in search of, and that some accident might possibly have retarded the advance of the caravan, we turned our horses' heads to the west, and reached the road before dark. Finding, however, no fresh "spoor" upon it, we determined to ride back on this road, in the belief that if it did not conduct us to our wagons, it would, at least, lead us to an "outspan," or halting-place, where we might obtain fuel for a fire. After continuing this course for nearly two hours by the light of the moon, we at length arrived at an "outspan," situated upon the bank of a partially dry rivulet. Here we resolved to pass the night. Accordingly, having taken off our saddles and knee-haltered the horses, we set about collecting a sufficient supply of dried cattle-dung to last us through the long winter's night. Selecting a sheltered part of the ravine, Watson proceeded to light the fire, whilst I remained engaged in tending the two horses, as they browsed at a distance of some fifty yards from the bank of the rivulet.

As the fire began to burn brightly, I quitted my post to join my servant, but before I had time to reach him, a wild and piercing scream from my trusty steed "Samson," distinctly audible above the deep and deafening roar of his powerful assailant, informed me of the melancholy fate of my valued horse. Rushing up the broken bank of the ravine, gun in hand, I discharged at ten yards' distance both barrels of my gun directly in the lion's face. Instantly quitting his prey, the savage beast sprung to his feet with an angry growl, and bounding along the bank of the stream was soon lost to my sight, whilst the scared and mutilated horse staggered away in the opposite direction, "startling the dull ear of night" with his fearful screams. At the same time a succession of piercing shrieks in another direction told me of the fate of my remaining horse, as he lay not fifty yards away, vainly struggling to free himself from the strong gripe of his feline enemy.

Everyone who has read Cooper's novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," will doubtless recollect the striking scene in which "Hawkeye" and his little party whilst taking refuge in the cavern, are suddenly startled by the loud shrill cry of the wounded horse, and how on that occasion even the Indians themselves, accustomed as they had been from their infancy to note every sound of man and beast, were utterly unable to explain the unnatural cry which then assailed their ears. Strange and unearthly as is the scream of the horse, yet in our case there was not a moment's doubt as to how or whence the sound had originated, and the rude yet forcible exclamation of my servant: "By ——, sir, we're in for it!" was scarcely needed to explain the nature of the catastrophe, or to tell us that we had fallen into a den of lions. We were entirely destitute of ammunition; any attempt, therefore, to recover the horses before morning would have been as vain as it would have been dangerous. Abandoning them, therefore, to their fate, we proceeded to take what precautions we could towards securing our own personal safety during the remainder of the night, and with this view we shifted our quarters from the bed of the rivulet to the bank above it, where we kindled two fires, between which we crouched throughout the long hours of that fearful night. Though destitute of ball, we had, fortunately, plenty of powder, and were thus enabled to fire blank cartridge repeatedly during our long vigil. Our conversation, which, as may be supposed, was exceedingly limited in its range, was carried on in a key considerably above the ordinary pitch of the human voice. This was frequently interrupted by the howling of wolves and jackals, and by the deeper growl of the lions, "as they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead." Towards midnight the moon sank beneath the horizon, and everything became suddenly wrapt in darkness, which the feeble flickering of our fire served only to intensify.

There had not been a sound, or even a breath, for an hour at least, to disturb the death-like stillness that reigned around, and I had been speculating on the chances of our escape, and was thinking how little I had to hope from the energy of my companion, as by the murky light I perceived the tears to be trickling down his face, when I was suddenly aroused from these reflections by an unlooked-for danger. The wild beasts had unexpectedly surrounded our little position.

One deep and deafening roar announced the arrival of the troop. Instantly springing to our feet, we seized pieces of the red-hot fire and hurled them in the direction of our enemies. This had the immediate effect of making them retreat towards the ravine; nor did they again attempt to molest us. It froze hard during the night, as I discovered by the thickness of the ice in the bed of the rivulet; but, though destitute of any covering save my ordinary day-clothes, I never experienced the slightest feeling of cold. The excitement produced by being thus suddenly thrust into a den of lions, by being lost in an uninhabited country, and being separated (as I then thought for ever) from my companions, rendered me wholly insensible to any mere bodily suffering.

With the first streak of dawn we saw the lions, five in number, slowly retiring from the scene of their bloody feast, and, as each surrounding object became gradually clearer at dawn of day, the mangled carcases of the two horses met our view on the opposite side of the rivulet, not a hundred yards distant from the spot where we had held our weary watch. Being wholly unprovided with ammunition, excepting a few charges of small shot, we determined to abandon all further search for the wagons, and to pursue, instead, the course of the track which had conducted us to the scene of the disastrous bivouac of the preceding night, and which, judging from the position of the table mountains to which I have already adverted, appeared to run in the direction of the Vet River, across which our wagons had passed three days before, and on whose banks we had found located a small party of emigrant Boors. Although these people had then displayed anything but a friendly spirit towards us, we thought they could scarcely refuse to help us now, in the trying circumstances under which we should claim their aid and hospitality. A powerful motive for the adoption of this course of action was the belief that in our retrograde movement towards the Vet River we should sooner or later strike the track of our own wagons, and if only so fortunate as to do this, my confidence in my own and my companion's physical powers was such as to induce a lively hope that whatever the distance might be to our camp, we should accomplish it before nightfall, and that our deliverance would be assured. Accordingly, having cut a few slices off the mangled remains of our horses, and having deposited our saddles and bridles in a neighbouring wolf-hole, we set forth on our dangerous journey, following the particular track I have indicated.

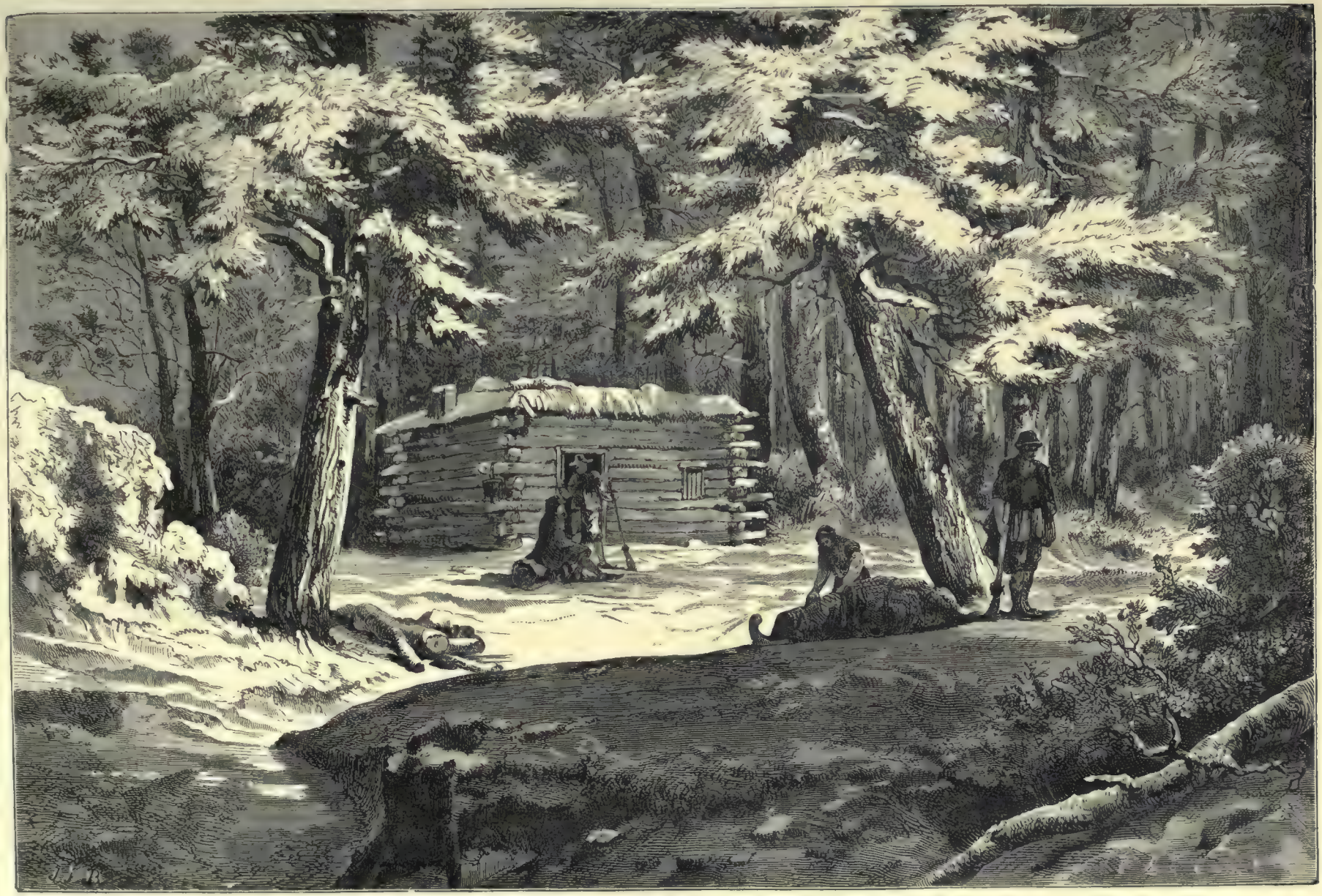
We had scarcely travelled a mile, however, before all traces of this road were lost, and, after expending nearly an hour in a fruitless endeavour to recover the trail, we gave up the search as hopeless. Nothing now remained for us but to shape a course of our own for the nearest point of the Vet River, by the aid of the three table-shaped hills, the whole of which were now clearly visible through the blue haze that wrapped the distant horizon. We had pushed on silently, but swiftly, for a couple of hours or more, without seeing a living creature, without meeting with the slightest indication of a road on any side, and without hearing even a sound to break the painful stillness that reigned around. It was then, for the first time, that the awful position in which we were placed rose to my mind in all its terrible reality. My courage began to leave me, and I felt that God alone could save us. It was then my heart sent up a prayer to heaven for deliverance—and that prayer was heard. On, on we went, with the same rapid steps, for another hour, when suddenly and at the same instant we both became aware that we were approaching a well-defined wagon road. It proved to be our long-lost road.

Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances of danger, and who have experienced the sickening effect of "hope deferred," can appreciate my feelings at that happy moment, and understand the fulness of my gratitude to God for our deliverance.

Taking up the trail of the caravan, we now pressed on with light hearts and renewed spirits, and by seven o'clock in the evening had the happiness of finding ourselves re-united to our party, after a separation from it of thirty hours, during which time we had neither slept nor tasted food, for the horse-flesh, which we boiled and tried to eat, proved too tough and ropy to tempt even our keen appetites. I found our camp pitched upon a little stream called the Bloem Spruit, in the immediate vicinity of a party of Dutch emigrants. These people, on hearing of our prolonged absence from the wagons, had kindly volunteered their services in prosecuting the search after us. The plains on which I had spent the memorable night of the 4th of July they represented as being overrun by lions and hyenas, against whom a strong party of Boers had only very recently proceeded by the same track which had conducted myself and Watson to the scene of our unfortunate bivouac; and this quite explained how it was that the road by which the Boers had travelled, went no further than the immediate limits of the rivulet where they had formed their camp.

What mighty changes have been wrought on the face of those wild and unpeopled plains since the time of which I write! Throughout the vast expanse of country which stretches away in a continuous succession of barren but undulating flats, from the Orange to the Vaal River—a distance of more than 300 miles—not a single township or village then existed. A few widely-scattered farms, wherever a running stream promised a supply of water to the settler, alone at that day represented the germs of the Republic which, under the designation of "the Free State," was soon to occupy and people that vast tract of territory. The great emigration movement among the Dutch colonists of the Cape had already commenced, but its effect had not yet been felt on the distant banks of the Vaal, and the lion still held undisputed sway for many miles around that now far-famed stream. But the recent discoveries of diamonds and other precious stones upon its banks have attracted, and must continue still to attract, to those regions a perpetual stream of emigrants from every part of the world; and already, according to the latest estimate, no less a number than 37,000 souls are supposed to be located on the two banks of the Vaal River, and engaged in the same pursuit of diamond digging.

Little did the writer of this narrative dream, when engaged in 1840 in following an eland, or riding down an ostrich on the Vaal River plains, what untold riches were lying at his feet, and with no one to dispute his claim to their possession. Had he or his companions had an inkling even that, on the very surface of the soil over which they hourly passed, for many days together, there were lying precious stones which would have placed them all in a state of affluence for the rest of their natural lives, it is probable that a considerable portion of the time that had been given to the pleasures of the chase, would have been devoted by them to the more profitable and exciting occupation of diamond searching.



HUT IN A NORWEGIAN FOREST.

Wanderings in Norway.—II.

BY FRANK USHER.

SNEEHÆTTEN.

In the beginning of the twelfth century a *fjeld-stue*, or mountain lodge, was established at Jerkin, for the benefit of travellers. It has grown into a large farm, and its present proprietor is one of the richest farmers and breeders in Norway. This farm station affords capital accommodation for travellers, and a few days might be profitably spent there by any one to whom the contemplation of wild scenery is a delight, or the gentle pleasure of botanising an excitement. Glowing accounts are given of the sport to be obtained in this region, but the sportsman who puts faith in these will be doomed to disappointment; for the plateau of the Dovre-fjeld has been sadly worried of late years—a fate which invariably befalls a district the sport of which is too publicly praised. For an enthusiastic botanist, however, the Dovre-fjeld has rare charms. Scarce mosses and lichens, flowers and ferns, many of which are unknown in England, will reward his search. In certain parts, all the Alpine flora of the north seems to have centred itself. The solitary botanist must be careful, for the ground is very treacherous. A certain learned professor, botanising alone near Jerkin, got into a bog, where he remained for twenty-four hours. He was dragged out half dead, with just sufficient strength left to murmur, "I have lost my *Campanula uniflora*," ere he fainted.

Sneehætten for a long time enjoyed the reputation of being the highest mountain in Norway. More accurate surveys have determined that several peaks rise from the great chain of Norwegian mountains—between 60° and 63° north latitude—to a greater height. There is but little of Alpine grandeur in the peaks of central Norway. No snow-clad pinnacles or icy walls, round which the explorer must cut a perilous way, impart to their ascent the excitement of danger. The action of ice and water in distant ages has rounded the granite and gneiss of which they are composed, and made the scaling of them a matter of comparative ease. It is around the great fiords on the western coast that the mountains attain to a grandeur sublime as that of the Alps. Sneehætten has fewer beauties to show for its height of 7,714 feet, than perhaps any other mountain of equal altitude. It springs with very gradual rise from the table-land, presenting no difficulty of ascent, save in the swampy nature of the moor which forms its base. A ride of a few hours over this moor brings the traveller within a short distance of the summit. There he leaves his horse and toils over the snow afoot, stopping occasionally to take breath, or to admire the flowers blooming in little oases amongst the snow. Some of these flowery patches surpass in beauty the "Jardin," near Chamouni. The climb to the summit is fatiguing, but by no means difficult. A wild and picturesque view there rewards one's exertions. Far away, towards the east, stretches the barren moorland; on either side the view is bounded by rugged mountains, the dark, steep rocks of which stand out in bold relief against the snow that covers their sides. The summit of Sneehætten resembles a vast ruined amphitheatre, its walls capped with frowning masses of rock, its snowy sides, in the interior, converging into a deep blue lake.

TO BLAKER—HAROLD HAARFAGER.

There is but little beauty in the scenery for the first fifteen miles from Jerkin, the road being carried over an undulating moorland, bounded on either side by barren mountains of tame outline. The goodness of the Norwegian roads is a matter of admiration to most travellers. They are kept in repair by the *bönder*, to whom, according to their means, certain portions are assigned. The portion that each *bonde* must repair is marked off by tall posts, upon which his name is painted. This system is found to work very well.

After passing Fogstuen, the road descends a long steep hill, from the summit of which a magnificent view is obtained over the valley of the Rauma. At the foot of this hill is the large station of Dombaas. We have now passed the watershed of the Dovre-fjeld, and the river Logen, along which our route lies, flows southwards through the Gudbrandsdal. This is a district most interesting in historic associations to an Englishman. Through this pass Olaf led his Christian followers against Godbrand, the fierce pagan lord of the Dales. Here fought Halfdan the Black, the father of the fair-haired Harold, the great northern champion of feudalism. Harold it was who drove Rollo into exile. The conquest of Normandy and the subsequent subjugation of England were the fruits of that exile. Along this road the ill-fated army of Sinclair marched blindly to destruction. But we have come to Toftemoen, where dwells one who boasts that he can trace his pedigree up to Harold Haarfager. Here let us dine; the Logen trout are famous, and the descendants of the northern hero are renowned for their hospitality towards strangers.

The fame of Harold Haarfager is very dear to his countrymen, who last year (1872) celebrated his millenary with great rejoicings. The history of this remarkable man is extremely romantic. When his father was drowned he was a child, and the *reguli*, whom Halfdan had ousted from their possessions, conspired to deprive him of his inheritance. Their plans were defeated by the valour of his uncle, Guthrum, and a few years afterwards, when Harold had grown into manhood, a great victory over the insurgents not only led to the recovery of all the revolted districts, but gave the young king possession of several provinces to the north and west of his hereditary kingdom. A pretty legend tells us how Harold, elated by his successes, sent messages to Gyda, daughter of Eric, Jarl of Hordaland, with the offer, not of his hand, but of his heart. The proud reply of the young lady was that, so far from becoming the mistress of Harold, she would not even become his wife. No petty lord of a few insignificant provinces should be her husband—a monarch alone could hope to gain her hand, one who, like Eric of Sweden, or Gorm of Denmark, held absolute sway over a whole country. Gyda's answer inflamed Harold with ambition, and he vowed by his gods that he would neither cut nor comb his hair until he could call all Norway his own. Victory smiled upon the young king's arms. The *reguli* and *jarls* were, one by one, reduced to submission or driven into exile, and Harold became sole monarch of Norway. This vow was accomplished, but not before its rigid observance had gained for the king the epithet of "Lufa" (the Horrid-haired).

Having submitted himself to the skill of the royal barber, and gained thereby the more agreeable name of "Haarfager" (the Fair-haired), he sent for the damsel to whom his successes were due and made her the partner of his throne.* So runs the legend, but—alas for romance!—the researches of learned historians have proved it to be fabulous.

A still more romantic tale than that of Gyda is told of the beautiful Snæfrida.† This damsel, who was of Finnish extraction —the Finns were regarded as magicians in those days—captivated the heart of Harold by means of a magic drink. The king married her, and so spell-bound was he by her wondrous beauty, that for her sake he forgot his country and his ambition. Snæfrida died, after bearing four sons to Harold, and the king was inconsolable for his loss. For three whole years he sat by the corpse—which preserved the same perfect beauty as that of the living Snæfrida—thinking that life would revisit it. His subjects bewailed their monarch's infatuation, and the wisest of his jarls sought to dissolve the spell which bound him. One of these, Thorleif the Wise, at last removed the body from the couch upon which it lay. Then was the charm broken. Corruption seized upon the fair body, and serpents, lizards, toads, and every species of venomous reptile issued from it. The body was hastily burnt, but not until every particle of it was consumed did Harold regain his right senses. He then resumed his royal duties, and, in horror, dismissed the children of Snæfrida from his court. Subsequently they were received into favour again, and excelled all the rest of Harold's sons—the amorous monarch had at least thirty by his nine wives—in wickedness. In all probability the foregoing legend was composed to account for their pre-eminence in crime.

The scenery between Toftemoen and Laurgaard somewhat resembles that between Kongsvold and Övne, in the valley of the Driv. The gneiss mountains contract, and the valley becomes a narrow pass, through which the river foams, far below the road. It was with a certain feeling of regret that I reached Laurgaard; for a good road—where stations are not very far between, and where relays of horses are easily to be procured, is not without its peculiar charms. From Laurgaard I was about to plunge into a comparatively unknown country, where, as I had been told, accommodation of the roughest kind was scarcely to be found. My friends in Trondhjem had, moreover, doubted the possibility of my making myself understood by the people of this region, and from the specimens of Bergensk with which they had favoured me, I could well believe in the difficulty of so doing. It is a fearful dialect, that of the Bergen's Stift, bearing the same relation to the *lingua pura* of Norway that the broadest Yorkshire bears to English. The route across the Sogne Fjeld was, however, reported practicable, and that was the main point. Leaving my own well-appointed carriole at Laurgaard, with orders for it to be sent back to Dombaas, the station at the head of Romsdalen, to await my coming, and taking with me the few necessaries requisite for my journey, I resumed my travels in a small cart.

A three hours' drive through fine, bold scenery brought me to Sandboe, a station at the head of the Vaage Vand, where I was advised to continue my journey by water, the road which skirted the eastern side of the lake being represented as *ganske slem* (utterly bad). I was not sorry for a change of locomotion, having been travelling in carriole and cart for some twelve hours that day. A fine breeze was blowing down the lake. The boatmen took advantage of this, and, hoisting a big but ragged sail, their light boat flew swiftly through the water. The boat was old, or it had been in disuse for some time, for it leaked so fast that it took one of the boatmen all his time to bale it out. In spite of his labours, we were more than ankle-deep in water when, after a voyage of two hours, we reached Gardmo. As a rule, Norwegian boats are very good. They are built of pine, and taper off to stem and stern. Their bottoms are very narrow, on which account the employment of much ballast is necessary. They are remarkably light, and with a good stern wind will sail at a great pace. I have seen one, manned by three men, give the go-by to a mail-steamer.

At Gardmo I was delayed for an hour by the inquisitiveness of an aged bonde, who evinced the deepest desire to know all about me. Having, to the best of my ability, informed him of my nationality, my past history and future intentions, my religious opinions, the cost of my knapsack, watch, and clothes, and the physical and social features of England and other countries, I grew a little sulky, and refused to answer any more questions, whereupon he toddled off and harnessed a pony to a small cart for me. In this cart I accomplished the remainder of my journey to Blaker. Much to my annoyance, the aged bonde accompanied me as *skydskarl*, but I found a means of silencing him by making him drive, and pretending to go to sleep. My pretence was soon converted into reality, and I was almost pitched out of the cart by a tremendous jolt in a deep rut, into which I believe the old villain purposely drove, for he chuckled joyously at the mishap.

The good people of Blaker were in bed when I arrived, but they speedily arose and bestirred themselves to prepare a couch for me. No one can accuse the *bönder-piger* (farm-maids) of false modesty. To them in *déshabille* the presence of strangers is a matter of perfect indifference. The Norwegians leave their doors open, and a traveller announces his arrival by marching into the chamber where host, hostess, and servants are sleeping. I supped off a bowl of milk and some biscuits and *gammel öst;* and having with difficulty got rid of my *skydskarl*, I ordered a pony and guide for six o'clock the next morning, and retired to my not uncomfortable bed to sleep the sleep of the tired.

THE SOGNE FJELD.

After a hearty breakfast upon a tin of *carbonader*, a species of preserved meat, in the manufacture of which the Swedes are unrivalled, I started from Blaker early the next morning upon a wiry pony, a small boy, who accompanied me as guide, trotting alongside of me at a brisk pace. The road, which still continued tolerably good, wound through a fine valley, the full beauty of which I was prevented from appreciating by a wretched Scotch mist, that obscured my view, and wetted me to the skin. A ride of three hours brought me to a large *gaard*, where I had hoped to be able to procure another pony and guide. All the ponies of this farm were, however, up the mountains, and as I should have had to wait some hours before one of them could be brought down, I induced my guide to take me on to the next *gaard*, Kvandesvold, with the pony that I had ridden from Blaker. Great is the power of *drikke penge* in Norway, as in other lands. After a quarter of an hour's rest, I resumed my journey up the valley of the Baver, making my boy ride the first few miles of the way. The path soon became

* "Haralld's Saga ens Harfagra." † Ibid.

very rugged, and, in places, riding was almost impossible. Here we both walked afoot, and the docile pony followed or preceded us, without being led, picking its way over the broken ground with wonderful care. As we went along, a light breeze from the west sprang up and rolled away the heavy clouds from the mountain sides. We reached Kvandesvold about one o'clock, by which time the drizzle had ceased and the sun shone brightly out. This was fortunate, as to cross the almost pathless Sogne Fjeld in a mist, would have been an affair of some difficulty, if not danger. The ascent may be said to commence at Kvandesvold, from which station to the next, Optum, a distance of nearly forty miles, the track leads over a wild, rocky mountain-land, devoid of any signs of human habitation, save at one place, about eleven miles from Kvandesvold, where some rude, wooden huts have been constructed.



INTERIOR OF THE YOSHIWARA IN YEDO.

Japan and the Japanese.—IV.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

THE present supreme ruler of Japan is Muts-h'to, a young man twenty-one years of age, and the lineal descendant of the first emperor, Jimmu, who reigned 2,533 years ago. Before Jimmu, the history is more or less mythical. Until the present reign, and before the late revolution, it was customary to speak of the Mikado as the "Present Emperor," and his name was not published or used until after his decease; but so great are the changes that are taking place in Japan, that his Imperial Majesty's name is now published, together with other particulars regarding his family. The Empress Dowager, whose name is Asago, is forty years of age; the Empress Harugo is twenty-three. The Emperor has two aunts, five uncles (one of whom, Prince Higashi Fushimi, twenty-seven years of age, was recently in England as a student; and another, Prince Fushimi Yoshi-Hisa, seventeen years of age, is in Prussia as a student). The brother of the Emperor, twenty-two years of age, has been studying in America. His Majesty is also a diligent student of English, and will probably visit Europe at no distant time.

Of the hundreds of Japanese students now in Europe and America, a large number devote themselves to the study of history and government, and this is with a view to the establishment in Japan of something like a constitutional government. Already some progress has been made in that direction by the formation of a parliament, although not exactly in our sense of that term, as a constituent assembly formed of the representatives of the people. The members appear to be chosen with the approval of the Government or Cabinet, and they are paid officials in reality. This body is called the *Sa-in*. There is an Upper and Lower House, but everything is in a transition state, and consequently very much is undefined. Innovation is the order of the day.

Before taking leave of the neighbourhood of Yedo, it will be pleasant to take a trip to the ancient capital of Japan, Kamakura, some twenty miles in a south-westerly direction from the present capital. All that remains of this once important and beautiful city is a small village and a few magnificent ruins, around which rests a halo of antiquity. The seat of government in Japan has many times been changed; as many as fifty places have had the honour of being the centres of government in course of ages.

It was in the reign of the Tennō Antoku that Kamakura was made the metropolis of the country by the first Tycoon,

Yoritomo, the famous general of the Minamoto family, who succeeded in putting an end to the great civil war between the Gen (or Minamoto) and the Hei (or Taira) families, about A.D. 1185. He improved and beautified this place, making it his stronghold against the opposite party.

Kamakura lies in an extensive plain on a peninsula in the province of Sagami. It is unsuitable for a capital city, being cut off from the rest of the province by rugged and wild country. In 1333 it was besieged by a powerful daimio, Nitta Yoshisata, who destroyed the city and almost annihilated its people. The place is now a poor village, distinguishable from other villages only by the grand remains and the width of its streets. There are more than a hundred temples and shrines scattered over the plain. The chief temple is the Hachiman Sha, or temple of the deified hero Hachiman. It is on a raised platform, reached by a fine flight of steps, and approached by an avenue which extends to the sea-shore. This avenue is marked by several gateways of stone, called *tori-i*, or "birds' resting-places." They are usually formed of upright posts, or blocks of stone, united above by huge beams horizontally placed, and are often inscribed with a legend. At the end of this avenue is a stone bridge—the Aka-bashi, or "Red Bridge"—which carries the traveller across a wide ditch, the connecting link between two large ponds, which are crowded with wild ducks. Thence we proceed into a gravelled court, planted with trees, and over against us stands the embankment of the second terrace, built of substantial masonry. We then come to the flight of steps, passing through another gateway, the *Ni-wo-mon*, or "Gate of the Two Kings." These are in effigy, but in a most dilapidated state, one on either side, habited in warriors' dress, with bow and quiver. Presently we find ourselves upon the second terrace, gravelled as the former one, and planted with trees.

There are very many shrines of Buddhist saints and temples of the Kami. On one side is a belfry, containing a bell of bronze, of magnificent size and splendid tone. The hammer with which it is sounded consists of a huge beam slung on ropes, and which strikes the exterior of the bell. A little further to the right is the famous *Omanko-ishi*, a stone of remarkable configuration, and an object of great curiosity to visitors. To the left is the shrine of *Kiō-tō*.



THE COMBAT OF YOSHI-TSUNE AND BENKI.

A path leads from this point to the *Jiu-ni-in-sō-mon*, or "Gate of the Twelve Temples," and near it is a small shrine to Mari, the patron deity of rice-farmers. At the upper end is an almost perpendicular embankment of some twenty-five feet in height, which is faced with square blocks of stone. This elevated platform is reached by a flight of some thirty steps, which brings the visitor to the highest and last terrace, on which stands the Hachiman Sha before referred to.

On either side of the landing are two large, very handsome, and elaborately-carved bronze censers. Further to the left is a shrine of Buddha, under one of his many names, Aisen. To the right are the *Tsuru-kame-ishi*, a couple of large stones,

which are said to resemble a crane and a tortoise, and beyond these a building of hexagonal shape that covers the "Well of the Six Horns."

Near the centre of this terrace is a large rectangular enclosure, in which are placed the shrines of Hachiman. The sides consist of long two-storeyed galleries, each having a verandah or balcony supported on wooden pillars. The gateways at each end are guarded by two martial heroes in full war dress, and the shrine is enclosed by massive doors.

The interior is shut out from common gaze, but, owing to the dilapidated state of the shrine, it is not difficult to glance into the interior. Within are several bronze censers and the *miya* peculiar to Hachiman. The inner sides of the galleries are somewhat like cloisters. It is said that relics of a former age, when Christianity was developed in Japan, are preserved within, but there is some doubt about this.

The temples are all constructed of wood, very strongly put together, and variously adorned with carvings of fish, birds, dragons, flowers, &c., roughly finished, but very true to nature. The remains of colours, too, are yet visible, chiefly red and brown, and the images have at one time been gilded and covered with gaudy tints.

Now everywhere is ruin and decay, and the votive offerings of dirty strips of paper left there by the humbler classes do not improve the general appearance of neglect which prevails around. The only means of keeping the sacred buildings in repair are the rents of certain lands which have been dedicated to such uses, and serve as poor endowments for the priests and their temples.

"But temples," as an eloquent writer has said, "are not the only attractions of Kamakura. Almost every river, every hill, and inch of ground, has its name and its tradition. We stand on the graves of heroes and kings; we walk over the sites of former palaces and forgotten fortresses; we pass by cemeteries no longer used, and thread our way among fields now yellow with ripening grain, where, some six hundred years ago, many a stout retainer fought and died for his lord."

To the south of Kamakura lies the site of the palace of Mingaku. When Yoritomo's father was defeated and killed by Kiomori, of the Hei family, in the twelfth century, Mingaku, his faithful retainer, brought the skull of his dead master to Yoritomo, who in his turn overcame and slew Kiomori.

Close by, was the Yashiki of the famous Taka-uji, who delivered Kamakura from Nitta Yoshisata, and made it a capital city. Nearer to the sea is the tomb (*haka*) of the Princess Hitomami, and also the site of the fortress of Kagemasa, a deified hero.

But the most remarkable sight for the visitor to the environs of Kamakura is the Dai Buts, or "Great Buddha"—a colossal bronze figure of the great saint, upwards of forty feet in height, seated on the lotus in a most tranquil attitude, the very personification of calm and thoughtful serenity. It is no common figure of the great teacher. The face is of excellent proportions; the hair is curled in orthodox fashion, with extreme regularity; the hands meet in the lap, the points of the thumbs joining in a formal manner. The figure, as a whole, would command admiration in any part of the world. It rests on a stone pedestal, and thus for ages it has looked down or been wrapt in contemplation. Around all is ruin, but this bronze figure shows little sign of decay. It appears to have been cast in pieces, which were afterwards brazed together. The interior is said to be filled with gilt images of Buddhist saints.

Not far from this is the temple of Kwanon, the "Goddess of Mercy," in which is an enormous wooden figure of the goddess, more vast in its proportions than even the Dai Buts. This Chinese Buddhist deity is greatly in repute among the Japanese. Her votaries have increased her powers immensely. She patronises almost everything that is beneficial to humanity.

Proceeding eastwards after crossing the Inase River, we may visit the tomb of Shige-yasu, which is a pretty stone monument; and as we retrace our steps again to the north we pass the "Grave of the Twelve Men," by the shrine of Satake, an ancient Mikado, whose family still exists under the same name, but with a reduced rank. Further on is the *Happiaku-hachi-jiu-rakan-do*, the "Hall of the Eight Hundred and Eighty Rahans," or Buddhist saints.

Besides these, there is a crowd of shrines sacred to the names of the deceased heroes whose memories are rich in ancient traditions, but whose names it would be useless to mention here. The histories of the Japanese empire detail the whole.

The history of Kamakura is intimately wrapped up in that of Yoritomo, who in the zenith of his power made it his capital. Yoritomo was one of those remarkable men whose fortunes seem to run parallel with their force of character. He was, as it were, raised up to avenge the death of his father, who lost his life at the hands of Kiomori, an unscrupulous minister of the then emperor. His eldest brother had failed to avenge him, and his second brother died; but Yoritomo fled with his mother, a woman of low origin, though he was afterwards brought back, being overcome by cold and hunger. Yoritomo was banished to the island of Hiruga, while his younger brothers, Yoshi-tsuné and Nori-yori, were kept in the metropolis and compelled to enter the priesthood.

Yoshi-tsuné became afterwards a noted hero. He had gone by the *soubriquet* of Ushi-waka, the "young calf." As a youth he displayed great strength. A story is told of a contest which he engaged in with a celebrated character—Benki by name. This contest is shown in the picture on page 113. Benki, a powerful warrior, trusting in his prowess, had sworn that he would kill a thousand men, but when he had overcome 999 he met with Ushi-waka, who discomfited him, and made Benki his servant.

Yoritomo experienced many reverses, and his career was very chequered. He married the daughter of the officer under whose charge he was kept while in banishment, and when his brother appeared in the province of Dewa, he succeeded with him in escaping and setting up the standard of revolt. On beginning he had only seven followers, and on being defeated with three hundred of his adherents, he escaped with his seven original supporters, and they hid in a hollow tree.

A Japanese map is a curious thing indeed. There are in Japan maps and maps, and plans of all sorts, itineraries and bird's-eye views. The itinerary map is a wonderful sheet, many yards in length, folded in zigzag fashion, so as to be easy to consult, and so portable as to be carried in the sleeve of one's coat. It is made without regard to the configuration of the land, and presents to the inquirer a series of elongated peaks and capes, as if a map printed on india-rubber had been distorted by being stretched out indefinitely. The routes are

known by straight lines, and certain marks are given of the divisions of the provinces, the seats of the daimios, the principal elevations, and the distances between places is always indicated in *ri* and half *ri*. A *ri* is 4,275 yards English; so it would be easy to calculate the distances. The crests of the daimios figure in little tablets, where the head-quarters of the princes are; the distance from the noted Nihon-bashi, in Yedo, is given; the revenue of the lord of the manor is added, in *kokus* of rice, the article of which the daimio claims a good proportion from his tenantry, in lieu of money.

One formidable peculiarity in Japanese maps is, that the names of all important and many unimportant places are given in Chinese characters. These characters are to be pronounced in the Japanese way, and sometimes according to a local *patois*. Hence the extreme difficulty of reading Japanese maps; and the difficulty is enhanced when we find that the Chinese characters employed are often variously pronounced; at one time they stand for one syllable, at another time for another, so that the sounds they represent are purely conventional, and apparently arbitrary.

The names of provinces or princedoms, shires or hundreds, cities and towns, villages, courier stations, shrines, remarkable antiquities, springs, &c., are all enclosed in differently shaped frames, and are variously coloured, so that the map presents a motley appearance, and the exact positions of the places are not clearly indicated.

The area of Japan is officially given as 23,286 square *ri*, which are equal to 137,154 square miles English, and the population is about 32,000,000.

The whole country is divided into *Do*, or circuits (literally, "ways"), nine in number, each including several provinces, with the exception of the ninth, which consists of two islands, Iki and Tsushima.

The *Do*, with their provinces and chief towns, are as follows:—

I. The *Gokinai* contains the following provinces:—
1. Yamashiro, in which lies Kioto (Miako), until lately the metropolis of Japan, Nizio, and Yodo.
2. Yamato, the three principal towns of which are Koriyama, Takatori, and Nara.
3. Idzumi, the chief town of which is Kishi-no-wada.
4. Sets, with the large commercial capital of Osaka, and the cities of Takatsuki and Amagasaki. Hiogo, the open port, is also in this province.

II. The *Tokaido* contains fifteen provinces:—
1. Iga, the chief town of which is Wuyeno, or Uyeno.
2. Ise; chief towns, Kwana, Kameyama, Tsu, Matsusaka, Kambe, Kui, Nagashima, Yoda.
3. Shima has for its chief town Toba.
4. Owari; chief towns, Nagoya and Inuyama.
5. Mikawa; chief towns, Yoshida, Nishio, Kariya, Tawara, Okazaki, Koromo.
6. Tōtomi; chief towns, Kakegawa, Yokosuga, Hamamats.
7. Suruga; chief towns, Fuchiu, Tanaka. In this province is the famous Fujiyama Mountain.
8. Idzu, the chief town of which is Shimoda, once open to foreigners—for Russians, in the first instance—but it was found very inconvenient for commercial purposes. The island Fuchijō is reckoned in this province.
9. Kai has for its chief town Fuchiu.
10. Sagami; the chief town is Odawara.
11. Musashi; chief towns, Yedo (or Tokei), Kawagoye, Iwatsuki, and Oshi.
12. Awa; chief town, Hozio.
13. Kadzusa; chief towns, Otaki, Sanuki, and Kururi.
14. Shimosa; chief towns, Sekiyado, Sakura, Furugawa, and Yugi.
15. Hitats; chief towns, Mito, Shimotachi, Kasama, Tsuchiura.

III. The *Tosando* contains eight provinces:—
1. Oomi; chief towns, Zeze, Hikone.
2. Mino; chief towns, Oogaki, Iwamura, Kanou, Kifu.
3. Hida, of which the chief town is Takayama.
4. Shinano; chief towns, Uyeda, Iiyama, Matsushiro, Komoro, Matsumoto, Takashima, and Takatoo.
5. Kotsuke; chief towns, Tachibayashi, Mumaya-bashi, Takasaki, and Yasunaka.
6. Shimotsuke; chief towns, Utsu-no-miya, Mibu, Kuroha, Odawara.
7. Muts; chief towns, Sendai, Wakamats, F'kushima, Shira-ishi, Nihonmats, Mori-oka, Tanagura, Shirakawa, Hira, Miharu, Kanamura, Hachi-do, Hiromaye.
8. Dewa; chief towns, Yonezawa, Kamiyama, Yomagata, Shō-nai, Shinzio, Honzio, Kubota, Akita.

IV. The *Hokurikudo* contains seven provinces:—
1. Wakasa; chief town, Obama.
2. Echizen; chief towns, Ono, Fukui, Maruoka.
3. Kaga; chief towns, Kanazawa, Komatzu, Dashioshi.
4. Noto; chief towns, Sunomisaki, Nanao.
5. Echiu; chief town, Tomiyama.
6. Echigo; chief towns, Takata, Niigata, Naga-oka, Muramats, Murakami, Shimbota.
7. Sado; chief town, Koki.

V. The *Sanindo* contains eight provinces:—
1. Tamba; chief towns, Fukuchiyama, Sasayama, Kameyama.
2. Tango; chief towns, Miyatsu, Tanabe.
3. Tazima; chief towns of which are Deishi and Toyo-oka.
4. Inaba; chief towns are Shikano, and Totori.
5. Hoki; chief town, Yonego.
6. Idzumo; chief town, Matsuye.
7. Iwami; chief towns, Tsuwano, Hamada.
8. Oki, the island; Fuchiu is the chief town.

VI. The *Sanyodo* contains eight provinces:—
1. Harima; chief towns, Ako, Tatsuno, Himezi, Akashi.
2. Mimasaku; chief towns, Katsuyama, Tsuyama.
3. Bizen; chief town, Okayama.
4. Bichiu; chief town, Matsuyama.
5. Bingo; the chief town is Fukuyama.
6. Aki; chief town, Hiroshima.
7. Suwo; chief towns, Tokuyama, Iwakuni.
8. Nagato; the chief towns are Chofu, Hagi, Yamaguchi.

VII. The *Nankaido* contains six provinces:—
1. Kii; chief towns, Wakayama, Tanabe, Shin-miya.
2. Awazi; chief town, Sunomoto.
3. Aha; chief town, Tokushima.
4. Sanuki; chief towns, Takamats, Marukame.
5. Iyo; chief towns, Matsuyama, Uwazimu, Komats, Saiziu, Oosu.
6. Tosa; chief town, Kochi.

VIII. The *Sai-kai-do* contains nine provinces:—
1. Chikuzen; chief towns, Fukuoka, Akizuki.
2. Chikugo; chief towns, Yanagawa, Kurume.
3. Buzen; chief towns, Kokura, Nakats.
4. Bungo; chief towns, Usuki, Takeda, Saiki, Funai.
5. Hizen; chief towns, Saga, Karatsu, Shimabara, Hirado, Nagasaki, Omura.
6. Higo; chief towns, Kumamoto, Yatsu-shiro, Udo, Amakusa Island.
7. Hiuga; chief towns, Ihi, Takanabe, Sadowara, Nohi-oka.
8. Oosumi; chief town, Kokubu.
9. Satsuma; chief town, Kagoshima.

IX. *Nito*, or the Two Islands are—
1. Iki; of which the chief town is Katsumoto.
2. Tsushima, chief town, Fuchiu.

Modane and its Neighbourhood.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

CHANGES IN MODERN TRAVELLING.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the change in the great high-roads of the world, not only for commerce, but for every sort of travel, that has been brought about by the piercing of the great Mont Cenis Tunnel. Cities are being made and marred by that long hole in the Alpine rock. Marseilles, the sovereign of the Mediterranean, is ruined, not only prospectively but almost immediately. Venice—old, mouldering, decaying, forsaken Venice—is rising and asserting her ancient sway as Queen of the Adriatic. The Paris and Marseilles Railway has fallen off in speed, in punctuality, in comfort, and the new Italian railways have reached a pitch of excellence, compared with their condition a few years ago, which is hardly credible to those who formerly knew the country. But not the least remarkable of the wonders wrought by the little boring-machine is the establishment of a flourishing town in the very midst of the Alps. A few years ago Modane may have existed as a small collection of huts on a lonely road, in one of the most deserted parts of Europe. The diligence which plied from Susa to St. Jean de Maurienne took no thought of Modane; no traveller ever heard of it, if indeed it was to be heard of; and now the name is familiar, not only to all Europe, but to the furthest countries of the East; and in India, in China, in Japan, and in Australia, the name of Modane, and that of Brindisi, are as familiar—and at least as grateful—as those of Rome or Florence.



BARBER'S STALL AT MODANE.

CHAMBÉRY.

We started, one fine afternoon in the month of September, from the pleasant little town of Chambéry, on our way into Italy; and wishing to see a little more of the great tunnel than could be managed in merely passing through it, we determined to spend the night at Modane, and take the express train from Paris at mid-day on the morrow to carry us on to Turin. And here I must say that I think Chambéry is one of those places in the world which is not duly appreciated—that is to say, by travellers; for the inhabitants think the capital of Savoy almost equal to Paris, and infinitely superior to Turin. They are a fine race, these natives—I hate the word "Savoyard," as suggestive of an organ-grinder, or some other species of torturing and ambulant musician; but the people of Chambéry in nowise resemble the outcasts who find their way to London. Mine host at the Hôtel de France—the traveller cannot do better than go there—was a perfect specimen of his class; deferential without being cringing, ready to suggest without being importunate, liberal in his treatment, and moderate in his charges.

But Chambéry possesses not only polite people—the environs command some of the most beautiful scenery in Savoy. Les Charmettes, the house of Rousseau and Madame de Warens, has a peculiar interest apart from the beauty of the situation; as have also the castle and many other old buildings in the town, of which the greater part, however, is new and regularly built, and abounds in shops, the riches and variety of whose wares astonish the eyes that have but just turned from wild mountains and smiling valleys. A good idea of these mountains and valleys may be obtained from the woodcut on page 117. In the foreground to the right, the Dent du Nivolet is conspicuous. At the summit of this mountain a huge cross has lately been erected, at an enormous cost. So the Savoyards, who cannot be a rich people, would appear to be somewhat superstitious, like most of the other southern Gauls.

CHAMBÉRY TO MODANE.

To continue our journey, however. We left Chambéry, and passing by the little town of Montmélian, picturesquely situated on the right bank of the Isère, arrived in due course at St. Jean de Maurienne, a name well known to travellers before either the Fell Railway or the Tunnel, and formerly capital of the little State of Maurienne—the cradle of the House of Savoy. St. Michel, the next station, was, until lately, the terminus of the railway, and passengers were carried *over* the Mont Cenis by the "Fell," as they now are carried *under* the Mont Cenis through the tunnel. In accordance with the terms of the contract, however, the Fell Railway has been broken up since the completion of the *percement*, and travellers have no option but to continue their journey as far as Modane, and traverse the Alps in the dark. Between St. Michel and Modane the scenery is extremely wild, and the railway is carried along the valley by the boldest curves and zig-zags. The scenery is perhaps most striking near Fourneaux and Lans-le-bourg, which latter place is on the old high-road over the Mont Cenis, and whence ambitious pedestrians can get over into Italy in a day's easy march. Carriages may also be obtained, which take about six hours to go from Lans-le-bourg to Susa.



VIEW NEAR CHAMBÉRY.

THE FELL RAILWAY.

Before arriving at Modane, we will say a few words about the Fell Railway, to which we have already alluded, and with whose peculiar construction many of our readers may not be acquainted. The chief difference, then, between the "Fell" and an ordinary railroad, is the addition of a third broad rail between the other two, against which small horizontal wheels under the engine and carriages of the train work—pressing alternately against the rail, according to the side to which the carriage leans in going round a curve or zigzag. The danger of sudden turns, indeed, is almost entirely removed by this simple and ingenious contrivance, and the friction is so enormously increased exactly when and where it is required, that a train is able to ascend and descend gradients before considered impossible. On the Mont Cenis Fell Railway, for instance, there were inclines as steep as 1 in 13. All the wheels—horizontal and ordinary—are fitted with powerful brakes, and a train can be almost instantaneously stopped in coming down the steepest incline.

This admirable railway was laid over the Mont Cenis in *less than two years*, at a comparatively moderate cost; and although, as we have said before, in accordance with the terms of the concession, the line was discontinued on the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the inventor, Mr. Fell, an American engineer, has had every reason to be satisfied with the success of his experiment, in so far as it shows the value and adaptability of his system to all mountain roads and passes.

MODANE.

Modane, although a creature of yesterday—and so far a very small creature too—lays claim to a history. It is supposed

to be the ancient Medullum, capital of the Medulli, inhabitants of Maurienne. Some time in the last two thousand years or so, I suppose, St. Jean gave it the go-by; whether by virtue of the sanctity of its name or no, history does not record, but Modane ceased to be the capital of Maurienne or of anywhere else, and became forgotten. In the year of grace 1857, however, MM. Grattoni and Sommeiller inaugurated a new era in the history of Modane. The little village became suddenly astonished by the presence of gangs of workmen—well-paid workmen—clamouring for food and lodging. Since the days of the Medulli nothing had been seen like it. When the modern Modanois, however, had recovered from their first astonishment, houses and cottages began to spring up to lodge the new-comers, and then *cabarets* to feed them. By degrees large buildings were erected by the contractors for the storage and manufacture of *matériel* for the great work, and Modane rapidly became the busiest of all the quiet places of the world. It is time to give some account of the great work which brought about such extraordinary results.

The credit of the first scheme for opening a line of rail from Modane to Bardonnechia, through a tunnel under the Col de Fréjus—the so-called Mont Cenis Tunnel has really nothing whatever to do with the Mont Cenis—is due to a Piedmontese of the name of Médail, who laid his plans before Charles Albert in 1832, but who died—like so many other great innovators and inventors—before the value or possibility of his enterprise was recognised, or indeed seriously considered.

In the year 1845, moved chiefly by political considerations, the Piedmontese Government commissioned M. Mans, a Belgian engineer, together with Sismonda, the great geologist, to report upon the feasibility of such a scheme. The war of independence, in 1848, diverted public attention for some time from the proposed tunnel, but by the year 1855 a good many engineers and scientific men had turned their attention to the subject, and an Englishman of the name of Bartlett had invented a machine for piercing the rock, which was to be worked by steam. It would, however, have been manifestly impossible to make use of such a machine in the tunnel—the smoke and heat would have rendered it impossible for the workmen to live in it. A somewhat similar machine, with compressed air as the motive-power, was, however, soon perfected by Signor Ranco, an engineer who had a larger share than many whose names are, perhaps, better known, in the conduct and termination of the great work. On August the 31st, 1857, the King of Sardinia inaugurated the works by springing the first mine, and on Christmas Day, 1870, the Italian workmen fired the last match, amid shouts of "*Viva l'Italia!*" and shook hands with their French fellow-labourers in the rocky heart of the Alps.

We have, perhaps, already digressed too far from our proper travels, and it would be out of place to give any further account of the manner in which the work was conducted; suffice it to say, that the exact length of the tunnel is 12,233·50 mètres, or about seven miles five furlongs; the highest altitude above the level of the sea, 1,340 mètres, or about 4,300 English feet; and the height of the mountain itself actually above the tunnel, 1,610 mètres! The highest point of the way is about the middle of the tunnel, and the incline down to Modane is about 1 in 45, while that towards Bardonnechia is very small, about 1 in 2,000. The tunnel is broad as well as lofty, and two lines of rail are laid down—as those travellers found to their cost who, a short time ago, spent half a day under ground, in company with five engines—three on one line and two on the other, all smoking away, and unable to extricate each other from an imaginary difficulty. Mr. Bartlett's steam boring-machine would have been a joke to this alarming combination.

MODANE.

In spite of all we have said about the rise and progress of Modane, it is not to be supposed that it is a very imposing-looking place, except as regards its natural position. Surrounded and enclosed on all sides by giant mountains, the town itself looks almost out of place in the quiet little valley, and one is inclined to wonder "how the devil it got there!" rather than take any particular notice of its "richness" or "rareness." A very long street, full of inns, lodging-houses, cabarets, and small "general" shops, a great deal of life in the open air, some barbers' stalls, like that represented in our engraving, are the chief features of the village. A church at the southern extremity, with a very tall steeple, is the only public building of which Modane can boast, unless, indeed, the numerous sheds and warehouses, workshops and storehouses for the *matériel* of the tunnel and railroad works, which lie between the town and the railway, have any claim to be called public buildings. *Le public (de Modane) n'y entre pas*, it is true, but they are buildings for the service of a larger public than that of the Alpine village—the travelling and corresponding public of the world. The resident or permanent population of Modane is only about 1,500 souls, but the transitory presence of travellers and workmen must have frequently increased it to double that amount. We have said that Modane abounds in inns of all classes; the best are the "International," opposite the railway station, and but a few yards distant, and the "Lion d'Or" in the centre of the town, about half a mile away. Travellers are recommended to write for rooms beforehand, or they may be obliged, like the writer, to pass the night in an old booking-office, the only feathers about the improvised bed being those of the chickens which had been summarily turned out to make room for the weary traveller. But it is time to give our practical experience of the tunnel.

MODANE TO TURIN.

In due time we took our places at Modane, and prepared, with great interest, for the novel journey. "Bradshaw" asserts that special carriages are used for the purpose, but that guide has let its imagination get the better of its veracity in so saying, as the most ordinary Italian carriages, lighted only by the most ordinary Italian lamps, whose light is none of the brightest, are the only means of conveyance at the disposal of travellers. The same time-honoured publication says, that the "tunnel is well lighted with gas throughout;" rather a grandiose way of expressing that signal-lamps—lighted, it is true, with gas—are placed every half kilomètre throughout the tunnel, but it need hardly be remarked is in nowise lighted thereby. It took us exactly thirty-six minutes to get through; coming back we were only twenty-two minutes, but the difference of the gradient from Italy to France abundantly explains this difference. As far as foul air is concerned, we frequently opened the window of the carriage, and found the atmosphere decidedly more pure and much fresher than tunnels in general, whether in England or on the Continent. The natural purity and freshness of the air at such an altitude may

possibly have something to do with this eminently satisfactory phenomenon.

BARDONNECHIA.

Immediately on leaving the tunnel, the train stopped at the station of Bardonnechia, close to the village of that name. Bardonnechia is most picturesquely situated, and although its importance has been somewhat increased by the piercing of the tunnel, it has not increased at all in the same proportion as Modane, and is still almost unknown to the traveller. The population of the entire commune is less than 2,000 souls! For those who delight in mountain excursions, and who find Switzerland too much overrun by cockneys and guides, Bardonnechia would make a capital centre of operations—although we cannot guarantee the *luxe* of the "Traforo delle Alpi," the "Italia," or the "Aquila Nera," and the faithful Murray says but little of Bardonnechia and its hostelries. As the place, therefore, is so little known, we make no apology for giving a list of the excursions which may conveniently be made from it. To Exilles by the Col du Vallonet; to Bramans by the Col d'Ambiu, are little practised, and only given on the authority of a local guide-book. But Bardonnechia to Modane by the Col de la Vallée Étroite is a seven hours' easy walk, while the same excursion may be made by the Col de la Rone in about an hour less. The most direct road, by the Col de Frêjus, following the line of the tunnel, is a stiff walk, but should not take more than five hours. The valley of the Durance is a beautiful centre of excursions, and is accessible by numerous paths from Bardonnechia, and from thence Briançon may be reached on horseback in about six hours. The longest, and one of the most difficult journeys on foot that can be made from Bardonnechia, is to St. Michel by the Col de Valmeynier, which takes at least ten hours. The path over the Col is always covered with snow, and should not be attempted by any but a tolerably experienced mountaineer.

BARDONNECHIA TO TURIN

Again taking the rail at Bardonnechia, we pass through a new country as far as Bussoleno, where the new line of rail joins the old one from Susa, and the well-known road from Susa to Turin. brings the whole journey to a satisfactory termination in one of the finest *termini* in Europe; compared with the size of the town, certainly the most grandiose. Of extremely simple yet imposing architectural proportions, this railway-station is a striking feature in a town which abounds in handsome monuments and fine public buildings; and especially as comfort and convenience are in no wise sacrificed to architectural considerations, it is a model which might most advantageously be copied by richer and more important cities than Turin.

BARDONNECHIA TO BUSSOLENO.

To return to the new bit of road between Bardonnechia and Bussoleno, little more than a passing glance can be cast upon its wild and picturesque scenery, its rugged cliffs, its deep cuttings, its bold ravines, spanned by slender-looking iron bridges, under which the mountain torrents, with their tumultuous roar, deaden for a moment the sound of the passing train. The first village near the line of rail, after leaving Bardonnechia, is Beaulard, and a few miles further we gain Oulx, an ugly name, but a glorious situation, and a capital centre for excursions in the neighbourhood. Oulx, indeed, boasts an "Hôtel de France," and a population of some 1,600 souls. At Salbertrand, the next village, nearly as populous as Oulx, the scenery becomes wilder, the rocks steeper and barer, and the viaducts over which the railway is carried bolder and more daring. One is reminded of the passage of the Sierra Nevada, between Bobadilla and Malaga. The scenery soon becomes less savage as the line approaches Chaumont; and exceeds in beauty anything that is to be seen on the road between Paris and Turin. Carried over the Dora by a fine bridge at Serre de la Voûte, and winding along by some of the most striking curves and gradients, through galleries, over embankments, the passage of the ravine at Combascura is the climax both of picturesque scenery and engineering skill. It would weary our readers to speak any more of this part of the line, suffice it to say that soon after Combascura and the neighbouring station of Meana, the train arrived at Bussoleno, whence we had an uneventful journey to Turin.

The beauties of this remaining part of the line are to be found in every guide-book, and it would be foreign to our design to say anything of them here.

Sketches of Travel in China: Hong-Kong to Peking.

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

I LEFT in the steamer *Hong-Kong* for Shanghai on the 17th of August. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the passage from Hong-Kong to the Yang-tsze. We made a three days' run to the mouth of the river, where we were detained for twelve hours waiting for a pilot. A number of pilot-boats usually cruise about the islands known as the "Saddles," their absence on the present occasion being caused by a typhoon which passed over Shanghai on the previous day. On ascending the river, I noticed many ships completely disabled, some with not a rag, rope, or stick on their decks. We must have followed in the wake of the storm as we entered the river. Our experience afforded a striking example of the limited area of the circle to which typhoons in the China Sea are frequently confined, as we observed no material change in the barometer, and had experienced nothing but calms and light winds during our passage. The pilot we ultimately picked up informed the captain that he was only a "fifteen-foot" man, and that should he want an individual of superior depth to take his steamer on, he might have to wait another twelve hours. He meant to say that his licence only allowed him to pilot vessels drawing fifteen feet.

An unfortunate accident occurred as we were steaming

up the Wong-poo to the wharf at Shanghai. A native boat was noticed about to cross the bow of the steamer when she was at full speed. This is not an uncommon occurrence, as the river boatmen believe that should a foreign vessel cross their course, the *fung-shui*, or good luck of the voyage would be lost.

I was looking over the bow at the time; the whistle was blown repeatedly, and yet the boat held on its course, until the bow of the steamer was bearing down upon it, when the men appeared to loose all presence of mind, and were dancing on deck, howling, and tearing their tails. The bow was on the fated boat; I heard the dull crash of the iron into the old wood, followed by a yell of despair, as the two halves of the sinking wreck drifted down the river. A number of the men were projected by the shock some distance into the water, others clung to their property until quite submerged. No lives were lost, as a number of boats put off to their assistance.

The following night I left the Shanghai hotel, having secured a passage to Tientsin in the *Sin-nan-sing*, one of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co.'s steamers.

The common public conveyance here, which takes the place of our cabs, is a wheelbarrow, made to accommodate two persons. It has a single wheel in front, and is propelled from behind by a porter or coolie. The fare is moderate, as one can go a considerable distance for the sum of a half-penny. They are in constant use among the Chinese, and are occasionally hired by foreigners at night. As it was dark before I left, I hired three wheelbarrows for the conveyance of myself, baggage, and servants to the wharf. It was an agreeable novelty, being wheeled through the crowded streets like a sack of potatoes.



FRUIT-SELLER, TIENTSIN.

Two days of rough weather brought us to Chifoo harbour. This is the Brighton of Shanghai. It has a good foreign hotel, picturesquely situated in a sandy bay, sheltered by hills. The port is noted for its Pongee silks, much prized for their softness and beauty. It also produces a raw silk of dark colour,

said to be obtained from wild worms, which feed on a certain kind of leaf that imparts the colour to the cocoon. We got a supply of fine grapes and apples from the market; the apples were insipid, and inferior to those of our home gardens. We left Chifoo at midnight, and anchored at noon next day off the Taku forts, where our fleet met with severe loss in 1859. I landed on a stone pavement, at the inner extremity of the mud flat, where so many of our men were shot down in a fruitless attempt to storm the south fort, which was afterwards taken and occupied by our troops in 1860. The only entrance to this mud stronghold is from the back, and is reached across a ditch. I passed in without being questioned, as there were only one or two coolies loitering about the enclosure. The walls are of great thickness, and built of mud and millet-stalks, a composition well adapted to resist shot. The fort has two batteries of over fifty guns, the one above the other, commanding the entrance to the river. The guns I inspected looked rusty, and were badly mounted on carriages sadly in want of repair. Two large American smooth-bores were lying, half buried in mud, in front of the officers' quarters. The place had altogether more the appearance of a deserted mud-quarry than a fortress. There is a signal-staff erected on a prominent position, and managed by a foreigner. I regret not having seen the detachment of troops that is supposed to form the standing garrison, and which probably exists in full force in official reports. I learned that a number of men are periodically exercised in gun practice, when a target is placed in mid-channel, where the ships of an enemy, in all fairness, ought to be placed, and properly peppered. Last year, out of, I believe, fifty rounds from each gun, the target was hit twice. There are certain pegs stuck in the mud flat. I believe the soldiers feel great delight in firing at them, sincerely wishing that they were so many "foreign devils," as they politely called us, again.

The banks of the river have given way above Tientsin, and laid waste a great part of the province. In the morning, when steaming up the Peiho, the fearful ravages of the flood became more apparent the further we advanced. The millet crop is rotting under water, and whole villages have disappeared. The village dwellings, one may remark, are like the fortress, built of mud; so that they have literally dissolved, leaving nothing behind but soft mud mounds to mark the site of houses. We could see the poor villagers squatted on the tops of those mounds, sheltered by scraps of thatch or matting rescued from the flood. All who had the means were removing as quickly as they could to Tientsin, where the authorities were said to be doing their utmost to afford relief to the sufferers. Singularly enough, I heard a Chinaman say that he as well as many of his countrymen considered the flood a Divine punishment for the Tientsin massacre.

It is impossible to estimate the suffering that the flood has brought, and will bring, upon the people of Pei-chih-li, as thousands are left without shelter, food, or fuel for the coming winter. The scene on all sides presents one unbroken sheet of water. There are some little islands where cattle are packed in herds, perishing for want of pasture. Men, women, and children are to be seen fishing in the shallows over their harvest-fields. Small fish are abundant, and this is indeed fortunate, as the people have little else to live upon. How they get through the hot days and cold nights, and how many of them will survive their hardships to tell the tale of the great flood, it is impossible to say. One can see in the bodies drifting seaward with the stream, that death has been busy among them, relieving the sick and famishing.



CONSULATE HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

The Chinese have a superstitious dread of disturbing the resting-places of their dead. Many miles around Tientsin the country is one vast place of burial, where it is pitiful to notice the efforts the sufferers are making to rescue the bodies of their ancestors, by lashing the coffins to trees, or stakes driven into the mud. Many of the huge, clumsy coffins are seen floating adrift, the occupiers of which have probably no living relation left to care for them.

In many places the tortuous channel of the river has been abandoned, for native craft and junks are sailing across country

direct for Tientsin. The river is difficult to navigate with a steamer like the *Sin-nan-sing*. When taking the sharp bends, her bow stuck in the mud of the one bank, and her screw in the other. There is, however, greater breadth and depth of water off the foreign settlement, where the steamers discharge cargo, and where there is a small fleet of foreign gunboats, for the protection of foreigners during the winter months, when the river is frozen up. At the back of the bend, where the water was six feet deep, the Peking and Taku roads were submerged. The English Club could only be reached by boats, and boating trips might be made to the Treaty Joss-house over the ordinary road. Work had been suspended in the powder factory; this is an extensive establishment, under the direction of foreigners. Indeed, it appears by no means improbable that, should the water not subside within two months, Tientsin will be surrounded by a sea of ice.

The only hotel in the place is called the Astor House. Its modest proportions are well-nigh concealed by a signboard, inscribed with its name. The hotel is built of mud; a window on one side had fallen out, and the wall on another had fallen in. I had a look at the accommodation of this unpromising exterior, when I had a talk with the proprietor, who is an Englishman. He was lamenting the wreck of his property, of which there are now but two apartments left. In one there is a good billiard-table, and in the other a bar. Two of the bedrooms had dissolved, and could be seen in solution through a broken wall, with sundry limbs of furniture sticking up to mark their resting-place. The stabling at the back seemed as if it had taken a header into the water. We passed out to inspect the place which had known the stables in dry weather. We had soon to retreat, as the dreary, damp prospect was obscured by myriads of mosquitoes, which are the pest of the place.

There was a big Scotchman present, saying some hard things about the peculiar views of a Chinese tailor, to whom he had given some "guid braid Scotch claith, to mak' a pair o' breeks." It appeared that the tailor had found it necessary, possibly for family reasons, to remove from Tientsin to another province, taking the cloth with him, without leaving his card, and accordingly our friend was disappointed of his "continuations."

I slept, by the kind invitation of the captain, on board the steamer two nights, and left for Peking on the 29th. I had engaged a Tientsin man to act as interpreter, of the name of Ta, or "Virtue." I agreed to pay him nine dollars a month, which was a trifle compared with what he intended to make out of me; as in every case, whether it was simply changing a dollar into cash or buying a bunch of grapes, he made worse bargains for me than I could have done with my own southern men, who were completely ignorant of the language as spoken, and could only communicate their wants in writing. I soon discovered that systematic pilfering is the common vice of northern servants.

I engaged a boat to take me to Tung-chow, the nearest point by river to Peking, for which I had to pay fifteen dollars, the common rate being from six to eight dollars; the flood had raised the prices. The boat is called *Qua-tsu-tsuan*. It has a wooden house in the centre, which can be entirely closed at night; it is just sufficient to accommodate my party, baggage, and the boatmen. The space is divided into two compartments, the after-cabin having a clay cooking-galley. The boatmen subsist on half-baked bread made of millet, or maize-flour, and a little dried fish, with an occasional dish of preserved vegetables, boiled. This constitutes the common food of the labouring classes of the province of Pei-chih-li. Boating is slow work here, as it is difficult to track along the bank against the stream, and to pole over the shallows is equally tedious. About two miles above the foreign settlement we entered the native city of Tientsin, where we had to make our way through a fleet of trading craft, and it was not without a free use of the vilest epithets of the language, that we cleared the floating Babel. The left bank of the river was covered with mounds of salt, which were accounted for by the fact that salt is a government monopoly, and with the sheds and buildings of the commission. There is evidence of an immense trade carried on in foreign cotton goods, which are distributed from Tientsin to the markets of the interior. This trade is solely in the hands of Chinese merchants, who import their own goods and opium from Shanghai, in the foreign steamers that trade between the two ports.

The Peiho at this point is not over two hundred yards wide. Ta now directed my attention to a ruin on the right bank, with bare walls, and empty arched windows, reminding one of a skull. Twelve months ago, this was the hospital where the Sisters of Mercy were ever busy tending the sick and destitute children of Tientsin, and where, after the infliction of the most fiendish torments, they were dragged forth and murdered by the mob. In front there is still a heap of ashes on the bank, and a breach in the brick wall, where Ta says the ruffians rushed in upon their poor victims. It is plastered up with mud, and in its present state is suggestive of how the Chinese government have endeavoured to patch up this black breach of good faith. From the interior, standing upon a heap of rubbish, from which the remains of the martyred sisters had been carefully gathered, I could see the flagstaff of the viceregal palace, through the blank window of the ruined chapel.

From this point in the river, the ruins of the Roman Catholic cathedral are seen at the end of the reach. As it is by far the most striking object in the native city, the reflection is forced upon me, from what I know of the Chinese superstition regarding the height of buildings, that as the cathedral stands so much above their most sacred edifices, it must have given rise to a bitter feeling against the promoters of the new faith. The scene of the massacre is now guarded by a fleet of native gunboats—a precaution taken rather late. We were now compelled to halt before a floating bridge, situated on which there are shops and stalls, as in the ordinary streets, and over which there is a constant thoroughfare. There may be seen men cooking, customers eating, and beggars exposing their dirt, disease, and nakedness to the passers-by. A section of the floating street was drawn up the river, and we were allowed to pass.

From Tientsin to Tung-chow is a distance of about seventy miles. A good wind brought us a fourth of the way before we halted for the night at Yang-tsze, which is a small mud village, and a fair type of the others which we had passed *en route*. The framework of the cottages is composed of slender wood and millet-stalks. When the roof, in place of being a thatch, is of tiles, it may be looked upon as an indication of wealth or rank.

Venice to Florence.

BY ULICK R. BURKE.

VENICE AS IT WAS.

Ever since Lord Byron "stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs," if not before, the Queen of the Adriatic has been the delight of travellers, and the never-failing subject of admiring descriptions, both in prose and verse. But the admiration of travellers and authors, lavish as it was, was always coupled with a certain pity. The Bride of the Sea was not only a lovely queen, but she was a fair lady in distress, and what literary knight errant would not break a lance in her cause? She was a captive—for was not the Austrian her tyrant? She was almost a widow, for what had she now to do with the sea, or the sea with her? And, above all, her fading beauties impressed the beholder with a sense of what she must have been in her wealth and splendour, in the days of her prosperity and freedom—

"The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

when she was yet so glorious in her decay. And what decay it was. Not like Granada, wantonly destroyed, knocked down and otherwise Romanised and Germanised, dug up, and white-washed; Venice was silently and quietly mouldering and crumbling to pieces.

"Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
* * * * *
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what inthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls."

So wrote Byron in 1818, and the only difference in 1858 was, that the palaces were more dilapidated, her Italian citizens fewer, her German strangers more detested, and her spirit more broken.

VENICE AS IT IS.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. The Austrian is gone, and Venice is at least Italian, if not independent. The Mont Cenis Tunnel is completed, and so is the railway over the Brenner Pass, and wise people say that Venice is on the high-road to superseding both Trieste and Marseilles, and reviving her old glory as Queen of the Adriatic—nay, almost of the Mediterranean. The commerce and shipping of the East is to flow through the Suez Canal into the lagoons of Venetia, and if her watery streets cannot exactly be paved with gold, they are at least to flow with *acqua d'oro.* As it is, when we were at Venice in the autumn of 1872, the Venice of the day was about as unlike the Venice of even ten years before, as a Hindu is to a Yankee. Instead of a quiet sleepy place, with mouldering and untenanted palaces, neglected churches, and a general look of "having seen better days" about it—the scene enlivened only by extortionate gondoliers and clamorous guides, and graced by the presence of the full-blown British snob and fashionable Parisian runaway—Venice is now something between what Carthage is represented to have been in the olden times, and what the Poultry was a year ago. Her streets and squares teem with people of all nationalities, eager after business or pleasure; no lack of Germans are there either, but not now as conquerors, but rather as the conquered, paying the daily tribute to hotel-keepers, *valets de place,* and cheap photograph sellers. English, Americans, and French—no longer necessarily fleeing the avenging husband—and Italians from every part of North Italy, swell the throng. Guides, touts, *valets de place, et hoc genus omne,* beset your way at every step. The palaces are being restored, many of them are already inhabited, scaffoldings block up almost every church, "axes fall, and ponderous hammers ring" in every direction, and one would think that an American company had taken a contract to *restore* Venice *en bloc,* within a given time, so universal and so vigorous do the works appear. We have no doubt the editor of the *Labour News* has a special correspondent on the spot; we suppose we shall soon hear of the advantages offered to our English workmen emigrating to such an eligible field of labour.

VENICE AS IT WILL BE.

To crown all, the quay was lined with ships, a government steamer among the number, and, strangest and most significant sight of all, "the P. & O. boat," with steam up, was ready to start for Brindisi, on her way to Alexandria. We have no doubt the Peninsular and Oriental Company will ere long run steamers through the canal from Venice to Bombay or Calcutta, after the manner of Messrs. Rubattino and Company, whose starting-point is Genoa. The wealth of Venice must clearly be sought again—where it lay before—in the East, and those three great undertakings, the Brenner Railway, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and the Suez Canal, will be the means by which her great restoration will be accomplished. So it may come to pass that the name of Venice, which has so long been associated with Lord Byron and Enrico Dandalo, cheap jewellery and dear glass, sombre gondolas and bright photographs, will be equally suggestive of bills of lading, and docks, wet and dry, steamers, fast and slow, Indian cotton, and Welsh coal. Ye gods and little fishes! fancy *coaling* at Venice! English sea-captains will drink their grog on the Piazza di San Marco, and Messrs. Jones, Smith, and Co., shipowners, will have an office under the shadow of the Palace of the Doges. We really need not say *wili* of these things, we saw them ourselves but six months ago, and heard that poor Mr. Ruskin had been driven from among those "stones" which he so delighted to honour, by the constant whistling of the small steamers that ply on the Grand Canal. How can we conjure up the shade of "Shylock, and the Moor, and Pierre," in sight and sound of a "penny boat." As for the Bridge of Sighs, it might be situated in the neighbourhood of the West India Docks, for all the sentiment that can be got out of it with its present surroundings, and we would as soon look for Antonio on the Thames Embankment as on the Riva dei Schiavoni. Indeed, I imagine, the said *Ponte dei Sospiri* is one of those things which owes its celebrity to its name, rather than its individual merits; that couplet in "Childe Harold" would have immortalised a molehill. The fact is, that this link between the palace and the prison, is a small, simple, covered bridge over a very narrow and dark canal, and entirely devoid

of any architectural beauties to distinguish it among the gems of stone and marble within a hundred yards of the spot.

While we are upon the subject of the Bridge of Sighs, without wishing for a moment to disparage Hood's exquisite poem bearing that title, we would merely remark that the scene of action is impossible. The bridge leads from the ducal palace to the old prison, and can only be seen by special permission; and when visited, it is merely a tunnel, lighted by a grating, out of which it would be impossible for any one to throw himself into the canal. I have seen, indeed, a note in an edition of Hood's poems, saying that the origin of the name "Bridge of Sighs" was, that a fair woman one evening on the bridge, after *sighing most pitifully*, was seen to throw herself into the dark water beneath, &c. Now, of course, the real origin of the lugubrious title is, that the sighs of the prisoners passing from the ducal palace, where they were tried—if that word can be used—to the ducal prison, where they were tortured, were heard by their friends on the neighbouring *Riva*. As to their being seen at all, or their being able to throw themselves into the canal, how often would the unhappy victims of the Council of Ten have exchanged their dungeon door for a leap into the dark, dank waters beneath!



INTERIOR OF THE COURTYARD OF A BOLOGNESE HOUSE.

BEAUTIES OF VENICE.

Venice is essentially one of those places where one may spend years of one's life, and discover new beauties every day. The great and well-known attractions, patent to every visitor, are in themselves things to be looked forward to with desire during half a lifetime, and recalled with joy during the other half; but he who would thoroughly appreciate Venice must poke about its narrow ways, by land as well as water; for there is no greater mistake than to suppose that you cannot walk to every house in the city, and peer into its dark crannies; he will find beauties in the nails and knocker of every old house, as well as in the "stones" of the ducal palace, and the mosaics of the cathedral of St. Mark. The *Casa di Goldoni*, of which we give an engraving, is a good example of one of the out-of-the-way objects of interest. Remark the ornamentation of the balustrade, and the water-butt; and, if you can speak Venetian, step in to say a few words to the lazy inmates; your time will not have been ill spent. For my part, although I found no Consuelos at Venice, I thought I recognised Anzoletto at every turn.

It is a daring thing to attempt to say anything new about Venice, its palaces, its mosquitoes, its doges, its gondoliers, its canals, its smells—and, in later times, its guides and its photographs, have been written of, in prose and verse, till nothing remains to be said or sung. I have been asked, however, to say a word upon a very practical subject—the hotels, which, as a rule, are bad and dear. "Danieli's" is the "crack" hostelry, but is both noisy and expensive; "Barbesi's" is in a better situation, but somewhat extortionate; and the "Victoria,"

although not on the Grand Canal, is perhaps the best house for English visitors. Bed, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, dinner without wine, and attendance, &c., should cost about ten shillings a day. The pleasantest place to lunch, and, indeed, sometimes to breakfast, is at "Florian's," or one of the other first-rate *cafés* in the Piazza di San Marco, where *everybody* enjoys their coffee and cigar, with an occasional ice, from eight to ten o'clock in the evening. The best of the second-class hotels is the "Luna," at the corner of the Piazza, where very few English go, but where a single man who spoke Italian might live in perfect comfort—the dinners are both good and liberal—for about two shillings or half-a-crown a day less than at the so-called first-class hotels.



CASA DI GOLDONI, VENICE.

RAILWAY.

The railway is one of the modern marvels of Venice; and the long causeway from the mainland to the island city is what the French call *unique en son genre*. Strange to say, the arrangements at the terminus, on arrival and departure, are exceedingly good, and a gondola is found or dismissed, and the luggage of passengers embarked or discharged, with as much ease as similar operations are conducted by means of the more familiar machinery at King's Cross or Euston Square.

GONDOLAS.

One word, before parting, in favour of the gondoliers; for I suppose the gondolas need no praise of mine. There is no one more universally abused, by travellers grave and gay, than the gondolier; and, detesting *hoc genus omne*, as typified by the ideal cabman, I anticipated a drawback to my enjoyment of the beauties of Venice, in the irrepressible gondolier, in which, I am bound to say, I was most agreeably disappointed. I found them very civil fellows, contented with their fare—shade of a London "four-wheeler!"—and admirable guides. I would recommend every visitor at Venice to engage a good gondolier by the day during their whole stay. I know of few ways in which four or five francs can be more judiciously spent.

SMALL CHARGES.

As to the judicious expenditure of small sums, there is nowhere in Europe where it is necessary to put your hand more frequently into your pocket than at Venice, and there is nowhere where the applicants are satisfied with a smaller contribution. As the gondolas approach every landing-place, an old cripple, or a young Anzoletto, is in waiting with a small hook to moor your boat to the shore, a proceeding manifestly unnecessary, but for which he expects a gratuity. A sou will satisfy him, but if nothing is given he will break out into a storm of ejaculations not always very flattering to the niggard. The same thing applies to the whole army of touters, beggars, guides, vergers, porters, sacristans, and guardians which infest the town, and of whom the most exalted will be satisfied with twopence-halfpenny, the most degraded indignant at a cold shoulder and an empty hand. An Englishman is too much inclined to bestow a franc when twopence is expected, and indignantly refuse a sou when it would be most judiciously expended. That he would not save much money in the long run, it does not require a high mathematical education to calculate; and how much pleasure and *otium cum dignitate* he would lose, requires an experienced traveller to compute.

VENICE TO PADUA.

After a nominal search at the luggage office previous to starting—for Venice is a free port, and duty must be paid on tobacco, spirits, and photographs in any quantity, on leaving the city—we rolled over that marvellous causeway, of which we have been since reminded more than once in the progress of an English train through the Trent Valley, or the neighbourhood of Windsor, in the month of December last year. We started in the evening after *table d'hôte*, and lolling luxuriously in our gondola, swiftly propelled through the dark water to the wild *Săpprĭmī Stāl-ĭ* of the gondoliers, as we passed or met other boats, we found our regret at leaving Venice tempered by the ease and comfort of our evening journey, and arriving at Padua by ten o'clock, we were soon fast asleep in the very comfortable "Hôtel Fanti," which we can conscientiously recommend to all future visitors to this most interesting yet most neglected old town.

PADUA.

I suppose that Padua is too near Venice to be much frequented by travellers, who are always bent either on getting to the great attraction, or hurrying away, having lingered too long among its palaces and canals. Although Padua can boast of Giotto's celebrated frescoes, numerous most interesting churches, the University, and a fair picture gallery—to say nothing of its being a most delightful old town, and boasting of such creature comforts as a good hotel and the finest *café* in Italy, the "Café Pedrocchi,"—the city is systematically neglected by travellers of all nations and dispositions. I must say that we spent a couple of days most pleasantly at Padua, and only wished that we had more time at our disposal. We had no adventures, and the sights of the town are faithfully recorded and described in "Murray," to whom we refer any of our readers who may desire to visit the old University town on their way to or from Venice. We recommend the latter course, as, after the bustle and excitement of Venice, the quiet of Padua is most refreshing, and a capital tonic before setting out on a longer journey.

PADUA TO BOLOGNA.

We certainly found it so, although our next move was only as far as Bologna, which is reached by rail in about six hours. The scenery is not particularly interesting, save just about Ferrara, where we did not stop. The day was blazing hot; and, after the manner of Italy, we were crammed in our carriages more like cattle in a northern truck than anything one sees in passenger trains in this country.

MISERIES OF ITALIAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

It is impossible to overrate the extent of this grievance in Italian travelling in the summer and autumn months, comprising that most precious period of the year known to working men as the "long vacation." Whether you take your place early or late, in first-class or in second-class, in express train or *train omnibus*, the result is the same; and the most judicious tips and the most *rusé* subterfuges are equally of no avail. When by dint of half an hour's vigilance and firmness, and an expenditure of energy by no means conducive to coolness, when the thermometer stands at 97°, as it did in the carriage in which we left Padua, you think you are about to start with just room to sit down, the carriage door is burst open, and a dirty guard says, in a most indignant voice, "*Ecco! vi sono ancora due posti*," and two very large and unsavoury Italians, smoking the vilest tobacco, to whom you have already denied ingress more than once, thrust themselves into the living and palpitating mass, and you sink down into a state of mental and bodily depression, from which nothing could arouse you but the necessity of securing a glass of the cool but rather oversugared drinks which are to be had at almost every railway-station during the hot weather.

An Australian Search Party.—I.

BY CHARLES HENRY EDEN.

In the autumn of the year 1866, the north-east coast of Australia was visited by a cyclone, or rotatory storm, of terrific violence. Where it first arose is difficult to say, but it must have struck the land to the southward of Cape York, for the detachment of marines at that place were unconscious of the proximity of so dangerous a neighbour. The next inhabited portion of the coast was the township of Cardwell, on the shores of Rockingham Bay, in 18° 15′ south latitude, 145° 10′ east longitude, and here its full fury was felt. Sweeping southward along the coast-line, it next struck the rising settlement of

Townsville, bearing down every obstacle it encountered, and levelling to the ground all but the strongest houses. Pursuing its course it visited Port Denison, unroofing houses, knocking away a portion of the new jetty, and doing an infinity of damage. Soon after leaving the latter place, it must have taken an easterly course and stood out to sea, for at Port Mackay, the next southern settlement, only a stiff gale was experienced. At the time of this hurricane the township of Cardwell consisted of about twenty-four houses, built of wood, raised on piles, and of the most primitive order of architecture. There were only three buildings of any size, the magistrate's house, the hotel, and a large store; and the straggling street, in which these and the other humbler edifices stood, faced the waters of the bay, and were distant from them about one hundred yards at high water. The appearance of the bay is so beautiful, and it is so necessary that the reader should be acquainted with the topography of the place to follow me in this narrative, that at the risk of being tedious I must attempt to describe it, though it would require a far abler pen than mine do justice to its lovely scenery. In the course of a life of travel, during which I have visited all the most celebrated harbours in the world, inclusive of Rio, Sydney, Trincomalee, and Acapulco, I never found any place possessing the capabilities and the varied beauties which meet in Rockingham Bay and its environs, and render it an oasis of tropical verdure and vegetation, amidst the dull, sombre, and unchanging sameness which characterises the greatest portion of the Australian continent.

Forming a bend like a bow, the horns of which are about fifteen miles apart, the chord of the arc is formed by several islands of coral formation, which would afford a perfect protection in themselves, without the assistance of the Great Barrier Reef, lying parallel to the coast, twenty miles outside them. The southern side is formed and shielded by Hinchinbrook Island, which is nearly forty miles in length, and covered with towering mountains of volcanic origin. Between this and the mainland is a channel, varying in breadth from two miles to a quarter of that distance, having a depth of water throughout its entire length which would float a three-decker at any state of the tide. A bar at the south end is, at present, an impediment to the entry of any but small craft, but should the Torres Straits Packet Service ever be established, and advantage taken of this natural harbour, a very trifling outlay in dredging would open out a deep and safe channel through the bar, which is caused by the outflow of the Herbert River near that point. These high mountains on Hinchinbrook—rugged and bare at their summits, but becoming clothed lower down, until at their base they are one evergreen mass of tropical vegetation, growing in more than its wonted luxuriousness in the watercourses hollowed out by the mountain torrents—present a scene of unequalled beauty, and when the sun, before sinking to rest behind the western range, gilds the bare crags, and reveals through breaks in the dense foliage streams leaping from rock to rock in miniature cascades, while baby rainbows formed in the spray, alternately sparkle and disappear, even the callous bushman feels a chord in his heart stirred by a sight so lovely, and stops talking "bullock" to his companion, until the next point has shut out the fairy vision.

On the mainland, at the distance of three miles from the coast, and thus immediately at the back of the township, rises a nearly perpendicular range of 1,500 feet in height, densely wooded, and having at intervals along its summit lakes of vast depth, of which I shall say nothing further at present. On approaching Cardwell from the sea, the township seems nestled immediately at the base of this range, and its background of dark foliage contributes in a great measure to render the appearance of the settlement so widely different from that of most Australian towns, a difference much increased by the unwonted sight of trees which afford shade—the leaves of the *Eucalypti* of which the bush in general consist, growing sideways, so that they afford no protection from the sun. The soil on which the town stands is of coarse, decomposed granite, intermixed with black dust, and from its unpromising and sterile appearance would seem incapable of supporting anything but the hardiest shrubs. Yet its fertility is incredible. Pineapple heads that are thrown out in the road take root, and in the clearing which I dignified with the name of a garden, I grew from cuttings, the pomegranate, mulberry, hibiscus, sugar-cane, and numberless other plants, whilst it seems equally adapted to seeds, from which I raised capsicums, chillies, oranges, shaddocks, &c. One peculiarity of Cardwell was the facility with which fresh water could always be got, close to the sea. Where the decomposed granite ended, and the sandy beach commenced, grew several large trees, which, throwing out their branches horizontally, and distant from the ground about seven feet, afforded a most delightful shade. For these I never heard a colonial name, but the botanical one is *Calophyllum inophyllum;* in the township they were always spoken of as the "big trees." Now between these and the sea, at any state of the tide—and at high springs the ripple came within a few feet of their trunks—by digging with a pint pot, we could get beautiful fresh water, filtered through the decomposed granite until as clear as crystal, and even though the tide had covered the spot where we were sinking ten minutes before, and the sea was not more than two feet distant from us now, it made no difference, the water that filled the hole was sweet and free from salt; and its depth from the surface may be imagined when I say that the dogs belonging to the town used to come and scratch a hole whenever they wanted to drink. This constant underground current of water must have resulted from the drainage of the lakes at the summit of the range immediately in the rear of the town, and no doubt contributed largely towards the prodigality of the soil.

Such is a brief description of the little township of Cardwell before the cyclone, at which time it numbered nearly two hundred inhabitants. It is not my intention here to describe the hurricane in detail, it is sufficient to say that the big store before mentioned was lifted off its piles and blown away into the bush, fragments being found over a quarter of a mile from its original site; the galvanised iron verandah of the hotel, which ran round two sides of the building, was stripped off in one piece like damp blotting-paper, and hurled far away to the rear; the court-house would have gone into the bush bodily, had not the weight of the iron safe standing in one corner, so to say, "moored it;" as it was, it was blown off its piles, and stood in a pitiful plight, with its gable-end presented to the street instead of its broadside; a heavy whale-boat that was hauled up under the "big trees" was rolled over and over far inshore, until brought up by a stump with such violence that one side was completely stove in; all the smaller shanties simply went down like card-houses, while huge trees were uprooted in every

direction, and rendered even the bush tracks, that by courtesy are called roads, impassable.

It is not to be supposed that a visitation such as this could occur without leaving its mark in the shape of wrecked and missing vessels. Fortunately not many ships frequent these seas; every now and then a *bêche de mer* craft, or a coasting schooner will make their appearance, but their skippers know every inch of the coast, and can generally run into some place of shelter should the glass portend a gale. However, on this occasion, a schooner named the *Eva*, that used to ply between Cleveland and Rockingham Bays, had put to sea the evening before from the former place, with several passengers and a mixed cargo for Cardwell. Our communication with Townsville (Cleveland Bay) was very uncertain, and no vessel arrived for more than a fortnight after the cyclone. It was not till then that we learned of the *Eva* having sailed; and as she had never reached her destination, we could only conclude she had foundered. About a month after this, however, a small steamer came in and reported that while at anchor off the bar at the mouth of the Herbert River, a number of blacks had been seen who had with them *two white men*. The steamer had sent her boat, and tried to open communications, but the blacks had disappeared in the scrub, dragging their prisoners with them. This intelligence distressed us all very much, everything seemed to point to the white men being a portion of the living freight of the ill-fated *Eva*, and we were all enough acquainted with the customs of the blacks to know that death would be far preferable to captivity amongst them. On the other hand, reports of white men seen amongst the blacks were by no means rare, and a good deal of judgment was required to ascertain if the information was sufficiently trustworthy to warrant the expense and trouble necessary to equip a search expedition. Accordingly I wrote to the police magistrate at Townsville, requesting him to telegraph to Government and ask them if I might raise such a party, and stating that in the meantime I would scour the coast in my boat and try to find any portion of the wreck, floating bottles, or in fact anything that would give a clue to the fate of the *Eva*. While awaiting a reply, I thoroughly searched Hinchinbrook Channel, the coast on either side of the mouth of the Herbert River, and the east side of Hinchinbrook Island, but without discovering a vestige of any wreck. Blacks we saw in plenty, but always hostile, and a shower of stones into the boat was usually the first indication of their presence. At length a small craft came up with a telegram granting permission to search for the reported white men; and it is the narrative of this search—which proved much more extended than we had at first anticipated, which brought us into frequent contact with the savage natives, and led to our visiting many places untrodden before by a white man—that I propose to lay before my readers, thinking that the social economy of this class of aborigines may prove a source of interest and amusement.

Our party consisted of ten white men and three native troopers, divided between two boats, one of which was the Government pilot-boat. We were all well armed with carbines and revolvers, and every man had his blanket. In the way of provisions we took plenty of flour, salt meat, tea, and a few pots of preserved meat, sardines, &c. We resolved to try the Herbert River first, which at that time was nearly unknown, although there are now a few homesteads on its banks. Starting from the township about four in the afternoon, we pulled down Hinchinbrook Channel and arrived at a little island, densely grown with mangroves, shortly after sunset. Here we camped for the night, having hauled up the boats on the sandy beach. In a mild climate such as this, few preparations are necessary for men accustomed as we were to exposure. A glorious fire of drift-wood was soon burning, the "billies" with the tea put on; each man took a wedge of damper and a slice of meat, after the consumption of which there was a general lighting of pipes and rolling in blankets, while a hot fire of conversation grew gradually fainter and fainter as one by one the speakers dropped off, until all were sound asleep, except the individual who had been elected cook, who was preparing the damper for the ensuing day. Before daybreak we were astir and scattered round the island to shoot enough Torres Straits' pigeons for breakfast. These handsome birds (*Carpophaga luctuosa*) come down from the north about the month of November of each year for the purpose of breeding. On all the islands forming the breakwater to Rockingham Bay they are to be found at this season in countless thousands, and every tree is covered with the loose sticks that form their nests, and which are so rudely put together it seems a miracle how they support the eggs. Their entire plumage is creamy white, except the wing-feathers and tip of the tail, which are black, and beak yellow. Every morning the male birds leave the islands at dawn of day, and wing their way in large flocks to the distant ranges on the mainland, where they feed on the numberless wild plums, and the wild nutmeg, until evening, when they return in the same manner. By going to one of the islands we could always shoot as many as we pleased, but it was difficult to get at them on the mainland, owing to the thickness of the scrub they frequented. However, it was now no question of amusement, but anxiety to economise our provisions, that prompted this crusade against the unfortunate pigeons. The mangroves here grew very high, and their stems looked as if they had been recently whitewashed, from the droppings of the birds. Creeping through them with great caution, and peering upwards, we could distinguish their bodies against the slightly grey sky, and bring down three or four at a shot. After firing, the best plan was to load as quickly as possible and stop quite still, when, after making the circuit of the island they would alight again; this they would continue to do until daylight fairly set in, when the males went off to the mainland until the evening.

After breakfast we shoved off, and, aided by the tide, headed southward down the channel. The sun soon became distressingly hot, for the water was as smooth as a looking-glass, and was likely to remain so until ten o'clock, when the sea-breeze would set in. During the whole of the time I was at Rockingham Bay, I never remember seeing the water ruffled by the slightest cat's-paw of wind for at least an hour after sunrise. If it had been blowing during the night the breeze would die away before daybreak, and an interval of dead calm ensue, lasting until the setting in of the sea-breeze, which, though varying a little on some occasions, generally sprung up between nine and ten o'clock. We paddled quietly along, surveying the shore on both sides with our glasses for any indication of blacks, but, except two thin columns of smoke rising perpendicularly in the still air, several miles inland, amongst the rocky fastnesses of Hinchinbrook, we saw no trace. At last the welcome breeze set in, and getting the masts up in both boats we stood on merrily under sail.

Our Servants and Labourers in Natal.

BY A COLONIST.

"*Ikoffee, mgan?*" (coffee, sir?) is more than likely to be the first sound the newly-landed man will hear, upon awakening for the first time in the colony of Natal. Rousing himself, he will have handed to him a steaming cup of hot coffee, by either a grinning, good-humoured-looking native, or one of quiet and solemn demeanour, evidently much impressed by the importance of his matutinal duties, and doubtless quite prepared for a good deal of abuse in some of the bedrooms for coming too late with the usual early morning beverage, and for a number of boots and other missiles for coming too early at the doors of others. However, as waiters, all the world over, are pretty well accustomed to every variety of treatment, this native servant will submit with tolerably good grace, in the hope and belief that his patience will meet with the reward it merits.



A "COOLIE" BARBER.

Before the coffee is disposed of, probably a light tap will be heard at the door, and, with a quiet, stealthy tread, an Indian coolie will enter. "Shave, sar? me coolie barber, sar!" and, should the occupant of the room accept the proffered services of the Asiatic, he will, in a few moments, find as much of his countenance as he is in the habit of submitting to the razor, closely shaven and dabbed over with cooling powder: and really they manage these little every-day conveniences with wonderful cleverness. A large number of "free coolies" are now residing in the colony of Natal. These men, having served the number of years for which they had agreed upon leaving India, are free to return to their native country, but a great number of them prefer remaining upon the Natal coast; they are not so partial to the midlands, where the climate is cooler, and the upland districts—where the winter is often really cold—do not suit them at all. These men, for the most part natives of Madras, pursue various callings, and hire themselves out to the Europeans as labourers, grooms, cooks, and house servants, obtaining at the termination of their engagements, written characters from their employers, armed with which, and their "free passes," they travel from house to house until they obtain a re-engagement. Coolies are brought from India to Natal, with the understanding that they will be assigned to the different European settlers for a period of either three or five years, after which they will be at liberty to return to India or to remain in the colony as free men. The rate of pay, fixed by the Government, commences at ten shillings per month; a trifle is deducted from this pay for medical attendance, as all assigned coolies are under the supervision of the medical man appointed by Government to the district in which they are located.

The rations fixed for assigned coolies are as follows:—2 lbs. dholl, 2 lbs. salt fish, 1 lb. ghee, and 1 lb. salt, per month, and 1½ lb. of rice per day.

Many of the coolies are willing to take rations of maize-meal in lieu of rice, on alternate days, which is often of great advantage to their employers, more especially to those planters whose estates are distant from the port, as, though some varieties of rice will flourish freely in Natal (some friends of mine, coffee-planters, raised a good crop one season between the rows of coffee-trees), but little has as yet been done in this branch of agriculture, and large quantities of rice are still imported by the colonists, and the article is occasionally scarce and expensive.

The newly-arrived coolies are immediately housed in the Government coolie barracks at the port, and upon reaching the estates of those planters to whom they are assigned, are allowed sufficient time to erect huts for themselves at a sufficient distance from the planter's house, the generality of of these imported labourers being a noisy, thievish, and dirty set of vagabonds. On some estates substantial rows of brick-built rooms form the "coolie lines" or "barracks." The huts which these people build for themselves are little cottage-shaped hovels, formed of poles cut from the bush, and with the sides covered over and the roofs thatched with grass. These hovels, which are not built high enough to allow an adult to stand upright within them, are often inhabited by a man, a woman, a small swarm of children, a dog or two,* a cat, and perhaps a couple of cocks tethered by the legs, in opposite corners. Nearly all our coolies are immensely fond of cock-fighting, and will always buy a cock if they think he looks strong, active, and likely to make a fighter. The first care of the coolie after the purchase of a bird destined for fighting, is to render him as tame and familiar with his master as possible, and this is soon brought about by keeping him constantly in the hut, feeding from the hand, and frequently handling him; after this, as the bird becomes bold, from good feeding (a portion of his owner's rations being regularly set aside for him), and familiarity with mankind, he is indulged with an occasional fight with unarmed spurs. When a regular match is made, the birds are armed with most formidable spurs, as large, or larger, than the blade of an ordinary penknife; these spurs are generally bound to the hind claw, and not to the natural spur. Cock-fights are generally the amusements reserved for holidays and Sundays. In a battle with spurs, *à l'outrance*, the owner of the winning bird claims the bird which has been killed. Coolies generally seem much pleased if their master appears to take an interest in any of their amusements. I remember some coolies speaking of an Englishman who, curious to see what a crowd of coolies had assembled about, had watched them for some time through a double field-glass, remarking, "Very good that master! take *pericanati* see cock-fight! plenty good that master!"

Tamil is the language generally spoken by the coolies brought from India to Natal. The word "coolie" means in India, I believe, "labourer or porter," but the men brought to Natal are generally spoken of in the colony as "coolie" barbers, "coolie" washermen, "coolie" grooms, &c., according to their callings, though they may be men who have for years held free passes.

Of course, among the mixed set of men imported, various castes and religions exist, but, upon the whole, all agree peaceably together, though, of course, rows, and serious ones, do occasionally occur. Many of the men and women, and some of the children, wear silver bracelets and anklets, silver rings upon the fingers, and even upon the toes, and even nose-rings and ear-rings of gold. I was told by a young man, who had managed a gang of coolies from his boyhood, that many of these people were willing to have such coin as they had in their possession worked into trinkets by their own jewellers, gaining thereby in personal adornment, and to a great extent doing away with the risk of loss by theft or accident, besides having in hand articles for which money could always be obtained; in fact, they seem to hold ideas upon the subject of "portable property" almost identical with those of "Mr. Wemmick," the well-known character in Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations." The few men among the coolies in Africa who can work as jewellers, are generally rather indifferent craftsmen; these men, if ordered to make a silver bracelet, first ask for a sufficient number of silver coins to melt and form into the article required, and, having made and delivered the bracelet, receive in payment whatever sum may have been agreed upon. I cannot say much for the honesty, sobriety, or cleanliness of the coolies; of course I speak generally, admitting that there are many exceptions to be found. I once heard an employer, in speaking of "coolie" and "nigger" labourers in general, remark, "Well, some are worse than others." A coolie who says he is "same as white caste," is generally, if not always, to be looked upon with distrust.

The fowls about a planter's house generally roost in the trees and bushes, and the coolies, unfortunately, have a knack of carrying them off quite noiselessly. A wretched fowl is cautiously seized, both wings being pressed tightly to his body, so as to render any fluttering impossible; and his neck broken by the teeth of the coolie almost before he is roused from his slumbers.

As a general rule, these Indian men are inordinately fond of alcoholic drinks in any form, and some of them will, when opportunity offers, drink themselves into a state of utter helplessness. A coolie has been known to ask for gin and rum, and drink the one spirit immediately after the other, with the acknowledged wish to produce intoxication, "Plenty drink make it," being his remark upon swallowing the last drops. Coolies as a rule are not given to frequent bathing, or, indeed, to ablution of any kind, therefore such men, women, or children, as are selected as house servants should, if possible, be chosen from those most conspicuous among the gang for cleanliness. Such women as accompany the men from India, are at liberty to work, if the owner of the estate thinks proper to employ them, and are very useful at all the lighter work of a plantation, viz., weeding, coffee-gathering, cotton-picking, feeding the rollers of the crushing machine with sugar-canes, &c. These women receive five or six shillings per month wages, and half rations, and are employed from time to time upon almost all estates.

There is some difference of opinion as to the relative merits of coolie and native labour among the experienced employers in the colony—though in many districts it would be almost, if not quite, impossible to carry on the plantations without gangs of coolies, bound to the different estates for a certain number of years.

The Kafir is, without doubt, a more powerful man than the Asiatic labourer, and, if well managed, will do a good day's work, but he is a free and independent savage, able to leave his employer at the busiest time, by merely giving notice a month previously; whereas the coolie has entered into an agreement for a term of years, and has become accustomed to look upon regular labour, regular rations, and regular pay (with an occasional holiday), as his just and fitting portion in the colony which he has entered.

The general opinion is that Kafirs make the best labourers where heavy bush has to be felled and cleared, and for heavy

* Some of the coolies have a great liking for dogs. I have known a coolie woman bring up a puppy at her own breast, though I do not suppose this is a frequent occurrence.

work in general, while the Indian labourers are most useful where light continuous work has to be carried on. In all cases a great deal depends upon the European managers and overseers of an estate, all the coloured labourers, the Indians of different castes (most of the castes of those in Natal seem to be very low), and the Kafirs of different races, appreciate a firm bearing, tempered with kindness and attention to the wants of such of them as may fall sick or meet with accident, while they will dislike or despise a man who is either a bully or who will bear the slightest insolence.

A gang of men of any race will do a better day's work if cheerful and in good humour, than if dispirited and discontented. A gang who would have needed much forcing will start off to a disagreeable day's duty (such as planting out young coffee during a perfect deluge of rain), singing and laughing, when the necessity for the work being performed immediately has, in a few words, been explained to them.

One advantage the employer of native labour has over the employer of coolies, is the greater ease with which the labourers are fed, the Kafirs requiring nothing beyond sufficient maize-meal for three meals per diem, and a little salt; the maize may be ground into meal on the spot, by means of inexpensive hand-mills, or the meal may be purchased from a mill, should there be one in the neighbourhood. Coolie food is more expensive, and sometimes troublesome to procure. Such planters as live at a distance from the port finding this at times a considerable inconvenience. Coolies also are more subject to sickness than the natives, who, of course, when really unwell, do not apply for work, or if in employment ask for leave to go to their kraals.

Some coolies will simulate illnesses of different kinds so well as to deceive any but a skilled medical man, and this, perhaps, at a time when the work of every pair of hands upon an estate is of the utmost importance.

The gangs of Kafirs while at work have to be constantly watched, whereas coolies will often perform an allotted task perfectly well; coolies also will generally work well under *sirdars* (overseers selected from among themselves), who are considered answerable for the day's work being properly performed.

The African and the Indian races do not mix well; the Kafirs ridicule the coolies, as men weak, badly limbed; and dirty, while the coolies evidently consider themselves far more advanced in civilisation than the Kafirs. It is always advisable to have the huts for the Kafirs, and the coolie lines, established at as great a distance from each other as convenient.

As house servants the Indians, particularly those who have acted as servants in their native country, are, when honest, superior to the natives, though a well-trained Kafir is by no means to be despised as a handy fellow about a house. As cooks, the Indians are incomparably superior to the Kafirs, though it is always necessary to ascertain whether the cook is of cleanly habits, if possible, before employing him. A Kafir servant who can cook is the exception, but a great number of the free coolies carry such recommendations as this: "The bearer of this, ——, has been in my service —— months, and is a good cook."

Both Kafirs and coolies often make excellent grooms, and seem disposed to treat the horses under their charge with care and kindness, though a black groom should always be well watched, until his character is well established in his master's estimation, and even then the stable arrangements should from time to time be overlooked.

The Hottentots are often good grooms, and very handy with horses. Those Hottentots in service in the colony of Natal are either grooms or more often wagon drivers, at which kind of work they are excellent, although it is often quite impossible to keep them sober while in the towns through which a traveller by wagon passes. About eight years ago, a number of Hottentots were serving in the Cape Mounted Rifles; these fellows rode admirably, and appeared tolerably sober in their habits, under military discipline. Most of the Hottentots in Natal (they are not numerous) speak the Dutch language. I believe that the language of the Hottentot race has now become obsolete.

French Exploration in Cambodia and Indo-China.

RUINED CITY AND TEMPLES OF CAMBODIA.

In the summer of 1866, the French Government dispatched an expedition from their colony of Cochin-China to explore the unknown regions watered by the great Mekong River, which, flowing from the northern part of Siam, enters the sea near Saigon. The expedition consisted of two gun-boats, under the chief command of Captain de Lagrée, who, as well as Lieutenants Garnier and Delaporte, the historian and artist of the party, had already gone through a considerable experience of Cochin-China.

They started from the anchorage of Saigon on June the 5th, and in three days they arrived at Compong Luong, near the entrance of the great lake, on the north of Oudong, the capital of Cambodia. Here they remained for some time, waiting the arrival of Siamese money and passports from Bangkok, collecting interpreters and native assistants, and making final preparations for a long absence.

Meanwhile they had time to pay a visit to the famous ruins of Angcor, at the north-west extremity of the lake, which they crossed from end to end. In the evening of June the 22nd, they anchored off the mouth of the little Angcor River. Very early in the next morning they went on board a large native boat, which was to take them on shore. The darkness, combined with a long swell, made it very difficult to pick their way among the endless rows of stakes which indicated a large fishery. Further on, they could indistinctly see the low line

of stunted trees on the bank, an inundated and uninhabitable forest, under whose arches the water loses itself with a dull splash, and often surrounds their rugged trunks with a circle of white foam. It required the whole strength of the party to extricate them from the risks of continual bumping against the trees of this most remarkable forest; but as the water was only about three feet deep, their native Annamites jumped into it, while the rest of the party worked with redoubled force at the oars. At daylight they found themselves in the mouth of the little river; the swell ceased, and they had no difficulty in reaching one of the temporary fish-drying establishments on the bank.

At less than two miles from their landing-place they observed a small hill with two summits, which commands all the surrounding flat country, and which in the season of floods is washed on every side by the waters of the lake. This is the Crôm Hill, the only salient point which is presented in the far-surrounding horizon, and which serves as a landmark for navigators along these low, inundated, and monotonous banks. On the highest summit of this hill an isolated clump of trees conceals a ruined sanctuary from view. It was their first experience of that ancient Cambodian civilisation which has entirely disappeared—buildings, social and political organisation, literature, commerce and power—leaving us nothing but ruins to admire in the wreck of a perished past. Long residence in hot climates, far away from the marvels of European art, in the midst of half-civilised nations, is very predisposing to enthusiasm for every work of taste and intelligence, even though it may be imperfect. One is accustomed to no longer admire anything but the splendours of tropical nature, and to look scornfully upon human work. The impression, however, that is produced by a work of a really high standard is very lively, and is mixed with a feeling of profound astonishment, which increases the pleasure of the imagination. Lieutenant Garnier says that this was what he felt on seeing the sanctuary of the Crôm Hill, which, in the severity of its general form, the elegance of its details, and the charming originality of its conception, filled him with admiration, and made him think that to the three classical periods of Pericles, Augustus, and Louis XIV., there should be added the old Cambodian period as a fourth.



THE LEPER KING AT ANGCOR TÔM.

The appearance of a group of mutilated statues lying at the foot of the principal monument had the effect of somewhat cooling his first enthusiasm. However remarkable some of the heads might be, they were very far removed from the masterpieces of the Greek chisel. A less perfect type of man for the model, and the very necessities entailed by the religious myth, might account for this inferiority, without any need to place Cambodian art in a less lofty rank than that which he at first assigned to it. He only became the more impatient to reach the imposing group of ruins formed by the pagoda and the ancient city of Angcor, which furnish the most important elements towards solving the artistic and historical problem of this perished civilisation. The morning after the visit to the Crôm Hill they continued their journey by land to Siem Réap, the modern Angcor, only a few miles from the ancient city. Here

is a citadel, built some forty years ago by the Siamese to insure their hold upon this province, which with several others was taken from the proper kingdom of Cambodia, so that the country no longer possesses even the site of its ancient capital. In this citadel resides the governor of the province, from whom they received very gracious hospitality. This official, by birth a Cambodian, seems to have been on his best behaviour, trimming judiciously between his Siamese masters on the one side and the French on the other; for he naturally felt that the latter, in their character of protectors of Cambodia, might some day insist upon the restitution of its ravished provinces.

On the morning of June the 24th, they took leave of the hospitable governor, to camp out in the neighbourhood of the ruins. Each of the party was mounted upon an elephant; and as most of them had had very little practice in this method of locomotion, they were more occupied with the fearful joltings of their animals than with the enjoyment of observing the forest upon which they were entering, and of feeling the comparative coolness of the early morning air. M. Garnier himself was mounted upon a young female elephant, which, with the natural timidity and sensitiveness of her age and sex, became suddenly frightened by the sight of some odd-looking tree, and rushed off at full speed among the forest, at the risk of dashing into fragments the howdah and everybody in it. The beast was only stopped by the elephant-driver forcing two or three inches of his curved iron goad into its skull, and the rider took some time to recover from the violent shaking which he had endured.

At the end of an hour's march they stopped at the foot of the cruciform terrace which leads up to Angcor Wat. At about a distance of 250 yards rose the three towers which crown the triple entrance to the temple. A long gallery, with an external colonnade, stretches right and left from this kind of triumphal arch; it is the first enclosure of the monument. From the terrace, formerly ornamented with stone lions which now are scattered among the vegetation on the ground, there starts a causeway constructed of large blocks of sandstone, crossing the moat, which, more than 200 yards in width, has been dug out in front of the enclosure. They followed this causeway, which terminates at the central entrance; passing through this, they saw before them, at a distance of 500 yards, the edifice itself—a dark and imposing mass, showing the outline of its nine towers against the deep blue sky. A distance of 400 yards was traversed over the causeway, which is still continued inside the enclosure, before the first peristyle of the pagoda is reached. A second terrace, larger and more highly ornamented than the first, and supported by elegantly-sculptured circular columns, terminates the causeway, above the level of which it rises to the height of about three yards. On the left, under the very walls of the edifice, are the quarters allotted to the priests who perform the duties of the ancient sanctuary;



RUINS OF MOUNT BAKHENG.

and near these there is another hut, made of bamboos like the former, offering shelter to the pilgrims who visit the holy place. In this last the travellers established themselves for several days. The monumental entrance, the long causeway ornamented with fantastic dragons, and slowly traversed at the solemn foot-pace of their elephants, the two vast sheets of water extending like lakes on each side, the colossal appearance of the temple itself, all showed them that they were in the presence of a work of the highest order and of more than ordinary proportions. There they saw (as the traveller Mouhot says) not a rival temple to that of Solomon, which was doubtless unworthy of such a comparison, but the masterpiece of some unknown Michael Angelo. It required some time to comprehend the exact arrangement of a building which measures outside the moats about 6,000 English yards, or nearly three miles and a half! The first visit gave but a confused notion of it. The endless staircases and galleries, the inner courts with their uniform colonnades, seemed in spite of their symmetry, or rather on account of their symmetry, to form an inextricable labyrinth; and the enormous dimensions of each of the parts rendered it additionally difficult to grasp the magnificent whole.

After several excursions—for thus we may call visits to a monument whose dimensions are reckoned by miles—the main plan of the edifice came out more clearly. Its form is rectangular, longest in the direction of east and west; and the four sides together measure 3,845 English yards, or nearly two miles and a quarter. The principal entrance is on the west side, by which the party had approached it. This entrance is, in fact, composed of a gallery 254 yards in length, resting on a basement of seven yards and a half in width. The gallery is formed externally by a double row of columns, internally by a wall in which false windows have been made with bars of carved stone, looking towards the pagoda. In the centre of the gallery rises the triumphal arch, with the triple entrance described above; and at its extremities are two other openings on a level with the soil, which were used for the passage of chariots. On the three remaining sides of the enclosure are three gates of much less importance.

It is very remarkable that nothing in all this vast edifice appears calculated for human habitation. The only galleries with roofs are those of the second floor, and their breadth is not more than seven feet and a half. All the other galleries are open, and were evidently not intended to be inhabited. It would appear that nothing in this wondrous monument had any aim or end, except with regard to the quadruple sanctuary which is established at the base of the central tower. Everything rises towards that, everything leads to it. From whichever side we may approach the edifice, we find ourselves involuntarily borne and led towards one of the four vast statues which occupy the sides of this tower, and look towards the four points of the compass. The base of the corner towers is bare, and is nothing but the slightly-enlarged point of intersection of the adjoining galleries. Nothing stops us on the way. The smaller edifices between the first and second floor are passed without notice; only the two sanctuaries at the foot of the principal staircase of the third floor may for a moment arrest the attention. But their only effect is to bring out more completely the height of the central edifice, which the visitor sees in front of him as he comes out of the covered galleries. The attraction is then irresistible, and he climbs the steps of the grand staircase without room for a wandering thought.

All the columns of Angcor Wat are square, with the exception of those which support the terrace of the western façade, and those which form a peristyle in the medial galleries of the central edifice. The capital and the base are of uniform ornamentation and admirable workmanship. The shaft is generally even, but is often lightly sculptured. The pilasters at the sides of the gates exhibit a still richer style of ornament, and are covered from top to bottom with architectural roses, with figures of animals, and of legendary personages, worked out with marvellous art. Though time has covered with moss the vivid outlines of these sculptures, they are still admirable, and can bear comparison with the most perfect work of a Greek chisel. There are in this temple nearly 1,800 columns and pilasters, of which the largest are about thirteen feet and a half high, with a thickness of about eighteen inches. The only materials employed in the construction of this vast edifice are wood and a very fine-grained sandstone, which was brought from quarries at the foot of Pnom Coulen, about twenty-five miles from Angcor Wat. Everything which was of wood—ceilings or wainscots—has disappeared. Some of the blocks of stone composing the columns, roofs, and walls, are nearly four yards in length, by about one yard in breadth and thickness. No cement has been employed in bringing these stones together; they are united by simple juxtaposition, and the surfaces in contact have been polished by rubbing one against the other, but their junction is absolutely perfect.

The monument contains a considerable number of inscriptions. Some are placed as explanations of the bas-reliefs of the lower gallery; others, of greater antiquity, and containing probably more important historical matter, are found in the galleries of the eastern part of the temple. Their characters are connected with the present Cambodian writing, and the priests can read many of them; but the most ancient, and those which would, therefore, be the most interesting, are a dead letter to them. All the inscriptions which they translate are nothing but prayers and religious formulas, without any kind of historical importance. A certain number of priests are attached to the ancient sanctuary, and have carefully collected in one of the three parallel galleries connecting the first and second storeys, all the statues and fragments of statues of stone, bronze, and wood, which they found in the temple and its environs. Most of them are of the *ex voto* kind, and show signs of gilding. They are of all sizes, and it is easy to distinguish between those of ancient and modern origin. The priests are not sufficiently numerous for the proper maintenance of this immense temple, so they are obliged to content themselves with sweeping out the most frequented of the central galleries every morning, and pulling up some of the weeds which grow between the stones. The rest of the building is almost entirely given over to vegetation and to the birds of night, which make it their habitation. The odours which emanate from them, and the filth with which they cover the soil, render some porticos of the north side completely unapproachable.

The greater part of the lions which decorated the staircases of the temple have been thrown down from their pedestals in the successive invasions which brought about the ruin of the ancient Cambodian Empire. They were the most easily destroyed of all its features. Those which still remain upright are in a very poor state of preservation, either because they have

been mutilated as they stand, or on account of their having had to bear without shelter all the ravages of climate, the most important element in their destruction. The towers of the second elevation have also been half ruined. The central edifice is still, from all points of view, that which has suffered least, though it was the most lofty, and the most liable to injury. The awe with which its sanctuary has been regarded, was, doubtless, a preserving force against invaders, and a stimulus to the repairing faculties of the pious inhabitants.

After giving the necessary hints to the rest of the party for the improvement of their time at Angcor Wat, M. de Lagrée left them and established himself in the centre of the ruined city of Angcor Tôm, or Great Angcor, at no great distance. A week was to be passed in this way, in various occupations or excursions, according to the work or inclination of each. M. Garnier remained as an assiduous guest in the old temple, of which it was his duty to make sundry surveys, and to find the exact geographical position. The upper storey of the central edifice is raised far above the rest, and from the top of the twelve staircases of forty-two steps each, which connect it with the second storey, a vast horizon is spread before the eye. From this point the summits of the Crôm Hill and the Bakheng Hill, each covered with ruins, the bare top of the Little Bok Hill, and the distant extremity of the Pnom Coulen chain, all rise sharply out of the immense plain, and break the monotony of its appearance. The highest of these hills is only about 650 feet, and most of them are scarcely so high as the central tower of Angcor Wat; but they afford excellent landmarks to a wanderer among the uniform and scantily-cleared forests which conceal the ruins of Angcor, and the many scattered monuments beyond its walls, from the eager search of the traveller.

M. Garnier therefore fixed upon a peristyle of the central edifice of Angcor Wat as his station for observations. When the heat of the day reduced all the dwellers in the temple to a state of immobility, he enjoyed wandering through these long and silent galleries, which were only disturbed by the flapping of the countless bats which had taken up their abode there. The bustling and active life which he had just left disposed him to find an infinite charm in this isolation. He found the hours pass swiftly by in the contemplation of the sculptures and bas-reliefs, and the study of that exquisite decoration which extends to the roofs and external surfaces of the towers, and which offered some new detail at every moment. It would be indeed a long task to examine those endless pages of stone, those 2,000 feet of sculptured walls, which in the gallery of bas-reliefs illustrate the wars of the King of the Apes against the King of the Angels, the joys of the Buddhist paradise, and the torments of the Buddhist hell. It may, however, be mentioned that Mr. Fergusson, in his great work, "The History of Architecture," refers to these magnificent ruins, and from these sculptured battle-pieces he draws another proof, if more were wanted, of the high civilisation of the ancient Cambodians who built them. Photographs have shown that the chariots there represented have wheels of from three to five feet in diameter, with sixteen spokes. They appear to have turned upon the axle, and are so thin that they "must have been made of metal, for no London coachmaker could make them of wood."

A feeling of profound sorrow mingles with the admiration produced by these sublime ruins. Those who look at the crumbling towers and observe the rapid decay caused by heat and moisture, the moss-covered cracks, the plants growing into gigantic trees and forcing their roots between the sculptured stones, must naturally fear that this masterpiece of a bygone age may utterly disappear before giving up the secret of its birth. In vain do the few priests who attend to the sanctuary struggle against this destruction of the work of man by the hand of Nature. She is ever gaining on them. In vain, too, is the secret asked for. A Chinese traveller who visited Angcor in the year 1295 describes the city of Angcor in all its splendour. In 1601, Ribadeneyra wrote that "there are in Cambodia the ruins of an ancient city which some declare to have been built by the Romans or Alexander the Great. It is astonishing that none of the natives can live amid these ruins, which are the haunts of wild beasts." Mr. Fergusson says that "in old Cambodian traditions collected by Dr. Bastian, and in those extracted from Siamese books by Colonel Low, nothing is more asserted and insisted on than the presence of a Prince of Rome, or Romans, and a race of white men." He, however, imagines the work to have been that of a race which migrated from the Indus; and he considers Angcor Wat to be the best and greatest of the temples dedicated to the Naga, or Snake-worship. There are snakes all over it. Cornices and balustrades are snakes; every angle of the roofs is adorned with the seven-headed snake, and there are hundreds of them; the courts are the tanks of the Naga; and the whole water arrangements of the temple were connected with the "worship of the Snake, and that only." He considers that the chief temples may be tolerably well assumed to have occupied two centuries—between 1150 and 1350—the Angcor Wat being about the middle of this period, and "being thus the true representative of the great building mania which possessed the whole world in the 13th century." The mystery of its origin can hardly be greater than that of the causes which in so short a time produced desolation and ruin in what must have been one of the most splendid wonders of the world.

M. Garnier and his companions passed their time pleasantly in various excursions, bathing in the little Angcor River, or shooting in the forests; and, though the heat was excessive, and the jungle very difficult to penetrate on account of the usual entanglement of tropical trees, shrubs, and parasites of every description, yet they found constant excitement in the fact that they might at any time discover among its intricacies a causeway, a statue, or some awful monument staring at them through the branches. The natives for the most part appeared to have a superstitious fear of entering these forests where are concealed so many awe-inspiring remains of the older world, and where they dread encountering the spirits of the departed. They were also impressed with the usual idea that the new-comers were seeking for ancient treasures; and it was difficult to get any assistance from them for these reasons. M. de Lagrée, however, contrived by good payment to induce an experienced man to take another view of the case. His necessities overcame his fears and suspicions; and he proved himself a useful guide in the forests, for in a very short time, under his auspices, M. de Lagrée was successful enough to find three new monuments.

From the outermost terrace of Angcor Wat starts a causeway, now half buried in the soil of the forest, which leads to the southern gate of the ruined city. It leaves, on the left, a small hill, which they had all seen in their walks, and which has been previously named as the Bakheng Hill—a small

mound of about sixty yards in height, which at first appears only an insignificant accident of the soil, still more hidden and attenuated by the dense vegetation which covers it. At about a mile and a half from Angcor Wat the first slopes of the eastern summit of the hill are discovered. A stag passes; you make a few steps beyond the path to follow him with your eye, and you discover in the thicket a couple of stone lions of imposing proportions, which seem to challenge your approach.

The staircase, at the foot of which are found the lions, is almost totally destroyed, and replaced by a kind of even slope covered with moss, under which the stone is soon discovered. Its ascent is easily accomplished; in a short time a kind of esplanade, made out of the solid rock, is reached, the surface of which appears to have been once carefully levelled with cement. A small brick structure attracts the eye: it covers the print of a foot of Buddha, the gilding and pattern of which is, like the structure itself, of a very modern date; but one soon finds in the rock several holes which have been applied to the placing of pillars, and a little further may be seen some of the pillars themselves, erect. If we follow the traces of this colonnade, we arrive at an enclosure, which probably was passed by a monumental gateway, but there are not sufficient elements for accurately settling this part of the edifice. Within the enclosure, and symmetrically placed on each side of the colonnade, are some ruined buildings, in which many statues, or fragments of statues, have been piously collected by the natives. Continuing our walk towards the west, we find ourselves in due time at the foot of what once formed the monument itself, consisting of five terraces, cut out of the upper part of the hill in regular stages. Their shape is nearly rectangular, and they lie, one above the other, at about four yards' distance; the height of the stages is about three yards and a half; and they are ascended by means of staircases, guarded by stone lions upon pedestals. At the angles of each terrace, and about thirty feet from the two sides of each staircase, are beautiful little turrets of about sixteen feet high; and each of these sixteen turrets contains a statue. Three towers once looked over the surrounding country from the summit of this monumental hill, though nothing is now to be seen of them but a shapeless mass of ruins. But what a fairy-like view must have been formerly presented to those who from these towers looked down upon the hill itself, with the lions, the turrets, the stone steps leading down to the plain, and the city of Angcor the Great, with its ramparts and its countless monuments, the summits of which once sparkled with gold, and which are now covered by a tropical forest, with its continuous sheet of verdure!

A few minutes' walking towards the city itself from the Bakheng, which is a kind of Acropolis to it, brought the party before a gate which belongs to the southern face of the enclosure. This enclosure is rectangular, with a perimeter of about nine English miles. It is entirely surrounded by a moat of about 400 feet in width and from twelve to fifteen in depth. The walls are about thirty feet high, and are supported on the inside by thick embankments. The gate in front is approached by a stone bridge thrown across the moat, but wars and destructions of every kind have so ruined everything here, that in the accumulated mass of fragments it is difficult to comprehend the general arrangements of this bridge. Fortunately there are four other similar gates; and especially from those on the west and on the south-east—which is traditionally called the Gate of the Dead—we are enabled to judge what these monumental avenues must formerly have been. They are made of huge blocks of sandstone, resting on narrow arches which are scarcely large enough for the free circulation of the water in the moats. A gigantic stone dragon forms a balustrade on each side, and at the beginning of the bridge raises its nine heads like a fan; it is supported on both sides by fifty-four giants, seated, and facing outwards from the city. At the south-east gate these statues represent persons of grave demeanour, covered with rich garments, the heads ornamented with lofty head-dresses. Those nearest to the gates are taller than the rest, and have several heads, or one with several faces. The gates themselves have only one opening, made through an enormous mass of masonry, which is connected with the enclosure by a gallery. This masonry serves as the base for three towers, ending in a point, the central one being the highest. The long causeway, peopled by these strange beings of stone, the towers and the gigantic sculptures with which they are covered, make one dream of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights;" and, indeed, their appearance must have been still more astonishing.

Wandering through the remains of endless roads and galleries, buried in forest and jungle which were difficult to penetrate, they found the ruins of monument after monument, each, if possible, more astonishing than the preceding. At rather more than a mile within the enclosure of the city is one in which forty-two towers were counted. This seemed to be the most remarkable of all the ruins, and from the character of its inscriptions and the style of its ornament, it was considered older than the Angcor Wat. The ancient Cambodian name of this wonderful building is *Baïon;* but the Cambodians also call it *Preasat Ling Poun*, or the Hide-and-Seek Pagoda, from the interminable labyrinth of its galleries.

In spite of the dense shade of the forest in which all these marvels are enfolded, the party suffered greatly from the intense heat when they emerged from the comparatively cool galleries of the Hide-and-Seek, and were glad to refresh themselves in the hut where M. de Lagrée had established himself for several days in the midst of this strange wilderness. Near this they found what is called the Palace, measuring more than 1,500 feet from east to west, and about 1,000 from north to south, containing, among other wonders, a vast terrace sculptured with battles of giants and rows of elephants, in the most varied and natural attitudes that can be conceived. At the north end of this is an open spot in the form of a cross, upon which, sheltered by a wretched roof, reposes the famous statue described by Mouhot as the "Leper King." Tradition says that about the middle of the thirteenth century the reigning king was afflicted with leprosy for deserting the snake-worship of his forefathers, and adopting the Brahminical or Buddhist heresy.

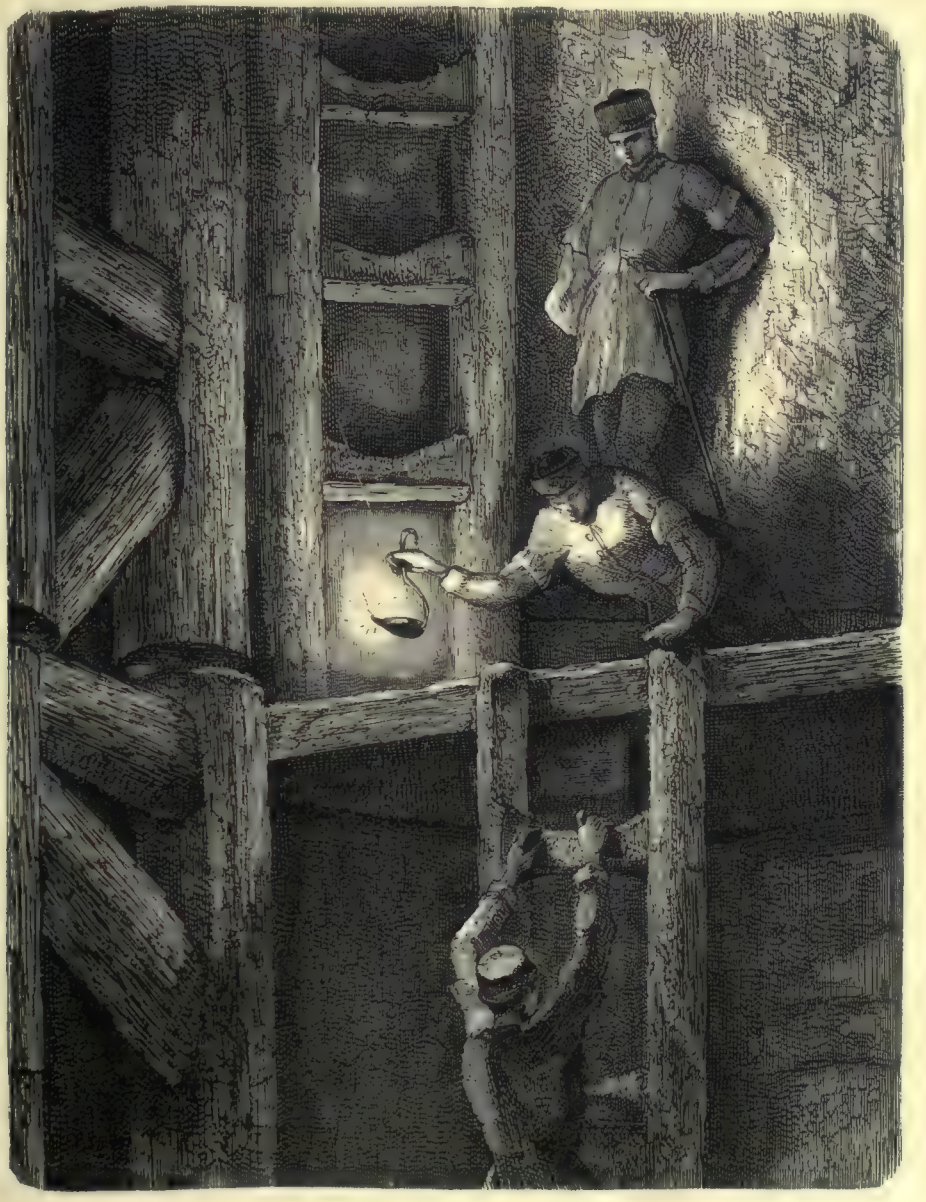
It is sufficiently evident that a boundless field of research is still open to exploration among these wondrous remains of a lost civilisation, the beginning and the end of which are equally enveloped in mystery. M. de Lagrée and his comrades were, however, obliged to move to new ground. On July the 1st, they found their elephants all saddled in front of the Angcor Wat; and, after a friendly farewell interview with the Governor of Siem Réap, they embarked on the river in light boats, and amidst stifling heat descended it, until they rejoined their gunboat at the entrance of the great lake. Next day they anchored once more at Compong Luong.

Cracow, and the Salt Mines of Wieliczka.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.

"GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him," is a proverb aptly illustrated by the city of Cracow. It has so long enjoyed such an unenviable reputation for dreariness, misery, dirt, and vermin, that we arrived with some serious misgivings as to what might be in store for us during the few days we should have to spend there. All the hotels were reported to be bad and dirty, so we were not a little surprised at being shown into a clean and well-furnished bedroom on our arrival at the "Hôtel Saski," and still more to find next day that the *cuisine* also was excellent.

The city is very interesting, and well repays a journey of some distance, though it does not take long to explore. The costumes and habits of the people are so different from what are seen in any of the cities of Western Europe, that one never feels weary of watching them; but no amount of description will furnish an intelligible idea of the picturesque appearance of the great square in the early morning. The square itself covers a large space in the very heart of the city. The centre of it is occupied by the old Cloth Hall, a huge, half-ruinous building of red brick, no longer required for its original purpose, as Cracow cannot now boast of any extensive manufactures. Beside it stands the old watch-tower, formerly part of the Rathhaus, which is in better preservation. On one side of the square is a very large church (dedicated to the Assump-



DESCENDING INTO THE MINE.

tion of the Virgin), also of red brick, with two mediæval towers; while the other sides are occupied by large houses, some of which have inferior shops on the ground floor

At this time of day the space between the Cloth Hall and the church is full of men and women, who, judging from their appearance, seem to have come from almost every country under heaven. Some have wares to sell, and others are doing their marketing; but a considerable portion seem to be doing nothing in particular—just sauntering about, or standing in little groups. Many of the women look rather Asiatic than European, their heads bound with a fancy white or red cloth, something after the fashion of a turban, their dress of bright colours, the loose jacket generally red, with the under-garment and sleeves white. The men, however, present a greater variety than the women—a reversal of the ordinary rule—as almost every village round Cracow has a costume peculiar to itself. The scene includes the various uniforms of several different regiments of soldiers, a large Austrian garrison being stationed at Cracow; then almost every third man you meet is a Jew, most of whom wear a long black coat, coming down to their heels, high boots, and a beaver hat. Then there are the Poles, in all the varieties of their national costume; and a few from Russia, Hungary, and other parts, to add to the miscellaneous assemblage.

The Poles generally wear a long-tailed coat of white woollen cloth, faced with red, or of red cloth with white facings, ornamented with red or blue tassels on the back; some fancy hat or cap, frequently with flowers or a peacock's feather stuck in it; a bright-coloured waistcoat, much ornamented with metal buttons, &c., and a pair of boots reaching nearly to the knee. They are for the most part fine, well-made men, with determined countenances, just such as we can fancy constituted the formidable Uhlans, who for centuries in succession stayed the advance of the Muscovite and the Saracen into Central Europe; and just the men who would be ready to handle the lance again at the very first call for the restoration of their ancient kingdom. Such an eventuality is, indeed, by no means impossible. The *amor patriæ* is far from extinguished, though three generations have passed away since the partition of the kingdom; and the centenary of that sad event in the history of Poland, which will happen next year, will not pass without some attempt to inflame their patriotic zeal. Already preparations in that direction are being made. A fortnight before the writer's visit to Teschen, a political gathering was held in a field at a short distance from the town, at which the Poles met, according to ancient custom, on horseback, each carrying his favourite lance, and on which occasion the speeches were all directed against the powers that be. They make no secret of the fact that an organisation is being prepared for the purpose of making a great demonstration next year, the centre of which is at Lemberg, the capital of Galicia.

The corner of the square leading to the principal street in Cracow may be termed the Exchange, and it is here that the Jews mostly congregate. A stranger cannot walk along this part without being continually asked if he has not some money to change; and the money-dealers have in their hands a number of dirty little paper gulden (worth about twenty pence each), ready to complete the transaction on the spot. Their desire to make some profit out of you is, indeed, a continual nuisance, for you cannot look into a shop window in passing without directly finding a Jew behind you, whispering something into your ear—by no means a comfortable sensation, as some of them certainly do not look over clean.

Many of the people, as soon as they had done their marketing, repaired into the adjoining church; the door was standing open, and a few decrepit old beggars were sitting on the steps. On entering we found full mass was being celebrated, as it happened to be the festival of the Assumption, and the church was quite full of a most motley assemblage. There were many of the upper class dressed in English fashion, but besides them were representatives of all the other classes referred to above, except, of course, the Jews; many had large bundles of herbs or vegetables in their hands, and others baskets containing sundry articles of food, which they carried with them into the church. Even the roughest of the men seemed very devout, and some of the worshippers knelt down in true oriental style, and kissed the pavement before they left. The church is very richly decorated throughout with blue and gold, and cunning work of all sorts.

One of the best opportunities for studying the people themselves may be gained by just sitting down upon a bench under the shade of the trees, in the gardens which—except upon the river side—encircle the city. These walks are the favourite retreat of the inhabitants in the heat of the day, and form also the grand promenade in the cool of the evening. If the Jews, however, are to form a special study, a visit to Kasimierz is necessary, as that quarter, separated from the city by a small arm of the Vistula, is specially their own. According to a census taken fourteen years ago, they numbered 12,937, out of a total population of 41,086; and therefore they do not care to affect any conformity with the Gentiles, either in habits or dress.

The time was when Cracow had a population of 80,000, and when it also enjoyed the advantages of being the capital of a great kingdom—the partition of Poland amongst its three powerful neighbours, after centuries of military struggles, was the final blow to the prosperity of the city. Ill fortune, however, still attended it, for just as it was beginning to recover itself, after some years of peace, it was visited by two terrible fires in 1850, which consumed one-fifteenth part of the whole city. The buildings destroyed have since been replaced by better, but the city still maintains the character of a poverty-stricken place, the preponderance of the lower orders being unusually large, and the houses being apparently quite out of proportion to the number and circumstances of the tenants.

Only a small portion of the old walls, and one gate of the city, still remains, but the *zamek*, or citadel, is well kept up, and is of great historical interest. With it are associated some of the greatest names and principal events of Polish history. It stands on a low rock, overlooking the river, and contains the garrison, some public buildings, and the cathedral. It is in the last-named edifice that the chief interest centres, as it is the last resting-place of Stanislaus, Kasimir the Great, and the Jagellos, Sobieski, Kosciuszko, and others, whose names will always be remembered with veneration as long as any sentiment of nationality lives in the Polish breast. The monument to the memory of St. Stanislaus, which stands in the centre of the church, is all of solid silver; the side chapels, which contain the other memorials of the heroes of Polish history, are decorated with sculptures by Thorwaldsen, Canova,

and others. Their mortal remains lie in the crypt below, where the plain sarcophagus of black stone, simply inscribed with the name of Kosciuszko, is not the least interesting object. The sacristy is rich in costly treasures, as the representatives of the great nations which were interested in the succession to the Polish throne—the king being elective and not hereditary—seem to have vied with one another in the lavishness of their gifts. Holy vessels, crucifixes, vestments, &c., made or worked by royal hands, and studded with jewels, are still preserved, notwithstanding all the reverses of Poland's fortune; many are of very ancient workmanship, and the value in pearls alone must be something almost fabulous; others, including the coronation chair and robes of the kings, have special value on account of their historical associations.

A pilgrimage must be made to the unique memorial raised in honour of Kosciuszko. It stands at the end of a ridge of hills overlooking the city, at a distance of about three miles. On the escarpment a fortification has been constructed, and within is a conical mound of earth about 150 feet in height, now clothed with grass and wild flowers, on the apex of which stands a large boulder of granite, inscribed with the name of the hero. To every lover of Poland it is indeed sacred ground, and all her sons and daughters, from the highest of her nobles down to the humblest citizen, rejoiced in toiling to keep up this huge tumulus; earth from all the battle-fields celebrated in the annals of the kingdom having been brought to increase the pile. The spot has been well chosen for the purpose—the artificial hill is seen to great advantage as you enter Cracow from the west, and from its summit a beautiful panorama is obtained. At your feet is the royal city, with its large churches and lofty spires, the *zamek* (with the cathedral) keeping guard over the town on the one side, and the Vistula on the other; while all around is the great plain of Poland, of which the portion on the left hand is now incorporated with Russia to within five miles' distance, the rest being under the government of Austria. On the south the view is bounded by the long range of the Carpathian Mountains.

The form of Kosciuszko's memorial is not altogether unique, for there are two ancient earthen tumuli within sight—one said to be in memory of Krak, the founder of the city, and the other of his daughter Wauda. In size, however, they are are not to be compared with the modern erection, and we know nothing of the devotion displayed in raising them, though of course legendary associations are not wanting. Like most of the princes of his time—the seventh or eighth century—Krak is reputed to have slain the giant dragon; and Wauda drowned herself, considering the preservation of her chastity more precious than life itself.

Cracow can scarcely be said to possess any industry of special character; petty trading, in fact, seems to be the principal support of the people. The neighbouring town of Wieliczka, only six miles distant, is, however, entirely indebted to one article—salt—for its prosperity, as it immediately overlies the largest deposit of rock salt in the whole world, so far at least as is at present known. It is an ascertained fact that the mine has been worked for more than six hundred years, and it still continues to yield increasing quantities of this valuable, though cheap mineral; not that it is here particularly cheap to the consumer, for the Austrian Government has a salt monopoly, and makes an enormous profit out of it. It can, however, be mined at a very small expense, as labour in Galicia costs extremely little, and the salt lies in such immense masses, without the intermixture of any foreign ingredient, that it can be worked out in large blocks—an operation which might much more appropriately be termed quarrying than mining, though far below the surface of the ground.

A considerable party generally assembles on the show days, to visit the works, and the larger the party the better, because then a greater illumination can be had at a reasonable expense per head. A loose linen coat is supplied to each visitor, ladies and gentlemen all alike, so that when dressed they present a rather grotesque appearance, and one can scarcely help experiencing a tragico-comic sensation as you mistake your own friends in their new guise, and discuss with your fellow-explorers the probable or possible state of the mine against which you are thus guarded.

Having visited salt mines before in other in countries, we were not surprised at this preparatory toilet, but on exploring the depths below we were astonished to find all this a pure farce—we came out of the mine just as clean and dry as we were on entering! The perfect dryness of many parts of the mine, and general dryness of the whole, is, indeed, one of its most remarkable features. You do occasionally experience a slight moisture on the floor of the gallery through which you may be walking, though in no instance could it be called wet; and now and then a slight efflorescence of salt is to be seen on the walls. We only observed this, however, where layers of earthy substances intervened; as soon as the solid beds of rock salt were entered, the mine was dry and even dusty if such a term may be applied to the powder of rock salt.

When we talk of a bed of this mineral, the reader must not picture to himself a layer five or ten feet thick, through which galleries are driven, and the material worked out to the right and left, as in a coal-mine; but a mass of unknown extent, the salt itself being the principal rock, and the earthy portions the mere accidents. This *bouleversement* of the ordinary features of a mine has led to its being worked at times in a very unmethodical manner, and this very want of method makes the sight all the more impressive to the occasional visitor. He descends a shaft by about 350 steps, and having then reached the first level, he almost immediately finds himself ushered into a chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, containing life-size figures and decorations, all of solid salt. This chapel is thirty-nine feet high, proving the minimum thickness of the salt at this spot. In the course of a two miles' walk below ground, you descend to other levels, and every now and then come upon a large excavation—one fitted up as a ball-room, and others left in a more natural condition—which are far more impressive, on account of their grander proportions. Some of these exceed a hundred feet in height, the extent of which can only be shown by letting off rockets and following them with the eye till they strike the roof in their ascent.

Such a mode of illuminating a large excavation—most probably the largest artificial cavern in existence—is very efficient, as the rockets, after striking the roof, dart about in all directions. The guides also burn Bengal lights in some of the best situations for producing an effect; and in some of the smaller chambers are large pendant chandeliers, in which clear crystals of salt are substituted for the usual glass drops.

Hitherto we have spoken of the remarkable dryness of the mine. It is not, however, the case throughout, for we made a boating excursion in a large punt, from one chamber through a tunnel into a second chamber, all hewn in the solid rock. The water of this underground sea is thirty-three feet deep, and, being a thoroughly saturated brine, it has no more effect upon its salt walls than if they consisted of stone.

The colour of the salt rock varies from white to an iron grey, and the blocks, which may be seen exposed for sale in the shops of Cracow, often look more like lumps of granite. This idea can hardly be dispelled, when you find the salt used in the mine as building stone. Where the roof is weak, or old workings are desired to be blocked up, lumps of salt, cut with the regularity of stone, are invariably used for the purpose, and then you appear to be walking between walls of masonry.

The salt is worked with a sharp pick, with which the miners undermine it along the level of the working, and then divide it perpendicularly into panels of about nine feet wide. The rock is so compact, and free from flaws, that artificial supports are not often necessary, though a good deal of timbering is used in passing through the partings, and one feels no sense of insecurity when guns are being fired off in these great vaulted chambers—a common practice for the amusement of the visitors and the startling of such as have weak nerves, as many of them produce a very long series of reverberations.

Japan and the Japanese.—V.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

We have been accustomed somewhat hastily to confound the Japanese and Chinese people together. This is partly owing to both countries being situated in the extreme East, and partly owing to the fact that Chinese and Japanese civilisation has had a common basis. The truth is, that some centuries ago there was a mania in Japan for everything Chinese, just as there is now prevalent there a mania for everything European. At that early period, Chinese literature and the philosophy of Confucius were introduced, and with them many rules of life and government that soon began to affect the character of the people and their rulers. The sayings of Confucius and the arguments of Mencius, the Aristotle and Plato of the Chinese, became the guides of the *gakusha*, or learned. Chinese philosophy was to the Japanese what Greek philosophy was to Europeans in the Middle Ages. The books of Koshi and Moshi—names by which Confucius and Mencius were called—were elucidated with running comments, and published in a variety of forms, and so were also the ancient books of China. Thus vigorously did the Japanese study Chinese cosmogony, ethics, poetry, and philosophy, and the plasticity of the Japanese mind is shown by adapting itself so readily to this foreign literature.



PUTTING ON A DRESS COAT.

But while the influence of the Chinese books and scholars was felt in the innovations which were made in the government and the educational institutions, the new element had to conform itself in a measure to the practical mind of the Japanese, and the ancient laws and customs were retained almost intact.

So also we may expect to find in the modern revolution in Japan that although the influence of foreign learning and art will effect great changes, the old forms and habits will hardly be given up. As an instance of this, we hear of an imposing band of officials being at work in Tokei, endeavouring to produce a new alphabet with which to enable the Japanese to write down not only their own, but every other language with facility. It is to be formed on the old basis of the Japanese syllabication.

The recent innovations have been introduced contemporaneously with a political revolution, and hence we may hope for a greater degree of thoroughness. The restoration of the power to the Mikado, and the cessation of the Tycoon's power, marks a great epoch in the history of the nation. The emperor and his counsellors are wise enough to see that a knowledge of foreign matters is necessary to the existence of the government, and that the friendship of foreign nations is in many respects advantageous.

The recent edict by which the Japanese are required to adopt our New Year's Day as their own; to keep the seventh day as a holiday; and the 25th of December in each year as a day of commemoration in honour of the Emperor Jimmu, the



ENTRANCE TO THE SWISS LEGATION IN YEDO.

founder of the dynasty, B.C. 660, points to a remarkable desire to make the whole system conform to foreign notions and methods. Christmas Day is to be observed throughout the empire as a great festival, and the 3rd of the 12th month of the 5th year of Meiji (the designation adopted for the present reign in the calendar) corresponding to our 1st of January, 1873, is to be reckoned as the 1st of the 1st month of the 6th year of Meiji.

Every year is to consist of 365 days, which are to be divided into twelve months, to correspond in order and length to ours. Every fourth year is to be a Leap Year, or *Jiu-nen*. Every day is to be divided into twenty-four hours, and not into twelve watches as heretofore. In this way the Japanese calendar will be made to harmonise with that of Europe.

So rapid has been the transition from feudal Japan to the constitutional government of the Mikado, that the whole face of society is becoming changed as by the magician's wand.

The story-tellers who used to go about Yedo, amusing the people with tales of the wars of the olden time, and the descriptions of battles, and the storming of fortresses, must now content themselves with a narration of the latest news from the Far West or the Further East, as Europe and America may be designated.

The Japanese are no longer content with the humdrum life of the past; a spirit of inquiry is abroad, and newspapers are springing up, not only in the chief city, but in various parts of the country. The introduction of machinery for many of the purposes of life has given an impetus to the national mind, and new fangles are eagerly, almost too eagerly, taken up. The printing machine, and printing by movable types (which is also a new thing for them), are now in operation in Tokei. Foreign architects, engineers, lawyers, schoolmasters, and even artisans, are engaged in government employ.

Lighthouses of the most approved plans, and bridges of iron of the latest models, are being erected. At the government foundry, at Yokoska, the steam-hammer is in use, and large castings are frequently being made.

The dress of the Japanese who have been uncontaminated by foreign intercourse and foreign travel, is simple and easy. The dress of the peasant differs, of course, from that of the gentleman and the official. The court dress, again, is an improvement upon the every-day robes. The costume of the *samurai*, or hereditary military man, is distinctive.

The ordinary dress consists of a number of loose wide gowns worn over each other. Those beneath are made of linen or calico; the outer ones are generally of silk, with the family stamp, or cognizance (*mondokoro*) in its texture. The sleeves are of great width and length, and they often serve as pockets in which to conceal small objects. Portable books, or manuals, are called, *à la Chinoise*, "sleeve editions," instead of "pocket editions." The robes being collected at the waist by a girdle, the capacious linings above also answer a similar purpose, and the bosom of the dress thus serves as a receptacle for more precious articles, and to carry, among other things, the nose-paper pocket-book. This contains neat squares of soft paper which supply the place of the pocket-handkerchief, and are disposed of after being used on the first convenient occasion.

The ladies' dresses are very similar, but are generally of brighter colours than those of the men, and their robes are ornamented with borders and sometimes embroidery.

Gentlemen wear a scarf over the shoulders, and this in some degree denotes the rank of the wearer, for, in saluting each other, it is considered polite to stoop until the ends of the scarf reach the ground, and hence, the shorter the scarf, the deeper the bow.

The garb of ceremony, or full dress, is more stylish. It is called *kamishimo*—the principal article of dress over all being a *kami*, or cloak of a stiffened material, so that, when laid on the shoulders, it projects out on either side as if stiff epaulettes were being worn. This *kami*, or cloak, is set on carefully, and *en règle*, and is well shown in the cut on page 140, where a gentleman is depicted dressing for a visit, his servant arranging his kami and girdle. A similar dress is worn by the artisan class, on the occasion of weddings, funerals, and the like. The number of swords worn constitutes another distinction, the upper class being allowed two, while the lower ranks can only wear one—the *wagisashi*—and that only at ceremonials, and when in full dress.

The *yakunin*, or officer, wears two swords, as is seen in the picture on page 141, representing the guards at a Legation in Yedo. The court dress of the daimio class has an additional peculiarity in the *hakama*, or large loose trousers in which the feet are enveloped, and which would seem materially to hinder locomotion. One cannot wonder that Young Japan has adopted the pantaloons of modern Europe in preference. Another mark of position shown in the court dress is the species of cap or bonnet worn by men of rank.

The mode of dressing the hair, both in the case of men and women, distinguishes the rank, and sometimes the occupation of the subject. Buddhist priests and physicians shave off all the hair from the head, but surgeons retain it, gathering it up in a knot at the top of the head. The men usually shave the whole front and crown, the hair growing on the temples and the back of the head being drawn up and tied in a tuft on the bald skull.

The only coverings for the feet when in-doors are socks. Shoes or sandals are in use when walking out. These are of the most primitive description, being simply a sole held on the foot by a band of some material, straw or leather, passing across the toes and between the great toe and the rest. The use of such sandals accords very well with the custom of taking off your shoes on entering a house, but they are extremely inconvenient; they prevent rapid locomotion, and give the wearer a shuffling, awkward gait.

Men and women both carry fans. The fan is a necessary appendage. It serves not only to cool the heated body, but to screen the face from the sun's rays, to receive alms upon, to rap the knuckles of the offending schoolboy, to flourish in the hand of the dandy, and is used for a variety of other purposes. The scholar, the soldier, and the priest, as well as ladies and fine gentlemen, bear fans about with them.

But what a change has come over the nation! What is true of the mass is untrue of the chief citizens of some of the large cities, and especially of the governing classes. We hear of edict after edict. One recent law forbids the old-fashioned way of dressing the hair. High officers dress in European broadcloth. Boots of French and English make are in vogue. Instead of the fan the ornamental and stylish cane is wielded. Tall hats have supplanted the quaint head-dresses of former times. With the new railway and the telegraph wire, the despised barbarian has introduced his costume and customs, and the languages even of Europe are beginning to flourish on

this eastern soil. There is great ambition among the people to study foreign languages, more particularly the English, and the Education Department has issued a notification that the Roman character shall be studied and adopted for writing Japanese.

There are two forms of marriage in Japan; one in accordance with religious rites, the other is a civil contract like our marriage by registrar. In this latter arrangement, the bride's parents only sign the documents. Marriages are contracted at an early age, and generally with reference to unions of the same rank. The husband does not see his bride's face until all the due formalities have been gone through. When the alliance is arranged, the friends of the bride receive a sum of money from the bridegroom, and he sends presents according to his means. These often consist of a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the ordinary culinary implements of a Japanese kitchen.

The religious ceremony is arranged by the priests. The interested parties approach the altar, and two tapers are then presented to them. The bride lights her taper at the sacred censer which is upon the altar; the bridegroom afterwards kindles his taper from hers, and they allow the two flaming tapers to combine and to burn steadily together, thus symbolising the union of the marriage state. At the feast the bride is arrayed wholly in white clothes, and is called *Hana-yome*, "the Flowery Dame;" the bridegroom is in full dress, and is called *Hana-muko*, or "The Flowery Husband." The bride and bridegroom sit surrounded by their attendants and friends. The lady friends of the bride mix the wine, which is partaken of as a final act of the performance of the ceremony. The auspicious emblems hang upon the walls. They are represented by three figures—the personifications of riches, long life, and good luck.

Divorce, which used to be quite common, is now by a recent law exceedingly restricted, and various changes have been made in the marriage laws.

Of all the productions of Japan, the tea-plant is perhaps the most interesting. Tea is said to have been introduced into Japan from China by Buddhist priests. It was used in Japan as early as A.D. 810. A certain priest, Yei-chu, attached to the temple of Sufuku-ji, presented it to the Mikado when on a journey to Kerasaki, in Oomi. It was first cultivated upon the mountain Toganowo, in the province of Yamashiro, and from thence it was transplanted to Uji. It is now produced in all parts of Japan, but in the southern parts it is most generally found. The largest plantations are found in Uji and Yamashiro, both in the great island. It is also cultivated largely at Ureshimo in Kiusiu, in the province of Hizen.

The planting of the tea-shrub is performed first by sowing the seed. This is done in Japan by scattering the seed in small circles on well-prepared ground. The sowings should be quite four feet apart. The seed which is sown in autumn produces the first shoots in May and June. The weakest sprouts are eliminated, and the strong ones are left to grow. In the first year the head or crown of the plant is cropped off to prevent its shooting too high, and to cause the plant to become bushy. The young shrub then throws out many branches, from which during four or five years, leaves may be gathered. In Uji the tea-seeds are sown in lines.

The position of the plantations and the nature of the soil on which the tea-plant is cultivated, are of importance, for by this the quality of the tea is determined. The Japanese husbandman considers hilly land, traversed by brooks and streamlets, and where the clouds hover over, to be the best. Land from 500 to 800 feet above the level of the sea is the most suitable.

The region around Ureshimo is favourable for the tea-plant; this is of the trap formation, abounds in clay of various kinds (marl and slate clay), and is rich in warm and fresh springs. So are also the mountainous parts about Kioto, and the district of Uji, where the fructifying dew falls in the vale of the river Yodo. There the plantations receive the morning sun, and very little shade retards their growth.

After hoeing up the ground around the plants, the Japanese manure it with a fluid or dry mixture of the bruised seeds of the Japanese mustard, and dried anchovies. They use also oil-cake made from the *Brassica orientalis* of Linnæus, and other kinds of cabbage, as well as with night-soil and urine. This method of dressing the soil requires great attention, and has a considerable influence in the improvement of the plant. They burn up the old trees and lay the ashes on the land.

Single plants are frequently found in the neighbourhood of dwellings, by footpaths and elsewhere. These serve for the every-day wants of the people.

The harder leaves upon the upper parts of the sprouts are set apart in great measure for the so-called "meal-tea" (*hika-cha*); the upper parts are used as "infusion-tea" (*sen-si-cha*). The uppermost leaflets in the very heart of the sprig are considered by the *connoisseur* as the best.

The dry method of preparing the tea-leaf is to place the assorted leaves in pans over a moderate coal-fire, whilst a constant movement is carried on. The leaves prepared in this manner are then strewn on a mat, and, while they are yet warm, they are rolled with gentle pressure by the hand. The operation of heating and rolling is carried on several times. The more perfectly the leaves are rolled, the more excellent the tea is considered.

The most admired quality is that called in Uji, "falcon's claws" (*Taka no tsume*), because the leaves are pointed. The second sort is called *Wore-tsume*, because it resembles the claws broken off.

By the wet method the fresh-gathered leaves are placed in a vessel and exposed to the steam of boiling water; they are then rolled up and finally dried in an iron pan. The tea prepared by the wet method has a bright green colour, while that prepared by the dry method takes a dark green colour approaching to brown.

The recently-prepared tea appears to be particularly susceptible, and absorbs readily any strange odour. The Japanese tell us that a handful of tea placed towards evening in a closing lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*), will during the night absorb the delicate odours of the flower and become uncommonly pleasant to the taste.

The silk of Japan is of the next importance, and the rearing of silkworms by the Japanese has attracted the attention of all those who are interested in the production of that article. In another paper we shall gather together some interesting particulars on the subject.

Of the art products of Japan the lacquer-ware stands pre-eminent. It is called *nuri-móno*, or "varnished things." The excellent varnish with which the wooden articles are coated is prepared from the gum collected from the *Rhus vernix*, which is very plentiful in Japan. The tree is cut in several places, and when the gum has oozed from the tree it is scraped off,

being at first like cream, and of a light colour, but it becomes darker and thicker afterwards.

The varnish which is manufactured from this gum is most clear and transparent, and surpasses in many qualities the other kinds of varnish with which we are acquainted. The cabinet-work or buildings on which the varnish is laid is first prepared by a groundwork of colour, or by a black produced by grinding charcoal or other material of a like nature.

The cabinets and work-boxes, fan-boxes, waiters' trays, and a very great variety of articles are made up with this varnish, and are hence called *nurt-móno.* But the same article is used to adorn the houses, and temples, and furniture, and in a country where woodwork is so largely employed in building, this varnish is very valuable, as it acts as a great preservative.

Of equal value is the manufacture of porcelain, which has been and is produced in Japan of the highest quality. Porcelain is called *yaki-mono* or "baked things," or simply *yaki.* The porcelain of Imari, in the province of Hizen, is about the most celebrated. From the slopes of the mountain Idzumi-yama, the white earth is found, and of the clay thus procured some forty to fifty kinds of porcelain are manufactured.

The chief kind, called *o-kawachi-yama,* "great mountain between the rivers," is in the domains of the ex-daimio Nabéshima, a gentleman who has been residing lately in England.



A BARBER'S SHOP.

The next kind, called *mi-kawachi-yama,* "the three mountains between the rivers," is manufactured under the direct supervision of the Prince of Hirato.

The productions of these two factories were intended only for private use, and not to become articles of commerce.

The white earth is as hard as stone when got from the mountain, and it is broken up by women and children with hammers, and then ground to powder. A complete description of this white earth is given in a native work on natural history and physics, by Ohno Ranzan, and published in Yedo about the beginning of this century. It goes by different names, but its designation *par excellence* is *Imari tsuchi* or "earth of Imari,"

another name given to it by the Japanese is "Nankin clay," probably because it has been used largely in the manufacture of cups according to Nankin patterns.

The beautiful white and semi-transparent ware comes mostly from the province of Oomi, and is called *Shikaraki-yaki*. The porcelain is made either in moulds or on a lathe. Teapots, vases, perfume jars, candlesticks, and similar articles, whether round or square, are made in moulds. They generally make them roughly at first, and cut them in two; then they wet them several times with a thin paste of porcelain clay, and press each part into its mould. Cups, saucers, plates, &c., are made by hand upon the lathe.

The whole process of baking and glazing is done most systematically, and deserves attention. The painting of articles is also ingenious. The circular lines are made by the use of the lathe, in conjunction with the artist's brush.

Each article has to pass through the hands of seventy-two workmen before it is finally perfected. The glazing is a very delicate process, and the article employed in making the glaze is difficult of recognition. The material for a blue glaze is obtained from China, and is called the "nameless strange thing," *mu-myo-i*. It is a kind of stone, and another designation for it is "medicine for tea-cups," *chawan kuzuri*. The best and most expensive *chawan kuzuri* is that which comes from the province of Chekiang in China. It is black, of a bluish tinge, also greenish sometimes, and hard, from which circumstance it is commonly called *iwa-de*, "pieces as hard as a rock." The fragile kind is of inferior quality, and is called *hoya-de*, that is, "shelly stones."



AN OFFICER IN COURT DRESS.

They grind the *chawan kuzuri* to powder, mix it with lead-ashes—probably the oxide of lead—put water to it, and then paint the porcelain with it. The blue colour appears after the baking.

They obtain a kind of earth in the district of Kusu, in the province of Bungo, as white as snow, and with this they can glaze the porcelain white.

An Excursion in Lapland.

BY FRANK USHER.

HAMMERFEST—LAPPS—WINTER DRESS—REINDEER—PULKS—PULKING.

THE shooting season, which commenced on the 15th of August, brought ample employment for my gun and dogs upon the fjelds of Central Norway, and in the woods and valleys of Nordland and Finmark. Game was very plentiful; and everywhere I experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality from those with whom I came in contact. Winter had fairly set in, and the sun had bidden a long adieu to the regions of the north, when in the course of my wanderings I found myself at Hammerfest, the town which enjoys the reputation of being the most northerly in the world. Fancy not from this that there is anything in the least degree Arctic about Hammerfest. The beneficent influence of the Gulf-stream makes its climate more temperate than that of many towns a dozen or a score of degrees farther south. The deep waters of its capacious harbour never freeze, an advantage not possessed by those of the Christiania Fiord. The climate of Hammerfest is salubrious, and its temperature uniform, seldom falling below 10° Réaumur. Were it not for the perpetual twilight which reigns during the three winter months, and the "ancient fish-like smell" that pervades the whole town, Hammerfest would be far preferable as winter quarters to many watering-places upon our own coasts. Here liveth one of the most amiable of British consuls. The inhabitants, too, are as kindly and hospitable a race as ever made traveller congratulate himself upon his lot being cast in pleasant places. Given a taste for dinners, dances, music, private theatricals, or skating, one must indeed be hard to please if he fail to thoroughly enjoy a fortnight's sojourn in the little northern town. Remarkably jovial, withal, are the inhabitants. Even the sorrows which would sadden the denizens of less happy spots seem to exercise no depressing influence upon them. I went with a friend, who was my *compagnon de voyage*, to present a letter of introduction to the worthy advocate who represents Hammerfest in the Storthing. Three or four bright-eyed, chubby-faced children were playing about their father's knee. Him, as in conscience I could do, I complimented upon the looks of his family. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried, with sudden ebullition of hilarity; "yes, they are fat, they are fine. Eight of them have I had in seven years. Ha, ha! Never two to the birth; no, never. Ha, ha, ha! I have not eight now; no, not now. Two of them are dead." A shade of gravity swept across the face of the Norwegian; it was but momentary. His face brightened as, in loud accents of amused surprise, he exclaimed, "No! I have but *five*, now. *Three* of my children are dead—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" My friend and I had composed our features into becoming expressions of condolence. This was, however, too much for us, and we fairly exploded. The children joined in chorus, and for fully five minutes we all roared with laughter at the bereavement of the good Storthingsmand.

It was our intention to make a tour in Lapland, and, thanks to the kindness of our jovial friend, we had no trouble in perfecting our arrangements for doing so. We had arrived in the very nick of time, for the winter sessions would be held at Kautokeino in sixteen days, and thither, from Hammerfest, were going two lawyers, to prosecute or defend the accused Lapps and Finns, as need might be; with them we could join company, to our mutual benefit. Were the said lawyers good fellows? "Oh, yes," replied our volatile friend, "right funny fellows are they. They can dance, they can sing, they can play whist. For you there will be no *kjedelighed*, no dulness, when with them." What recommendation could be better? We gladly welcomed the chance of travelling with such boon companions.

After a fortnight, spent pleasantly enough in festivity, preparations for our journey, and futile attempts to induce an insurance office to insure to us our noses against the attacks of Jack Frost, we proceeded in a little coasting steamer to Bösekop, a village at the bottom of the Alten Fiord, where our reindeer were to meet us. As, in Norway, divers penalties are inflicted upon the purveyors of conveyances who fail to keep their appointments with travellers, we found our deer and pulks duly awaiting us at Bösekop, in charge of three guides, or, as they are called, *varpuusses*, a word which I beg leave to spell phonetically. Jens, Ole, and Nils were the names of the varpuusses, and better representatives of the Lappish race it would be hard to find. Queer little fellows they were, some sixty-two inches in height, squat as a squeezed dumpling in figure, thoroughly Mongolian in features. Their skin was of a dark yellow hue, their faces broad, with small brown eyes, wide apart; foreheads low and projecting, cheekbones remarkably high, mouths enormous, and noses broad and flat. Their costume, the only one which can withstand the rigour of the climate, was similar to that which they assisted us to don over our ordinary winter clothes. Let me describe the process of dressing for the winter, for the Lapps, when "fixed," seldom undress before the advent of spring makes the resumption of lighter clothing necessary. First, the legs are thrust into the *bællinger*, long leggings of reindeer skin, reaching from the ankle high up the thigh; then the feet, encased in thick woollen stockings, are inserted into the *kömmager*, bags of reindeer skin, fashioned in the similitude of boots, with turned-up toes, and stuffed with a soft grass, called by the natives *senne*, by botanists, *Carex sylvaticus*. The bottoms of the bœllinger are then brought well over the kömmager, and bound tightly round the ankle by long woollen bands, thus effectually preventing the entrance of any snow. The *pæsk*, an ample tunic of reindeer skin, reaching to the knees, is next put on, fastened round the neck by strings, and girded round the waist by a broad leathern belt. The head is surmounted by a tall cap, thickly padded, and sufficiently large to be drawn over the ears. The hands are doubly protected, reindeer mittens being drawn over a warm pair of woollen gloves, and fastened round the wrists. The skins are worn with the hair outside. Thus equipped, and keeping a sharp look-out upon his nose, one may laugh at the most extreme cold. The great object of the dress is to allow full play to the limbs, toes, and fingers, a frost-bite inevitably following any check to the free circulation of the blood.

It was a motley herd of reindeer that had been brought to Bösekop for our conveyance. Grizzly old fellows some of them were, with horns four or five feet long, covered with moss. Others presented a peculiarly lop-sided appearance, having lost a horn in encounters with rivals, or in their struggles to free themselves from the *pulks*. Some were hornless; willing, nevertheless, to wage battle with their hoofs upon the least provocation from others of their race. The horns of many were raw and bleeding in places where the soft moss had been knocked off; all of them, however, seemed in excellent condition. The deer that was to drag my pulk was a splendid veteran, whose moss-covered antlers were perfect. Him I approached, wishing to conciliate his good-will. In propitiatory accents I addressed him as "*Gode gamle Dreng*," the nearest approach to "there's a good old boy" that I could think of in any language likely to be comprehended by him; English would have done just as well. The deer permitted his sleek side to be patted without evincing resentment; evidently he liked it, for he thrust his nose forward until his long horns reposed upon his back. Encouraged by this, I stepped in front of him and stroked his face; that was too much for his dignity to stand. With great force and marvellous precision of aim, he brought his hatchet-shaped horn down upon my head—I had cause to rejoice that the top of my cap was padded with six inches of compressed eider-down. Of course I gave up the idea of conciliating such a brute.

The pulk is more like a small open canoe, cut in half just behind the board that serves as a support for the back, than anything else. It is drawn by means of a single rope of reindeer skin, fastened to the prow, passed between the deer's legs, and attached to a leathern band round its neck. Having no shafts, it is of course liable to over-run the deer in descending a hill; to the inexperienced this is the only great danger in connection with pulking. It is rather unpleasant to have the hind hoof of the deer suddenly planted in the pit of one's stomach, or, when the descent is steeper, by a sudden jerk, to be landed, pulk and all, upon the deer's back, whence one is sure to roll off wrong side uppermost. The expert, in descending a hill, carries his legs over the side of the pulk, and uses them as a drag. This, however, requires practice, and can hardly be recommended to a novice. A single rope, made of reindeer skin, tied in a knot behind the deer's left ear, serves as reins and whip. The great art of driving, is to keep this rope upon the animal's right side. To stop the deer, one must swing the rein over to the left side, and pull him round. To urge him to greater speed, one must smite him over the right flank with the rein. It is interesting to speculate upon the result of this manœuvre beforehand. Either the desired object will be obtained, and the deer go faster, or the animal, in dudgeon, will whip smartly round and charge the driver, sending him and his pulk flying. In such cases it is advisable to crawl underneath the pulk. The deer will tear up the snow with his feet and horns for a few seconds, and will then betake himself to a search for his favourite food. One may then crawl from under the pulk, right it, embark, and go on again, as if nothing had happened. The reindeer is a forgiving animal, and bears no malice.

At last we were all securely packed in our pulks, and the signal given for a start. First in the order of procession went Varpuus Jens, piloting the baggage train, consisting of half a dozen pulks, in which were fastened our well-stocked *madskrins* (provision chests) and other *impedimenta*, each pulk drawn by one deer, fastened by his horns to the pulk in front of him. Then, headed by Varpuus Nils, came the representatives of the law, with three spare reindeer fastened to each other behind them. Last, under the guidance of Varpuus Ole, came the pulks of my companion and myself, our spare reindeer bringing up the rear. As novices in the art of pulking, it was not deemed advisable to suffer us to drive our own pulks; each, therefore, had his rein fastened to the pulk which preceded him, and thus we were enabled to use our arms freely for the preservation of our equilibrium.

It was with certain apprehensions that I looked forward to our start, for, when the baggage train moved off, my reindeer was standing alongside my pulk, with his tail towards the quarter to which his nose should have pointed, and with a gleam in his eye, that to my excited fancy seemed to betoken a decided intention to resume hostilities. The second string bolted off in wild confusion, and I had just time to see the pulks of the representatives of the law bottoms upwards, when Varpuus Ole gave the starting signal to his deer. As soon as my animal felt the jerk upon his horns, with a tremendous bound, that sent my pulk flying through the air, off he darted at right angles to our course; I was shot out of the pulk on to a snow-drift, and the deer that was fastened to the stern of my pulk standing over me, amused itself by playing a tattoo upon my back with its hoofs, which, luckily, were too soft to hurt. My friend had fared rather worse than I, one of the deer having planted its hoof full in his face. Neither of us, however, was much the worse for the spill. Varpuus Ole soon reduced the animals to subjection, and, packing us in our pulks again, once more gave the signal for a start. Profiting by our experience, we managed to stick in our pulks this time, and off we started at a great pace. In the first quarter of a mile we had about a dozen upsets; but, by degrees, we became used to the peculiar motion of the pulk, and managed, when we toppled over, to push ourselves up again with our arms. A reindeer, at starting, sets off at full gallop, but soon it subsides into a jog-trot, which pace it can keep up for many hours without a pause. We had crossed the Alten, on the ice, and had plunged into the woods, and were just congratulating ourselves upon having mastered the art of preserving our equilibrium, when a figure clad in bright colours crossed our track; the deer took fright, and bolted off as hard as they could go. A little further on, we came upon our legal friends, who had come to grief. Swerving from the track at the sight of these, our deer plunged down a steep decline, but were speedily stopped by the trees. We were, of course, shot out of our pulks again, but no harm was done, owing to the lowness of the pulks. Clambering up to the track, we nearly died of laughter at the "situation" which revealed itself. The two strings of reindeer and pulks were seemingly in inextricable confusion; some of the deer were vainly striving to overthrow the trees, round which they had twisted themselves; others, in their attempts to free themselves, were dancing the most comical of minuets; others were fighting amongst themselves with hoof and horn; others were assaulting the varpuusses, who, with the most ludicrous facial expression, were pulling, beating, threatening, and imploring their refractory animals. We laughed so much that we had to support each other.

It took our varpuusses half an hour to extricate the deer and re-arrange our plan of procession.

Some distance farther on, the track descended a very steep decline, down which we had to walk, a precipice skirting it on one side; the deer went down at full gallop. Shortly afterwards we came to another hill, down which we were permitted to ride. We reached the bottom without serious misadventure, but I had nearly all my breath kicked out of me by my deer, for the pulk kept getting between its legs. At one time the hoof of my deer was planted in my stomach, and the hoof of the deer that followed me upon my neck—rather an awkward position, as I felt.



WINTER IN LAPLAND.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

It is by no means as dark in Finmark during the sunless days as might be imagined. The refraction from the snow creates a certain light, and the moon and stars shine with a brilliancy never to be witnessed in more southern climes. The great winter light-giver of the north is, however, the *Aurora Borealis*. No pen can do justice to the ever-varying beauties of this glorious phenomenon, and an attempt to describe them may almost seem to be the production of fancy. We had reached Gargia, the end of our first day's journey, and were about to enter the little *fjeld-stue*, built there for the accommodation of travellers, when our attention was attracted by a peculiar glow towards the north; a bright purple glare, which seemed to emanate from a fountain of crimson light, overspread the distant sky. As we gazed upon it, gradually the glare extended itself until it covered the whole face of the heavens, and the crimson fountain became still more brilliant. Deeper grew the colour of the glare, and brighter the crimson light. Instantaneously the sky seemed to burst, and a myriad quivering tongues of flame to shoot earthwards. They faded away into darkness, and then across the sky, almost overhead, stretched a mighty arch of pale green light. The arch burst, emitting its legion of prismatic scintillations, and a larger bow, of dull red, took its place. Innumerable were the changes in the colour of this bow. It crept towards the north, and the crimson fountain hastened to meet it. They met and blended, and again the heavens burst, but differently this time; from the fountain seemed to radiate hundreds of fiery arms, in which shone all the colours of the prism. The arms sank slowly into the fountain, and suddenly a purple veil draped the sky. Then from the veil fell a shower

of golden rain. It passed away, and fleeting masses of many-coloured light quivered in the heavens. For upwards of an hour we gazed spell-bound upon the wondrous sight.

LAPPS—FINNS—KVŒNS - FANATICISM OF THE LAPPS.

There is no other difference than that of residence between the Lapps and Finns of Norway. In both we find evidence of the same origin—low projecting foreheads, broad faces, high cheek-bones, large mouths, small brown eyes, and yellow skin, being their characteristics. They differ, however, in many features from the Finns of Finland. The Norwegians are sentiment inspires them. No Lapp will work on Sunday, nor can the offer of a large reward tempt him to do so. There have been times when the perversion of their religious sentiment has plunged them into the worst excesses of fanaticism. The last of these disturbances took place in 1853. A short account of it may be of interest.

In the spring of 1852, many of the fjeld Lapps were thrown into a state of frenzy by the preaching of a Swedish fanatic, named Lœstadius, who induced them to believe that he had a divine mission. Blindly embracing the religion of Lœstadius, they conceived a bitter hatred against all whom



AURORA BOREALIS.

accustomed to apply the general name of Lapp to both. They are divided into two classes, the *fjeld* Lapps, who lead a nomad life, and the *fast* Lapps, who have a settled abode. Other varieties of the Lappic family are found in the north of Norway, namely, the Kvœns. These people are taller, and generally less Mongolian in type than the Lapps and Finns, from whom they also differ in having fixed abodes, and paying more attention to agriculture. As boatmen, they are perhaps unrivalled in skill and daring. The *fjeld* Lapps depend on their herds of reindeer for their very existence, those hardy animals supplying their every want. The *fast* Lapps, who are mostly dwellers upon the coast, support themselves by fishing; but little is known of their history. They are treated very kindly by the Norwegians, but there is a certain feeling amongst them, akin to that which the Americans entertain for coloured people. They are honest and hospitable, most simple in their habits, and affectionate in their nature. A deep religious they suspected of hostility to their new belief. They refused to permit the celebration of service in the Lutheran church at Kautokeino, the principal hamlet of Finmark, and endeavoured by threats and abuse, to coerce the priests and other Lutherans into acceptance of the revelation of Lœstadius. For these and other offences, their ringleaders were arrested by the Norwegian authorities, and sentenced to penal servitude, or imprisonment, for various terms. One of the chief offenders, a woman, managed to escape, and making her way to a *renbye*, an encampment of reindeer, near Kautokeino, and persuading the Lapps who were encamped there that she was inspired by the Holy Ghost, successfully resisted all attempts made to recapture her. In the autumn, several of the Lapps who had suffered imprisonment, were released. They repaired to the *renbye*, where they concocted a plan of revenge, but no opportunity of putting it into execution occurred before the next year. Four Norwegians, with their families, were then settled

at Kautokeino; the priest, the merchant Ruth, the *lensmand* Bucht—a *lensmand* is a kind of police inspector—and the station-master. The Lapps' plan seems to have been to burn the church and the houses of the Norwegians, to kill Ruth and Bucht without mercy—the former because he had given evidence against them at the trials, the latter because of his severity towards them—to take the other Norwegians to their encampment, and there to compel them to adopt their creed, or, in the event of refusal, to put them to death.

On the 8th of November, 1853, a large body of these fanatics marched from the *renbye* to Kautokeino. Entering the first house, they found four women, whom they attacked, beating them over the head and face, until they fainted, with poles and branches of trees and bushes, a whole load of which they had brought with them. The station-house was then visited, and the station-master invited to join them and adopt their religion. Upon his refusal, they attacked him with their poles, and, leaving him for dead, proceeded to Ruth's house, dragging the station-master's little daughter after them. It was eight a.m. when they arrived at Ruth's house, outside which stood the lensmand, a labourer, and the owner, who were at once assailed. Ruth was knocked down, and then literally beaten to death with the long heavy poles. His wife, hastening to his assistance, was felled by a woman, and would most probably have been killed, had not a servant managed to drag her to the priest's house, which was some hundred yards off. The lensmand and the labourer succeeded in escaping into the house, where they hid themselves in a garret, but their retreat was soon discovered, and they were dragged forth. A Lapp stabbed the lensmand in the chest, but his knife being too blunt to penetrate far, another miscreant drove it in to the hilt with a club. The labourer was then bound to the priest, who had been captured, and both were most cruelly beaten, the Lapp women, who evinced the greatest ferocity, aiming their blows at their faces. In like manner the women and children were treated. The houses were then plundered and set on fire; when they were in a blaze, the priest was dragged up to them, and the leader of the Lapps, pointing to the conflagration, cried, "Thus burn the unbelievers in hell. The day of the Lord's wrath has come." The priest endeavoured to sustain the courage of his fellow-sufferers, imploring them to be patient, and to have confidence in God, whereat the fury of the ruffians seemed to redouble.

After many hours of torture, relief came to the sufferers. The station-master, who had been left for dead, had recovered his senses and, in spite of his sufferings, had dragged himself to Antzi, a place about eight miles from Kautokeino, where many of the *fast-bœnde*—settled Finns—were wintering. A well-armed party at once set out to the rescue of the survivors, and a short but fierce fight ensued, which terminated in favour of the Antzi men, who bound the murderers and conveyed them to the coast. At their trial very few of them evinced signs of repentance. Some of them were beheaded, and the others were sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. The fate of these fanatics was the death-blow to the religion of Lœstadius.

Venice to Florence.—II.

BY ULICK R. BURKE.

BOLOGNA.

Bologna station is a very important junction for trains from Leghorn, Milan, Venice, Ancona, and Florence; for until the remaining portion of the coast-line between Sestri and Spezzia is completed, all travellers from the north, whether east or west —Genoa, Turin, or Venice—have to pass through Bologna on their way to Brindisi, Leghorn, and Rome. But Bologna is in some respects like Crewe or Normanton, and a very large proportion of travellers never get beyond the buffet at the station, which, unlike Crewe or Normanton, is a remarkably good one! The town is, in fact, a good way from the railway, and the hotels—of which the "Brun" is not only the best in Bologna, but one of the best in Europe—are in the centre of the town, and consequently, should you arrive at the station at twelve o'clock at night, as we did on our return journey, the drive to bed seems of interminable length to railway travellers, accustomed as they now are to be set down by the omnibus at a neighbouring hostelry in a few minutes.

When the town is reached, however, it is well worth the trouble, for it is certainly one of the most interesting in Italy. I do not mean to say that it contains as many other objects of interest, either architectural or pictorial, as some Italian cities, but the town itself is of paramount interest.

PICTURES.

As far as pictures are concerned, indeed, he who would understand and appreciate Guido must visit the Bolognese gallery, where are also treasures of Domenichino, Guercino, the Carracci, and especially Francia, whose fame has increased so much of late years—to say nothing of one of the most glorious Raphaels in the world, the "Saint Cecilia."

CHARACTERISTICS.

In the old days of Papal dominion, Bologna was the second city in the territory of the Holy See, and it could boast not only of its university and its hundred churches, but of an amount of business enterprise, material prosperity, and intellectual activity, as far as was possible under Rome, which rivalled that of the Eternal City itself.

At the present day the broad streets of Bologna swarm with busy buyers and sellers, and its ample markets overflow with merchandise of every description.

But the most novel and striking features of Bologna are the two leaning towers which rise divergent at the *carrefour* of the principal streets of the town, and immediately at the end of the Corso, a noble street, nearly twice as broad as Piccadilly, and as busy as Cheapside.

LEANING TOWERS.

The leaning towers are called respectively the *Torre degli Asinelli* and the *Torre Garisenda*, and are of very great antiquity, the former dating from the early part of the twelfth century. Strange as these leaning towers are, and especially interesting to any one who has not been at Pisa, they are entirely devoid of any architectural beauty; and were it not for their position and their "lean" they might almost be taken for two somewhat overgrown factory chimneys of English construction, *temp.* William IV.

These towers are close together, and lean in opposite directions; so that the angle of inclination appears greater than it really is, and no one can be disappointed at the amount of "lean," which is certainly most striking.

STREETS.

We have said that Bologna can boast of fine broad streets, but they are also for the most part ornamented with arcades on each side, after the manner of Regent Quadrant a few years ago, or the open arcade in the Haymarket at the present day. The streets at Padua are built somewhat in the same fashion, but the arcades at Bologna are loftier and broader. In both towns the capitals of the pillars are most curious, some antique, some modern, some simple, some most elaborate—marble, brick, stone, old material used up as it came to hand, and new capitals fashioned according to the taste of the day and the capacity or means of the builder. A great number of the houses are built enclosing a courtyard, or little garden, larger and less ornate than a Spanish *patio*, and the same style of arcade is almost invariably seen round the inside of the building, affording a pleasant shade from the summer sun, or a seasonable shelter from the winter rain. The woodcut on page 124 represents one of these Bolognese houses. The capitals are simple enough, in this instance; but the vines growing so luxuriantly along the balcony, and the ripe clusters of grapes hanging down, the tiled roof, and the lazy Italians lolling over the balustrade are sufficiently characteristic of sunny skies and the time-honoured city of Bologna; while the inevitable *padre* appears as the representative of her hundred churches and her old position as second city of the States of the Church.

CONCLUSION.

It is no business of ours to give a list of the sights of Bologna—her churches, her palaces, her squares; but there is one thing to which we would just refer before leaving Bologna and our readers for good.

ETRUSCAN MUSEUM.

Those who have read Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" may know that Bologna is situated close to what is supposed to have been the northern boundary of that uncertain, but most interesting locality, ancient Etruria; but until quite lately, nothing had been found in the neighbourhood of Bologna to justify the belief that the Etruscans had ever actually been established on the spot. Less than two years ago, however, some excavations were being carried out in the *Campo Santo*, or cemetery, at Bologna, when the workmen came upon some gigantic ancient head-stones, standing erect, at a distance of about five-and-twenty feet below the present surface of the ground. After further investigation, it was made clear that under the present cemetery of modern Italy at Bologna lies buried an ancient cemetery, or Etruscan necropolis, whose existence, two years ago, was not even suspected. Excavations are being carefully continued, and when we were there, about six months ago, over five hundred skeletons had been exhumed, and a vast quantity of objects of every conceivable description—stone coffins and head-stones; sacrificial vessels; instruments of stone, bronze, and pottery; jewellery of every description, in some cases found in most perfect preservation, and still clinging round the dry bones whose delicate flesh it had ornamented twenty-five centuries ago! A great number of beautiful vases had also been found in a very high state of preservation; and a museum was being established and being enriched almost daily with spoil from the old necropolis.

This collection cannot fail to become, if it is not already, one of the most remarkable of its kind in Italy; and even to those who have no special knowledge of Etruscan antiquities, the articles themselves cannot fail to be of much interest. There is something very striking in the mere fact of the establishment of a gigantic Christian burial-ground—for the modern Campo Santo of Bologna is one of the sights of Italy—on the self-same spot where those wondrous ancestors, those unexplained and inexplicable Etrurians, had laid their bones for generations, in all the pomp and circumstance of their barbaric civilisation. How long have they slept unknown and undisturbed in their buried magnificence, to be dug up and studied by modern *dilettanti* in a museum? Is there a city of the dead below them again? or will there ever be yet another over the white marble of the modern Campo Santo? Such thoughts crowd upon the mind; but we can only now wish our readers farewell.

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—III.

BY ROBERT MICHELL, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., AND MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF RUSSIA.

A REVOLT—THE URAL MOUNTAINS—THE BURAN.

We dashed out of the little town of Buzuluk at about ten o'clock at night, at high speed—the driver standing up, brandishing his short whip, shaking the reins over the horses' backs, whooping and hallooing, and addressing each horse by its proper name. We pulled up at the end of a very rapid stage, in a village all newly built.

"Horses! at once! Ho, there!" Several peasants came out on the little landing of the hut.

"Put out your pipe, or come in-doors," cried out one,

addressing me. "We have all been burned out once, and smoking outside is prohibited."

"Who prohibits?" I inquired; the *vodka* scene at Buzuluk being forced on my memory.

"We do—the people," answered the stern voice.

"You are obeyed. Show the way in; but horses immediately!"

"There are no horses," replied the same man. "You must wait."

"Is he not in a rage?" observed a boor, with a sneer.

"He'll cool down before he gets his horses," put in a third.

Poor Mr. F—— almost foamed with rage; he used strong language to the assembled group, and threatened the direst vengeance.

"What is this?" he cried; "a rebellion! Ha! we shall soon send some one to quiet you!"

Expecting that his imposing display of authority would carry us through, I joined my voice with his. Notwithstanding the



PRIEST OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

I was astonished at the tone; so was Mr. F——. Here was evidently another people—that boisterous, independent element, which had shown its character and spirit on many occasions of riot and rebellion in this region. But Mr. F——, not being accustomed to this tone of speech in a peasant, waxed fiery; he jumped nimbly out of the carriage in which he had all along kept his seat, and demanded the name of the speaker.

"Ivan Petrof," said the peasant, boldly declaring himself. "What then?"

"You will attach horses instantly, or I shall report you to the governor, and have you all flogged. What! to refuse me horses? You are bound to have them. Now, villains, obedience!"

acquired bravado of these peasants of the eastern province of Samara, theirs was still the Russian nature; they must feel cowed, and succumb. They gave in by degrees; horses were promised in good time, "the *barin* need not be passionate."

"We are all of us here quite as civilised as you are; we have also our telegraph line," observed one fellow, indignantly.

"On your way to Orenburg," you are told, "you cross the southern extremity of the Ural Mountains." You are, therefore, led to expect some grand and romantic scenery.

"Where, then," you inquire—ere you reach Orenburg, surprised that no bold eminence meets your sight—"are the Ural Mountains? When shall we see them?"

"You passed them," you are informed, "somewhere near

Buzuluk. You must have made a *détour* of ten versts to avoid a swollen river, and it was then that you crossed the range." You express your opinion that those were not mountains, and are told that the Ural Mountains gradually merge into the steppes, and the slightly raised surface is called the Obstchi Syrt.

On the Syrt a *buran* overtook us; the clouds gathered quickly all around; the cold increased, and for about an hour the driver had to make the best of his way through a blinding snow-drift.



ANDRÉ.

These *burans*, as they are called in Samara and in the Orenburg steppes, or *metels*,* as they are styled elsewhere in Russia, when severe, are fearful, and often dangerous. They invariably set in with a piercing cold. Woe to the traveller who is overtaken by one in the wilds of Russia. Wave upon wave of snow rolls in upon him; the speed of his horses slackens, and the frost chills him even through his dense mass of fur clothing. He stamps his feet and moves his limbs to keep up the circulation of his blood. Well is it for him if he has a flask of brandy; but even that is soon exhausted.

* From *me'lo*, broom.

The horses stop, floundering in the deep snow; they have diverged from the track; they are conscious of it; they hesitate, and, unable to wade steadily through the billows of snow, they plunge, stop, shiver, and numb to death. The boor is in despair; bewailing his fate, he tears his hair, calls on his patron saint, and moaning, grows coldly rigid in death. Woe to the traveller! The besetting impenetrable whiteness of the snowy atmosphere; the piercing frost; the utter hopelessness of his forlorn condition, drive him to distraction. His blood stagnates; his limbs imperceptibly lose all sense of feeling; he feels the cold touch of death stealthily ascending; he cannot resist that touch. It is now a grasp! his brain is affected; it is seized by old Father Frost; he falls back in the carriage; he feels overpoweringly drowsy, and collapses into inanimate, frozen clay.

I partially experienced this years ago in the province of Riazan. It was winter. I was in an open sleigh, drawn by one horse; the road led down-hill from a village, directly across a frozen stream, and then over a pasturing ground, to another village about half a mile further. We

dashed down over the ice, and up the other bank. While yet in the village, on the top of the hill, we could distinctly see the lights in the village through which our road passed, but before we had crossed the river the *metel* set in with full force, and all was bewildering mist. Rushing up the opposite bank, the horse missed the right track; but this was not discovered for the first half-hour, the ground being still firm. Then it struck us that we must have erred, or we should by that time have reached the other village. The man was perplexed; he pulled up his horse, and leaping out of the sleigh, went out into the night to ascertain the whereabouts. Although he was a native of the place, and under ordinary circumstances could almost have found his way about blindfolded, he returned confessing his utter ignorance as to where we were. Suddenly it occurred to him to urge on his horse, throwing the reins loosely over its back, and leaving it to the animal's own instinct to bring us all out of the uncomfortable dilemma. The experienced horse found the road at last, and keeping to it, brought us into Jeludiëvo. We had strayed for a couple of hours, when in twenty minutes, or even less, we should have performed the short journey. We were both very much frost-bitten, but were soon restored to animation by the application of snow—the peasant by a somewhat immoderate reference to *vodka* besides—and myself by a goodly share of it also.

ARRIVAL IN ORENBURG—THE KIRGHIZ REBELLION.

It was a very cold but bright October morning when the *yamstchik* drew reins at the door of Anton Karetnikof's hotel in Orenburg.

All the hotels were filled with the families of military and civil officers, on their way to the new Russian province in Central Asia, and by a variety of other people, all waiting upon each other, and casting about for the means of safe transit across the steppes and deserts. They were all detained by rumours of the dangers of the road. The nomad Kirghizes were in a state of rebellion, and Russian troops were operating against them in various directions. Caravans had been stopped and plundered by the hostile tribes; one or two Russian detachments had been surrounded and destroyed by the rebels. Isolated forts had been beset and threatened—the garrisons, driven to extremities by the tactics of the Kirghiz, who fired the steppe around, and drove away his sheep and cattle—being left without the means of pasturing their horses, or of obtaining food; communications were cut off, and those who, in disguise, attempted to convey intelligence to Orenburg and to obtain relief, were never again heard of.

So rampant throughout the region was the spirit of defiance of the Russian authority, that even women and children scoffed at the Kazakry and took up arms against their oppressors.

The cause of all this was the redistribution of authority among the nomad elders; the promulgation of decrees limiting the scope of the wanderings of the tribes, and enjoining them to conform to new usages and regulations, and to pay tribute and taxes at a double rate of assessment (three roubles were exacted from each tent or "smoke"). The nomads demurred; they had never been accustomed to regular control; the country was theirs, and, according to a mutual understanding among the tribes, each pastured and depastured in certain given localities and directions. So regular, be it observed, are the movements of the wandering shepherds, that without even intercommunicating, the tribes and branches of tribes can calculate with perfect accuracy on meeting, when on the move across the wild wastes, at certain spots where their lines of route intersect each other.

As regards the payment of tribute and taxes, they objected to the regulations which doubled the rates, and by which they were required to pay at stated periods, as they found themselves by this means deprived of the option of paying in money after realising on the sale of their sheep, or of rendering in kind at periods when the best market prices prevailed. In this they had much reason on their side, for they were well acquainted with the extortionary practices of the Russian Kazaks; and from those of their brethren who had close relations with the Russians in Orenburg and elsewhere, they had learned that many a Kazak *Esaùl* had amassed enormous wealth through his dealings with them. Really there were too many opportunities already existing for grinding down the poor, simple, docile, and, on the admission of all Russians, scrupulously honest Kirghiz.

The unceremonious and, in many cases, brutal manner in which it was, at the beginning of the agitation, attempted to coerce the nomads to obedience and "order," led to their exasperation and to almost general insurrection, a result at which we in this country will not be surprised.

This rebellion threatened to involve very serious, calamitous consequences; and for this reason the Mohammedans of China and of Chinese Turkestan had successfully rebelled against the Manchur Government, and a powerful Mohammedan State was being established on the south-eastern frontiers of the Russian possessions in Asia.

This was in itself, at the moment, a calamity to the Russians, for, in the then state of mind of the Mussulman Kirghiz (lukewarm follower of the Prophet though he be), the fanatic flame might have spread with a terrible fury. The Russian communications with the southern province across the steppes might have been cut off entirely; temporarily they were, to all but strong detachments; and in the interim, a combination of Mussulman forces might have produced a catastrophe. Mollahs wandered about with the Koran and the lance, exhorting the Kirghizes to stand like true Mussulmans against the infidels who oppressed them and who intended to turn them from the true faith. The male population rose with alacrity. Several of the post-stages between Orenburg and the Jaxartes were demolished, the Kazaks in them being put to death, and the horses and camels being removed from along the track.

The tribes assembled on the Barsuk Sands, at the northern extremity of the Sea of Aral, and from there, aided and abetted, it was stated, by the Khan of Khiva, they sallied forth against caravans, detachments, and forts.

The Russian Kazak officers, with their satellites, who in the meanwhile scoured the country for tribute and taxes, found in the *aùls* only very old men, women and children. Even these all resisted the military magistrates and collectors; but the old men being incapable of great exertions, the wives and sisters of the absentees seized the Kazaks, bound them—as Alpine travellers bind each other—to a single rope, and drove them like cattle across the plains to the outer limits of their camping-grounds, exacting promises from them not to return.

Since 1869, the steppes have been tolerably tranquil, the Kirghizes have paid the penalty of their defection.

Khiva, indeed, remains unpunished, but she is on the eve of meeting her doom, and the Mohammedan power has not been suffered to establish itself in its entirety. It was no wonder, however, that Russian travellers, during the period of my journey to Orenburg, filled the hotels, hesitating long before making up their parties to traverse the region that had been so lately disturbed.

There was only one miserable and filthy chamber at Anton Karetnikof's.

"How much?" I inquired of the very unclean-looking man who ushered us up-stairs.

"Three roubles a day," he replied, looking hard at me.

There was not much daylight in the apartment, which was very mal-odorous, so I called for a candle. A tallow candle set in a bottle was brought in. The *tout-ensemble* was anything but inviting.

Without a word being spoken, the man, studying my expression, lowered the price to two roubles.

I stepped behind a small partition where a bedstead was placed. There was a mattress. I was about to feel this, when the light from the candle falling upon it, advised me to withdraw my hand. We were all mute.

"One rouble and a half is the daily charge," said the man, reducing the price again.

Mutely I took the light from his hand and passed it over the wainscoting.

A complete silence prevailed as from the very first. This was again broken by the man.

"I will let you have the room, *barin*, for one rouble. It is the only one we have, and there is not another in Orenburg, as for the—the——" he hesitated, seeing I turned away with loathing—"you would not be much worse off than any of our other lodgers."

Mr. F—— took instant possession. In fact, he jumped at the last-named figure with an eagerness which astonished me. I was, however, still more astonished when I saw him next morning alive and with a good appetite.

Leaving my luggage in the coffee-room, I sallied out into the street, and entering the house of a photographer for some views of Orenburg, I espied a clean vacant room, furnished with a bedstead, a table, and a chair. I offered myself as a lodger to the photographer, and was accepted as such for the whole term of my stay in the town.

ORENBURG.

Orenburg has never yet been described in English by any traveller, and, indeed, it had been visited before me by only one known Englishman, and that was the late Sir Roderick Impey Murchison. In Sir Roderick's time Orenburg was a very small and insignificant place. It was not then what it is at the present day, the chief town of a vast province of the same name. Ufa was then the principal administrative centre of the region, and the province or *Goubernia* of Orenburg had not yet been formed.

The remarkable features of Orenburg are the caravanserai and the market-places. The caravanserai, which is now the residence of the military governor (not the governor-general), is composed of a range of buildings within a high quadrangular enclosure. These buildings are the governor's house and various offices. In the centre of the quadrangle there are a Mesjid and a towering minaret faced with glazed bricks. The caravanserai was built in 1843 by Count Perofski, the then chief of the province, who is well known for his operations on the Jaxartes, and for his unsuccessful expedition to Khiva in 1839. As its name implies, the caravanserai was intended for the accommodation of the Asiatic traders, and for the storage of their merchandise; but, for the lack of other buildings in the town, it was appropriated to its present uses. There is a garden, or little park, behind it. The market-place in the town is within the limits of the old citadel, which was erected in 1755; in front of this is laid the high street, which passes from the caravanserai at the one outskirt, to the banks of the Ural River and the governor-general's residence, at the other extremity of the town. The walls of the citadel had evidently been high and strong, but they have long been left to crumble and decay, like every other monument (except the Kremlin of Moscow) of bygone days in Russia. There is not the semblance of any fortifications around the present town, which has spread over the smooth surface of the steppe. The place is built chiefly of wood, but Orenburg can boast of other brick edifices besides those mentioned. There are a military college; one or two other seminaries; a department of records, with the museum which has been referred to in connection with the stuffed tiger; the governor-general's "chancellerie;" a theatre; a club-house, and a water fountain, to which all the buckets and water-carts of the town are continually applied.

The only public places of resort in the hot summer weather are the park by the Sakmara River beneath the gubernatorial residence, and the garden at the back of the caravanserai, which is tended with so much care by General and Madame B——n. Besides these, there is not a spot in or about the town which affords the least shelter or shade. In the summer months the inhabitants complain of the clouds of fine sand which are raised by constant winds, and in the winter they have to pass much of their time indoors, on account of the fierce *burans* which envelop them in cold, dry, friable snow.

At a distance of about one-third of a mile from the town, on the opposite side of the Ural, is the Barter Market, a space on the steppe enclosed by four high brick walls, where the rude produce of Russia is given in exchange for the raw cotton, felts, dried fruits, lambskins, &c., brought by caravans from the Khanats of Inner Asia. This enclosure is divided into several minor ones, for camels, sheep, and for transactions in the different branches of the barter trade. Here, too, there is a house of prayer, or Mesjid, for the Mohammedans, and the office of the Russian police superintendent of the mart. Beyond the walls of the Barter Market there is generally in the summer a Kirghiz encampment which the future visitor to Orenburg must not neglect to inspect. He will probably do as I did; go over the place with the police inspector, and, inviting the Kirghiz magnate to a *pilaù*, relish that dish, and the mode of eating it in the "sultan's" company, and pick up from the nomad chieftain some original ideas on political geography and the relative potencies of England, France, and Russia.

Here Europe fades away into steppe and desert. Here town and building dwindle down to *ulus* and *yurt*. Here civilisation, like a river which runs to waste in the sands of the desert, becomes finally resolved again into primitive rudeness. Here the least cultivated portion of Europe blends with barbaric Asia. Here, too, *Les extrémités se touchent*.

Orenburg Fort was in its time a strategical point established for the purpose of striking terror into the nomad Bashkirs and

Kirghizes, as well as for that of checking the lawlessness of the Russian Kazak settlers. It is still a strategical point filling the great gap between the southern extremity of the Ural Mountains and the Caspian, keeping a vigilant watch over the nomad hordes, and insuring communication with the far-off province of Turkestan. Although there are not more than 3,000 soldiers permanently located in Orenburg, yet there are large settlements of Kazaks who are always liable to service, and the place is within easy access of the military depôts of the empire. Thus it is, as yet, the sole *point d'appui* of the isolated position on the Jaxartes. The railway to Orenburg which will connect that place with the Volga, and from the Volga through Marshansk and Riazan with Moscow, will doubtless enhance the importance of the town; but as the emporium of the trade with Central Asia, it will, in all probability cede its priority to Tiflis, when, after the conquest of the Khanat of Khiva on the Aral, the Russians open up a commercial route passing from the Black Sea to the upper waters of the Oxus.



CARAVAN HALT BETWEEN ORENBURG AND SAMARA.

VISITS TO THE AUTHORITIES.

My first visit in Orenburg was to General B——n, the military governor and chief of the Bashkir forces. He is a young man of very prepossessing appearance. He has served in the Russian Embassy at Pekin; he speaks English fluently, and vies with his amiable wife in hospitality, and in kind attentions to visitors from Europe. The governor-general, General Kryjanovski, an elderly but polished veteran officer of severe aspect, and bearing all the stamp of high authority, is equally hearty in the welcome he affords to foreigners, whom he entertains right royally in his gubernatorial residence. There is also General B——k, the military governor of the Turgai district, who also has his residence and head-quarters in the town, who is silent, observant, practical, and of German origin. General B——k's wife, who is a lady of exquisite politeness and of high European polish, surprises one by her English accent and speech. Her nieces—adding, if it is possible, lustre to her presence—are the pride and sunshine of Orenburg, and her two children are the most perfect little cherubs on earth.

My letters insured me a polite reception, but they did not explain the object of my journey, which led to a question on the subject very shortly.

"What brings you to my province—to Orenburg?"

"The desire of making the acquaintance of the distinguished hero of many great victories in Asia. The honour of seeing and speaking with your excellency."

"Very glad—always glad to see your countrymen. Tell them so, pray. Go on to Tashkend. See Kauffmann. I shall give you every facility. Yes, we had hard fighting, I can assure you. I do not believe in civilisation and all that nonsense out there. We must, however, teach the barbarians a lesson. You must see the police-master, a capital man; he will show you everything. Very strange, you English. Happy to see you again."

At the caravanserai:

"All this way! and what for? Love of travel. Yes, I know. Once every year an Englishman must leave his home for two or three months. There was a fat elderly man in Pekin; he had a wife and family in England; he was bored; he wanted travel and exercise to shake the dust off. So he starts with hampers of wine, brandy, cigars, an opera-glass, slippers, a dressing-gown, a bath, every luxury, and with a servant. He traversed the Rocky Mountains, went to California, San Francisco, Mexico, crossed to Japan and China, and arrived at Irkutsk in the worst of spirits, because he had exhausted his stock of wine and brandy in the Mongol Desert, and because his man had smoked his cigars and lost his bath on the way. And all this fatigue, this expense, with no object. Surely you have one; there is nothing to see here."

I told the general what had brought me, and added as another reason for my journey, novelty and sport.

"Ah! in that case we can give you some pleasure."

I had also a letter to the inspector of colleges. When I entered his house, about mid-day, I found it full of people; all colleagues and friends, or official subordinates of the inspector.

They were in full dress civil uniform, green coats with velvet collars and brass buttons, and they had assembled to pay him their respects and homage, and to felicitate him on the day of his impressively kind in his welcome to his guests, and he received the unbidden and unexpected stranger with extra warmth, as a harbinger of good.



TEMPLE ON THE STEPPES OF THE VOLGA.

patron saint. Bottles innumerable, and liqueur glasses were ranged on every table. There were also cakes, fresh herrings, caviare, and salted mushrooms in small flat dishes, pots, and jars and a fork or two. The host was lavish of his hospitality; I must not forget my call on the police-master. I failed to find him at home three times in one day. All day long he was in and out, personally seeing to the preservation of order and to the general observance of decorum in the streets.

An Australian Search Party.—II.

BY CHARLES HENRY EDEN.

COASTING along close to the mangroves on the mainland, we arrived about noon at an opening which promised to be either a very deep inlet, or the mouth of an undiscovered river; we accordingly struck our masts and pulled in. For about a mile we went steadily on, the creek gradually narrowing from a quarter of a mile at its mouth to less than a hundred yards, the flat mud on either side densely fringed with mangroves, to the roots of which, as it was low water, we could see small oysters adhering. The mangrove (*Rhizophora*) grows here to the height of twenty feet, the roots planted in the mud, and about one-third of the stem submerged at high water. The seeds of this plant are very curious, resembling a grain of the oat, enlarged to four or five inches in length, and weighted at one end. When shed by the parent plant they stick in the soft mud, if it should be low water, and are carried away by the tide at high, to drift about until fortune deposits them on some congenial bed of slime, where the sharp heavy end soon works its way in, and a tree grows in a very short time. In camping out at night, the vicinity of mangroves should always be avoided, if possible, for the foliage is too dense to admit the rays of even a tropical sun, and miasmatic exhalations always hang about beneath their treacherous shade. The wood is tough, and makes excellent pipe-stems, while the bark is much used for tanning purposes, but the oysters growing on the roots are unwholesome. We crept quietly along, the passage narrowing gradually, and looking out anxiously for any sign of those we sought. However many you may be in party, there is something indescribably dreary in pulling up one of the salt-water inlets, the solitude is quite painful, and the silence unbroken except by the mournful wailing of a vagrant curlew, or the sudden splash of an alligator, startled out of his slumbers by the sound of human voices. At length the channel became so small that we could no longer row, but, using the oars as poles, we punted on for another mile, when the inlet terminated in a ditch that barely held the boat. We were horribly disgusted at having found no new river, for in Australia a new river near the coast is sure to have land on its banks adapted to the growth of sugar, and the discoverers of course have their pick. We, however, jumped out on the mud flat, and whilst the tea was boiling, two or three of the party wandered inland, and the

troopers set to work catching crabs amongst the mangrove-roots. Whilst watching the extraction of a particularly fine crab, we heard a "coo-eh" from one of the party who had wandered from the boats, and on going to the spot, found him looking with a puzzled expression at several horse tracks, which, from their sharp chiselling, were evidently recent. Several horses belonging to people in the town had disappeared for some time, amongst them one of my own, but we could scarcely hope that these tracks could be theirs, for to reach this place they would have had to cross two ranges, a feat an Australian horse is far too wise to attempt on his own account. Getting one of the troopers, we ran the tracks for a mile or so, the mud flat becoming lost in rich grass as the land gradually rose, with little fresh-water lagoons at intervals. At the margin of one of these, the ground was trodden down in all directions, and everything indicated that the missing horses had been running here for some time. A few minutes more brought us to a small clump of trees, comfortably esconced in the shade of which, were our errant steeds, standing in pairs, head and tail, by which means they are enabled to free each other from the flies, that during the summer torment man and beast to the verge of distraction. How in the world they got here was the greatest wonder, for on examination we found they were in a "pocket" or natural paddock formed by a small range, the Herbert River, and the mud flats. We had good reason afterwards to suspect that they were more indebted to human agency than to animal impulse for their comfortable quarters, and that our lucky visit had revealed the hiding-place of a gang of horse-stealers. Leaving them there, we returned to our boats, much gratified that our journey up the creek had not proved utterly fruitless, and as soon as we had got down far enough to enable us to use the oars, gave way with a will to get clear of the mangroves before nightfall. We found a small island at the mouth of the creek, with about forty feet square of solid ground, on which we made our tea, and proposed remaining for the night, but the mosquitoes and sandflies were so troublesome, that by mutual consent we pulled out into Hinchinbrook Channel and anchored, proposing to ascend the Herbert River with the early dawn. The only hope of a successful termination to our expedition was to capture a *gin* (or native woman) and gain all the intelligence we could from her, and this was a feat more easily spoken of than done, for the blacks have eyes like hawks, and the entry of a party in two boats could not fail to attract attention, while they would at once put the whole country on their guard by means of messengers and smoke-signals. Uncivilised and degraded as the blacks are, they display considerable ingenuity in their methods of communicating intelligence. What the exact interpretation of their code was we never could make out, but that they could convey any simple news, such as "boat in the river," or "boat returning," was evident. This was done by means of sudden columns of smoke thrown up on placing damp wood on the fire, and which ceased on its withdrawal. According to their size, number, and density, so did their meaning vary, and we often saw these "cloudy warnings" repeated from ridge to ridge far away beyond our ken. Revolving this during the night, I came to the conclusion that by far the best thing would be for the party to divide; one going up the Herbert without any attempt at concealment, while the other went back to the place where we had found the horses, leave their boat there, and, making their way across country to the Herbert as cautiously as possible, try to cut off some of the blacks as they were escaping; and as the gins and piccaninnies would be sure to travel by the river, and without any precautions—as they would naturally suppose their enemy to be behind them—the capture of one or more gins would be tolerably certain; whereas going up in two boats would frighten them out of their wits, and perhaps lead to the massacre of any prisoners they might possess. On communicating my plan to the men it met with general approval.

In accordance with this scheme we got under weigh before daylight, and pulled to the island whence we had been routed by the mosquitoes the night before; and—after breakfast, renewed instructions, and the appointment of a rendezvous in case of missing each other—the overland party started, leaving me with my two boatmen and a trooper, who grumbled awfully, to while away twenty-four hours in this detestable place as best we could. Luckily we had fishing-lines with us, and caught a number of catfish and bream. These species seem common to both fresh and salt water. The former is a broad-headed, wattled, ugly-looking brute, armed with sharp and poisonous spikes on its back, and croaking most dismally when caught. It is rarely eaten, as there seems to exist throughout the world a prejudice against scaleless fish; but if skinned, the flesh is beautifully white, and there are worse things than a dish of catfish. The bream resemble the English variety, being perhaps a little deeper and darker in hue. When dusk closed in, we had tea on the little island, sheltering the fire with boughs, and then, going out into mid-channel, anchored abreast of the Herbert River, and, weary with the tedium of the day, soon dropped off to sleep. Before dawn we were pulling into the river, passing a succession of mangrove-flats and islands, which were so deceptive that we several times swerved from the main channel. By the time the sun was up, we had got out of the dismal flats, and were rowing in the river proper, which was now a quarter of a mile in width, though the stream itself was hardly more than a hundred yards in breadth, the remainder of the sandy bed being dry. This partial occupation of the bed by the stream is one of the peculiarities of the Queensland rivers. Though they figure as large bodies of water on the maps, they are in reality insignificant little brooks, except in the rainy season, when they become furious torrents, frequently overflowing their banks, and doing an infinity of damage. I know of no river in that colony that is navigable beyond tidal influence for any vessel but shallow steamers and small craft of the lightest draught. On one of the sand-banks in mid-channel, with open ground all round us, we landed and had breakfast, lighting a good fire and making as much smoke as we could by heaping on damp wood, for our object was to attract the attention of the natives. In this we evidently succeeded, for the keen eye of the trooper soon detected a rapid succession of smoke-signals, a sight that was most welcome, as showing that the intercepting party had not been discovered, otherwise the natives would not have been there to telegraph our movements. We now felt pretty confident of success, and set to work to stem the current, which, though not very strong where the stream was contracted and deep, ran with great velocity where it spread out over the shallows. The river was very circuitous, and the further we advanced the more beautiful became the view. Rounding a point, a long reach would present itself, sometimes widening out into a placid lake, and again contracting into a small stream. The banks on either side were about twenty feet high,

and lined with noble tea and gum and fig trees, amongst which grew whole groves of the wild banana, in such dense patches as to almost induce the spectator to believe that they were planted by human agency and not by Nature. On some of the sand-banks in the river stood thick masses of the graceful shey-oak (*Casuarina quadrivalvis*), and on others devoid of vegetation were large flocks of black ducks (*Anas superciliosa*), and the shy and rare "gigantic crane;" whilst some appeared quite deserted except by drift-trunks of trees, which on the approach of the boat became endowed with life and glided noiselessly into the water in the shape of gigantic alligators.

We kept out from the banks as far as the stream would allow us, for on opening a new reach we saw a number of blacks fishing in the distance, who instantly disappeared, and we heard them "coo-eing" in different directions to each other, and thought it very probable that they might be mustering to oppose our farther advance, under which circumstances, numerically weak as we were, the opportunity of spearing and stoning us from thick cover was a greater advantage than we could afford to give them. So, keeping our distance as much as possible, we pulled steadily on, the trooper kneeling in the bows with his carbine cocked, and his eye taking in every inch of ground on the bank. The "coo-eing" now became louder and nearer. It was evident they meditated an attack, and I confess I hardly felt comfortable, under the anticipation of a shower of spears at any moment. Ahead of us now appeared a shallow, the only passage available for the boat lying close under the bank, and as it would have been madness attempting it, we were somewhat nonplussed, when the trooper, pointing to a flock of ducks coming at full flight down the river, followed in less than a minute by two others, said, "Other fellow close up, marmy, mine think." Even then, critical as the situation was, I could not help admiring the sagacity displayed by this black boy, demonstrating as it did the observant manner in which the blacks must watch little things that to us present nothing unusual. He knew that the ducks were too used to the sight of the natives to move further than the next sand-bank out of their way; so when he saw several flocks winging their way down the river, he at once conjectured that they had been startled by something abnormal, and rightly attributed it to the overlanding party. I had seen so many instances of their acuteness, that I never doubted the truth of his assertion a bit more than if I had actually seen the people, so made up my mind at once to run the boat on to the shallows, and pretend to drag her over, which I hoped would engage the attention of the savages—who were now hallooing and yelling all along the banks, though keeping carefully out of sight—until our friends came up, when we could hardly fail to secure some of them, and perhaps release any captives they might have. The water rapidly shoaled, and we took the ground about a hundred yards from the shore. Jumping overboard, we stood as if undecided what to do, but with our weapons lying on the thwarts cocked and ready. On seeing us in what they fondly thought was a precious fix, the yelling became quite jubilant, and now we could see dusky bodies gliding amongst the trees, as the braver warriors stimulated their followers to the attack. The scene was a very impressive one, and in its way the situation was by no means devoid of danger; for if the trooper had been mistaken, or one of us had been disabled, we should have had our work cut out to get down the river again at all, emboldened as the blacks would be by success, not to take into consideration the failure of the expedition. No sign of misgiving manifested itself on Cato's (the trooper's) countenance. His eyes rolled about like beads as he grasped his double-barrel, and was with difficulty restrained from firing at the shadowy forms amongst the trees. Just then a fellow stepped out on to a clear space and tried the range with his spear, but he must have been flurried, for it fell harmlessly halfway. We could easily have picked him off with a rifle, but we were unwilling to harm them, lest they should visit it on the prisoners. Stones were tried next, and had we been ten yards nearer the shore, they would have done us mischief, but the best throw they made fell a yard short. Cato, who was terribly annoyed at not being allowed to fire, now said, "Look out, marmy!" and hardly had the words escaped him when the victorious yells were changed into a howl of desperation, and the whole body of blacks, avoiding any further attempt at concealment, rushing along the bank and scrambling down it, tried to cross it three hundred yards above our boat. As we rushed forward to intercept them a loud cheer from the other bank made them aware that they were trapped on all sides; so throwing down their weapons in the sand, the men broke in every direction, but chiefly up-stream, which was the least guarded, whilst the gins and piccaninnies threw themselves into a heap, one on the top of the other, until they formed a mass of naked arms, legs, and heads. If they are surprised, and there happens to be water near, they always tumble into it, piccaninnies and all, for they swim like fishes, only showing their heads above; but in the absence of water, they generally fling themselves into a heap and talk. The confusion of tongues at Babel must have been dulcet melody to the sounds emitted by a mound of gins and youngsters.

We were very much pleased at the success of our scheme, and at the conduct displayed by the troopers in refraining to fire at the men; so, to mark our sense of their forbearance, we gave them a bumper of grog each, which, next to shooting their fellow-countrymen, is the thing they most delight in. Our next business was to collect the weapons that the fugitives had abandoned in their hurried flight, leaving a couple of men to guard the gins, who, we sincerely trusted, would eventually cease their infernal jabbering, either from hoarseness or sheer exhaustion. We gathered the weapons into a heap, carefully avoiding doing them any injury, for we wished to inspire confidence, in hopes of gleaning information. They consisted chiefly of spears, made from the light, tough shoots of the grass-tree (*Xanthorrhœa hostilis*), tipped with barbed hard wood, or "stingaree" spikes; shields made of some species of very light wood, of an oval shape, with a place for the hand on the flat inner side, whilst the outside was slightly convex, and daubed into an intricate pattern with charcoal, pipeclay, and red ochre. In the use of these shields they are wonderfully expert, moving them with such rapidity as to protect all parts of the body from ordinary missiles; but, as might be expected, they form a poor defence against an ounce of lead thrown from a breech-loading carbine, though, at an acute angle, they will turn even this. We next sat down in a circle round the women, the potency of whose lungs did not as yet betray the slightest diminution, and had some dinner—an operation which evidently was full of interest to them, for the din grew perceptibly less violent—a fact, I am inclined to attribute to a black's faculties being too limited to admit of his or her doing more than one

thing at a time; thus, when busily engaged in staring, they quite forgot to scream; if one of the party, however, got up for a moment, the temporarily suspended power of "jabber" would be renewed with redoubled violence, dying away gradually after a few minutes, as curiosity again became in the ascendant. We purposely prolonged our meal, and at its termination the mound was tolerably quiet, only a slight murmur disturbing its serenity, should one of us chance to move. Certainly the Australian gin is no beauty, or if she has ever possessed any, it is soon knocked out of her by the life of privation and misery she leads, and the brutal conduct of her husband. As with most savages, the black looks upon a woman merely as a child-bearer and slave, and the more physical strength a warrior has, the more wives has he at his beck and nod, for he appropriates freely the domestic treasures of his weaker brother, knocking him on the head if he demurs. To the women fall all the drudgery of moving the goods and chattels, during the constant changes of *locale*, lugging along the babies, carrying firesticks, digging yams, cooking the food, weaving the beautiful baskets in which they carry their little knicknacks, or, to sum it up in a few words, *they do everything*, except make the weapons and hunt. Of food their share is of the scantiest, consisting only of the fragments their devoted consorts pitch to them over their shoulders when they have finished gnawing them themselves, and even these they have to divide with the half-starved dingo curs that form a necessary portion of a black's camp. For the slightest neglect, or if the noble savage happens to have "turned out on the wrong side of his bark blanket," they are cruelly beaten, often killed, and the sight of a gin without ghastly scars, telling tales of this gentle mode of marital correction, is rare. One of these poor creatures now was bleeding profusely from a fearful wound, most probably given by the husband in his rage at being surprised by our party, or as a *souvenir*—a little something to remember him by during his enforced absence.

All these things taken into consideration, the reader will hardly be surprised to hear that the gins are not lovely. Their stature is rather under than over the average of European women, few that I have seen exceeding five feet four inches, and the greater proportion not attaining more than from five to five feet two inches. The faces of some of the younger ones were rather bright and intelligent, but the skull long, the nose broad and flat, the cheek-bones prominent (in this respect they vary greatly), the lips thickish, and the chin small. Their hair is difficult to describe, for it is always smothered up with red ochre, or some similar pigment. It does not, however, possess the wiry curl of the negro, nor can it vie with the long though coarse tresses of the Polynesian, but is a cross between these, and resembles a well-developed household mop more than anything I know. In addition to the constant applications of red ochre, they rub in, on certain occasions, fat, and the downy under-feathers of the cockatoo, which give them a most extraordinary appearance; and when supplemented by a kangaroo bone thrust through the cartilage of the nose—for of any, even the rudest, attempt at clothing they are innocent—make their sweet visages more striking than handsome. These feather-bed dressings have often been regarded as the sign of widowhood; but this I am much inclined to doubt, for I have noticed the the troopers' gins often do the same thing, and their husbands were unmistakably in the flesh—a fact they generally brought fully home to the would be bereaved ones before sundown, by giving them a sound thrashing. Their figures would, in most cases, be good, were it not for their attenuation, and the stooping gait induced by toiling under heavy burdens. Their extreme leanness is shocking, and, except in the very youngest mothers, *embonpoint* is unknown. How their shrivelled shanks support their bodies seems wonderful; yet their powers of endurance are very great, and they sometimes exhibit considerable activity. A custom which prevails amongst both men and women, of cutting rows of gashes in the flesh, filling the wound with mud, to prevent the lips closing, and thereby leaving hideous raised wales, resembling a boat turned upside down, adds to their repulsiveness, combined with the numberless other scars that ornament their bodies, the result of ill-usage. A most offensive odour emanates from wild blacks, owing to the rancid fat with which they anoint themselves, and places where they have camped for any time retain this smell for weeks. So powerful is it, that very many horses will refuse to face it.

Seeing that we did not intend doing them any present injury, the heap gradually disintegrated itself, until it assumed the perpendicular or squatting forms of about twenty gins of all ages, with piccaninnies in proportion. Our troopers now tried to talk to them, but I do not think understood a word they said. Almost every tribe in Australia has a different dialect, if not altogether another language; and it is by no means uncommon to find the natives on one side of a river unable to understand those on the opposite bank. By means of signs they got on better, and the gins signified that they had seen no white men, but that there were some out there, pointing towards the mouth of the river. One of the troopers then drew a rough map of Hinchinbrook Island, in the sand, with his finger, and they screamed a shrill chorus of assent. It was now evident to us all that either the men on the steamer had been mistaken, or that the captives had been sent across to Hinchinbrook, either of which was quite possible, for the blacks often rub themselves with pipeclay until, at a distance, they resemble white men. That our expedition had so far been barren of result, we could not disguise from ourselves, for we could hardly have failed to find some trace of clothing, knives, iron bolts, or something, had the vessel gone on shore near the Herbert. We had, therefore, nothing for it but to search Hinchinbrook—a long and most tedious proceeding, to prosecute which with success we should require to lay in a large stock of provisions, and, if possible, charter a small vessel to co-operate with the boats. A small cutter, of about seventeen tons, named the *Daylight*, was expected at Cardwell in a day or two; so the only thing that remained for us was to return there and await her arrival. We were very much disappointed, but we had done our best, and one stroke of luck had befallen us in finding the missing horses; so, after offering the gins some damper, which nothing would prevail upon them to taste, giving them a handkerchief or two, with signs that they were to show kindness to any white men who might ever fall into their hands, we let them go. The party belonging to my boat remained with her, whilst the others struck out overland for the creek where theirs was hidden, after we had appointed a rendezvous in the main channel. Aided by the stream, we swept rapidly down, and, without any incident of further interest to the reader, reached the township by the following evening. Of our search over Hinchinbrook Island and its result, I will give, with the editor's permission, an account in another chapter.

The Ascent of Mount Rainier.

BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

MOUNT RAINIER FROM FORT NISQUALLY—THE VERGE OF CIVILISATION —OLD INDIAN VAPOUR-BATH HOUSE—A HIGH BLUFF—A MOUNTAIN TORRENT—BEAR PRAIRIE—MR. BLUESKIN, OUR "GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND"—THE AUTHOR HOLDING ON BY HIS EYELIDS—THE PARTY TAKING HIP-BATHS—RETURN TO OLYMPIA.

THE following is a record of observations made during a journey to the base of Mount Rainier, one of the great peaks of the Cascade Range in Washington Territory, 12,300 feet above the sea-level. The author started, intending to try the ascent of the mountain, but failed by reason of a disaster which happened to him. His companions, General Hazard Stevens and Mr. van Trump, of Olympia, more fortunate, succeeded in gaining the summit, as will be narrated. The route settled was by the river Nisqually, and along the trail leading to the Cowlitz Pass, one of those which have been proposed for the passage of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Puget Sound.

The Nisqually, which is one of the largest and longest rivers in the territory, heads in a glacier of that name on Mount Rainier, and after a course of about 125 miles, empties itself into Puget Sound, near Fort Nisqually, long known as the head-quarters of the Puget Sound Agricultural and Hudson Bay Companies. The distance of Mount Rainier from Olympia, the capital of the territory, is about 120 miles by road.



VIEW OF MOUNT RAINIER, FROM THE NISQUALLY VALLEY.

We left Olympia on the 8th of August, 1870, and were accompanied for the first thirty miles by a large party of friends and relatives, who desired to see us off and enjoy a pic-nic at the same time. A good road extends from Olympia in a south-easterly direction, through a succession of large prairies, divided by belts of timber. They are all enclosed, and under cultivation. The farmers raise stock principally, the soil being gravelly and too poor for raising cereals to any great extent.

Late in the afternoon we drove up to the last farmhouse on the borders of civilisation. A pretty little knoll in the

rear covered with firs, and having a small stream at its foot, formed an admirable place for camping. The ladies, who had accompanied their husbands and friends to see us off, busied themselves in unpacking hampers filled with all sorts of delicacies, and preparing the evening meal, while the gentlemen looked after the horses. The scene was exhilarating; the unbroken solitudes were for once peopled by the denizens of the city. The rippling laughter of the gentler portion of the company enlivened the dreary woods, and the fair forms gliding in and out among the trees recalled the old Grecian legends of the dryads and wood-nymphs. At night, on retiring to rest, the boisterous spirits of the sterner sex, let loose from the office and the desk, could no longer be restrained, and found vent in sundry practical jokes. The most unearthly yells and shrieks prevailed, ending at last in a prolonged kind of Indian war-whoop, so that one would have thought that all Bedlam was let loose. We were desirous of getting a good night's rest, to prepare us for the fatigues of the morrow; but our friends commenced dancing, and performed a double shuffle over our prostrate bodies. Not satisfied with this, they tried to pull away our blankets from under us, and from each other. Finally one of the party commenced making puns; these were so atrocious, that we were fain to close our ears, and so got to sleep at last.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, we gathered up our traps, and prepared for the long march, having resolved to walk, with a view of getting ourselves into training. We bade a lingering farewell to our friends, and, amidst waving of handkerchiefs and parting salutes from the firearms, bent our steps towards the forest.

A Mr. Longmire, who has a fine "ranch" in the neighbourhood, and was the first, in conjunction with a Mr. Packwood, to cut the Cowlitz Pass trail, aware of the object we had in view, had kindly agreed to guide us, and also find a pack-mule, as well as to bring a horse and another pack-mule for himself. The trail was originally made many years ago by the above-named gentlemen, for the purpose of prospecting on Mount Rainier; but has hardly ever been used since, and is now so overgrown and difficult to find, that had it not been for Mr. Longmire's thorough knowledge of the country, we should never have been able to make the journey. After crossing two or three pastures we entered the forest, and were gratified by the sight of some beautiful wild flowers; among others the Turk's head or tiger lily, and the corn-flower; we also noticed the exquisite Canadian maiden-hair fern (*Adiantum pedatum*). The common red fir abounded; there was also a sprinkling of cedar and spruce. We journeyed through a level country, along a trail which was much encumbered with logs and other obstructions. Now and then it was quite overgrown, and much time was lost in finding it. Owing to the roughness of the road, the mule's pack got loose three or four times, and had to be re-adjusted, a work which requires both time and patience, for the load must be evenly balanced, so that the animal may journey with ease; and if the horse-cloths are not carefully adjusted, its back will soon get galled.

In the middle of the day we came to a pretty trout-stream, overhung with alders and vine-maple. Mr. van Trump tried it, but could not catch any fish. The evening brought us to the Nisqually River, whose course we had been following in a general direction ever since leaving Olympia. Its width at this spot is from 150 to 200 feet. There was an old Indian vapour-bath house on the banks, which formerly belonged to a *Tomanawos* or "medicine-man," who also lived on the spot. These erections are very small, and are constructed of wood, about eighteen inches above the ground, sometimes square, sometimes of a rounded form. The earth is scooped out about six inches below the surface. When used, a fire is made inside, good-sized stones being placed on and round it. A small hole is left, just big enough for the invalid to creep into; the stones being then heated, cold water is poured on, which induces a profuse perspiration. The hole is then closed up and covered with mud, sometimes buckskins, or both together.

Another mode of constructing these houses is by sticking young trees or stout branches in the ground in the form of a circle, and bending them to the centre, the whole being covered with mats. During this and the next day we noticed several Indian houses, about five or six altogether, evidently temporary encampments for hunting purposes. We crossed the river on horseback, availing ourselves of Mr. Longmire's horse and pack-mule for that purpose. Immediately opposite there was a steep bluff, composed of sand, gravel, and clay, about 250 feet in height. The trail wound along the top, right on the verge of the precipice, rendering it necessary to walk with caution. About a mile and a half beyond we entered a fine prairie, called Mischall's. It was a little over half a mile long by about a furlong wide, and, being surrounded with noble firs, was quite park-like. This spot was the scene of a battle in the Indian war of 1855-56. Captain Maxon, who was in command of the regular troops, marched up, and surprising a small party of the Nisqually Indians, cut them down to a man, eight or ten being killed. Here we camped, having made about twenty miles.

Next morning we started at half-past six. The trail for the first three hours was good; after that, Mr. Longmire had considerable difficulty in tracing it. He found that the course of the river had altered in many places, owing to masses of logs brought down by the spring freshets. In the afternoon we came to a mountain stream called Silver Creek, flowing into the Nisqually; and, after leaving this, entered upon a small tract of open country, thinly scattered with timber, and affording a little grass. Towards the evening, we stopped at a creek running into the Nisqually, having in view a mountain called by the Indians "Tum-tum," from its resemblance to a bullock's heart.

Friday, August 11th.—We were now gradually entering the mountains, and had from time to time to cross over buttes or spurs from two to three hundred feet high, some of them very steep. We crossed the Nisqually three times to-day, also a stream called the Rainier Fork, or north branch of the river. On last crossing the Nisqually, our pack-horse slipped and fell into a quicksand in a kind of slough. It was necessary to take off everything to get the animal out. As misfortunes never come singly, we discovered that our flour-sack had given way, and had to repair this at once on the spot, in the middle of the slough. Never was sewing performed before under greater difficulties. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with all the details of the journey. After the first two or three days, one began to be pretty much the same as another. Our route was either through forest, with logs of all sizes frequently across the trail at every dozen or half-dozen steps, or else we would have

to surmount steep buttes through a thick brush, then descending to the river, cross and re-cross it, making our way along sandy bottoms and tributaries; the party every now and then were brought to a standstill, while Mr. Longmire reconnoitred to find the trail. It was rarely that we came to any open country, if so, it would be a tract of limited extent, with burnt timber, free from underwood, showing that a fire had passed over it. In this way we journeyed for five days, and some notion of the difficulties attendant on bringing horses into this country may be formed from the fact that, in a distance of about 100 miles, there were only four places where we found grass.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, after skirting a mountain-side, we gained a spot where there was a fine view of Mount Rainier, at the head of the Nisqually Valley; and, leaving this, we entered another in the direction of the Cowlitz Pass, and descended gradually to a prairie about three-quarters of a mile long by a furlong or more wide, enclosed by mountains, for we were now in the heart of the Cascade Range. This spot is called Bear Prairie—Mr. Longmire having formerly shot a bear here. It is distant twenty miles west or south-west of Mount Rainier, and is the "divide" of the Nisqually and Cowlitz Rivers. As horses cannot be brought any further in the direction of the mountain, we made this place our head-quarters and permanent camp for the ascent. A feeble stream of water trickles through the prairie, so small that its course is only indicated by the willows that grow along its banks. We camped on the borders, where there was plenty of fallen timber affording firewood. After awhile our attention was roused by hearing cracks which proceeded from a large tree near by, that was charred. We thought that it would be prudent to remove our things, as well as our valuable persons, and had hardly done so, when a great portion of the tree snapped off, and fell with a great crash across the very spot we had just vacated. As there were charred trees all round, we did not much fancy sleeping here, but it was late, and we felt too fatigued to seek another spot, so resolved to trust to Providence for our safety. We christened this place Camp Dirty, from the quantity of charred wood, and the mud and sand which abounded. The latter got over our blankets, and into our food. We saw no great reason to feel consoled by Mr. van Trump's joke, that the sand would give us "grit" for the ascent.

Notwithstanding the elevation of this valley—2,781 feet above the sea by aneroid barometer—it was insufferably warm in the daytime, owing to its narrowness, and our being exposed to a southern sun. In addition, we were much plagued with flies, gnats, and mosquitoes. The only way to alleviate our sufferings was by building fires to create a smoke; and this was not always successful, for the remedy sometimes proved to be worse than the disease, as we found ourselves every now and then between two fires.

Mr. Longmire informed us that there was a tribe living in the neighbourhood of the Cowlitz Pass, distant half a day's journey, where we might engage Indians to guide and pack for us to the foot of the mountain. Accordingly, he and General Stevens started next morning on foot to find them. They returned in the evening and reported that the trail was exceedingly bad, worse than any portion of the previous journey. The tribe was away hunting or gathering berries, and they found only one Indian and his squaw. He agreed to be our guide, and promised to be with us on the morrow.

Next day, Mr. Longmire's animals being sufficiently recruited, he started on his homeward journey, leaving us a pack-mule. We made preparations for the ascent by sorting out our Alpine paraphernalia, selecting provisions, and arranging our boots for the insertion of spikes and screws for the ice-work. I am sure a stranger coming along, ignorant of our object, would have taken us for a party of industrious cobblers. About one o'clock, the Indian came up, accompanied by a little boy, both of them on horseback. His squaw walked, and carried a baby on her back, which she supported by a band round her forehead—the Indian mode of packing. Our guide, who rejoiced in the name of Blueskin, is a kind of chief, and owns several horses. He was of a dignified carriage, and evidently had no mean opinion of himself, or of the important service he was about to render to the white men. He came dressed for the occasion, and wore an old military cap, the crown of which was formed of the brass rim of an old coal-oil lamp, which, instead of supporting a chimney, bore some eagle's feathers. A belt round his waist served to gather in the folds of his blanket, and gave the skirt the appearance of a coat. Leggings of the same stuff completed his costume, which, considering the slight material he had to work upon, showed considerable taste, and was really artistic and effective.

We started about two p.m., having packs of from thirty to forty pounds weight, and leaving the Indian woman in charge of the camp. Our course was across a high mountain range to the eastward, which separates Bear Prairie from another range abutting immediately on the base of Mount Rainier. For this purpose we directed our steps to the summit of a fir-covered mountain in the first-mentioned range, which was visible from camp. The route lay over a succession of gullies and small ravines, the mountain-side being mostly free from timber, the gullies excepted, where grew the hazel, alder, and dwarf willow. The ground was covered with blackberries, which, as usual at this elevation, were of the most exquisite flavour, attributable to the dryness of the atmosphere. There was also the red huckleberry, and the purple whortleberry. And I noticed the plant called "kanickanick," sometimes used by the Indians as a substitute for tobacco. There was the lychnis, with the lupin, which was only just beginning to bloom, and the wild pea; these two latter small. Towards the summit bunch grass grew in patches. The soil for a considerable portion of the ascent of this mountain was loose and sandy, so that one's feet sank in at every step, which made walking, encumbered as we were with packs, very fatiguing. When half way up the mountain, after about two hours' travelling, we diverged somewhat from our course, and followed a gully leading directly to the summit, the head of which rose up in steep cliffs. My companions, who were bent on "doing it," had got the start of me, and, on my arrival at the foot of these cliffs, I could not discern any track or way up them. I tried one side and then another, without finding any passage. Having no time to look about me, and fearful of losing them altogether, I clambered straight up the rocks. The higher I advanced, the more precipitous they became, and their ledges narrower and narrower, till there was only just room enough to plant my toes. At length I came to a point where the face of the precipice was so steep that there was no foot or hand-hold. Consequently, the weight of my pack threatened to drag me backwards off the rocks. It was necessary to descend and try another side, but this could not be done without being relieved

of my pack, as, otherwise, I could not turn round and look down, so as to see where to plant my hands and toes. Taking off the pack, I let it drop to the bottom, thinking that it would be arrested by some bushes at the foot. But, to my dismay, it rolled clean through them, and dashed down the mountain. I hurried down as fast as I dared, but too late, it was nowhere to be seen—to quote an old saying, it was something like looking for a needle in a haystack; and I realised the memorable words of Francis I., written to his mother after losing the battle of Pavia, "Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur."

While engaged in the search, the Indian appeared on the top of the cliffs. I motioned to him, and made signs that I had lost my pack; he pointed in the direction of the camp, signifying that I had better return. As it was impossible to continue the journey without blankets and other necessaries, and the afternoon was now far advanced, my only alternative was to return to camp. It was dark before I got in, but the light of the Indian woman's fire served for a beacon, and enabled me to reach Bear Prairie in safety. The disaster above narrated was sufficiently mortifying, and for the time made me disgusted with mountaineering; but on waking next morning, I took a more hopeful view of things, and on looking in a pouch I carried with me, I found the spikes for the ice-work before alluded to, which I had supposed were in the pack, and determined to make an attempt to get up to the mountain and try the ascent. A waterproof ground-sheet was still left to me, and I conceived that with the aid of that and an old gunny sack for a coat, I could make a substitute for blankets and clothing; but being ignorant of the route, it was necessary to make some preliminary explorations. On reflection, it appeared to me that the Indian had not taken the shortest course to the mountain; I therefore resolved on a different route, and accordingly ascended a mountain rising immediately above the prairie, being nearly due east of it. In fact, it formed part of one long ridge springing from the Nisqually Valley, rising into peaks here and there, and lying a little to the west of the one where I met with the disaster above narrated, being only separated from it by a ravine. I could not discern Mount Rainier, or plan out any route, by reason of the timber which covered the ridge at this point.

Having taken up some provisions, to save myself the labour of carrying a heavy load all at once, I made a *cache* in the hollow of a burnt tree, about eight feet from the ground, and deposited therein the provisions I had brought up. But it was not without misgivings, fearing that the bears might find it out; so I filled up the hole with pieces of burnt wood, hoping that it would throw them off the scent. Next day, I climbed up the same ridge, and gained a point about a mile distant from the one reached the previous day. This afforded a view of the mountain, which was only separated from me by one lofty ridge, bearing the well-remembered features of the lofty Aiguilles, or needle-shaped peaks, in the valley of Chamounix, at the foot of Mont Blanc. Below me, to the west, was the valley of the Nisqually, with the river winding through it like a silver thread between dark and thickly-timbered forests. It was plain that my route lay in the direction of the ridge above described, and that I should have to cross it, at a low point where it dips down to the Nisqually Valley, in order to reach the mountain.

The day was unfavourable for extended views, and Mount Rainier did not appear to advantage; but on the other side, looking over the valley of Bear Prairie, the scenery was very grand. The eye wandered over innumerable peaks, ridge beyond ridge—a world of mountains of every conceivable form and shape—serrated, conical, needle-like, dome-shaped—all tossed about, as it were, into chaos—a revelation of majesty, might, and glory, that filled the breast with awe and wonder. A great fire had passed over the mountain slopes which enclosed the opposite side of the valley. It was thus denuded of forests, nothing remaining but some scorched and blackened trunks thinly scattered over a succession of knolls and bosses, which rose above each other with a certain degree of regularity on the mountain slopes, all rounded and smooth, as if caused by ancient glaciers—a parched, arid, and desolate-looking section of the country. Bear Prairie could not be seen from this point; but when about half-way down, it came into view, appearing like a patch of bright green relieved on the prevailing sombreness of colour in the landscape, and as flat as a billiard-table. On one side of it were the remains of a dense forest, over which a fire had passed; thousands of charred and blackened trunks lay as they fell, all in one general direction, presenting an extraordinary spectacle. I spent another day in making such arrangements as were practicable for my equipment. Then deeming that I could not start without at least an ice-axe, having lost my Alpine pole in fording the Nisqually in the early part of the journey, I waited one more day, judging that my companions would return. In the evening, General Stevens came in, reporting that he and Mr. van Trump had been successful, but that the latter had met with an accident in descending the lower slopes of the mountain, and was laid up near the foot of it, unable to move. The following is General Stevens' account of the ascent:—

"The trip across the mountains was one of excessive toil, occupying fourteen hours. The Indian guide followed a general backbone between the waters of the Cowlitz and Nisqually, but was obliged to climb up and down peaks 7,000 feet in height, across lofty ridge after ridge, until at length, descending an almost perpendicular steep for 2,000 feet, they reached the southern tributary of the Nisqually—a beautiful clear stream, and the only one whose waters are not of milky-white hue. They were now at the base of Rainier, which with its wide-spread spurs or ridges, occupied the whole country to the north for an area of twenty-five or thirty miles across. The upper half of the mountain is exceedingly steep, almost perpendicular; but the lower half is composed of long, gradual, gently sloping ridges, radiating from the mountain, with deep valleys between them. The upper part of the mountain itself, and of those ridges, is a solid, continuous field of snow and ice, five miles wide, except where it is broken by rocky ridges. The lower slopes, six to seven miles wide, are beautiful open meads, covered with the brightest of green grass, the most brilliant flowers, and dotted with groves of balsam fir. Patches and beds of snow occupy the depressions and shady places, and make a beautiful contrast.

"They moved up the southernmost of these ridges, established a camp on the verge of the perpetual snow-line, at the last clump of firs, spent a day in carefully examining and fixing on the line of ascent; and on Wednesday, the 17th, started at six a.m., with ice-poles, an ice-axe, 100 feet of rope, long spikes in their boots, a large canteen of water, a lunch, flags, and a brass plate inscribed with their names. They took no coats, blankets, or provisions. The first five miles were over snow-fields, very regularly and gradually inclined at an

angle of about 20°, and was made in three hours. They then climbed up a steep ridge of rocks for 500 yards, along the side of a 1,000 feet precipice, for 200 yards in mid-air, upon a narrow ledge filled up with loose *débris;* then for 200 feet they ascended almost perpendicularly by the gutter formed by up to the higher side of the crack—some twelve feet—by that means.

"The party first ascended the southern or south-western peak. This is a long, exceedingly steep, narrow ridge, springing out from the main dome or crown for about a mile. The ridge



INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

the junction of the rocky precipice and the ice-fields projecting from the crown of the mountain, cutting steps in the ice and clinging to each projecting point of rock. The next 150 feet climb was wholly upon the steep ice-fields by cutting steps, and the remainder of the ascent was made without material difficulty over perhaps one and a half miles of snow, on ice-fields, across several crevasses, one of which they surmounted by throwing the rope around an overhanging pinnacle of ice, and climbing did not afford over ten or twelve feet of foot-hold on the top, and the sides seemed to fall off almost perpendicularly. It was covered with ice, very much broken, in thin sheets or pinnacles standing on edge very close together. The wind had been blowing hard all day, and had risen to such fury by this time that the tourists were obliged to brace themselves against it to prevent being blown off the sharp ridge, and to throw themselves behind the pinnacles of ice for protection every fifty

yards or so. Hastening forward in this way, they reached at length the highest point, and with three cheers waved their flags aloft, and named the point 'Peak Success,' in token of their victory. They were just ten and a half hours in making the ascent, during all which time they toiled hard, and were not obliged to return a single step.

"They stood a moment upon that narrow summit, bracing themselves against the furious and biting blast, to view the prospect; but the whole country was covered with a dense sea of smoke, hiding everything except one solitary peak to the south-east (Mount Adams), whose summit, like Rainier's, loomed above the smoke. Immediately about the mountain on every side were deep gorges, falling off precipitously thousands of feet, separated by vertical ridges of rock, and each forming the bed of a glacier which could be seen far below, wrinkled across with countless crevasses. The great field of ice and snow which covered the crown of the mountain overhung these gorges, and was continually breaking off in immense masses, which fell with the roar of thunder. The wind was now a perfect tempest, and very cold; smoke and mist were flying about the base of the mountain, half hiding, half revealing, its gigantic outlines; and the whole scene was grand, sublime, awful.

"Retracing their steps along the narrow summit of 'Peak Success,' the tourists crossed the ice-field and ascended the middle peak, about a mile distant. This is the highest by about 200 feet, and the ascent is up an easy-sloping snow-field to the summit, which is crowned by a rocky ridge. Climbing over this, they found themselves within a circular crater 200 yards in diameter, filled with a solid bed of snow, and with a rim of rocks projecting above the snow all round. As they crossed the crater on the snow, Mr. van Trump detected the odour of sulphur, and the next instant numerous jets of steam, hot air, and thin smoke were observed issuing from the crevices of the rocks forming the rim on the northern side. Never was a discovery more welcome. Hastening forward, they both exclaimed—as they warmed their thoroughly chilled and benumbed extremities over one of old Pluto's fires—that here they would pass the night, secure against freezing to death at least; for it was now six o'clock, and it would have been impossible to descend the mountain before nightfall.

"A deep cavern, extending under and into the ice, formed by the action of the heat, was found, and a short distance within its mouth they built a wall of stones, enclosing a space five feet by six, around a strong jet of heat and steam. Ensconced within this shelter, they discussed their future prospects, while they warmed themselves at their natural stove. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant; but the steam wetted them, the smell of sulphur nauseated them, and, in short, they passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side and in a hot sulphur-steam bath on the other. The wind outside roared and whistled; but secure within their cavern and their wall, it did not much affect them, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicularly.

"The dawn at length slowly broke, cold and grey, and the tempest howled still wilder. As it grew light, dense clouds of snow-driven mist went sweeping by overhead, and completely hid the sun and enveloped the mountain so as to hide objects a hundred yards distant. They watched this with great anxiety, fearing a storm which might detain them for days without food or shelter; or worse yet, snow which would render the descent more perilous or most likely impossible. And when, at half-past eight, an occasional rift in the driving mist gave a glimpse of blue sky, they made haste to descend. First, however, they deposited the brass plate inscribed with their names in a cleft in a large boulder on the highest summit—which was a huge mound of rocks on the east side of this crater of refuge—placed the canteen alongside, and covered it with a large stone.

"At half-past eight they left their shelter, after exercising violently to start the blood through their chilled and numbed limbs; and in attempting to pass around the rocky summit on which was deposited the plate and canteen, they discovered a second crater, larger than the first, perhaps 300 yards in diameter. It is circular, filled with a bed of snow, with a rocky rim all round, and numerous jets of steam issuing from among the rocks. It is separated from the first by a ledge of rocks. Both craters are inclined, the first to the west, and the second with a much steeper inclination, 30° to the east. The rim of the second crater is much higher, or the snow-field inside lower, than that of the first, and on the east side rises in a rocky wall thirty feet above the snow within. The ridge between them, on which was deposited the brass plate and canteen, is the highest summit of the mountain. It was named 'Crater Peak.' The northern peak they named 'Peak Tah-ho-ma,' to perpetuate the Indian name of the mountain.

"The route in returning was the same as in the ascent, and it was half-past one before they reached the foot of the rocky ridge, where the real difficulties of the ascent commenced. About five hours were consumed in descending; seven and a half were occupied in ascending.

"They now struck out joyfully and rapidly down the wide snow-fields for their camp. When nearly there, Mr. van Trump slipped, slid down a steep snowbank forty feet, and struck upon the rocks. His face and hands were badly skinned; he received several severe bruises, and a deep and wide gash in his thigh. With much pain he managed to limp to camp. Once there, our tired and famished mountaineers were soon regaling themselves on coffee, slapjacks, and marmots or badgers, four of which had been killed by the Indian.

"The next day they descended the long slope to its foot, where, leaving Mr. van Trump in camp, General Stevens, with the Indian, pushed on to Bear Prairie. Thinking, from the lay of the country, that the mountain route by which the Indian had guided them was unnecessarily circuitous, and knowing that it was out of the question for Mr. van Trump to retrace it, he determined to seek a new and better route by following down the tributary of the Nisqually to the point where the party had left that river for Bear Prairie. He did so against the urgent remonstrance of the Indian, and found a route so much better that he reached Bear Prairie in five and a half hours instead of fourteen hours by the mountains."

In consequence of the events above narrated, as the ice-axe was with Mr. van Trump, I was compelled to renounce my project of ascending the mountain for the present, and accompany General Stevens back a portion of our route, about half a day's journey, to the Nisqually Valley, where a rendezvous had been agreed upon. The Indian having been sent on with a horse to fetch Mr. van Tramp, brought him up in the afternoon. To my chagrin, heavy rain now set in, and

lasted three days. I was compelled to abandon all hopes of ascending the mountain. Having lost twelve pounds of bacon in my pack, we were running short of that indispensable article of food, and it was doubtful whether our provisions would hold out, even had my companions been willing to stay while I made an attempt.

August 23rd.—Pouring with rain. I had fortunately brought along a waterproof sheet with tags to it. This, when set up in the form of a marquee tent, just accommodated the three of us for sleeping in at night. At one of the open ends we piled up the pack-saddle and other belongings, filling it up with horse-cloths and odds and ends. The other aperture was necessarily left open, but being opposite a huge fire, big enough to roast an ox, and which lasted half the night, we did not so much mind it. In the daytime the waterproof was suspended between two trees in a sloping position, like one side of the letter A; thus protecting us sufficiently from the rain, and affording room for the party to sit and lounge at ease. Notwithstanding this shelter, everything seemed to get more or less damp and wet. Mr. van Trump, who for his skill in the culinary art we had dubbed *chef de cuisine*, complained that the yeast-powder had become damp, and told us that he could not bake any more bread. He issued his injunctions to the party to be more careful, and paraphrasing Cromwell's famous saying to his soldiers, said, "Trust in Providence and keep your yeast-powder dry." One morning I had great difficulty in lighting the fire, owing to the continuous rain. After five or six attempts I was thinking of abandoning it, when the Indian brought some touchwood, which kindled directly.

Tuesday, August 24th.—A fine morning. We started at seven. Our first step was to cross the Nisqually; this was now a formidable undertaking, for the river was flooded with the rains, and had become a raging torrent. Standing on the brink, I felt somewhat nervous, but walked steadily by supporting myself with a stout pole, which General Stevens had used for Mount Rainier, he himself leading the mule, and intending to hold on by its tail, should he lose his footing. When in the centre of the stream, it was as much as I could do to stem the torrent, such was its force, and the difficulty of making one's way across a bed covered with smooth and slippery boulders of all sizes. Had there been three more inches of water, I doubt whether any one of the party could have withstood it. The river being tortuous, this process had to be repeated some five times; thus the party had no lack of cold bathing. We passed the night at Silver Creek. Next day, on gaining a slight eminence, we enjoyed a fine view of the Nisqually Valley, which at this point is perhaps a mile wide, and several miles long. Owing to smoke caused by fire in the forests, we were unable to notice this in the earlier part of the journey. Cradled by the mountains of the Cascade Range, with the river winding through it till lost in the distance, one views this noble valley with a feeling not unmingled with regret. To see a fine tract of country, capable of high cultivation, silent and solitary, untenanted by man, its sweetness wasted on the desert air, is depressing. Yet one cannot but look forward to a time when the advancing wave of civilisation shall break on its barriers, and brave hardy men shall here make themselves homes, and find their daily bread.

Next day, we reached our old encampment at the Indian medicine-man's house, having been in deep forests all the time, save once or twice, when we skirted the river. One of the most beautiful effects to be seen in the forest, relieving its sombre gloom, is witnessed on the approach of evening. The sun then breaking through the trees casts his slanting rays in large patches of yellow light, deepening into red with the sinking sun, and glinting up the huge shafts of the firs, which stand closely packed together, and of enormous height. We had much difficulty in finding the trail this day, its traces having been obliterated by the rains. Many were the stoppages we had to make, sometimes for the greater part of an hour. While I held the mule, General Stevens and Mr. van Trump would make a large circuit, closely scanning every part of it. I could see them climbing huge logs, running along their tops, peering about, then jumping down, and diving into masses of choked-up timber, and shouting to each other, as they fancied they caught sight of some mark of an axe, or old "blaze" of a tree, nearly overgrown. At length the welcome cry would be heard, "All right! here it is—come along;" to be stopped again, perhaps, before another hour was over. Darkness came on suddenly, without the intervention of twilight, as it always does in deep forests—a perplexing phenomenon to a stranger, but one easily accounted for by reason of the great height of the trees.

The essentials for a camping-place are wood, water, and grass, and we were afraid that we should have to do without the two latter. Of course it is useless lighting a fire if there is no water to boil. But just as all hope had died within us, we were fortunate enough to come upon a stream, and Mr. van Trump, on making a search, found a "swale" a little below, affording grass for the mule. Next day, about noon, our poor mule, who had been ill-fed and overworked, showed symptoms of distress, making it necessary to halt and relieve the animal as much as possible. It lay down, and actually seemed to gasp for breath, refusing some flour and water placed before it, there not being any grass available. In this condition of things, to lighten the pack-load as much as possible, we threw away a quantity of provisions, leaving only just enough with which to reach Olympia. This was not done without a feeling of regret, not so much on account of the value of the provisions, as of their waste, a thing always to be deplored in a world where men and women sometimes die of starvation.

We hoped to reach our starting-point for the journey this evening, and walked hard all day, but night overtook us before we reached our destination; though it was certain that we could not be far off, having heard sounds which betokened the neighbourhood of civilisation. With our usual good luck, we found a stream. Fortunately, I had preserved a small piece of candle, which enabled us to find wood for a fire.

About a mile after starting, we were cheered by the sight of a fence, and not long after, Mr. E. Longmire's farmhouse came into view. We took a short rest, and went on to an adjoining farm. Here we hired a wagon and a couple of horses, bargaining with the owner to drive us to Olympia. On the way we stopped at Mr. Longmire's, and partook of such a dinner as we had not enjoyed since leaving Olympia. General Stevens and Mr. van Trump had each a flag of the Stars and Stripes, which had been presented to them by young ladies, and which they had waved on the summit of Mount Rainier. With these attached to their Alpine poles, and fixed on each side of the wagon, our party entered Olympia, literally with flying colours, amid general congratulations.

French Exploration in Cambodia and Indo-China.—II.

Like all the Annamite and Cambodian villages, Compong Luong consists of a long row of houses parallel to the river, built upon a kind of causeway formed by the bank itself, and looking down upon the surrounding lands. There is, however, this difference, that while the Annamite cottages stand upon the surface of the ground, those of the Cambodians are raised upon piles one, two, or three yards in height. The first idea is that this custom is adopted to escape from the inundations of the river; but as it is also found in the interior of the country, in places where the inhabitants have no reason to be in fear of water, it must rather be attributed to some instinct of race peculiar to certain people of India and Indo-China, its real use being to preserve the house from damp, from scorpions, and leeches, to say nothing of snakes and other disagreeable intruders.



HUT OF A LAOTIAN PEASANT.

The waters had risen so considerably during the expedition to Angcor that it was no longer possible to ramble about the neighbourhood of Compong Luong. The only route that could be taken was the high and broad causeway leading to Oudong. Even this walk did not offer much interest, as the King of Cambodia and his court had lately gone away to Pnom Penh. On the left of this road, however, there is a hill, the summit of which is crowned by an ancient pagoda of very saintly fame, and containing a colossal statue of Buddha. On the right, and even in Compong Luong itself, is a new pagoda, in which modern Cambodian art has displayed all its magnificence a feeble reflection of the Siamese temples at Bankok.

The second gun-boat was waiting for them at Compong Luong, and the two sailed in company on July 5th for Pnom Penh, where the party were to take final leave of his Cambodian Majesty Norodom. From Compong Luong to Pnom Penh the right bank of the arm of the lake presents an uninterrupted succession of houses and villages. Towards noon they anchored a little above the point at which King Norodom was building himself a house in the European fashion. Pnom Penh being situated at the confluence of the principal Mekong River with the branch leading to the Great Lake, has a very animated and charming appearance; and its position suggested that it might be restored, by French enterprise, to the commercial importance which it had up to the time when it was burnt by the Siamese in 1834, and when it was said to contain 50,000 inhabitants. Its population is one of the most mixed in the whole delta of Cambodia:

the traveller elbows in succession Annamites, Cambodians, Siamese, Malays, Indians, and Chinese from every province of the Celestial Empire. These last form, as everywhere else, the most active and commercial element of the people, if not the most numerous; next in order of importance come the Annamites, who supply not only all the boatmen employed by the traffic with lower Cochin-China and the fisheries of the Great Lake, but also a great number of small shopkeepers; the Malays, who form a powerful corporation, and are the principal holders of some of the articles of European commerce; and lastly, the natives of the soil. In the market the



A VIEW UPON THE RAPIDS OF THE MEKONG.

porcelain, pottery, silks, and hardware of the Celestial Empire are seen side by side with Indian calicoes, English cotton goods, and the bottle of absinthe, or *parfait-amour*, which is the more especial characteristic of French importation. In this market the officers of the expedition completed their stores of goods for exchange, and made a large purchase of brass wire of all sizes; the Chinese, who had commercial transactions with Laos, having especially pointed out this article as one of the most highly esteemed in that part of the river for which they were immediately bound.

On the following day they were presented by M. de Lagrée to King Norodom, who gave them a most brilliant reception, and kindly invited them to be present at a grand ballet, performed by his company of dancing-girls. The originality and elegance of their costumes, and the richness of the embroidered silks composing them, seemed to be more worthy of admiration than the grace of the *entrechats* and the pantomimic expression of the performers, although the local colouring of the representation was highly characteristic. M. Garnier, who had frequently been present at theatrical performances in China and Indo-China, found this an essentially different performance, and one which evidently arose from an opposite tradition. The art of dancing is completely foreign to the Mongolian race: the royal performance of Cambodia was manifestly of Indian origin; and this point may be considered particularly interesting when it is connected with the theory that the ancient Cambodians, who built the marvels of Angcor, were emigrants from the Indus. The performance of the ballet, in which the whole court seemed to take a keen delight, was followed by a supper, at which only the French party were present with the king. His Majesty was very unwilling to part with his friend and preceptor, M. de Lagrée, and vainly attempted, at parting, to press upon him the acceptance of a bar of gold as the highest proof of his affection.

They were soon near the Sombor rapids, and at the extreme limit of what had hitherto been attempted in a steam-vessel. Under these circumstances they had nothing to do but to devote their attention for four or five days to the arrangements for their future navigation. The eight canoes placed at their disposal required special fittings to enable them to ascend against the powerful currents of the river. They were nothing but hollowed trunks of trees, of from fifty to eighty feet in length: to render them serviceable, it was necessary to sur-

round them with an edging made of bamboos, and sufficiently wide to admit of the free passage of a man. This formed, at the stem and stern, two platforms, widening and lengthening the extremities of the canoe, on one of which was the steering apparatus. The hollow part of the vessel was covered in with a semi-circular tent-roof, the framework of which was made of bamboos, the interstices being filled up with mats and leaves. While the native boatmen were employed on these constructions, the officers completed the arrangement of the stores of the expedition, and took all possible precautions to preserve them from future injury.

On the 13th of July, the boats being at last ready, they proceeded with the embarkation and stowing of all their stores among them; the members of the party were also distributed as equally as possible, and the French flag was planted on the vessel which contained the commander of the expedition. At noon the boats pushed off in succession, and began the long and troublesome process of punting along the left bank of the river. The crew of each of these vessels consists, according to its size, of from six to ten men, each of whom is supplied with a long bamboo, fitted with an iron hook at one end and a fork at the other, so as to be used for pushing or pulling, according to circumstances. They start from the fore platform, fix their bamboos on some point on the bank, some stone or branch of a tree, and walk towards the stern, returning by the opposite side of the vessel to take up a new point of departure. This revolving kind of system enables the canoe to go through the water at about the running pace of a man, if the men are skilful and the bank straight and clear. The steersman has to keep the head of the vessel to the stream, or rather a little inclined towards the bank; if he allowed the current to strike the other side of the bow, the boat would get across, and he would have to allow it to turn completely round before attempting to bring it back along the shore.

Very little way was made on the 13th. After a short halt at Sombor, they settled down for the night at the entrance of a small branch of the river on its left bank, and there found themselves at the beginning of the rapids of Samboc-Sombor. The edge of a maize-field was their sleeping-room. The novelty of the situation, the conversation carried far into the night; the mosquitoes, and a few squalls of rain, gave a sleepless night to most of the party.

Next morning, about six o'clock, after a slight breakfast of biscuit and coffee, the boats continued the ascent of the river. The stream was rapid; the water had risen fifteen or sixteen feet, and was already carrying away trees, branches, and masses of foliage torn from the banks. Instead of the tops of rocks which, when the waters are low, are seen scattered about this part of the river, there was now nothing visible in the vast stream, except distant isolated groups of trees marking the situation of the submerged rocks; and the right bank appeared at the distance of a mile. Along the left bank there seemed to be a large space clear from all obstacles, and offering an easy passage to a steam-vessel of sufficient power to overcome the force of the stream. In fact, these dreaded rapids seemed to disappear with the rising of the waters, and the navigability of the river—which was the great point to determine at the outset of the journey—might so far be relied on without doubt.

At five in the evening they reached Sombor, the last point of any importance that they would meet with in Cambodia. The governor of the province of Samboc-Sombor resides there; and he received M. de Lagrée with the respect due to his rank. Comfortably quartered in one of the many buildings which compose the residence of this functionary, and well sheltered by mosquito-curtains, they passed a much better night than the last one. The excellent mandarin received from M. de Lagrée the present of a revolver in return for some fowls and fruit; and for this price he would have willingly prolonged a hospitality, the whole cost of which would fall on his unhappy taxpayers. Time pressed, however, and in spite of his entreaties, they could only give him the morning of the next day. At eleven o'clock they resumed their journey.

Starting from Sombor, they found the bed of the river covered with islands, which widen it excessively, and prevent a view of its whole extent, while they give a great variety to its appearance. The region they were traversing was almost entirely uninhabited, and covered with magnificent forests of valuable trees, from one species of which a vegetable oil is collected in hollows burnt out of the trunk for this purpose

On the 16th they found themselves in the presence of really serious rapids. There was a sudden disappearance of the clear and well-defined banks of the islands which up to that point had surrounded the part of the stream which they were following. The river was covered with countless groups of half-submerged trees; its muddy waters rolled impetuously through a thousand channels in an inextricable labyrinth. Huge blocks of sandstone rose along the left bank, and showed that banks of the same rock stretched across the river, and barred it through its whole breadth. At a considerable distance from the bank, the bamboos of the boatmen touched the bottom at less than three yards, and the canoes advanced with very great difficulty against a stream which, in confined places, attained a speed of five miles an hour. The future of the rapid commercial relations which the day before had formed the subject of a pleasant dream on this mighty river—the natural road from China to Saigon—became sadly compromised from this moment.

Rains and storms helped also to make progress more slow and difficult. They had infinite trouble to find safe moorings at night for their boats; and the sudden rising of little side-streams in which they sought shelter, frequently threatened them with being carried away in their sleep, and unexpectedly dashed into the current of the main river. They slept in their boats, the roof of which offered them some shelter from the rain; but a storm could not last long without here and there penetrating between the leaves and matting. The warmth of the temperature prevented these drenchings from being very intolerable; and they resigned themselves to sleeplessness in the contemplation of the fantastic and magnificent illuminations caused by incessant lightning among the dark vaults of the forest, and in listening to the crashing sound of thunder re-echoed on every side, and mixed with the dull surging of the river waters.

On the 19th they escaped from this region of rapids, and found themselves at the frontier of Cambodia and Laos, on the left bank of the river, as usual. On the right bank, a little below this point, was the dangerous rapid of Preatapang, which the boatmen declared to be the most formidable passage in this part of the river. M. de Lagrée sent M. Garnier to examine it, and he started in a small canoe for that purpose. Having reached the middle of the river, by the side of an

island which commands an extensive view down stream, his boatmen pointed with their fingers in the direction of Preatapang. This was all he could get from them; in spite of his entreaties they rowed him back again to the bank from which they had started. On the next day, the course of the river changed from west to north; and, for the first time, the horizon gave indications of undulating country in that direction. The river was once more calm and magnificent; and on the left bank were seen the first houses of the Laotians.

On the 21st they saw the large affluent of the Se Cong River, and doubled the point of Stung Treng, the chief town of the province, and situated at a short distance from its mouth. Here they were to meet the first official belonging to Siam, with whom they had to deal.

From the beginning of the conference this official, who was a Laotian, displayed a coldness and distrust which seemed to augur badly for their future relations with the Siamese authorities. At Stung Treng they had to send back their Cambodian boats and their crews, who could not go further from their point of departure; to get together other means of transport; and to complete the geographical examination of the river up to that point. All this required time and the concurrence of the inhabitants. It was, therefore, imperative to break the ice which threatened to interfere with the requisite good understanding, without departing from their necessary dignity. After paying a first visit to ask the governor for shelter and provisions, M. de Lagrée, finding that promises were not realised, sent M. Garnier to renew his request, and to express his dissatisfaction. There was more of timidity than of ill-will in the behaviour of the poor man; and presently he concluded by frankly admitting that the country was very ill-disposed towards the French, on account of the recent visit of a merchant of that country, who had given them a very bad opinion of their way of doing business; that, for this reason, it would be very difficult to procure provisions and means of transport; and that, in short, their arms and their numbers were not calculated to reassure people who were by nature gentle and given to timidity. The commander promised to consider these complaints; assured him that the conduct of all those in the expedition would clear away the suspicions of the Laotians; obtained the admission of the governor that he had no right to interfere with the French expedition; and finally showed him the Siamese passports. He let it be understood, at the same time, that if his just demands continued to be met with the same inactivity, he should establish himself at Stung Treng, without permission from anyone, and should report the matter to the governor of French Cochin-China.

This line of conduct succeeded completely. The governor presently returned the visit in person, and apologised for his conduct, which arose from a misunderstanding. His presents were now accepted, and he received others in return. The people began at once to build a hut for the party, who meanwhile took up their quarters in the *sala*—a sort of public dwelling found in every Laotian village, where public affairs are discussed in the daytime, and where watchmen are stationed at night, to call the hours and protect the inhabitants from tigers and other nocturnal beasts. From that moment they were enabled to send back their canoes and Cambodian boatmen, fifty in number, who were very eager to return, in consequence of the requirements of the rice-crops. Though the King of Cambodia had given orders that the members of the expedition should be conducted to Stung Treng without remuneration, charging the cost upon services due to him from the frontier villages, M. de Lagrée did not like having taken away these poor fellows for nothing, and gave them each about four francs, and sufficient rice for their journey home. This generosity was also intended to satisfy the Laotians, in whose presence they were, that they, too, would be rewarded for their future services. He retained, however, a small canoe, and the two boldest of the Cambodian boatmen, who were also said to be best acquainted with the river, and engaged them for payment, to take M. Garnier back to Sombor, along the right bank of the river, or by such route as he should decide upon. The nature of the navigation up to Stung Treng had made accurate observation impossible; and the object of this second excursion down the river, and in full stream, was especially to try to establish the existence of a navigable channel in the midst of this labyrinth of islands, rocks, and rapids.

He embarked, therefore, on July 24th with the two Cambodians, taking also a young French sailor named Renaud, who in a long residence in the country had acquired some knowledge of the language, and who would be useful both as leadsman and interpreter. The light canoe, carried by the stream, was managed with marvellous skill by the two men, each using a short paddle, and squatting at either end of the vessel. Renaud and M. Garnier occupied the centre, the one sounding from time to time, while the other took down rapidly by compass the course taken, and marked with pencil the different peculiarities presented by the river. They soon gained the right bank; and, thanks to the rapidity of the stream, by nightfall they had already reached the head of the region of rapids, where they stopped to find a resting-place for the night. This they found at a spot where men had been cutting timber. Huge felled trees lay all around them, already being hollowed out for canoes: strong wooden wedges kept open the first gaping wound which had been made with hatchets. The wood-cutters had left their work, but they had also left the remains of a lighted fire, and the travellers soon piled up fresh fuel for the night. Close at hand was a small hut raised upon four poles, about ten feet above the ground, the entrance to which was approached by a rude sort of ladder. This kind of observatory, which is found in all the frequented parts of the forest, and which serves both as a shelter and a safeguard against wild beasts, was transformed into a bedroom. Rocked by the oscillations administered by the wind to their abode, and by the harmony of the countless sounds of the forest, M. Garnier with the French sailor and one of the boatmen slept profoundly; the other stretched himself in the small canoe, which he completely filled, and kept watch during the night over the safety of their sole conveyance. At six o'clock in the morning they started again. The narrow arm which they followed on the previous evening suddenly expanded to more than a mile in width, and the force of the stream increased at the same time. The depth of the river, which had proved to be about a hundred feet on leaving Stung Treng, was here scarce fifty. On the left was the great Prea Island, which concealed the opposite bank. The latter was invisible until they had passed the southern extremity of the island, at which point the whole river seemed to attain a width of three miles; the river was then again covered with islands of every size, and the distant roar of the Preatapang rapids reached the ear. Here the boatmen wanted to recross the

river to its left bank; but M. Garnier opposed them, and showed his determination to keep close to the right bank, which he thought gave the prospect of the deepest water. His plan was met by the most energetic refusal. They declared it was madness to attempt the passage; the water boiled, they said; the stream went like lightning, and the canoe must certainly be destroyed. He observed that they were specially engaged to take him to Preatapang; that they had been hired at Stung Treng at extra wages for this particular object; that up to that moment they had not considered the affair impossible, and that he did not so consider it himself, with so light and handy a craft as theirs was. At last he promised to double



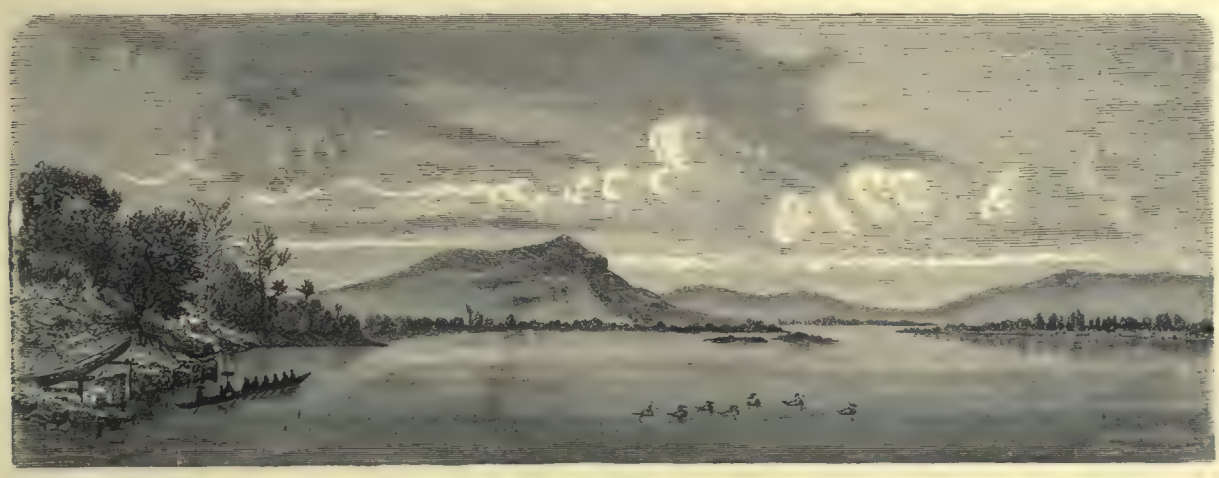
A STREET IN COMPONG LUONG.

the payment agreed on. After consulting together for a moment, they promised to show him Preatapang, but they continually increased their distance from the bank of the river. Thoroughly determined not to miss a second time the chance of exploring this famous passage, he told Renaud to make a show of seizing the stern paddle, while at the same time, revolver in hand, he ordered the boatmen to take the course he pointed out to them. They obeyed. In another moment they found themselves between the right bank and a line of long and narrow islands, where the stream attained an irresistible speed of six or seven miles an hour, and it was already too late to attempt a retreat. The duty of examining the part of the river before his eyes was the only thing that prevented him from laughing at the comical agony of his two boatmen. He saw, moreover, by their expression that, though there might be danger in this terrible passage, it was not a matter of certain death, and he observed with pleasure they did their best to work the canoe with energy and promptitude. The threat of taking their paddles from them had its effect; they were more willing to trust to their own skill and powers of self-preservation than to commit their fate to the ignorant audacity of a European.

The cause of the rapid was soon apparent; after a long course almost exactly from north to south, the right bank of the river turns sharply to the east, and offers a perpendicular barrier to the course of the river. Above this point, on the other side, a promontory throws back into this elbow all the waters of the stream which strike it and bound back from it, so that the whole mass of the Mekong is driven with the speed and noise of thunder into the four or five channels formed by the islands of sandstone which extend along its right bank. Angry, as it were, with this unexpected barrier, the muddy waves furiously attack the bank, leap over it, enter the forest, foam round every tree and rock, and leave nothing standing but the largest trees and the most ponderous masses of rock. The remnants are left piled up on their path; the bank is levelled; and, rising out of a sea of dazzling whiteness, full of whirlpools and rubbish, giants of the forest and dark rocks still hold out, while lofty columns of foam leap and fall incessantly over their crests. This point was reached with the speed of lightning. It was a matter of the greatest importance not to be carried by the water into the forest, where they would have been dashed

into a thousand atoms, and to turn the point by following the deepest part of the channel. It was but a vision, a flash of lightning: the noise was deafening, the eye was fascinated by the scene. The masses of water, torn in every direction, running at a speed which could not be less than ten or eleven miles an hour, and carrying the frail canoe between trees and rocks, lost and twirling in their foam, were enough to turn giddy the most unimpressionable eye. Renaud had the skill and coolness to try a sounding at a signal given to him, and found more than thirty feet: that was all that could be done. In another moment they grazed the trunk of a tree, by the side of which the water was several yards in depth. The boatmen leaning over their paddles, pale with fear, but keeping a good and quick look-out, succeeded in preventing the canoe from being wrecked against it. By degrees the giddy speed of the stream diminished; calmer water was approached; the bank again appeared defined; and the boatmen wiped away the perspiration that dripped from their foreheads, as we coasted along to give them time to recover from their excitement and the violent efforts which they had been obliged to make. The result of the observations was that, even if the depth of water permitted the passage of a ship, the force of the stream would destroy all idea of attempting the passage; and that, if any channel existed, it was not to be sought on that side, but more probably among the islands which crowd the central part of the great river.

In continuing the descent of the river by the right bank, several other rapids were passed, but none of them presented the slightest danger: and on the same day at half-past two o'clock, they reached Sombor, having, thanks to the velocity of the stream, traversed in twelve hours a distance which had just cost them the labour of six days in ascending the river. They found at Sombor a Cambodian boat loaded with cases which they had been obliged to leave behind at Cratieh for want of transport, and which were now being forwarded to the expedition at Stung Treng; they therefore abandoned their inconveniently small canoe, and, after spending a night at the residence of the governor, they started once more up the river, and, without any adventures, rejoined the rest of the party in a few days.



VIEW OF THE RIVER AT PNOM FADANG.

Wanderings in Norway.—III.

BY FRANK USHER.

THE SOGNE FJELD.

THERE is a certain charm in travelling across a wide desert region, like the Sogne Fjeld. It is not that the general scenery of the table-land is beautiful; there is but little beauty in the broken moor. Huge rocks, some of them smooth and rounded, others of weird, fantastic outline, rear themselves high above the snow that covers the Fjeld. Pools of jet-black water, and lakes, many of them frozen over, nestle in the hollows These are the main features of the table-land. It is the sense of loneliness which imparts the charm to the wilderness. There, one is alone with Nature. One treads a path which human foot has seldom trodden before. Far off, are all the evidences of civilisation; there the hum of busy industry has never been heard. No sound meets the ear of him who has invaded Nature in her solitude but the voices of the elements, which speak in the thunder rolling along the fjelds, in the wind hissing past the rocks, in the rain pattering upon the moor. Nature is at rest, and the very stillness of the scene becomes a delight. The sense of perfect loneliness thrills the soul with a strange feeling—alas, that that feeling should be strange! What is it but the proud consciousness of absolute freedom?

It was past ten o'clock at night—seemingly, however, but the commencement of evening—when I halted upon a mossy patch that was free from snow, to rest the pony. For seven hours we had seen no signs of a track, but this had caused my guide no uneasiness, for although he said that he had not often

traversed the mountain before, he seemed to be at no time in doubt as to our route. Perhaps he trusted in the sagacity of his pony, which picked its own way with surprising instinct, never making a mistake, although the ground was much broken and covered with snow. It is seldom that there is much ice and snow upon the Sogne Fjeld towards the end of June, but the last winter had been unusually severe, and there had been a heavy fall of snow a few days before I crossed the Fjeld. In winter the Fjeld is impassable. I clambered up a rocky eminence to view the surrounding country; the wind had fallen, and not the faintest sound broke the stillness of that desert region. I had crossed the table-land, and was about to commence the descent towards the west. My eye ranged over a vast extent of fjeld, the character of which was more Alpine than any that I had yet seen in Norway. To the south-west lay a long range of snowy mountains, rising in a succession of peaks. To the north-west stretched another vast mountain range, over which shone the big sun, fusing the outline into an indefinite haze. Sharply defined, though, were the forms of the southern peaks. The fjeld-air is so clear that upon the high-lands of Norway the range of sight is extended far beyond the distance which in England would render objects invisible. My guide climbed up the rock to call my attention to some dark specks upon a field of snow; to me they seemed to be small stones, a few hundred yards off. He told me that they were reindeer; doubtless he was right, for as I gazed more intently I could see them crossing each other's course, moving away from us. They must have been an immense distance from us, for, seen from the eminence upon which I stood, they appeared no larger than mice.

It is no easy matter so to describe the features of a vast range of wild country, that the reader's mind shall at once take in the character of the scenery described. It is impossible so to bring a scene before his eyes that he shall do reverence to the *genius loci*, and feel an interest in the scene described, at all akin to that of the describer. Too much description is apt to prove wearisome; let me therefore, *usant la béquille du diable boiteux*, quit the Bergen's Stift for awhile, and, reserving the account of its many natural wonders, the peculiar manners and customs of its people, and their curious legends for future narration, transport my readers to the banks of the far-famed Namsen.

THE NAMSEN—TORRISDAL—SALMON-FISHING—SEALS.

A quarter of a mile below Fiskum-foss—the Falls of the Namsen—the ravine through which the river flows widens out into a little valley, hemmed in by lofty rocks and mountains covered with pine, fir, and birch; as lovely a nook as ever was chosen for site of fisherman's cottage. Two small wooden houses had been built in this valley for the accommodation of fishermen, and the ingenuity of T——'s servants had converted them into remarkably comfortable quarters. T—— had evidently much experience in the art of "roughing it," so much so that it was at times hard to believe that Torrisdal was not within easy reach of some large and wealthy town; a fatted calf, sheep, poultry, and all manner of stores had been sent on before us. Nothing was wanting, not even lettuces, two hundred of these plants having been brought from England under the personal supervision of the salad-loving T——, and planted in the little garden behind the houses, where they throve bravely amongst the cabbages and potatoes, which had been planted in anticipation of our coming. The simple-minded natives, whose ordinary diet was *gröd* and *fladbröd*, opened the eyes of wonder, when, to their exclamations of surprise at the sight of our many luxuries, our *tolk*, drawing himself proudly up, made answer that we were only "roughing it."

The salmon pools of Torrisdal are famed in the annals of piscatorial history. Here it was that Sir H. Parker, after a gallant fight of an hour, grassed his celebrated sixty-pounder, the portrait of which is still to be seen, deeply cut into the floor of a room. Thus it is that the capture of a big fish is recorded in the fishing boxes upon the Namsen. The captor of a *specie* fish, scaling upwards of thirty pounds, bears his prey in triumph to his quarters, and stretching him out upon the floor, pencils his dimensions, which he subsequently cuts into the boards, with the date and particulars of the capture. *Specie* fish are so called from the custom of giving a specie dollar (4s. 6d.) to the boatmen who have assisted any one in killing a thirty-pounder. This system of premium-paying for large fish is not prevalent on other rivers, and much may be said against it; nevertheless, the fact remains that the chance of gaining a dollar animates the boatmen to greater exertion, and secures their heartiest co-operation—moreover, thirty-pound salmon are rather rare fish.

The Namsen is a large river, and there are but few spots upon it where bank-fishing is possible. It is, therefore, necessary that one should employ boatmen who know every eddy, and upon whom one can depend for leaving no likely spot untried. The mode of fishing is rather too luxurious—not too much so, perhaps, for the enormous rental paid for waters upon this river—one uses two rods, and trails with fly and spoon-bait, having a length of sixty or seventy yards of line out. The fish take both baits equally well. Having got ten lines well out, one may devote oneself to an interesting novel, and leave all the rest to the boatmen, who work the boat backwards and forwards across stream, gradually descending the river. The whirr of the click gives speedy notice of a touch, whereupon one passes the second rod to the boatmen—who wind in—and devotes one's attention to the hooked fish. The boatmen land you upon the most convenient spot, and leave the battle to be fought out between salmon and his adversary. The odds are considerably against the salmon, for treble gut and thick plaited lines give him but little chance; gradually his exertions slacken, he is towed in to the bank, gaffed, knocked upon the head, and weighed. There is no discomfort in the matter, it is unnecessary to wet one's shoes, as one has sometimes to do when fishing from the bank; everything is excessively *nice*. But I could not help thinking, as I killed my first salmon in the Namsen, that I had enjoyed the capture of a pound roach with a horsehair line, far more than that of the noble fish which had striven madly for half an hour to tear himself from my hook. He was a fine fellow, too, and scaled upwards of twenty-eight pounds. It was exactly midnight, but as light as the third hour after dawn, that he took me.

It is customary for the angler to reserve for himself only those fish which he requires for his own table, the rest are given away to the farmers and peasants who dwell near the river, by whom they are cured and smoked for market, or for their own consumption. Norwegian smoked salmon is a great delicacy, and has acquired a reputation amongst English epicures.

As we have seen, there is little skill required to hook and kill a Namsen salmon, nor need the angler trouble himself

about his selection of a fly; provided that it is big enough, one fly will do just as well as another, and the spoon-bait is always killing. An old boatman, who, from having attended upon anglers for many a year, had acquired among his companions the reputation of being a great fisherman, was my invariable attendant. I believe that he knew the name of but one fly, the "butcher," and the use of this he advocated upon all occasions. "The water seems high and thick, to-day, Christian," I would observe to him; "what fly shall I use?" Christian would scan the river intently for some time, and then answer, "Yes, sare, he is high, to-day you shall use the 'butcher.'" At other times I would say, "River very low and bright, Christian; what fly do you recommend?" After a few moments' thought, Christian would reply, "Yes, sare, he is bright; the 'butcher' shall do to-day." In sunshine, mist, rain, wind, and calm, at mid-day and midnight, Christian clung to his faith in the "butcher," and great was his rejoicing when the capture of a salmon proved to him the soundness of his views, even though the fish might have been beguiled by some other fly. To Christian all flies were "butchers."

Sometimes a seal goes up the Namsen, and then good-bye to all chance of getting a rise. The salmon sink to the bottom of the pools, and lie there like logs, until their dreaded enemy has taken his departure. The boatmen soon find out when a seal is in the river, and, arming themselves with their guns, lie in wait for it near the deepest pools. The Norwegian seal is an ugly brute, whose hide, covered with bristles, is useless, save for those purposes to which soft leather is ordinarily applied. It makes capital "uppers" for boots, and excellent driving-aprons are also manufactured from it. Otters are rather plentiful in the Namsen, and their beautiful fur, thick and fine as that of the American seal, may be used for all those articles of ornament or attire generally made of the best sealskin.

STOCKS—FOSSEKARLE.

A great source of wealth to Norway is her pine and fir timber, growing upon the banks of her chief rivers. The trees are felled, cut into lengths called "stocks," and floated down the rivers to the saw-mills in the spring and summer. These stocks, coming down-stream at a great rate, are a source of much annoyance to fishermen, who have considerable difficulty in dodging them, and keeping their lines clear of them. I had hooked a big fish one day, and my boatmen, in their hope of his proving a *specie* one, had forgotten their usual caution, when an enormous pine-stock got under our bows. The boat was upset in a second, and as neither of the boatmen could swim, I had considerable difficulty in hauling them upon the stock. Strangely enough, I killed the fish, my rod having fallen the right side of the stock; but I had to tow him down-stream for a mile or more before we could ground ourselves, and he was then so exhausted that I had no difficulty in running him ashore. He had taken the spoonbait.

Innumerable stocks ground as they descend the stream, and men called "fossekarle" are employed to set them afloat again. When they are at work, it is useless to think of fishing within miles below the scene of their operations. Great was the dismay in Torrisdal when early one morning our servants rushed into our rooms with news that the fossekarle were at work upon our water. There were half a dozen of them busily engaged in thrusting off the stocks from the shore, and the river seemed full of whirling timber. Something must be done, or our rods would be useless that day. We had turned out of doors in our night-shirts, having no fear of womankind before our eyes. Down to the river-side we marched, followed by all our servants and boatmen, and, taking up a position opposite the fossekarle, we began to exorcise them. Our exorcism was simple, owing to our imperfect knowledge of their language. Regarding them intently, we solemnly chanted, "Slem stockmand!" ("wicked stockman!") The fossekarle paused in their labours; they did not know what to make of such a demonstration. Presently they resumed their work, and then louder rose the chorus, "Slem stockmand!" Again they paused and consulted amongst themselves; again their labour was resumed. Our servants and boatmen by this time entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, and the yells of "Slem stockmand!" which greeted the resumption of their toil were truly appalling. The unhappy fossekarle could stand it no longer; hastily catching up their tools, they sprang into their boat, and pulled down-stream as if a fiend had been after them, nor did they venture back to Torrisdal whilst we were located there.

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—IV.

BY ROBERT MICHELL, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., AND MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF RUSSIA.

POLISH LETTERS—BUYING BEDDING—ANDRÉ'S MARRIED LIFE.

COLONEL D—— is a German by extraction, and a diligent, argus-eyed, and vigilant officer. There is a little letter-box against the wall in his ante-chamber, with the strange superscription—"Polish letters." There are a great many Poles in Siberia, in the Ural Mountains, and thereabouts—exiles who naturally correspond with their bereaved families, with their friends, and so forth. Of course there is in Orenburg a general post-office, which is quite distinct from, though it communicates doubtless with, the police-master's private institution.

I had to provide myself with a mattress and pillow, and certain other articles for my lodgings, besides which, I wished to buy some Bokhara lambskins. Therefore, with André, the pensioned soldier who attended upon me, I sallied out to the market-place. It was not without a great deal of haggling that we effected our purchases. The bedding was an affair of bargaining with Russian tradesmen. As usual, the prices demanded fell, after an hour's chaffering, to a third, and André, like a laden camel, trudged after me with his burden. The lambskins were in the hands of Tartar hucksters, and this part of the business was most amusing. We took the precaution of first ascertaining the market value of the skins, and then we examined those



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

proffered for sale by each Tartar. In a short time we had a troop of hucksters surrounding us on all sides. Here I was puzzled by several Tartars who, having nothing of their own to sell, were offering me skins belonging to other traders, and at prices, too, below those named by their owners.

"Those," explained André, "are go-betweens—brokers—who aid in the sale of every article needed by Tartars; they receive a small percentage on the value of every article sold."



PEASANTRY ON THE STEPPE.

I selected half a dozen skins; fine, black, curly, and glossy. The huckster asked twelve roubles a-piece. They were rare and dear, caravans from the Khanats having been very few for a long time. The broker knocked the price down to ten roubles. I said it was too much. The owner stuck out. The go-between ventured a further reduction. I shook my head with an indifference. Then the huckster and broker together ran after me, catching me by the sleeve, stopping my way and lowering the figure at each step and turn. At last the broker, snatching the skins from the proprietor's hands, and forcing them upon me, offered them at various prices from three roubles to six, and thinking it a tolerably fair bargain, I closed, being obliged to place in the broker's palm a customary fee for his services.

Before closing this chapter, I must say a word about André. For all his attendance upon me, this man said in the end that he would be obliged to me for a few copecks. This was the most easily satisfied and thoroughly honest Russian—experienced old campaigner though he was—that I had ever met in the whole course of my travels.



SETTLERS CROSSING THE STEPPE.

André had served all over Russia, and had retired on his worn uniform coat and a trifling pension, after going through all the numerous campaigns in the Caucasus. Many years ago, as a recruit, André had been torn away from a young wife in some province of the north. He had never seen her again, and never revisited his native village, even after he had finished his military service. When I expressed my astonishment to him, and asked him the reason, he gave it like Enoch Arden, in Tennyson's poem, saying that he feared to go home, lest he should find his wife living, and married to another man. "I still," he said, "cherish her in my heart, having been true to her all my lifetime, but I would rather live out my days where I am, than go to find her dead and the hut deserted or tenanted by others, or than disturb her happiness in case she is the wife of another, and the mother of a family."

MY FRIEND THE COLONEL—THE "SYRTS"—THE EPICURE—A CONVERSATION ON LAND AND PEASANTS AT IVANOVO.

I was more frequently with Colonel K——y, the chief of the artillery, a corpulent, good-natured man, with a red face, a roguish eye, and a nose betraying the jovial companion. The colonel is a Pole by birth, and his rough open countenance reminds one of the portraits of the broad-faced Polish *schliakhticzi*, or nobles, which one sees in the palaces at Warsaw. But the portraits represent their subjects in heavy fur caps, or *confédératki*, and in doublets slashed with fur; moreover, the faces are drawn with terribly long moustachios. Now Colonel K——y shaves clean, and wears the plain, tight—tight almost to bursting—Russian uniform; but the resemblance was there nevertheless. His mode of address and his apparently morose but yet fatherly, even familiar, bearing towards his subordinates and military menials, reveal at once the man of warm feeling and close attachments. He is a bachelor, a great lover of sport, as may be judged from the guns in all the corners of his rooms, from his various and multitudinous trophies, by the kites, falcons, and eagles chained alive to the palings around his house, and from the many dogs of all breeds which infest his dwelling. He is also a great lover of horses, and has some pretty specimens of the Kirghiz *argamaks*, which he has obtained from the nomads, and trained to harness and to riding.

Being the chief of the artillery, he is also a master of pyrotechnics; there are many evidences in his drawing-room, writing-room, kitchen, bedchamber, and anteroom, of experiments made with powder, in connection with lucifer matches, and magnifying-glasses. His chambers, in a small wooden house, in a muddy by-street, are always impregnated with a strong flavour of spirits, sour cabbage, sulphur, tobacco, &c. They contain an *olla podrida* of everything in use and long disabled, but more genuine hospitality and hearty goodwill than are dispensed and provided by Colonel K——y, will not be found anywhere.

It was arranged that Colonel K——y, to whom I was introduced at a grand parade of the troops, should take me with him in his carriage to the hunt that was organised.

It was dusk when we drove out of Orenburg, with some thirty-five miles of steppe track before us. We passed a solitary hill, about eighty to a hundred feet high, where there is a stone quarry, and passing through a Kazak settlement, were challenged, and lighted with torches to the Sakmara River, over which we were ferried. I may here observe,

that eastward from the Volga, the ground rises in a series of terraces. For instance, the *Obstchi Syrt*, where I expected to see and to cross the Ural range, is a rather abrupt rising of the ground to a higher level, so that the second half of the distance to Orenburg is performed over a second plain of superior altitude. Again, at Orenburg, the left banks of the Ural and Sakmara are higher than those on the right, rising straight up, and the plains beyond are in the same way higher than those extending from the line of the *Obstchi Syrt*. The same thing occurs to the south-east of Orenburg. The steppe between the Caspian and the Aral is a raised terrace, the edge of which, very distinctly defined on the north side, is called the *Chink*. It has been laid down by Russian travellers who have studied the orography of Central Asia, that the Thian-Shan mountain system represents an upheaval *en bloc* in a series of terraces, surmounted by ranges of mountains, running parallel with the main axis of the elevation. These *Obstchi Syrts* and *Chinks* are, then, gradients of ascent to the topmost terrace of the Thian-Shan mountain system.

The village of Ivanovo was in great state of commotion. The authorities of Orenburg had never before come down *en masse* to disturb its quiet. Horses, dogs, servants, and huntsmen, made such an uproar, that the wolves of the neighbourhood, instead of taking warning and escaping to places beyond reach, actually surrounded the village, and kept up an incessant howling all the night. Ivanovo, together with some tens of thousands of acres of capital steppe-land, constitute the estate of Mr. T——, the brother of an ex-minister of imperial domains. Mr. T—— is of an enormous size, and of an irascible temperament. He has seen better days, and has *vécu dans son temps*. This latter fact is ever in his mind and on his tongue, and does not help to reconcile him to existence in a wilderness on the borders of Asia. Madame T——, a little vivacious lady, of a superior tone and intellect, and of the most engaging manners, is in every respect a great contrast to her husband, whom she is obliged to humour in everything.

"I have everything cooked in sherry, but I have a great deal of worry with my cook," observed Mr. T——, at dinner. "When I was in Paris I had a cook from the Louvre. He never dared to send me up anything but the greatest delicacies. They cook well in Paris; I used to dine all day long there."

"That is perfectly true," some one said to me; "he has really eaten up all his patrimony. This property of his was a later acquisition."

Mr. T—— found fault with every dish on the table, and sent away plate after plate with viands untasted. By his side was a little pile of papers, to which he constantly referred, and on which he seemed exclusively to feast.

"Oh, ah, yes!" he soliloquised; "I recollect this; dinner at Monsieur de L——'s. *Consommé royal à l'époque.* H'm, *chelovek!* (man)," cried out our host, suddenly rising in a passion, "take this plate away. Horrible, barbarous! Throw the stuff in the cook's face—do you hear? *Merveille de mer à fantaisie gastronomie Italienne*—h'm, h'm, h'm," he muttered, waking to the recollection of the dinner at M. de L——'s, and lingering with affection over the high-sounding names of the savoury dishes. "Here is another—*Boulets de tonnerre en capote;* again *Poulets entourés de sauce piquante appétisante, pleins de marrons, truffles*, &c. Oh, but that was good. *Bestia*, remove this from me! I shall give that rascally cook to the wolves, if he serves me like this."

"He eats nothing," exclaimed our hostess; "all his palate is spoiled, and his *menus*—always at table with him—serve only to exasperate and to make him discontented with the food which is placed before him."

"If I could but sell my land for something more than the current value, I should not remain here a day. I am offered five roubles per *dessiatina;* but I am standing out. Can you fancy such a price?"

"A ridiculous price," I said; "that is equal in English money to about 5s. 10d. per acre."

"What is the value of land in England?" asked General B——n, turning to me.

"About £50 per acre," I remarked at a venture; "that would be 1,067 roubles per *dessiatina*. But there are parts where a square foot of land costs £1,000 and more."

"It surely cannot be," he retorted; "you must be mistaken."

"There it is," I said, since the general almost contradicted me, and refused to credit my statement; "we value Nature's gifts, none of our lands are neglected, and we have no craving for more."

"I understand you," he replied; "but we develop in all ways by increasing the dimensions of our empire. At the same time, while the face of the country is poor, the peasantry, though rude, are wealthy. Hereabouts, they are extremely rich; they hide their money, bury it, and wish to be esteemed poor."

I remembered the evasive answers I had received from peasants when I interrogated several of them along the road, as to the number of horses, sheep, and cattle they possessed.

"They will not tell you that," explained General B——n, "for the very reason that I have given you. But, besides that, they are superstitious, and fancy that a murrain may attack their beasts if they count the number they have. There is a peasant in one of the villages in this province, who, through carelessness, set fire to his own hut; all his property was destroyed, with half the village. Well, this boor, to the astonishment of all, paid every villager the equivalent of his loss in bank-notes, silver, and gold. He had amassed a fortune by farming, in petty trade, and in various other ways. His money had been buried, you see, and so escaped the conflagration. And his is not a rare or an isolated case."

The evening at Ivanovo passed off very pleasantly. At past midnight, in defiance of wolves, and thankfully declining Madame T——'s kind offer of a comfortable bed in her house, I groped my way through the darkness of the night to a log hut in the open, where my quarters were established.

THE WOLF HUNT.

The spot selected for the sport was a covert in a bend of the Sakmara River. This bend formed a triangle, the base of which was a jungle in a hollow which had previously been the river channel. The sportsmen, of whom there were about eleven, were stationed along the margin of the plain bordering on this hollow at intervals of about a hundred yards; and the drivers, numbering two hundred Tartar Kazaks and Russian peasants, under the guidance of mounted leaders, were sent into the covert along the right side of the triangle as far as its apex, another half of them being placed along the edge of the

river forming the left side of the triangle. They started, at a signal, in pretty close order, shouting, shrieking, whistling, barking, mewing, beating old kettles and scythes, and driving all before them.

The place of honour was allotted to me, as the guest of the occasion. This place was at the extreme right end of the jungle; here the wolves, which were known to be in the place, were expected to pass in breaking from their disturbed lurking-places. This point was strengthened by two or three leashes of greyhounds, noticeable among which were two white dogs with tails painted red and green, distinguishing the animals for their respective achievements. A leash of hounds was also paraded up and down the plain, in the rear of the triangle, in order to be set in pursuit of any wolf that might break through the line of sportsmen.

Now, before undertaking a hunt, it is necessary to find out whether the covert which is to be drawn constitutes the permanent abode of the she-wolf and her family, or whether it is merely their temporary abiding-place. For this purpose a peasant, experienced in such matters, goes three consecutive nights to the covert, and, imitating the howl of the she-wolf, calls the cubs to him. The cubs, taking the well-simulated howl for the summons of their dam to assemble for the usual repast, scamper up to the spot. If the peasant, in the absence of the female on her foraging excursions, succeeds three nights following in alluring the cubs, it is a sure sign of their permanent location there. It not unfrequently happens, I have been told, that the cubs will come round the peasant and suffer him to stroke them, or that, in their hunger, they will press so closely upon him—there will sometimes be ten or twelve cubs—that the man will have to smack a whip to drive them off.

Good! the hunt is then organised. It rarely, however, occurs in Russia Proper—where the country is not quite so wild or thinly populated as in Orenburg—that the old ones are trapped in the circle; they generally "get wind" of what is "up," and break away long before the drivers are ranged.

On this occasion the above device was not, I believe, resorted to. The covert had not been beaten for many a year, and it was a fastness known to contain numbers of full-grown wolves, driven into it for shelter by the military operations on the steppes.

The hurly-burly commenced; guns were properly charged, and, with anxious eyes, the sportsmen peered into the covert, keeping a steady gaze, till their eyes ached, on the small openings in the jungle where a wolf might be sighted and shot at. Some of the *dilettanti* sportsmen, officers, young adjutants, &c., being nervous, and too frightened to stand alone, screened though they were by trees and bushes, consorted in couples, and so widened the intervals.

On my left hand was the governor; on my right stretched the jungle for some considerable distance, where it was unguarded. I had a good English double-barrelled percussion shot gun, charged with four or five round slugs, on which I could depend to kill a wolf at fifteen to twenty yards.

I was told to sit quietly on the bank of the hollow, and to watch. Presently a wolf appeared, but on the high, sloping, and wooded bank beyond the jungle, a distance of quite sixty to a hundred yards. Too far! The wolf stood awhile and looked around, then over the hollow, and moved on to the right, the track, I concluded, which others would follow. I raised myself, and getting upon a little mound, scanned the jungle, and found that beyond it, at the foot of the sloping bank facing me, there was a sheet of water—a bit of the old river. This was very much against my chances of getting a wolf. Forcing my way, then, through the jungle, which I found was forty to fifty yards wide, I planted myself against an immense elm, looked to the priming of my gun, and waited. The din grew louder and louder; shots resounded far away on my left; one, two, three; nearer and nearer; then, pop, pop. Intercepted on the left front, the wolves were advancing along the line to the right. There was no more firing for a quarter of an hour, but the thunder of the drivers grew more and more distinct. I watched very closely. Now I was entirely free from that nervous excitement which had infected me on the bank. There was now no one near to scare the wolves by exclamations and wild behaviour. I had on a *touloup* or sheep-skin coat, which came down to my ankles, and a pair of thick boots, which came nearly up to my hips. These were in themselves a shield which no fangs could penetrate, and their invulnerability had been successfully put to the test by a kick from one of Colonel K——y's wild horses, which had knocked me down. In front of me was the piece of water, some fifteen to twenty yards wide, and I could see about five yards through the jungle behind me.

Some branches cracked, and on the opposite bank stood a beautiful wolf of the Asiatic species; smallish, and black over his back, to his muzzle, and under the belly, with a magnificent tail—a brush—black and grey mixed. He foamed at the mouth, and showed his large teeth. He paced backwards and forwards, as if caged, looking across the water, considering whether it were best to swim over. Then he stood still, pricking his black ears, and turning his head in the direction of the noise in the forest. I aimed, and fired. The effect was instantaneous. He rose on his hind-legs, threw up his fore-paws and his head into the air, and, lolling out his red tongue, fell down dead on his side. I marked the spot and reloaded.

In less than two minutes there was a great scramble through the jungle behind me—a panting and an indefinite sound, as of a confusion of growls—but I could discern nothing; but before me, on the opposite bank again, appeared five wolves, of various kinds and sizes, but all full grown. These were all in a state of excitement, lolling out their tongues, foaming at the mouths, and exhibiting formidable tusks. Their eyes glared or shone with a feverish kind of light (the glitter of their eyes is visible at some distance on a dark night). They were all pricking up their ears, and hesitating at this point, they stood or paced about, taking in breath.

Spotting a large light-brown member of the community, I aimed at his right shoulder, and fired; the beast dropped stone dead. The rest, but one, startled by the report, fled; the remaining wolf, an Asiatic, black and small as the first, stood firm; his eyes gleamed; his mouth, half open, was dropping foam, and his lanky sides heaved with compressed passion. He saw me, and came deliberately down the slope to the water's edge, meaning to swim over. As he was putting his fore-paws with some reluctance into the cold water, I took aim between his eyes, and, firing, shattered his nose and his front legs. He backed out, and, dragging his body on his hind-legs and broken stumps, became lost to my view in a thicket.

I reloaded, but it was all over; the drivers came upon the scene, and, pointing out to some mounted Kazaks where the three wolves lay, I rejoined the company on the plain.

Through Jynteealand.

THE Khassias and Jynteeas are tribes of savages inhabiting a portion of that country to the east of Bengal generally acknowledged to be *terra incognita*. There are small independent states here, in manners, customs, and language quite unknown to the outside world. The independent state of Khyrim lies nearest to our British territories, which surround it all the way north to south by west. Our new Hill capital of Shillong lies just to the north, while the inland part of Chattuck lies just to the south, and it is from Chattuck we made our way to Shillong.

Leaving Chattuck at noon, we proceeded up a small stream in a tiny little canoe, and up to the evening of the next day our course lay through the densest grass jungle it is possible to conceive. The grass here grows to an extraordinary height, and hence is named "elephant grass." The river wound its way through an immense tract of uncultivated land, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the journey but the hoarse croak of a startled bittern, alarmed by the unusual appearance of a boat and human beings in such an unlikely spot. The hills, which were not far off, could not be discerned, owing to the grass jungle. As we approached nearer the foot of these



JYNTEEA MEN.

hills, numerous storks and other birds were met with, some of them, we believe, not described by even Dr. Jerdon, in his "Birds of India." Many of these evidently had seldom come in contact with man, for they seldom flew off, and those in the water gave us only a passing notice, when they desisted for a moment from fishing to gaze at the boat, as it passed within a few yards of them. We had no fowling-piece with us, and hence they were never molested.

The landing, where we arrived shortly after sunset, is some little distance from the small market-place of Laka*, and a more desolate-looking place can hardly be imagined. On either side of the stream, which in the cold season is not thirty yards wide, tall jungle, rising to the height of fully twenty feet, entirely shut out any view either of the hills to the north or the country to the south. It was too late to attempt to prosecute our journey that night, and so we stayed in the boat, and having no mosquito curtains, passed a most uncomfortable night. There was very little of sleep; multitudes of insects of every kind besieged the boat and covered our faces, hands, and clothes, as soon as night fell. The mass of rank vegetation was absolutely alive with them, and glad indeed were we to see the dawn. A bath in the intensely cold water of the mountain stream in some measure allayed the smarting of mosquito bites, with which we were covered all over, and refreshed us after our night's unrest. After a hasty breakfast we packed up our traps in the smallest



GROUP OF JYNTEEA WOMEN.

possible compass, and trudged off to the market-place, a mile off. The road was a mere foot-path through the long grass, which met over our heads.

Lakat is situated at the base of the hills, about ten miles to the eastward of the British road to Cherra, and consists of about thirty huts, more or less. The market is held every eighth day, and is very largely attended. The people from the plains bring rice, salt, pulse, &c., and the Hill tribes bring with them oranges, lemons, melons in great variety, iron ore, some very inferior and exceedingly dirty cotton, and the betel-leaf, which is so universally chewed. But on the day we arrived there, the only living things we could find for some time were pigs and poultry. After a good search we succeeded in rousing up the "head man" of the place. This comfortably-disposed old gentleman had to all appearances been taking an early morning *nip*, and at first resented our intrusion into the place. He stated he was disturbed, and declared his total inability to procure coolies or porters. On mentioning, however, to whom we were going, he brightened up very quickly, and requesting us to wait his return, he disappeared for about half an hour, when he turned up, accompanied by a couple of men, one of whom was in a drunken state and the other half tipsy. As both stoutly asserted they were all right, and we could not procure any others, there was no help for it but to take them. So bundling our traps into their conical hill baskets, which are fastened with a strap across their heads and shoulders, we began our ascent. The path was a series of stone steps, and proved very fatiguing but was well shaded by the betel-nut palm, here cultivated to an immense extent. After reaching an elevation of about 2,000 feet, the fellow who had imbibed most freely of the two suddenly deposited his burden by the side of a rock, and, denuding himself of every particle of clothing, walked off among the rocks. This extraordinary conduct rather surprised us, but we waited some while for his return. As he did not return for nearly half an hour, we followed his course, and found him reclining most coolly in a pool of water which received a cascade from above. He came up, on our calling to him, and appeared on rejoining to have derived considerable benefit from his bath, for his gait was much steadier than before.

Without any further interruption, and in about three hours from the time we left Lakat, we gained the summit of the hill, here probably more than 3,000 feet above the sea. Our path now became nearly level, and not near so fatiguing as before. On approaching the *poonji*, the drumming of *tom-toms* intimated that some sort of fun and merriment was going forward, but we were not prepared for the extent to which the festivities had been carried. Indeed, with few exceptions, and those among the women, the entire population of the place lay almost dead drunk. But for us it was worse. Nothing would satisfy them but our remaining to see what they called the *tumasha* or fun. The entertainment consisted of several men whose heads, guiltless of the acquaintance of brush or comb, were ornamented with cow-horns lashed on with gaudy-coloured ribbons, endeavouring to dance, but only succeeding in tumbling about, to the most terrific din in the shape of music that we ever heard. At very short intervals dancers, musicians, and the public generally, refreshed themselves with pretty long draughts of spirits from bamboo cups containing, at the least calculation, a full gallon. One old fellow, whose peculiar forte appeared to lie in the big drum line, seemed to be afflicted with a tremendous thirst. We are certain he emptied two of the above kind of vessels into his throat in our presence, after which he delivered up his drum-sticks to another performer, and sank down in his lap, while the officiating musician hammered away in fine style. The other instruments were bamboo flutes and queer-shaped fiddles. The strings of the latter appeared to have suffered considerably, for in most of the instruments there remained only one to each piece!

On repeatedly intimating our wish to proceed, we found to our great chagrin that the two porters we had brought with us had beguiled the halt by sacrificing to the "rosy god" in the village grog-shop. It required a considerable amount of persuasion to induce them to proceed, but we managed to effect a start, though the mode of progression boded no good to our crockery-ware.

Our road for six miles lay through fields of a cereal resembling canary-seed, used here for distilling purposes, and known by the name of *elad*. To judge by the large area under this cultivation, and the care apparently bestowed on its culture, the consumption of liquor must be considerable. Halting at the head of an exceedingly picturesque fall, we wandered up the ravine, the sides of which, clothed with magnificent trees, whose gnarled trunks, twisted and distorted by many a storm, were covered with most delicate specimens of moss, while from the overhanging branches clusters of orchids, perhaps unequalled anywhere, depended. The stream, broken into innumerable tiny cascades by the huge boulders, and the spray thrown up sparkling and glistening in the light of the setting sun, all formed a picture which amply repaid us for the weariness of the march. A sharp walk of about an hour brought us to the residence of the chief, where, though he himself was absent at the time, a hospitable welcome awaited us. Thoroughly tired out with the day's exertions, after doing justice to an excellent dinner, we gladly took possession of the sleeping-chamber which was prepared for us.

On rising next morning, we were struck with the admirably-selected site on which the house stood. Perched on a hill some forty or fifty feet above the surrounding country, and immediately above the *poonji*, an uninterrupted and splendid panorama presents itself. Afar off, in the plains below, lies the station of Sylhet, the houses distinctly visible with the aid of a glass; the Tipperah Hills, dimly visible, form a background away to the east; the hills that divide Cachar from the unexplored country between that district and Burmah, bounded our view in that direction as far as the eye could reach; while to the west the plains of Sylhet, intersected by the numerous tributaries of the Soorma, lay stretched out like a map. The hill scenery in the immediate vicinity, terminating in the higher ranges to the north, forcibly reminds one of the views to be met with in North Wales. The chief's house stands in a tidily-kept garden, well laid out and planted. When viewed from a distance, the white walls (for lime, here, is to be had for nothing) stand out in bold relief against the dark foliage of the trees, among which may be recognised the india-rubber, and a specimen of the eagle-wood of commerce now so rare.

We remained one day here, as it appeared to threaten rain, and started next morning across to the next stage. The day's march tried the muscles of our feet considerably, the path lying through a very rough stone country, intersected by

numerous ravines. About noon, we came to a large stream crossed by a bamboo bridge some 100 yards in length, suspended high above the water by cane ropes. The whole structure swayed about in a rather alarming way under our weight as we crossed; but of course we passed safely over. Later in the day, the country changed from broken ground to extensive moorland, with patches of potato fields and small woods. At sunset we entered the village of Lankerden, a long, straggling hamlet of nearly 100 houses, the "head man" of which immediately placed a house at our disposal, and, in a very short time, procured for us the milk, fowls, &c., which we required. As is usual in these parts, the entire village turned out to have a stare at us, and to make our acquaintance. They crowded into the house and squatted on the floor, till nightfall required their presence at their own homes.

Our quarters were more comfortable than we expected; but our night's rest was frequently disturbed by sundry pigs, who made constant endeavours to force their way in, having probably been ejected to make room for us. In one corner of the one room of which the hut consisted, a huge basket-full of seed-potatoes stood, while another portion of the apartment was occupied by swivel guns, of rude manufacture, relics of olden times. Afterwards, in journeying through these hills, we saw a large number of such rude specimens of artillery, which, however, do a great deal of credit to their makers, considering their rude and savage state, and the tools with which they worked.

Starting early next morning, we found an entire change in the features of the country. The road, instead of leading over the hills, now wound round the sides. In many places the path was barely two feet wide, having on one side a tall and totally inaccessible cliff, while on the other the precipice descended perpendicularly 2,000 feet into the valley below. This was no road for a nervous traveller on a shying horse. The scenery throughout the entire day's march was really splendid.

At noon we halted in a valley, through which bounded a pretty stream, on the banks of which we were inclined to remain too long to suit our followers, who reminded us that half our day's work was not yet accomplished. The road wound round the head of the valley; but a short cut was pointed out to us, by which a long round might be avoided. It was, indeed, a rather steep ascent. We had to scramble up on our hands and knees. Cropping out from the soil, all along the sides of the hills where the road had been scarped, were numerous blocks of common agate and milkstone, which, though of little intrinsic value, might be made into paper-weights and other table ornaments. This was the longest march throughout the trip—fully thirty miles long, but through a series of such grand and changing views, that gave us little time to think of fatigue.

Towards sunset we came in sight of the *dâk bungalow* (rest-house) of Lylankote, and shortly after struck the Government road leading to Jowai, a subdivision in the Jynteea Hills. Following this for about two miles, we branched off to the north, and descended into the valley of the Bogapani, a rippling stream, with hardly a foot of water in it, but in the rains, a foaming and dangerous mountain torrent. Shallow as was the water, its intense coldness almost took away our breath while wading across. An hour's walk then brought us to our destination, the principal residence of the Khyrim chief. He was expected to arrive the next day, but his brother gave us a very cordial welcome. This is a well-built and commodious mansion, with partially enclosed balconies, and lies to the south of the town, which it overlooks. The furniture is mostly of European make, and everything was neat and clean. There were a number of domestics to attend to our wants. We found next morning, what is an unusual sight for the dwellers in the plains of India—the ground covered over with hoar-frost. We were glad to have a good wood fire. Though excellent coal abounds in the vicinity, these men prefer wood as fuel. Our host insisted on killing a bullock for us, saying we ought to have apprised him of our intention of visiting him, so that he could have entertained us in a proper manner. It being market-day, we had an opportunity of inspecting the various articles brought in for sale. The only noticeable article appeared to be the thick cotton cloth much worn by the higher classes in lieu of shawls. Of this cloth there was any quantity.

The method of making the "beef" from the bullock would astonish a professional butcher. The animal, by means of a rope thrown over the horns, was dragged up to a stake firmly driven into the ground; thence a thin but sharp spear was thrust in behind the shoulder. The meat was uncommonly tough.

Late in the afternoon we were informed by an interpreter, in very good English, that the chief, or "rajah," as he is called, was coming; and, shortly afterwards, his Majesty appeared, mounted on an elephant, and dressed, indeed, in military costume, but bearing little of the outward look of royalty. He received us very kindly, and pleading fatigue as his excuse, disappeared for that evening into the back of the premises. Next day, however, he came out; and we had a long conversation. He seemed a most sensible and well-informed gentleman. This is the same chief who rendered important services to the Government during the insurrection of the Jynteeas in 1862–63.

Accepting the offer of ponies, we left at ten a.m. for Shillong, which is a very short distance north of this place, the name of which is Nongkrem. The animal we bestrode had evidently been laid up for some time in the stable, and, after sundry attempts to get rid of us by standing on her hind-legs, like a biped, or endeavouring to kick me over her head, finally bolted among a lot of rocks. Over such ground, however, the run could not last long; and down came both horse and rider in a very short time. There was little damage done.

Ascending a hill, a splendid spectacle presented itself before us. Immediately below, on an extensive plateau, was the new station, known by its various names of Shillong, Teeddoo, or Labang, prettily situated in a small fir forest. Beyond were the Khassia Hills, covered with heavy forest, sloping down gradually towards Nowgong. Then came the valley of Assam, bisected by the mighty river Brahmapootra, but looking a mere rivulet in the distance. Then rose the dark and rounded hills of Bhootan. Last, and grandest of all, with the peaks distinctly defined, the glaciers flashing back the rays of the morning sun, the snow-clad summits of the lofty Himalayas, standing out sharply against the clear, blue, wintry sky, stretching full thirty degrees right and left, completed a scene of grandeur well worthy the attention of tourist or artist. The stupendous peak of Chumalari, rising to 29,000 feet, alone is well worth a trip to Shillong to see.



PASSAGE OF THE "ŌHREN," OR "PHŒNIX CAR."

Japan and the Japanese.—VI.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

EVERYTHING in Japan is rapidly changing, like a dissolving view, from before our eyes, except its physical features, its mountains and valleys, its rivers and plains; and even these, in a few short years, will present another aspect, for the ubiquitous locomotive and steamboat will present themselves, and railways and steam ferries will enliven the scene. Instead of the stately procession of the daimios on the great highways, the train and the stage-coach will hurry along. The railroads are already in formation, and the stage-coaches are built. The marvel is, that a people hitherto so averse to change, should take to innovations with so much earnestness. Edict after edict has gone forth, forbidding one thing, and substituting another. The great festivals of the nation—those time-honoured customs of the people, the *Matsuris*, or fairs, in which the populace took so much delight, when their fancies ran wild in honouring some fair genii, or in dragging some accursed sprite ignominiously through the streets—has been interdicted, and two days only in the year are allowed for reasonable celebrations. One of these is the 25th of December, to be kept in honour of Jimmu, the founder of the dynasty; the other is the birthday of the Mikado.

Injunctions have been issued against all manner of laziness, useless labour, waste of time in dressing the hair, or in adorning the person with useless appendages. The two-sworded gentry are no more. The *samurai*, or military class, is merging itself into the commercial classes. We hear even of a noble youth marrying a rich contractor's daughter, in the ancient seat of Japan's commercial glory, Osaka. A national system of education, and a system of police throughout the whole empire, both supported heartily by the people's voluntary contributions; and the establishment of poor-houses, to do away with beggars in the streets and roads, and the very general diffusion of information by newspapers, are new and striking facts.



JAPANESE THEATRE.

There is now being published in Yedo a daily paper, written in the language understood by all classes, and printed in simple characters, by a company which styles itself the "Society for the Dispersion of Darkness."

Japan is now profiting by the experiences of foreign travel, and intercourse with the outer world; and, to crown all, Christianity is now tolerated by special edict, and the public notices warning the people against it have been removed.

And, not only so, but the wayside shrines and stone images of Buddha are being taken away; and the whole country is free for the foreigner to travel about in, under certain restrictions.

If, then, the Japanese hold a universal exhibition in Tokei, four years hence, as it is reported they will, the travellers from the West, representatives from the great European firms and governments, will find the face of society, if not the face of nature, marvellously changed.

Japan is pre-eminently a land of mountains, streams, and luxuriant vales. Volcanic in origin, it is one of the most unlevel countries in the world; and, as it is broken up into numerous islands—the largest, commonly called Nippon, being long and narrow—there is no very extended range; and, although Nippon has a sort of backbone ridge running from the Straits of Simonoseki northwards to Muts, yet this is by no means continuous and unbroken. The mountains of Japan are frequently conical in shape, showing their volcanic nature. Some, indeed, are active volcanoes; and one of them, the Fujiyama, or Fujisan, has several times laid the country which environs it in ruins by its eruptions. This mountain is situated in the province of Suruga, about forty miles from Yedo, whence, in clear weather, its towering, symmetrical top may be seen piercing the clouds. So fine an object, some 14,000 feet above the sea-level, has naturally created, in the native mind, immense interest; and it is in fact an object of veneration to the Japanese. Pilgrimages are made to it, and the priests of Amida Buddha have not neglected to improve the occasion by erecting shrines, so that the dealers in images and relics drive a busy trade. But the recent regulations anent the destruction of shrines and images, will considerably affect the Fujiyama establishments.

Besides Fujisan, there are many remarkable mountains in Japan. Among the highest are, the Atago-san, in the province of Tamba in the Sanindo, in the district (*Kōri*) of Kwata; the Kuruma-yama, about seven miles north of Miako; the Yoshino-yama, also called Kimbusan, in the province of Yamato, a few miles south-east of the city of Taketori, and across the Yoshino-gawa (river). In this mountain are gold-mines. The Shira-yama, or White Mountain, is in the province of Echizen, on the borders of the province of Kaga, or Kanga; this is a very high mountain. The Asama-yama is in the province of Shinano. It is of conical shape, and sometimes emits smoke. The Aso-san, in the province of Higo, is also a volcano, and daily emits volumes of smoke. A celebrated Shintoo temple, called Aso-no-miya, is situated at its foot. The Haguro-san is a very lofty and rugged peak, in the province of Dewa, about seventeen miles and a half from Sakada. The Kin-kwa-zan is a conical mountain, in the province of Muts, on a small island of the same name, just off the coast near Sendai. The Akagi-san is in the province of Kōtsuke. The Usui-toge is on the borders of the provinces of Kōtsuke and Shinano. The O-yama, or Great Mountain, is in the province of Sagami. In the province of Hiugo is a celebrated volcano called Kiri-shima, near to the Satsuma frontier.

The magnificent scenery amongst the mountains, and their weird aspect, have tended much to increase popular superstition. Giants and evil genii are there supposed to dwell; and many a story is rife of the doings of these supernatural beings. Benki, who was vanquished by the brother of Yoritomo, was a giant who lived in a mountain near Kioto. He is represented in the popular picture-books as fierce in countenance, and very rugged and colossal in form, carrying on his back a huge axe, a saw, a mallet, and pickaxe, in addition to his sword. His exploits form the subject of such legends as are used to amuse and astonish children.

The picturesque appearance of the mountains is a never-failing topic with the Japanese poets, who, like the Chinese, delight in descriptions of the natural world. In the spring-time, when the flowering shrubs, as the *utsugi*, or *Deutzia scabra*, is in bloom, and the *hazibakana*, or *Epidendrium*, the *temaribana*, or *Hoya carnosa*, are putting forth their gay colours, the hilly slopes and broken ground on the mountain-sides present a picture hardly to be seen elsewhere.

Next after the mountains, the rivers of Japan deserve notice. These are some of them magnificent streams, but owing to the rapid decline of the land, they rush headlong to the sea in very eccentric courses, and are often very shallow. In the lowlands, however, about Osaka and the region north-east of Yedo, the rivers run more slowly. The Yodo-gawa, which takes its name from the city of Yodo, standing in the lowlands of Yamashiro province, flows between the Biwa Lake and the Inland Sea. The Yamata-gawa is another considerable river in the same region. The Kan-saki-gawa is also large and important, running through the province of Sets. The Tenriu-gawa, rising in the Lake Suwa, in the province of Shinano, enters into that of Tōtomi, and falls into the sea by three mouths. It is large, and of very rapid current. The Ara-kawa has its source in the high mountain Hozio-dake, situated between the provinces of Kōtsuke and Musashi. It soon separates into two branches, of which the western branch, called Toda-gawa, falls into the Gulf of Yedo to the east of the city. The Nihon-bashi, or famous Bridge of Japan, crosses one of its small feeders. The other branch of the Ara-kawa falls into the great river Tone-gawa. The Tone-gawa is formed by the confluence of several large rivers. One of its branches falls into the Gulf of Yedo, the other into the Lake Kasumi-gawa, and thence into the Eastern Sea, under the name of Sara-gawa.

The Iko-gawa has its source in the mountain San-o-tsuke, on the frontier between Shinano and Muts. It flows through a part of the latter province, where it receives on the left the Datami, and on the right the waters of the salt lake Inaba. Having entered into Echigo it takes the name of Tsu-gawa. It afterwards divides into two branches, one of which falls into the estuary of Niigata, and the other, the eastern, into that of Fukushimagata.

We have already adverted to the impetuosity of the currents in the Japanese rivers. In consequence of this, many of the large streams have to be crossed by fording, boats even being impracticable, and bridges not thought of. This practice of fording has given rise to a class of hardy labourers, whose business it is to convey people across the rapid streams. They are a sort of amphibious animals, being unencumbered with clothing, excepting a waist-cloth; they swim like fishes, and can endure great hardships. Winter and summer they abide on the banks of the great streams, ready for the passengers who may arrive. Rude mat sheds afford them shelter in the hot season, and more substantial towers, in which they light fires to refresh themselves in the cold weather, are erected on the banks.

The engraving on page 184 represents the passage of the *Hōren* or "Phœnix Car"—that is, the imperial conveyance—

across the Yodo-gawa. The attendant labourers are vying with each other for the honour of bearing it, and display much anxiety, for they are held responsible for its safety. They are, however, not conveying any great personage, but a movable shrine from a neighbouring temple, to the opposite shore. Observe the *tori-i*, or gateway, which marks the entrance to a temple, on the side of the car. This is a ceremony which used to take place periodically; a few years ago it was abolished, much to the chagrin of the people in that quarter.

One of the greatest of these fords is that across the Owigawa, which runs between the provinces of Suruga and Tōtomi. This ford is at the point where the Tokaido crosses the stream. The river is often very much swollen, so that it is quite impossible to make the passage, and travellers must wait for the subsidence of the waters, and when the depth does not exceed the top of the shoulder they may venture. The stoppage which occurs is sometimes very serious, the whole of the party having to wait as much as a month at a time. My Japanese friend tells me that he himself has had to wait a fortnight before the river was in a condition to allow of his passing. The consequence is, that there are two rather thriving places on the opposite banks of the Owigawa, that on the Yedo side is called Shimada, that on the Osaka side is called Kanaya. Recent attempts at bridging the river have given great dissatisfaction to the people in the neighbourhood, for not only will the *watashi bito* (or fording-men) be thrown out of work, but numerous small shopkeepers will find their occupation gone, if permanent bridges of any kind are erected. But the era of railways will inaugurate a new method of transit. This happy time is rapidly approaching.

On the mountains of Japan among other curious beings are to be found a class of itinerant priests, called Yamabushi or Shugenji. They are a sort of religionists, an offshoot of the Buddhist sect Shingon. Sometimes they live in a wild and mountainous district like hermits, for the sake of attaining to a degree of religious eminence. We have heard of a case in which a follower of this sect left his native place in Kiusiu, travelled on foot two or three hundred miles to Kongosan Mountain, near Kioto, and after remaining on the mountain for four or five years, studying, in private, human life and practice, he returned to his native place with a great deal of pomp and display, having reached a point of peculiar sanctity by his hermit life.

He wears on his head a specially formed cap, resting on the forehead, called a *tokin;* his hair has been allowed to grow. He is clothed in a crimson gown with silk tassels thrown over his shoulder. After his reception by the town-folks, who make a great fuss, and go out to meet him, to do him honour, he settles to his regular business, which is to give audiences to his admirers, and lectures to the public in town and all the country-side. Besides this, he is a professor of fortune-telling, he deals in charms and spiritual antidotes—probably similar to the Tantrika Buddhists of India and Thibet, whose religious service consists of many vain repetitions of texts from the *Sûtras.* He goes about dressed in white, with tightly-fitting trousers, and carries a sort of shell-trumpet, on which he performs at the corners of the streets, and, more wonderful than Baron Munchausen's horn, it charms away the evil genii of the place. For this service the people inhabiting the quarter are glad to give bowls of rice to his attendants. A disagreeable exercise he has to perform of visiting the mountains for thirty days, during the coldest part of the winter (*Kan-chu*). He has also to bathe in cold water very frequently and before going out.

The Yamabushi carries a bell or bell-box by his side, and with a small hammer he beats upon it as he moves along, chanting at the same time some *tantras* from the Buddhist books.

The theatre is an institution in Japan, but it differs somewhat from ours; the stage is in the pit, and the people are seated in boxes, gallery, and certain spaces in the pit likewise. The orchestra is fixed up in the rear, and is under the direction of a conductor who beats time.

The play begins rather early in the morning, and continues with short breaks for the whole day. Pantomime and posture-making enter largely into the performances. Men play the women's parts, and some attain to great eminence in their profession.

The Japanese also indulge in private theatricals. The picture on page 189 represents the dressing-room for one of these amateur displays. Screens have been placed to keep this room private. The audience is arranged in the open court or quadrangle of the host's house, the verandahs above serve for boxes and stalls.

The gentleman with the umbrella is performing before the assembly, probably reciting a monologue, while the conductor on his right hand is beating time, to regulate his movements, with a piece of wood of considerable size.

In a land like Japan, of "mountains and streams"—a term, by-the-bye, which expresses, in both Chinese and Japanese, "landscape," "beautiful scenery," we may expect to find a merry race, for there the prospect is itself cheering. The mountain slopes clothed with patches of forest, or terraced with well-cultured gardens and fields, the swiftly-running streams, and roaring torrents from the hills, the blue sea viewed from a rising ground strikes pleasantly the eye, as it appears in the numerous bays and indentations of the coast, the romantic spots where temples are embosomed in woods, or, being built on craggy points of the hill-side, shine amid clumps of aged pines over the vale, all tend to enliven the heart. Accordingly we find among the Japanese a very joyful spirit, which shows itself in their popular institutions, especially in the *Matsuri* festivals which are numerous all over the country. These are all joyful celebrations and gay processions with trumpetings, flags, grotesque figures, men in ancient armour, and other relics of antiquity.

The *Matsuri* is a religious *fête.* Unlike the Jaganath processions of India, the Japanese brings in his demon god, Godzu Tennō, said to be a gaoler in Hades, but it is to display his hideousness and to rejoice over his capture. The devil has been caught, and they parade his huge head through the streets.

One of the greatest religious festivals is that held in honour of Suwa, on the ninth day of the ninth month, that being held to be the god's birthday. The ceremonies chiefly consist of plays and pantomime, performed *au plein jour* in a large pavilion built for the purpose, called *O-tabi-tokoro.* In this is built a temple of bamboo-work, the roof being covered with straw and the branches of a certain tree, which Kämpfer calls *tsugi.* It is purposely built in this simple and rude fashion to mark the origin of the site where, in ancestral times, the inhabitants of Japan worshipped the Deity in quite a simple manner.



JAPANESE "MATSURI" ON SUWA'S BIRTHDAY.

Benches and platforms are erected for the convenience of spectators, who sit to view the procession of Shintoo priests, and heap upon them presents, which are intended as the alms of the devout.

This fête in honour of Suwa is a fair specimen of the Shintoo ceremonies. The priests, dressed some in black, others in white, bear about the streets an alms-chest, and, numerous attendants may keep when walking in procession—are distinctive of these Japanese *Matsuri* fêtes.

The festival lasts several days, but the ninth and the eleventh of the month are held to be the most solemn, and a stop is put to business entirely. The whole population, even to the poorest workmen, go out in holiday attire. The houses are adorned, and new carpets, mats, and screens, are displayed.



DRESSING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

according to fixed rule, proceed through the streets. Their head-dresses and caps are peculiar, their movements and very gait is set down in their instructions. The trailing robes of the superiors—marking, as it were, the distance at which the Friends visit and make merry together with feasting and music. Every street has to contribute to this expensive festival once every five or six years. The conduct of the people on these occasions is most exemplary.

The Escorial; its History and Contents.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

On the night of Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1872, the Escorial, the pride of the Spanish nation, who called it the "eighth wonder of the world," narrowly escaped total destruction by fire. The full title of this magnificent building is "El Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo del Escorial" (the Royal Monastery of Saint Lorenzo of the Escorial). The derivation of the word is with an "o" both in Latin and Spanish. The Latin for dross, or refuse of a mine, is *scoria*, and the Spanish is *escoria;* the word, therefore, means a hill or heap of rubbish, earth, and stones brought out of a mine."

It was originally a famous monastery of New Castile, and was situated about thirty miles to the north-west of Madrid. At the time of its erection (A.D. 1563-1584) it surpassed all European buildings of its kind in size and magnificence.

According to the national tradition, the Escorial owed its existence to a vow made by Philip II. during the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought August 10th, 1557. On that occasion the king vowed to Heaven that if the victory should be granted to him, he would build and dedicate a monastery to St. Lorenzo, whose festival was on that day.

Thanks to 8,000 English, under Lord Pembroke, and Flemish infantry and German cavalry, the battle was won, and Philip went home to perform his vow. St. Lawrence, according to the monkish legend, is said to have been broiled on a gridiron, and Philip resolved that the monastery built in his honour should be in that form. The architect, Juan Bautista de Toledo, made the plans, and on St. Lawrence's day, April 23rd, 1563, laid the first stone.

Twenty-one years were occupied in the building, and on the 13th of September, 1584, it was finished.

Philip himself at once retired to some humble apartments in it, and there, with his monkish advisers, secluded himself for fourteen years, boasting that from that mountain solitude he, "with two inches of paper, ruled two worlds." He died on the anniversary of its completion, in 1598. His successor added to the building, in which it was the etiquette of the court that the royal family should spend six weeks of every year. They built the magnificent mausoleum, in which, ever since, the dead sovereigns of Spain have been entombed on one side, and their consorts on the other.

The huge "mountain of granite," rising in lonely sublimity amidst the wilderness of the broad Sierra de Guadarama, cannot, indeed, boast the loveliness of the masterpieces of Spanish mediæval genius, the Gothic churches of Burgos, Toledo, Seville, and other towns, yet it has nothing to dread from comparison with what rival nations can show, as it is unique in style.

The Escorial is of prodigious size, and forms a rectangular parallelogram, 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. It is divided throughout into long courts, which indicated the interstices of the bars. It is simply, as described by guide-books, a huge edifice, containing "8 towers, 16 courts, 1,111 external and 1,562 internal windows, 1,200 doors, 15 cloisters, 86 staircases, 89 fountains, 3,000 feet of fresco paintings, and 32 leagues of space to walk upon." It also contains a sanctuary, with "7,422 relics, consisting of 11 whole bodies, 300 heads, 600 odd legs and arms, 346 veins and arteries, 1,400 bits, teeth, toes, &c.

At each angle of the parallelogram were towers, representing the feet of the gridiron, which is supposed to be lying upside down; and from the centre of one of the sides spring out a range of buildings, forming the residence of the sovereign, and representing the handle. Originally the building was intended to serve the triple purpose of a monastery, a palace, and a royal mausoleum. It contained, among other attractions, a splendid chapel with a triple nave, 320 feet in length, and upwards of 300 feet in height to the top of the cupola.

The royal tomb, called the Pantheon, was a magnificent octagonal chamber, 36 feet in diameter and 38 feet in height, richly decorated, and containing black marble sarcophagi in its eight sides. No members even of the royal family were buried in it except actual kings and their mothers.

The Escorial is a great monument of national history, the embodiment of the gloomy spirit of its founder, with whom, after the dissociation of Spain from the imperial glories of the Flemish Charles V., the real annals of the country, its short day of deceitful lustre, and its long period of real decay, may be said to have commenced.

The guides show in the church, in a gallery or mere niche above the choir, the corner where knelt Philip II., late in the night and at daybreak, watching the friars as they went through their interminable rites. They show the dark, narrow, vaulted chamber, still in sight of the main altar of the church, where he lay for fifty-three days in his last loathsome illness, "consumed, like Herod, by self-engendered vermin," and in which this cruel, sensual monster expired.

The Pantheon, or deep-laid vault, has now scarce room enough for more than one occupant, though King Amadeus, the "son of the excommunicated," as the Papist priests called him, would have felt no great inclination to be consigned to the Pudridero—literally "rotting heap"—where upwards of sixty bodies of princes and queens of Spain lie slowly mouldering together.

James Howell, in his "Dodona's Grove; or, the Vocal Forest" (date 1640), says, in the quaint phraseology and spelling of the day:—"Another argument, or rather monument, of the pietie of this platonique prince (Philip II.) was that worke of wonder, that glorious structure, which with expence of eight millions of treasure, and twenty-three years of time (he himself enjoying the contentment of it twelve whole yeares after it was finished), he causd to be erected, in memorie of that famous battaile he got against Ampelona (France); and not as much in honour of the day as of the martyr whose day it was; proportioning the fabrique to the shape of that instrument he suffered upon. The handle of it makes a magnificent royall palace; the body an huge assembly of cloysters, which make up a convent and an academie. And so intentive were his thoughts upon this piece pietie, that when the long longed-for tidings were poasted to him of the miscarriage of the forementioned fleet, which sayld at first with the wings of such confidence against Druina (England), he then having his eyes fixed upon a mason, who was fitting a corner-stone, he would neither aske or heare, or reade one syllable until he saw that stone settled. Such a vast pile was never reared up by scaffold, and I subscribe to them that hold the world hath not the like in one entire piece. And built it is with that unusuall solidnesse and moderate height, that it seemes in his first thoughts he intended to make a sacrifice of it to perpetuitie and to contest with the iron teeth of time. It hath a quadrangle for every monath in the yeare; and whosoever will take an exact survey of it must goe above 30,000 paces forward, about and backward, within the circumference of the walls; and the very keyes of this huge edifice poise above 1,000 weight."

As a work of art the Escorial is admirable only for its "awful simplicity." It is grand even amid the mighty buttresses of "nature which form an appropriate frame to the picture," but can hardly be said to have any style, inside or out. The church is chaste and not inelegant; yet it would be pronounced commonplace were it not for the solemn darkness which perpetually haunts it, and for the marbles, jasper, and precious stones of all kinds, with which its walls, and especially its altars, are studded. It suffered during the revolution and civil wars of Isabella's reign. In 1837, on the approach of the Carlists under Zarealequi, a hundred of the best pictures were removed to Madrid, and although some of the frescoes in the cloisters, the tapestry in the palace, and the pictures in the church and

sacristy, ascribed to Titian, Raphael, and Velasquez, have merit, not a few of the so-called masterpieces are only foster children of the artists whose names they bear. On the abolition of monastic orders, its inmates—200 monks—had to fly; and the ashy-coloured pile looming grim and dismal, like the palace of death, was for several years a prey to the inclemency of its wintry climate. "The rains," we read, "trickled through the shattered roof, and damp crept into the untenanted chambers." Perched on the highest range of a bare mountain region, laid open to all the winds of heaven, at a height little less than 3,000 feet above the sea-level, it can hardly be said to be habitable for more than three months in the year.

It was once proposed to remove to the Escorial the invaluable treasures of the archives of Simancas, and, indeed, to make the forsaken abode of Spanish royalty the repository of all the historical documents scattered over the kingdom. Previous to the sacking of the Escorial by the French in 1808, it contained, says Chambers, a library of 30,000 printed volumes, and 4,300 manuscripts, mainly treasures of Arabic lore; these were all removed to Madrid for safety, but on being sent back to the Escorial, when the danger of the war was passed, it was discovered that the contents of the library did not exceed 20,000 volumes. The rest, amounting to a third of the whole, having been irretrievably lost. The French troops, too, pillaged the place of its valuable collection of coins, medals, and pictures, which of course have never been replaced. There still remain many interesting portraits of historical personages, as the four life-sized portraits of Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., and Charles II., the first two by Vantaja, and the last two by Carreno Mirando.

There are also five exquisite marble tables in the centre of the room, and the grand globe on the Ptolemeian system. The most priceless of the contents of the library—forming, indeed, its chief glory—is the famous manuscript, *Codice Aureo*. This celebrated book consists of 168 parchment sheets, on which, in letters of gold, are the four Gospels, the preface and letters of San Geronimo, and the Canons of Eusebius. The curiosity of the work is that the letters are not written, but cut out of thin slips of real gold, and laid on with a kind of gum, so adhesive that not one of them has started, after the lapse of eight centuries. The weight of gold in the lettering is computed at seventeen pounds. Among other valuable contents of the library is an Apocalypse of the thirteenth century, and a very ancient Koran, besides multitudes of the earliest manuscripts known to *savants*. The missals and other books of devotion of many of the Spanish monarchs are here carefully preserved, including many which belonged to Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. There are also many original sketch-books of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Albrecht Dürer, Brenghel, and other great masters.

The Escorial is mentioned in terms of admiration by almost every traveller who has written upon Spain. Mr. Ford, however, one of the most recent writers who has described it, speaks of it as being in his day "a mere shadow of the past," and as being saved from going to utter ruin only by the grants of public money which were voted by the State for the express purpose of keeping it in repair and saving it from that destruction which apparently has at last overtaken it. The monastery is no longer rich, its revenue of £12,000 a year having been confiscated. In 1830 Mr. Inglis found about a hundred monks inhabiting it, living in a condition of luxurious idleness. The palace and convent are now used as a college. In one part about 180 youths receive a secular education; in another about 140 students are being trained for the priesthood. On the slopes below it, Philip planted English elms, which still flourish.

First and foremost among the relics is a bar of the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was burnt. It originally had a gold coating; but this the greedy French invaders in 1808 skimmed off when they ravaged the building. Next comes a piece of the true cross, the two thorns from the Saviour's crown, the fragments of the column to which he was bound, the bits of the cord with which he was scourged, the piece of his tunic, the chip from the manger in which he was born at Bethlehem, and the imprint of his feet when he ascended into heaven." Other contents of this *relicario*, the full list of which, consisting of 7,422 relics, may be seen hanging in a frame on the side of the choir, are the following:—Various pieces of the vestment of the holy Mary; the thigh-bone of the Apostle Paul; some bones of the Evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke; many bones of St. Philip; the body entire of one of the innocents slain by Herod; a finger of St. Lawrence; half of his backbone; his thigh-bone, with flesh and skin attached, toasted, and having recognisable in it the marks of the prongs of the iron toasting-fork his executioner used at his martyrdom; one of his feet, short of the heel-bone, but having a little bit of coal between two of its shrunken toes; the bodies entire of St. Mauricio, St. Theodorus, St. Constance, St. Mercury (who was he?), St. William, St. Marino, St. Honorato, and St. Beatrice. Then come a number of heads—namely, those of St. Blas, St. Julian, St. Felix, St. Anadeto, St. Hermenegildo, St. Theophilus, and Santas Dorothea and Ines. The latter has jawbone and teeth. Besides these there are several heads attributed to some of the 11,000 virgins martyred at Cologne. To proceed with the catalogue:—A hand of Pope Sixtus. (This is described as "the very hand with which he delivered to St. Lawrence the treasures of the Church given him by the two Philips, Emperors, father and son.") A rib of St. Albano; two bones of the father of St. Lawrence; thigh-bone of St. Martin; an entire knee of St. Sebastian, with its flesh and skin, and marks of the saw; more than 600 bones of St. Just and St. Pastor. (The catalogue adds, "By these bones it is easy to see that these holy saints were not so young as some historians make out.") A bone of St. Vincent Ferrer; the leg of a child-saint, one of the innocents, with its foot and hair. (The catalogue adds: "Very beautiful, and tempting one to give it a thousand kisses!") A bone of St. Leocadia; two bones of St. Diego de Alcala, confessor. (The catalogue tells us that "early in the present century these bones emitted a liquid like oil, which wet and soiled the white handkerchief on which they lay!") The thigh-bone of St. Silvestre, Pope. (The catalogue calls attention to his great stature.) One foot entire of St. Philip, the apostle, with part of the skin on it; more than 3,500 bones of martyrs, confessors, doctors, and holy virgins; one of the water-pots from the marriage at Cana, where Christ turned the water into wine; an impression of the last footprint made by our Lord on the Mount of Olives when he ascended to heaven.

These relics are no longer exhibited to the general public, unless under special circumstances. From correspondents we glean details of the great conflagration of October, 1872, and the extent of the mischief it worked. The storm of Tuesday, the 1st of

that month, began between nine and ten p.m. Three tremendous claps of thunder followed each other at intervals of a few minutes. The last of these was the loudest, and was doubtless the one which conveyed the electric spark to the College Tower, the entire gigantic edifice being destitute of lightning-rods. Four *serenos* (or night watchmen) saw flames issuing from the top of the tower in a few minutes, and raised the first alarm. Some of them ran from house to house, hammering at the doors and crying out, "Get up! get up! the monastery is on fire!" Others proceeded to the colegio gate, at which they knocked a long time ineffectually, as the good rector and his few students were all sound asleep. When he was awoke he hesitated some time before he opened the door, as he knew nothing of the flames above, and thought the noises below proceeded from a band of robbers or Carlists, who, for ought he knew, might have entered the village to sack the monastery. When he did open, the flames had gained considerable ascendency, and were fast running in the direction of the library, aided by the strong wind then blowing. The fire continued to burn for nearly thirty-six hours. The heroic exertions of the inhabitants, to the number of 700, including women and children, and their helpers who came from Madrid, together with the fact that the architect of the mighty edifice employed no wood in its construction where he could possibly use stone, prevented the flames from spreading to the palace or church, and confined its ravages to the colegio end. To the disgrace of the authorities, there were but two *bombas* (or fire-engines) in the place—one belonging to the railway station and the other to the monastery, the latter engine a very poor one indeed.

The moment the first telegram was received in Madrid preparations were made for the despatch of a special train with the necessary help. The railway company had this train ready directly; but from some cause the *ingenieros* did not reach the station till nearly four o'clock. Shortly afterwards the train started, carrying fire-engines, water-carts, hose, &c., but did not reach the Escorial till half-past six. King Amadeus had intended to go down in the next special train; but the receipt of a telegram saying, "Fire subdued," caused his Majesty to desist from his intention. Later telegrams upset the comforting assurance, and announced the continuance of the fire. It was not "out" till between nine and ten on Thursday morning.

The principal fear during the conflagration was for the ceiling of the great library, with its magnificent frescoes, the work of Peregrin Tibaldi and Bartolomé Carducci. These works of art, which represent philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, music, astronomy, dialectics, arithmetic, and theology, appear to the eyes as fresh and as brilliant as when their colours were first laid on, more than 300 years ago. Their painting cost £2,750, without the value of the gold and colours. Fortunately, they remain intact, and neither fire nor water has damaged them. The total of the books and manuscripts which were in the room on the night of the fire was 14,661, and not one of these or a picture has been injured.

The only damage the library sustained consisted in the breaking of parts of the woodwork of the glass cases, which contained the books and manuscripts, in the hurry of saving their contents when the fire broke out, and there was every reason to expect it would extend to the library. A priest came with the keys, but he brought the wrong ones, and as there was no time to wait, the people broke the cases open any way they could. When another priest arrived with the right keys he was so petrified with horror at the very idea of the danger that his pet manuscripts ran, that he stood stock still with fright, and let the keys fall from his hands. The damages to these book-cases can easily be repaired, as it is only a question of carpentering, though the injury is to be regretted, for they are all of the finest woods, having been made at a cost of £1,400, by the Italian Jose Flecha. The area burnt is large, embracing the whole of the upper floors of the colegio, or seminario, with the two towers known as the Colegio Tower and La Lucerne. "It is only by standing," says a writer in the *Times*, "amid the ruined floors of the colegio that one can form an idea of the portion burnt, as also an idea of the vast dimensions of the entire edifice. Entering by the Patio de los Reyes, I found that enormous courtyard filled with the fallen rubbish from the Lantern Tower. The stone staircases of the colegio were still standing, and by mounting them to the top, I was able to count five storeys in succession that had been burnt, including all the dormitories and cells, the dining and play halls, &c. Hundreds of men were engaged carrying the rubbish away. Fallen rafters, burnt beams, slates, and molten lead lay all around in immense heaps. A general idea of that locality and its extent can be formed well enough from the outside, with the mighty College Tower dismantled and half burnt, its iron cross and ball buried ten or twelve feet in the earth where it fell, the Lucerne Tower completely wanting, and the whole upper part of the colegio itself in ruins." So far as could be calculated, the re-building would cost £40,000, which King Amadeus, with his usual liberality, expressed his intention of defraying.

This makes the seventh fire since the Escorial was finished in 1584. The following is a list of the dates of these fires, with their causes:—

1. July 21st, 1587.—A flash of lightning set fire to the tower called La Bolica, and extended to the sacristy.

2. September 3rd, 1590.—The lightning struck the tower called Las Campañas, and entering an open balcony, penetrated to the choir, knocking all the monks down who were there performing devotions. The fire was speedily extinguished with but little damage.

3. June 7th, 1671.—This was the most serious fire the building ever sustained. Its cause was never discovered. Nearly fifty tons of molten lead and other metal were gathered from the rubbish. It took eight years to rebuild the damaged portion, at a cost of £116,500.

4. September 1st, 1744.—Lightning set fire to the Campaña, and burnt the four sides of the patio, including the hospital, infirmary, bakehouse, and stores, together with nearly 30,000 bushels of wheat, flour, barley, peas, and beans.

5. October 8th, 1767.—The carelessness of an ironing woman in the palace kitchen caused a fire, the repairs of which cost £4,500.

6. 1826.—A fire broke out which lasted eighteen hours, burning the Torres de las Damas, and extending close to the church. Cause unknown.

7. The late fire, October 1st, 1872.—Lightning having figured as the known cause of most of these fires, including the last, and the probable cause of others, one would have thought that when modern science invented the lightning-rod, the Spaniards would have been the first to apply it to their great national edifices.

But no. *Cosas de Espana.*

French Exploration in Cambodia and Indo-China.—III.

FROM STUNG TRENG TO THE ISLAND OF KHON.

Soon after the return of M. Garnier from his expedition down the river to Preatapang and Sombor, he was seized by a very danger us attack of fever, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was in delirium for a fortnight; and when, on August the 10th, the expedition started on its way up the river from Stung Treng, he was placed in one of the boats in a state of unconsciousness.



VIEW OF THE SE CONG RIVER, NEAR STUNG TRENG.

Crossing the Se Cong River at its junction with the Mekong at Stung Treng, they continued their journey along the left bank of the latter, sometimes keeping close to the side, sometimes in lateral streams, to avoid the current, and sometimes even paddling among the trees of an inundated forest. Whenever they encountered a violent stream, a light boat went forward to fix a cable made of cane on the opposite bank, by means of which the larger vessels were warped one after the other across the stream. When the cable chanced to break, the boat would spin round, and be carried into the midst of the torrent, not to be brought again to the bank till it had been carried far down the river.

Every evening they halted either on the bank, or at the foot of some huge tree in the forest. A hasty supper was served upon a mat, or upon the large leaves of the wild banana; twisting lianas did duty for chairs; and, if it rained, they took shelter under some enormous banyan, or the dense foliage of the climbing plants. During this part of the expedition, the sky was almost always laden with clouds; the light roof of leaves which covered in the boats was often penetrated by rain, and hardly sufficed as a protection from the burning rays of the sun whenever it pierced the clouds.

One evening, after having supped at the mouth of a torrent, they had stretched themselves on the matting at the bottom of the boats. The sky was black, the air hot and heavy, and everything announced a coming storm. Overcome by fatigue, they were beginning to sleep in spite of the growling of the distant tempest, when they were suddenly roused by a deluge of rain, drenching them to the skin, and filling the boats. In the midst of the disturbance of the elements, a dull but increasing sound reached the ear; the water was violently disturbed, and a long line of foam advanced towards them. In a few seconds it came down upon them, covering them and their boats, and carrying away any that were not well secured. For a moment the disorder was indescribable; cries of distress were heard all round; the canoes were beating against one

another, or receiving the heavy shock of trees that were being carried down the river. Luckily the danger soon passed; all the canoes contrived to hold on to some branch or projecting rock, and next morning they found that, though their supplies had been grievously damaged, the men, at all events, were all safe and sound. The tremendous storm which had been heard in the distance had raised the level of the river a dozen feet in the course of the night; but this rapid rise did not last long, and the water was already subsiding again.

The vegetation of the neighbouring forests was dense and luxuriant; troops of monkeys and squirrels of all sorts inhabited the lofty trees, among which admiration was frequently aroused by the magnificent *yao*, the monarch of these forests, the trunk of which often rises without a branch to the height of eighty or a hundred feet. Only now and then a wild beast was to be seen coming down to drink in the morning at the edge of the river; but the silence of the night was frequently disturbed by the various sounds of the usual inhabitants of the forests—the deer, the tiger, and the elephant.

At the evening halt on August the 17th, having ascended a small hill to observe the splendour of the setting sun, their attention was called by the boatmen to a distant grumbling sound, which was hardly to be distinguished from the murmur of the wind in the forest. This was the noise of the great Cataracts of Khon, one of the most magnificent marvels that a traveller has ever been permitted to behold. For several months they had been looking forward to this; and now in a few hours they were going to enjoy one of those rare sensations which recompense a traveller for all his fatigues. Next morning, the boatmen, more lively than usual, pushed and hauled the canoes with all their might among rocks, and stumps, and sunken trees; they knew that their hard work was nearly over; for, on arriving at Khon, they would be set at liberty, and fresh canoes would be taken above the cataract. To return to Stung Treng they would but have to let themselves be carried by the rapid stream for only a single day, though they had had to spend eight days in ascending the same distance.

After clearing the points of numerous islands and islets which are spread over the river, a magnificent sheet of water was seen, framed as it were in a belt of verdure, and extending to the foot of the wooded hills which form a small chain of mountains in the distance. This is the rocky mass which bars the plain and checks the course of the river, compelling it to turn aside and surmount the obstacle at its lowest point. As they drew near, the noise of the thousand falls, which extend over a length of more than six miles, continually increased. Five or six arms of the river, separated by islands, were passed with considerable difficulty; and at length they found themselves in a narrow torrent, advancing from tree to tree, from rock to rock. The torrent grew still more narrow, and the noise increased; and then before them appeared a fine sheet of water falling and foaming down between lofty rocks. There was some anxiety as to what new plan the boatmen would resort to for getting over this dangerous passage, when, happily, on turning round a verdant clump, the boats stopped at a small, low beach within the basin that extends to the foot of the cascade. They had reached the Island of Khon, which gives its name to the whole cataract.

From the landing-place to the village was only a mile and a half. A charming path upwards through the forest was followed by a muddy road among the rice-fields. The boats were soon unladen, and the baggage was quickly transported on men's shoulders, or in an old buffalo-cart which was provided by the chief of the village. M. Garnier was still exceedingly weak, and was carried in a hammock; but the anxiety for his life had diminished in the last few days. It was not, however, till his arrival at Khon, that he entirely recovered his consciousness, and was considered out of danger. In the midst of that splendid scenery, where the heat of the sun was modified by the shade of great trees and the coolness of water which came like dust from the cataracts around, his companions had the pleasure of seeing him return to life, looking with astonishment on the beautiful country, and asking himself, like a man awakening from a dream, whether all these delights were realities or illusions.

EXCURSIONS AT KHON.

As soon as they had been established in their new camp by the chief of the Island of Khon—a good old fellow, who, in spite of his sixty years, was still as bold and active as a young man—a start was made in search of discoveries. M. Delaporte succeeded in reaching the waterfall of Papheng, the second in size, but the most picturesque of all those which are comprised in the cataract. In the midst of rocks and islands covered with verdure, an immense mass of water is precipitated through a perpendicular height of about sixty or seventy feet, dashes up in sheets of foam, and then falls again from rock to rock, disappearing beneath the rich vegetation of the forest. From the bank only part of the picture was visible; M. Delaporte therefore clambered up a tree to enjoy a view of the whole spectacle of the waterfall, which is about a thousand yards in width, and then, scrambling down by the aid of rocks and branches, he descended to the water. On the bank lay the huge trunk of a tree torn up by the roots, and a little further on was the dead body of an alligator. The water rolled noisily at his feet, and every drop from the cascade and every wet leaf sparkled in the blazing sun. The voice of his guide, scarcely audible among the turmoil and uproar of the waterfall, called him at last from the contemplation of this magnificent sight. They returned to the canoe, which had been left a few hundred yards higher, and, recrossing the Papheng arm of the river, took the path which leads back to Khon.

On the way he made inquiries about the best method of having a good view of the great Salaphé Cascade, the largest of them all, which has a width of 2,000 yards, and was said to be unapproachable. The next day he went to an island a little above the fall. His guide made singular preparations before starting, which, in spite of all efforts, he could not succeed in comprehending. Lifting up his scanty garment to the waist, he covered his feet and legs with a mixture of lime and betel-nut juice. The precaution was by no means unnecessary, for they had scarcely landed on the island when the Laotian native showed him on the ground myriads of leeches, some as thin as needles, some thicker, and about two inches in length. On approaching them they rose and stood on end on every dead leaf, on every blade of grass, and leaped up as it were to meet them. The plastering with which his companion had covered himself protected him from their bites. M. Delaporte in a few minutes became the prey of dozens of these animals, which climbed up his legs and bled him perforce. He found it impossible to rid himself of these desperate foes: for one leech he killed, ten fresh ones took possession of him. He observed

a large tree near him, and climbed up it to rid himself of these detestable animals. He took his clothes off, and removed the leeches one by one; but even his belt had not prevented their advance, and he found that they had crawled up to his chest.

From the top of his tree, about a hundred feet from the ground, the view included the horizon above most of the surrounding trees. At his feet flowed the magnificent river; above the cataracts appeared a splendid sheet of water, from which thousands of verdant tufts emerged, whilst lower down countless flecks of foam disappeared in the distance. The general view was superb, but he was not yet before the great Salaphé Fall, which was heard roaring below, and which had not yet been visible in its whole extent. The fall is separated from the Island of Khon by several islands covered with vegetation and rocks, which from this side almost entirely conceal it. Therefore it was necessary to make a new expedition with different preparations. Some of the escort accompanied him, one of them supplied with a line for sounding. After passing a small group of bamboos, on a path which leads to the landing-place in the season of low water, they slanted to the right and reached the bank of the river. The guide, completely naked this time, made signs to wait a minute for him. Fastening one end of his sounding-line to a tree, he swam over to the opposite island, crossed the violent stream like a fish, and landed upon a rock which he knew. M. Delaporte took off his clothes also, and, half swimming and half helping himself with the line held by his guide, he succeeded in following him, though with great difficulty. The rapidity of the stream was so great, and the line hurt his fingers so severely, that he was only prevented from letting go his hold of it by the certainty that close below him the torrent made a leap of fifty feet, where he would have infallibly been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Arriving on the other side, they crawled over stones, creepers, and branches of trees; the roaring of the waters made a frightful noise; and, on getting clear of the woods covering the island, they found themselves face to face with the cataract. Over a breadth of 2,000 yards, and out of sight, a prodigious mass of water fell foaming downwards, like a maddened sea dashing itself to pieces on a thousand rocks. In front of them and close by, the water which struck against the rock on which they sat, and made it tremble to its foundations, fell in perpendicular sheets of about fifty feet high, and bounded back only to be torn in fragments upon other rocks. This part of the falls is divided into eight or ten cascades, by an equal number of rocky masses covered with vegetation. Further off, the view consisted entirely of a vast system of rapids. The blocks of sandstone were entirely covered by the waters dashing against each other; and there was nothing to be seen but foam upon the surface, or water whirling in the form of dust through the air. Further on, dark points of rocks, islands, and sheets of foam succeeded each other towards the other side of the river, which it was impossible to approach, and where the stream appeared torn to atoms more furiously than ever. Wild rushes of water deposited on the banks dead branches of trees, alligators, and large fish which had been foolish enough to allow themselves to be dashed to pieces by the torrent. The very primitive method of locomotion employed by M. Delaporte prevented him naturally from carrying his usual sketching materials on this expedition; and in after-work he felt he could not do such justice to the Falls of Salaphé as he had done to those of Papheng.

The sun was burning, but to protect himself from its fatal influence he had sought for shelter under the dense shade of the forest. Thinking how these glorious scenes surpassed in magnificence all that he had elsewhere seen, M. Delaporte recalled the enthusiastic descriptions of the Falls of the Rhine, and wondered in what magic colours the Cataracts of Khon would have been painted by such authors, if they could have seen them. In the midst of such a sight as this, the Falls of the Rhine would have been a mere accident hardly worthy of attention.

Whilst wholly lost in admiration, he was touched on the shoulder by his guide, in a state of excitement: he had seen on the sand fresh traces of a tiger. These daring animals abound in the forests, and move fearlessly by land or water; thus they succeed in surprising game on the banks of the river, and there is little chance of escaping from them. The French officer and his guide, in their light costume, had but one thing to do, which was to avoid as much as possible attracting the attention of the savage brutes. They therefore effected a hurried retreat, and regained the bank of the river as they had left it, thinking themselves lucky to get off with such a fatigue of the muscles of their arms that they felt the pain for a fortnight afterwards.

Next day, when they went to look for the sounding-line, which they had left to dry upon some trees, they observed with some excitement that, if it is not generally true that human life hangs upon a thread, their own at all events had done so, and had very nearly been sacrificed. They had scarcely tried the strength of the dried line, when it broke in the middle at the first experiment.

UP THE RIVER TO BASSAC.

After a short stay at the Island of Khon, the party continued their journey up the river in the fresh canoes that had been supplied to them; and, after five days of comparatively easy travelling along the rich and well-inhabited banks of the Mekong, they obtained a view of the Bassac Mountains, and soon afterwards reached the town, in which they were destined to make a long sojourn. Incessant rain confined them to their quarters on the bank of the river, and the water rose about fifty feet. By degrees, however, the floods subsided, and the different members of the expedition pursued their researches in various directions. Doctor Thorel and M. Delaporte, however, remained alone in the town, enjoying a rich field for their artistic and botanical tastes. The temperature had become delightful, the thermometer at night going down to 50° or 55° Fahr.; and, while the Frenchmen were rejoicing in a coolness which they had not experienced for a long time, the natives shut themselves up shivering in their houses, or huddled round large fires lighted at their doors. By day, a glorious sunshine, a cloudless sky, and about 86° Fahr. of heat, seemed to recall the finest days of a European summer. The water of the river, grown less turbid, allowed them to take frequent baths in the course of the day without fear of the alligators, who are more daring in troubled water. The soil dried; and the whole country became far more agreeable for all kinds of excursions.

Numbers of visitors came to see them when at home, and were always well received, as there were none but friends at Bassac. A worthy Laotian—the drummer of the village—was

the only person who may have entertained some resentment; and this was the only exception to the harmony of our relations. The wife of this unlucky drummer had unfortunately fallen in love with one of the European marines, who did not bear a particularly good character. One fine day she got together all the money she could muster, perhaps about fifty francs, made him drunk, and prepared to carry him off altogether. He had imbibed quantities of rice-brandy, and his drunkenness soon changed into furious madness. He wandered about the village, frightening the inhabitants by firing his revolver right and left, and refusing to listen to the good advice of those who recommended him to go to bed. The excitement was great; the King of Bassac was much disturbed, and himself came to impart to us his anxiety about the matter. It was agreed to order that every door should be shut against him; but, as the fellow was very active, they had to wait till nightfall to secure him. The evening, however, passed without accident; and next morning he came most humbly to ask for pardon.

One of the regular visitors at Bassac was the charming young daughter of a mandarin, whose relations would have been delighted to marry her to one of the members of the expedition. As the interpreter, Alexis, had taken several wives in the course of the journey, and as wives in Laos go away as easily as they come, the matter seemed by no means impossible to these good people. The family was rich; and all its proceedings were conducted with a proper amount of display. The head of the house was a mandarin of some importance, possessing considerable property in the neighbourhood, and a numerous establishment. Among this family and household M. Delaporte had plenty of opportunities for the use of his pencil, and obtained permission to make a portrait of the daughter, who was one of the beauties of Bassac. This young lady, well washed and combed, sat to the artist in a position of the most natural grace; and she was rewarded with a variety of small presents, among which were half a dozen needles, a necktie of scarlet silk, some false pearls, and a magnificent Ceylon sapphire, worth, perhaps, fifty centimes, which made her the proudest and happiest girl in the place.



PRIEST SOUNDING THE BELL OF A TEMPLE.

Meanwhile, Dr. Thorel told M. Delaporte that he had discovered a new mountain-path, which would lead them, by the use of hands as well as feet, and by jumping over several awkward places, to a certain ridge which they had often observed in their expeditions.

Though it was very difficult to find a practicable route, there was a great pleasure in climbing up these mountains under the deep shade of the forest, finding at every step some picturesque rock or botanical treasure. They brought home a rich harvest of rare plants, a well-filled game-bag, and a sketch of the dried-up bed of a torrent, in which, only a few months before, the water was rushing furiously down, and effectually barring their further progress.

The torrents were now nearly all dried up; and it was difficult to find an occasional hollow with water enough to quench the thirst.

The curiosity of the natives was greatly excited by the various pursuits of the Europeans, music and drawing especially; and a great number of the best people in the place seemed to enjoy making their acquaintance. Sometimes came an invitation to a funeral, sometimes to a marriage, sometimes to a wrestling match. At other times they were asked to join in shooting and fishing parties, or happy gatherings indoors of drinkers and musicians.



PATH THROUGH THE RICE FIELDS ON A HOLIDAY.

M. Delaporte was therefore not surprised when one evening a young Laotian friend came into the house, and explained as well as he could, that he had something extraordinary to show, if he would follow him. This was done with such an air of mystery, that he felt his curiosity would be rewarded by accepting the invitation, and he at once followed him through the long and almost only street of Bassac. His guide, instead of keeping to the foot-path, seemed with unusual precaution to walk as close as possible to the wall. Arriving at the outskirts, the Laotian stopped a few moments, looked about him, and finding they were alone, he pushed his companion through a little half-open door, which admitted them to the middle of a large garden; they followed the line of a long avenue of bamboos, at the end of which they found a cottage covered by the surrounding foliage. The guide knocked cautiously at the door, and through the climbing-plants which formed a sort of open blind, they saw the light of a lamp which only served to make the room look dark and gloomy. Suddenly the door opened without a sound, and they entered at once. At the bottom of the entrance-hall was a small room crowded with mats, clothing, vessels of all sorts and sizes, bunches of flowers, and in a general confusion that he could not at all understand. His attention was, however, soon concentrated upon the scene which was passing between the young Laotian and the lady of the house, whom he had not at first observed. She was a girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and a very good specimen of the fair sex in Laos; her complexion was almost fair, her eyes brilliant, her figure elegant, and her face inviting; she had magnificent black hair, and lively action, but seemed rather discomposed by the presence of a stranger.



BANK OF THE RIVER AT KHON.

The Laotian was on his knees, holding in his hand a flower which he offered to her while reciting a rhythmical melody resembling poetry, and accompanying his declaration with very remarkable gestures. He put himself into the most astonishing attitudes, twisting his arms, thrusting out his neck, and making such wonderful contorsions that it was almost impossible to maintain the slightest gravity. The fair one watched him attentively, and seemed greatly amused, casting meanwhile a furtive glance at her European visitor. He had seen some such pantomimic scenes represented in old pictures among the temples, but fancied they only related to the heroes, gods, or genii of antiquity. He was astonished and deeply interested to see so strange a scene passing in reality in private life.

At one moment the young Laotian clapped her hands, and immediately a wrinkled old woman, lifting up a mat, served them with a dish of fruits, tea, and cigarettes, and then disappeared again. Whilst doing justice to these refreshments,

and endeavouring to carry on a conversation with the fair hostess, he heard the sound of footsteps near them. Somebody knocked gently at the door; but she made signs to them not to move, and as nobody replied to the new-comers, they silently departed. When the visit was over, the young man led the way back with the same caution as he had shown before.

Towards the end of their stay at Bassac, there was a great talk in the place about a tiger, which without any respect for the sacred spot, had come on three successive nights and carried off dogs and pigs from the royal pagoda. His traces were followed to the neighbouring marshes; and as soon as they heard of it they arranged a hiding-place up in a tree, just over the accustomed path of the beast. They promised themselves some grand excitement, but whether he had got wind of them, or whether he had had enough of his sacred food, he appeared no more, and they got nothing but a few nights spent in the open air, and countless bites from the mosquitoes. The king had been presented by M. de Lagrée with a handsome gun, ornamented with gold and silver, and he was longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself by some doughty deed. Thinking that a good chance had now come, he arranged a great hunting party; but fearing, as was the custom in Laos, that some accident might happen to his guests, he told them nothing about it till his return in the evening. Tigers had been seen, but not killed; the sportsmen had only slain a few wild boars. The prince had deigned to bring down a couple of parrots with his own royal hand; he was delighted with his gun, and still more with himself.

The sportsmen of Bassac generally take their large game with nets and snares of all descriptions; grand hunting parties are rare. In the forests they are conducted on elephants' backs, as the best method of approaching the game, which is not alarmed by the sight of these animals. Sometimes M. Delaporte passed whole days in scrambling about the dried-up marshes under the shade of a dense mass of leaves mixed up with lianas and climbing plants of every description. Flocks of peacocks and jungle fowls kept there during the heat; but the sport was difficult and not free from danger, as peacocks and tigers are generally believed to frequent the same spots.

An Australian Search Party.—III.

BY CHARLES HENRY EDEN.

HOW WE RECOVERED THE STOLEN HORSES.

FOILED in our Herbert River expedition, nothing now remained for us but to await, with such patience as we could command, the arrival of the little *Daylight*. Eagerly with our glasses we watched the long channel between Hinchinbrook and the mainland, or scanned the unbroken horizon to seaward. No signs of the vessel appeared, and as her advent was at the best but uncertain, and we felt an irresistible impulse to be "up and doing," we determined to get back the horses, which, as I mentioned in a previous page, we had so happily fallen upon in a natural "pocket," at the head of a blind salt-water inlet. For this purpose, Mr. L——, a squatter in the neighbourhood, two troopers, and myself, were deemed sufficient, and we made our simple preparations for an early start the next morning. We calculated the task would engage us for three days, and lest the reader should think us selfish in leaving the town when the *Daylight* might arrive at any moment, and the fate of the *Eva's* crew still uncertain, I may here mention that even in the event of the former turning up, it would take at the least two days to discharge her cargo, with the limited facilities afforded by Cardwell for that purpose. In the remote Australian ports, quays, jetties, steam-cranes, and the numberless conveniences to be found in a commercial town, are unknown. A vessel wishing to unburden herself must watch the tide, run up on to the mud at high water, and proceed with the work of discharging in a seemingly leisurely manner. This is owing to the perishable nature of the cargo, which, consisting chiefly of sugar and other dry goods, it is essential should be shielded from the frequent showers, and when I say that the town boasted of only two drays, and that from the heavy nature of the soil their trips were few and far between, it will be seen that emptying a vessel, however small, was of necessity a work of time. We also knew that even if we were accidentally detained, and the party started without us, we could easily overhaul them in my boat, so we started on our errand without any qualms of conscience. Indeed, the fate of the shipwrecked crew was too heavy at our hearts to admit of purely personal considerations.

Perhaps only people who have lived in Australia, and become conversant with the habits of the blacks, can realise the fearful fate of Europeans whom an ill chance may cause to fall into their cruel hands. Starvation and blows, until death ends their sufferings, is the lot of the men, whilst the wretched women are reserved for a more terrible and degrading destiny. That this is not invariably the case, I have no doubt many philanthropists will attempt to prove, and a few isolated instances might be brought forward to refute what I admit to be a very sweeping accusation; but nevertheless I maintain that what I have just said is true, and that for one instance of white men being received amongst the aborigines with kindness and humanity, ninety-nine can be quoted in which they have met with barbarous treatment and death.

Our preparations for the journey occupied but a short time, for our wants were few. A blanket rolled up in a peculiar manner, and strapped on to the pommel of the saddle, containing a towel and a spare pair of socks, several rounds of ammunition for our revolvers and carbines, some cooked meat, flour, and tea, a pint and quart pot each, matches and tobacco, completed our equipment, and before sunrise we had left the township behind us, and were steering in a southerly direction

for the only road across the steep coast range, known by the name of Dalrymple Gap. Let us glance at the troopers as they amble along in the grey light of the morning, their horses falling into the peculiar gait—half walk, half jog-trot, and at first wholly distressing to the posterior economy—at which bush travel is accomplished. Both Cato and Ferdinand are New South Wales boys, who have been enrolled in the Queensland Native Police Force for some years, and have been familiar with the ways of the white man since they emerged from piccaninny-hood. The former is justly esteemed as the best shot in the corps, and the latter has won high honours as a tracker. Dim indeed must be the trail, and rugged and bare the country, where he is unable to follow the footsteps of either man or beast, when once he fairly embarks in the undertaking. They have both thrown aside the opossum-skin rugs and blankets which form their usual clothing when off duty, and now wear light blue cloth shell-jackets, trousers of the same material, tucked inside their boots, and knowing little caps, with long peaks, and surrounded by a scarlet band. They are amiable, pleasing-looking fellows, and are jogging along unconcernedly side by side, smoking short black pipes, and beguiling the road by a strange jargon, half English, half their own language. Though seemingly unobservant, not a stone on the road, nor a bird startled from the tea-tree swamp through which we are passing, escapes their keen sight. Their book, the book of nature, is before them, and we may rest assured that nothing, however small, will be passed undetected. This is soon evidenced by Ferdinand pointing to the hills on our right, and saying:—

"Black fellow sit down there, mine believe."

To our eyes nothing is visible, but on following the direction towards which the trooper extends his hand, we can just make out the faintest little column of light blue smoke attesting to the wonderful range of his vision. Nothing would please them both so much as our abandoning the search for the horses, and scaling the distant mountains until we reached the authors of the fire, but time presses, and despite their anxious glances, we must push on.

At last, after three hours' travelling, we arrive at the little creek at the base of the range, and here we dismount, hobble our horses, and make preparations for breakfast. A few dry leaves, and the wind-fallen timber with which the ground is plentifully strewed, soon make a smokeless fire, on which our quart pots are placed, and we sit down awaiting the happy moment when they will "come to a boil," and watching Ferdinand cutting up a junk of fresh beef, which Cato disposes round the fire in a masterly manner, each piece skewered upon a freshly-cut twig. Not that this is our usual method of cooking fresh meat in the bush. The correct way is to wait until the wood has burnt down to clear glowing coals, upon which the steak is carefully placed, and when thoroughly done on one side, turned over, when in a few minutes it can be taken off, clean, tender, and full of sweet gravy, a dainty morsel fit for a king. Should any amateur be tempted to try his hand at this most primitive mode of cookery, let him be careful to avoid turning the meat more than once, otherwise the ashes will adhere to it, and render it the reverse of pleasant.

Breakfast over, and the pots restored to their places on the saddles, we started on foot, leading our horses, to surmount the range, which reared its formidable and almost perpendicular barrier before us. Toiling along painfully, we reached the summit in about an hour, and there paused to recover our breath, and view the lovely panorama on either side. Looking northward, the whole glorious sweep of Rockingham Bay was visible, the water smooth and unruffled as a mirror, and the distant groups of islands finding a gorgeous reflex in its placid bosom. A broad expanse of country was visible to the south; primeval forest, rarely trodden by European, but veined with streaks of thicker timber, which indicated the presence of numerous rivers and creeks. The road for the last half hour of our climb had lain through dense scrub, the varied beauties of which had passed unnoticed during the laborious ascent, but now the luxuriant vegetation burst upon us in its full majesty. I have been in Indian jungles, and in Central American thickets, but never have I seen such wealth of nature's leafy products as is presented by a North Australian scrub. Not even the fierce vertical sun can find an entry within that solid mass of mingled vines, canes, and creepers. From tree to tree—perishing beneath the fatal embrace—the canes throw their tangled shoots, forming between each trunk an umbrageous canopy; the tree-fern pushes it way sturdily through the brake, and spreads its delicately-tinted fronds in graceful curves, which though contrasting, harmonise well with the darker foliage in the rear; the native cucumber, its pliant tendrils grasping the worn-out stump, forms itself into pale green wreaths of exquisite beauty, while embosomed in its midst the eye is caught by a glimpse of orange scarlet, and a closer inspection reveals the beauteous fruit coyly nestling in its verdant bower, modestly veiling itself from the enraptured beholder. Ever and anon amidst the dense green of the thicket, a flash as of a carbuncle is seen, and the scarlet "emperor" wings itself forth to dazzle the eye and disappear. With heavier flight, behind it comes the glossy black butterfly, unrivalled in its nine good inches from wing to wing of ebony sheen, followed by its smaller mate, resplendent with emerald facings on a deep black background. Beside the bank on which we rest, the wild raspberry has found an open space, and presents its delicious fruit, grateful, delicate, and cool. The whole scene is as though fairy-land had presented itself, as if the Paradise of old had been here permitted to flourish, unsullied by human contact. But the unimpressionable trooper ruthlessly tears the wild cucumber festoons to wipe the heaving flanks of his horse; his mate strikes down with his heavy cap an unwary scarlet "emperor" that flutters fearlessly by, and his brilliant wings are shattered and clogged as he feebly flaps in the smothering dust; the acrid fumes of tobacco overpower the subtle fragrance of the acacia, and, recalled by it to every-day life, the vision fades, reality asserts its sway, and refreshed by the short rest, we prepare for the descent.

So steep are the pitches that we are obliged to drive our horses before us, lest they should make a false step, trip, and roll over us. As we speed onward, the road becomes fearfully broken, cut up by a minute mountain rill, that at intervals crosses and recrosses the path. Cato stretches out his hand to pluck a raspberry as he passes, but arresting his arm midway, stoops downward, and picking up a stone, launches it into the bunch of green overhanging the track. A dead stick falls, but no, a stick would never writhe itself into those convolutions, nor would that ominous sibilation be found in a piece of touchwood. It is the brown whip-snake, by which if you are bitten, you may number the minutes of your life on the fingers of your hand, and crushing its head beneath a boulder, Cato

passes on, unconscious of having almost shaken hands with the future.

At length the base of the range is reached, and the babbling waters of Elphinstone Creek tempt us to sit down on its bank before crossing—not that we get away from the stream by passing through the knee-deep water, for so sinuous is its course that we ford it eleven times in the next four miles. And now Mount Catherina rears its head on our left, and, quitting the semblance of a road we had hitherto been traversing, we strike into the bush, hoping to find a track down to where the lost horses are disporting themselves, careless of the future, and forgetful of the just claims of their disconsolate owners. Steering for what appears to be the lowest part of the line of hills, we push on through the monotonous bush for a couple of hours, until brought to a standstill by Ferdinand, who, dismounting from his horse, peers long and anxiously at the ground beneath his feet. That something unusual has attracted his attention we all know, so sitting quietly in our saddles we await his ultimatum.

"Plenty yarrowman been pass like it this place, and two fellow come back. Plenty long time ago that, Marmy; suppose two more weeks, baal mine find him track!"* exclaims Ferdinand, jumping on his horse and pushing forward, some instinct of his own keeping him in the path formerly trodden by the missing steeds. On coming to a piece of soft ground the footprints are visible even to our more limited visions, and we go on merrily, feeling sure of finding a practicable descent into the "pocket." By sundown we had reached the foot of the range, where, finding good water, we hobbled out our horses, and camped for the night.

The Australian horses are a wonderfully hardy race, and the amount of work they can get through on a very limited supply of food is truly marvellous, and would astonish their crib-fed brethren in England. In summer and winter, in wind and in rain, in wet or dry, the bushman never houses his nag, never feeds him, rarely grooms him. Having been ridden fifty or sixty miles in a day, his saddle is taken off when the halting-place is reached, his master leads him to water, perhaps dashes a quart pot full over his back where the weight has been pressing for so many hours, puts on a pair of hobbles, and leaves him to his own devices until daylight, when he mounts and pursues his journey. Hobbles are stout straps, connected by two or three links of chain, which are fastened round the horse's fetlocks, and oppose a very formidable barrier to the indulgence of straying propensities. His movements thus fettered he must pick up any food he wants in the best way he can, and as the food is often remarkably scant, it will be seen that the time devoted to rest is exceedingly limited. Yet on this rough treatment and uncertain fare they thrive wonderfully well, keep up their condition, and make great journeys. I knew an instance of a horse doing 130 miles in less than twenty-four hours, but the animal was a thoroughly good one, and the occasion, being one of life and death, warranted the severe strain.



CATO AND FERDINAND.

The next morning at daylight we started, and after a tough scramble of several hours, still guided by Ferdinand, we reached the top of the range, from whence we saw the country spread out like a map beneath our feet, and could distinctly trace the course of our salt-water inlet through the mud flats. Our luck was clearly in the ascendant, for had we failed to hit the track, the pocket would have been almost inaccessible. As we descended, the gully down which our road ran narrowed gradually until at one place it was only three yards wide, and here any slight doubts as to the horses being in this spot by accident were dispelled, for a kind of barrier had been erected with saplings by the thieves, which effectually barred the way should the horses have attempted to return.

As it was late in the afternoon by the time we were again on level ground, and there would have been a great chance of losing the recovered steeds, we were compelled to camp for a night. We determined to thoroughly overhaul the pocket, and then getting a very early start on the following morning, to push through, and reach the township on the same day. The ride would be a long and a rough one, we knew, but still it seemed the only way to terminate our trip successfully. Sending Cato back to replace the barrier, we established our camp, and turned our horses out without hobbles, confident that

* "Several horses passed along here, and two have returned by the same road. But it is a long time ago, and if another fortnight had elapsed, the track would have been obliterated."

they were as safe as though in a stock-yard; and after some dinner, Ferdinand and myself started on foot in one direction, and Mr. L—— and Cato struck southward, by which means we hoped to gain a fair idea of the size and capabilities of the pocket, with a view to making it useful hereafter. I shall not attempt to explain to the reader anything so uninteresting as the nature of the soil, the varieties of timber with which it was clothed, &c. Suffice it to say that so admirably adapted was it by nature, that Mr. L—— leased it from the Government, and stocked it with heifers, the only outlay needed to render it perfectly cattle-proof being a slip-rail in the narrow spot where the horse-stealers had placed the barrier.



ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS, OR PLATYPUS.

As Ferdinand and I were skirting a dense strip of scrub that ran along the base of the range, the former, who was leading the way with his carbine over his shoulder, suddenly stopped, motioned me to be still, and pointed to the thick growth before us. Listening intently, I soon heard a distant crashing, as though some heavy body were forcing a passage through the jungle, though what living thing could be possessed of strength enough to make its way through that tangled network of canes and creepers I was unable to divine. Getting my double-barrel ready, I whispered to the trooper—

"What fellow sit down like it scrub?"

"Baal mine know," he replied; "mine think that fellow 'Bunyip!'" and as he uttered the dreaded word, the poor boy's face became ashy white with terror.

Who "Bunyip" is, where he dwells, or what he resembles, the Australian blacks are unable to inform you, for according to their prevailing notion no human being can set eyes upon this dread monster and live. Some tribes suppose it to be a water animal, with the general attributes of a couple of tigers, a giant snake or two, and a dash of the alligator, if the reader can imagine such an inharmonious blending of undesirable qualities. Other tribes aver that the animal is "like it big fellow bullock. My word! plenty that fellow been parter black fellow."* A faith in the existence of some monster obtains among the aboriginals throughout the whole continent, and the cheek of the boldest trooper will blanch at the thoughts of the great unknown. I have known white men who believe in "Bunyip's" existence as much as the most credulous black, but I never met one who had ever actually seen it, though they had often followed its tracks, which were usually described as "like nothing you ever saw." A recent celebrated trial proves that there is no limit to human gullibility, and that there are always fools enough in the world to believe anything, so we must not be too harsh in our judgment of the poor savage, who dreads some unknown monster, and expects to be devoured body and bones whenever he hears an unusual sound.

Meanwhile the crashing noise was approaching nearer and nearer, and it became evident to me that should the great "Bunyip" put in an appearance, I should not derive much benefit from my companion's presence, for he had assumed a recumbent position, and seemed to await with resignation the

* "Like a large bullock, and is particularly addicted to devouring blacks."

fate to which he was doomed. I crouched down by his side, and remained perfectly still, until with a burst the scrub parted, and not one "Bunyip," but three, appeared, the leader resplendent in vermilion, green, blue, and purple, while the sun glanced off his jet-black plumage. I remained mute with astonishment, for here evidently was a bird whose existence we had but little suspected. There could be no doubt of it—the short, powerful legs, the lofty helmet, and the sable feathers assured me at a glance that the Australian cassowary was no myth, but that three noble specimens were in the flesh before me. For the few seconds that were occupied in realising this beautiful sight I had remained perfectly motionless; I now, however, attempted to get my gun up to the shoulder, but the first movement caught the eyes of the jungle monarch, who, abruptly wheeling, plunged into the thick covert, followed by his suite, the foliage parting like a cobweb, and an instant sufficed to place them out of sight, though the noise of the yielding vegetation could be distinctly heard fading away in the distance. The shot that I fired at random must have gone wide of its mark, so nothing remained for me but to make a mental resolve that many months should not roll over my head before I secured another interview with the noble game. Ferdinand was with difficulty persuaded that all danger was over, but as we lengthened our distance from the scene of the dreaded apparition his spirits rose, and the promise of a glass of grog completely restored him.

In after time I tried over and over again to get a full-grown cassowary, but though I haunted their retreats with the utmost assiduity, my efforts were all in vain. I used to hear them pounding through the scrub, close to the place where, worried by mosquitoes, I had sought an ambush; but, so provokingly thick was the undergrowth, that I never dared to risk a shot, therefore I cannot boast of having ever killed one myself, though at various times several have fallen into my hands, the prey of more successful sportsmen.

As the discovery of this bird was most interesting to the lovers of natural history, crowning the results obtained by the later explorations in the far north, a short account of the habits of this huge denizen of the North Australian jungle may not here be amiss.

We first heard rumours of its existence from the adventurous men who pushed into that remote district, and Mr. Thomas Wall, himself a martyr in the cause of progress, thus describes it:—

"A specimen of this bird was shot near Cape York, in one of the most inaccessible gullies which abound in that part of the Australian continent, and where, as in other deep and stony valleys of that neighbourhood, it was running in companies of seven or eight. On that part of the north-eastern coast it is therefore probably plentiful, and will be met with in all the deep gullies at the base of high hills. The bird possesses great strength in its legs, and makes use of it in the same manner as the emu. Its whole build is more strong and heavy than the latter bird. It is very wary, but its presence may be detected by its utterance of a peculiarly loud note, which is taken up, and echoed along the gullies, and it could be easily killed with a rifle."

Such was the first description of the *Casuarius Australis*, which was then regarded as simply a black variety of the common emu. Mr. Johnson, however, shot one within a few miles of the pocket from whose scrub the three birds had appeared to me, and then all doubt on the subject was cleared up, and it became acknowledged that the new Australian cassowary and the emu were totally distinct.

The plumage of the cassowary is a beautifully glossy jet. It has no wings, four or five strong quills, armed at the end with a claw, taking their place. The neck is nude, but is adorned in front with a wattle, both being exquisitely coloured, green, purple, and vermilion. A curious horny helmet, seven or eight inches in height, forms the crest, and the claws are exceedingly powerful—so strong, that with one kick the cassowary can kill a dog—and when the thickness of the jungle through which he has to make his way is considered, the reader will see that without some such instrument he would be imprisoned by the tough vines among which he dwells.

All my efforts to preserve a skin were also futile, from the insufficient quantity of corrosive sublimate at my disposal, and the untiring devastations of the white ants and other insects, who attacked the pelt without mercy, and soon riddled it like a cullender.

Many were our surmises that evening, whilst assembled round the camp-fire, regarding the identity of the individuals to whom we were indebted for our present trip. That their ultimate intention was to remove the horses to a distant part of the country, and there sell them, we could not doubt, and though I fancy we were all morally convinced who were the offending parties, yet the proofs were so slight, and the chances of obtaining a conviction so small, that we were compelled to rest satisfied with the knowledge that their schemes were baulked, and their hiding-place discovered.

Though it is always customary in Australia to brand your horses and cattle—that is, to burn the skin with a hot iron formed into your initials, or any fanciful shape you may please to adopt as a distinguishing mark, this safeguard is not always a defence against thieves. If you purchase a horse, the vendor should produce the receipt from the man from whom he bought it (or the breeder), which receipt gives the colour, age, and marks on the horse, up to the time of his last changing hands. The vendor draws out a fresh document, enumerating the additional brands that have been placed upon the animal whilst in his possession, which is retained by the purchaser as a proof that the horse became his legitimately. Where, however, men are so constantly on the move as in Australia, and where amateur horse-dealing is the favourite amusement of so many, a receipt which may be forged by any one knowing how to write affords but scant protection.

I remember B——, who was so heavy a man that few horses were up to his weight, being appointed gold commissioner at the Sutton diggings. He was known to be a most energetic and active magistrate, and he was selected for his new office, expressly from the hope that his presence would impose some restraint on the growing lawlessness of the mining community. He never rode anything but a favourite grey horse, a splendid animal, known either by sight or reputation over the whole country-side. The very day he arrived at the diggings, he instituted repressive measures, but somehow the rowdies found out the weak joint in his armour. Without his gallant grey, B—— was, so to say, nowhere, for the ground was too rough to admit of his buggy carrying him far, and no other horse could bear his weight. The grey was *stolen that night*, and despite the machinery of the law at his command, was never recovered. Unfortunately, the native police were absent patrolling, so their keen tracking powers could not be brought to the

relief of the bereft potentate. B—— dismounted was B—— disarmed, and his reformatory measures came to the ground.

A singular instance of the detection of a horse-stealer happened in the case of a friend of mine, whose best mount was most deliberately taken out of his paddock—a proceeding, it was afterwards ascertained, connived at by his own stockman. The loss was not discovered until some weeks had elapsed, and he looked upon the animal as gone without hope of recovery, when to his surprise he received a telegram one morning, from the station where he had bought the horse some three years before, asking if he had parted with it, for a man had just arrived and asked for a job; "riding the bay colt I sold to you," the message concluded. The wires were immediately put into requisition, information transmitted to the police, the horse recovered, and the thief punished. Now here was a man caught when he had got away nearly a thousand miles from the scene of his robbery, and had crossed the border into another colony. Certainly on that occasion the rogue had luck dead against him, for his visit to the station was the merest accident. Cattle are much more difficult to get rid of, though very easy to steal. Roaming at large in the bush, and only mustered once or twice a year, much time passes before the absence of a few head is discovered, and the thief is by that time many a long mile off. But cattle will not travel as rapidly as horses, and a man driving a small mob is sure to incur suspicion. Neither are they nearly so valuable, and as the butchers are compelled by law to keep a list of the brands of all cattle slaughtered by them, and show it to the police when required, they are naturally cautious from whom they buy their beasts. A cattle-stealer and a dishonest butcher might perhaps work into each other hands for a time, but they would be treading on mined ground, and would infallibly be detected sooner or later.

The first glimpse of daylight on the following morning saw us again in the saddle, and driving before us the recovered horses, which did not seem at all pleased at this abrupt termination to their long holiday; a fact they betrayed by trying to break at every opportunity, and giving generally as much trouble as they well knew how. Few sensations are more pleasurable than the first start after either cattle or horses, before they know they are conquered, and are making use of every device to shake off their pursuers. One thing you must always bear in mind, and it may be looked upon as a bush axiom, viz., "Wherever they go, you can and must follow," and in the execution of this duty, you will find your work cut out, however greedy you may be of hard riding. I confess the task loses some of its pleasure when your horse is very restive, the ground very rough, and you are impeded by a carbine, which when slung in a bucket, pounds your hip to a jelly in steep ascents, and prods you unmercifully in the stomach at every decline. But these little drawbacks are soon brought to an end. The termination of the first hour sees the driven animals steady, and soon the monotony becomes so great, that you almost wish they would recommence their pranks. But in this particular instance we could hardly complain of monotony, for we were obliged to push on to accomplish the journey in one day, so we rattled over the ground at a smart trot. About noon we rested awhile at a water-hole, never before visited by any of our party, on nearing which we saw a number of queer-looking little animals on the bank, that immediately plunged headforemost into the water, affording us only a passing glimpse, barely indeed sufficient, unless we had known their habits before, to recognise in the furry little balls, that most wonderful of nature's anomalies, the platypus (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*).

This most curious animal has excited the surprise of both naturalists and the reading world in general. When first described in Europe, the accounts were laughed at, and even a stuffed skin was regarded as a successful fabrication. The reason of so much attention being attracted to an animal, comparatively speaking so small, when many quadrupeds far its superior in both size and beauty have been permitted to remain unnoticed, is its extraordinary shape and singular habits. The entire length, inclusive of bill and tail is usually less than two feet; perhaps from eighteen to twenty inches is the average size. The body is long, resembling that of a large rat, or the Australian bandicoot, and thickly covered with soft glossy fur, which becomes very thick towards the roots, so much so, indeed, as to resist the action of water when the animal is in health, though during weakness it becomes draggly. The head is small, the eyes bright, and the ears internal, although the sense of hearing is remarkably acute. Now comes the most wonderful part of its structure, for instead of possessing an ordinary mouth, muzzle, jaws, &c., like any other quadruped, or having to undergo the martyrdom of tooth-cutting, extracting, and replacing, that falls to the lot of us bipeds, it is provided with a regular duck's bill, near the extremity of the upper mandible of which are placed the orifices of the nostrils. This beak is formed of a naked skin stretched over a framework of bones, its point being broader than the base, and through being well supplied with nerves, it acts as a sensitive organ of touch, by means of which the animal is enabled both to feel, and to smell and detect the insects on which it feeds. The feet are webbed, for swimming purposes, the membrane extending beyond the claws in the fore, and to their base in the hind, legs. The fore feet, being employed for digging as well as swimming, are armed with powerful claws, rather more than half an inch in length, and with such force can these natural tools be used, that the "duck-bill" has been seen to make a burrow two feet in length, through hard gravelly soil, in less than ten minutes. The hind feet of the males are armed with folding spurs, resembling those of a cock, and many people unfamiliar with the animal have erroneously imagined these to be poisonous. The colour of the adult animal is a soft dark brown, interspersed with a lighter hue, and the abdomen is fawn-coloured. They are most delightfully soft and smooth to the hand, but are very difficult to shoot, their movements being so quick that they dive before the shot can reach them. I am sure they would make charming pets, though I never was enabled to capture any young enough to attempt the task of domesticating them myself. The burrow of the platypus extends a considerable distance into the bank, sometimes as far as forty feet, and towards its termination takes an upward tendency, enlarging at the end into a chamber in which the nest is made; the latter is of the rudest description, and composed only of a bundle of dried weeds thrown carelessly together. Its food consists of worms, water insects, and little shell-fish, which it retains in its pouch until it has gathered a sufficient quantity, and retires to its cell to munch them at leisure. When sleeping, the platypus rolls itself into a round ball, the tail shutting down over the head, and serving to protect it. In its habits it is scrupulously clean, and neglects no opportunity of washing and smoothing

its fur. As a rule, they are retired animals, and I have known people to spend days before they got a chance of observing them in their wild state. The troopers were anxious to dig some of the poor little things out for the purpose of eating them, but on the score of want of time, both L—— and myself opposed their destruction, and by this time dinner being over, the post-prandial pipe reduced to ashes, and the horses rested, we started onward on our journey.

It is not my intention to inflict every incident of our trip on the reader; enough has, I trust, been said to show how a trip of this nature is conducted, and I feel that in touching on the recovery of the horses at all, I have rather digressed from the path I had mentally marked out when I commenced these papers. Looking back over my old journals and pictures, I find many things crop up that had before escaped my memory, and thinking they may prove of interest, I feel loath to leave them unnoticed. This must be my excuse for taking the reader away from the search of Hinchinbrook Island, which I hope to describe in a future paper, and will therefore conclude this by saying that we accomplished our object, and reached Cardwell by midnight, to find that the *Daylight* had only arrived that afternoon, and had not yet commenced to discharge her cargo. I found Tom Frewin, her skipper and owner, who had not yet retired to his cockroachy bunk, and after a few words on his part, in which he professed his willingness to assist in finding the *Eva's* crew, and the proffer of certain terms on mine, I went home, stiff with my long ride, and speedily became oblivious to all external influences.

Ten Days at Seville in 1867.

If any one wishes to realise the state of society four centuries ago, and to know how our ancestors lived and acted in the good old times of the Middle Ages, he cannot do better than spend one Easter of his life at Seville.

Instead of poring over quaint old chronicles, let him travel southwards, and there, in the sunny capital of Andalusia, he will see living men and women acting the counterparts of those strange scenes which he doubtfully reads of in his library at home.

Nothing would seem more foreign to our present mode of feeling, than that noble ladies should walk the streets of London in solemn penitential or funeral procession, as Shakespeare describes the Duchess of Gloucester or the Princess Anne doing. Yet to this day the noblest women of Spain may be seen barefooted and with lighted tapers, treading the stony streets of Seville. There, too, in the famous Feria, he will see what our old English fairs once were, before they dwindled away in utter disrepute and shabbiness. Everyone has been told a thousand times that Spain is centuries behind the rest of Europe, but only those who have witnessed her strange Easter customs and ceremonies, can understand into what an old world they carry one back.

A turn of Fortune's wheel—so strange and unexpected that it was some time before we could realise our own good luck—took us up, the end of March, 1867, out of the fog, and frost, and snow of London streets, and carried us off to Spain. We had had no time for preparation, no time to "get up" the subject by reading all that recent travellers have said about it, and, to say the truth, we entered the country much better acquainted with the doings of the Spaniards in the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries than in the nineteenth. Thanks to Mr. Prescott, and others who have written on that picturesque era, we knew far more about the subjects of the "Catholic King," than about those of Queen Isabella II. Our ignorance had its drawbacks, but it had also its advantages. Some things we may have overlooked altogether, but whatever we did see, we saw through our own eyes, and pondered over with our own thoughts. Spain was then a blank page in our minds. Some out of the crowds of impressions which have since filled it we shall endeavour to put together here, thinking that in these days, when so many advocate the revival of ancient customs, we may find some who will like to hear how these customs are carried on in the country where they have attained their greatest development.

On the 12th of April we awoke in Seville. The main object of our travels was reached; Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, and never-to-be-forgotten Cordova, were fresh in our memories— but if all the glories of all these places were rolled into one, we had been led to believe that Seville would have surpassed them all. Does any city described by poets and immortalised by great artists ever quite realise what the imagination has painted? We doubt it. We have heard some scenery extolled, and when we have stood in the midst of it, have felt that not one syllable too much had been said—that human language was all too cold to express the sublime beauty of the reality. But we never felt that quite in any city, however full of beauty and interest. Who does not remember the sensation of reaching some city they have longed to visit, of feeling that the poets and painters have combined to deceive them? We must plead guilty to some such feeling when we took our first walk in Seville. The streets were not quite so narrow, the houses not quite so picturesque, the faces shaded by the mantilla not always so beautiful as we had hoped to find them. We walked on—disappointment was perhaps at its height when we came in sight of the plain ungraceful exterior of the cathedral; but when, striving to avoid the officiousness of the dirty beggars at the door, we lifted the greasy curtain and entered, all thoughts of disappointment vanished from our minds. We stood in one of the grandest shrines which human devotion ever reared to God. The light was subdued, but without producing any impression of darkness, for the rays of the sun were not excluded, as in our churches at home, by the stained glass which filled every window, but pouring through it darted several patches of brilliant, quivering colour on the marble floor and lofty columns. It was only when the curtain at one of the doors was drawn aside, as some fresh worshipper passed in, and the strong yellow light

flooded the pavement, that one remembered the glare and the heat without.

Strange it was that the same spot could be at once so solemn and so full of life. The cathedral seemed like an epitome of the city. Its majestic aisles, as wide as Seville's streets were, as crowded as they. The beggar, picturesque in his rags, and repulsive from his filth and his deformities—the handsome señora in her black dress and graceful mantilla—the poor mother nursing her child on the steps of the *coro*—yes, even the dogs contentedly running hither and thither among the crowd, all were there, and all seemed equally at home. Some knelt here, some there, some came, some went, some joined the throng who worshipped before the high altar—some sat apart in the quiet chapels. There were no seats of any kind, each sat, or knelt, or stood wherever he chose. The cathedral seemed a mighty parable intended to exemplify the claims of the Catholic Church, and embraced all alike, rich and poor, in her loving arms. Amid so much that seems to us hollow and theatrical, this is the one attractive, almost the redeeming, feature of Roman Catholic worship.

This much we saw and could appreciate at the first glance, yet every fresh visit increased our wonder and our admiration of the great cathedral. Like all things that are well-proportioned, its size was the last thing that struck us. It was not till we had seen it many times, thronged though not filled with thousands of worshippers, who seemed in proportion to its lofty pillars but as swarms of ants beneath a grove of ancient trees—that we thoroughly understood its vastness. As in all Spanish churches, the nave is blocked by the *coro*, but here the width and grandeur of the double aisles on both sides of it, make up for the loss of space in the centre. Here, as in all great Roman Catholic services, the human worshippers sink into insignificance, contrasted with the solemn ritual and the glorious place of worship.



A SPANISH GIPSY.

Such was the scene in which the strange customs and gorgeous ceremonies of Holy Week were to be enacted, and in which we were to pass a great portion of our time during our stay in the city.

At the western end of the cathedral a large monument in white and gold had been erected for the reception of the host, which is yearly borne thither in the solemn commemoration of the burial of our Lord. It was a strange representation of the

tomb hewn out in the rock, and looked better fitted for a ball-room than for its place in the solemn and massive church, but afterwards, when we saw it lighted up with hundreds of tapers, the beauty of the effect almost made us forgive its incongruity. In our first visit to the cathedral we saw and admired Murillo's celebrated picture of the "Vision of St. Anthony," which hangs in rather a neglected condition in one of the chapels, and also other works of his in the chapter-house.

A visit to the sacristy afforded us an opportunity of examining the plate and vestments, which we saw displayed during the following week. The latter were marvels of elaborate embroidery, but the former did not bear a close inspection, as all the great candlesticks were so covered with dirt and wax, that there was nothing to admire in them beyond their stated value. Scarcely of more interest, though likewise considered of enormous value, were the relics and the jewels, to which we gave some minutes of cold attention before we left the cathedral.

Passing out under the shadow of the Giralda, the noble Moorish tower which now serves as the campanile, we crossed over to the Alcazar. A few steps carried us from one extreme of architecture to another, but the two buildings had so little in common that the contrast could make no difference in our appreciation of either.

From the sublime grandeur of the cathedral we stepped at once into the fairy-like creation of Moorish taste and luxury. Instead of the solid masonry which seemed to express the stability which it ensured, the very walls at the Alcazar appeared mere curtains of delicate lace, as flimsy as a dream and as evanescent. And yet—strange thought—they were as ancient as the cathedral itself, and represented a time when the Moors filled the land with beauty and romance. Architects may say that these delicate arabesques with their subtle and graceful lines and curves—too intricate for the eye to follow—show debasement of taste and degradation of art. We care not. The Alcazar threw its glamour over us, and we defy anyone—save a crabbed art critic bound to his preconceived notions and theories—to stand in its courts and chambers in the clear light of a Spanish April noon, and not be fascinated by its bewitching beauty. It seemed too delicate for any one less ethereal than a fairy princess, and we learnt with surprise that it is not many years since it was inhabited by the Duc de Montpensier, who resided here till his larger but more commonplace palace in the Alameda was assigned him. The Alcazar, as it now stands, was built by Pedro the Cruel at a time when Spanish princes were the allies and not the persecutors of the Moors. Here he held his court, and Maria Padilla reigned. Since those days it has seen many reverses of fortune, and it is only quite recently that the whitewash has been removed from its walls, and the tasteful colouring restored. Red, blue, white, and gold are the only colours used throughout the building, yet these delight us again and again by the variety and beauty of their combination.

The ceilings, the doors, and the shutters are also filled with arabesques constructed in a kind of wooden mosaic, and the eye cannot rest on an inch of surface which is not covered and adorned with a graceful pattern.

The scenery is perfect, but, alas, there are no actors; no sultans or sultanas, no gallant knights and fair ladies will ever people this charming dwelling, which almost makes one believe in a good old time when romance was reality.

The bath-house, where the courtiers tasted the water—in extravagant flattery—after it had been used by the fair Maria Padilla, was a most uninviting damp cellar, and we were glad to escape from it into the garden, and wander among its beautiful flowers. The air of Paradise could not have been more deliciously soft and scented than that we there breathed. It seemed to steal away the past and the future from one's mind, and to leave nothing but a voluptuous sense of present existence. Beautiful scenery and harmonious sounds often produce this effect, but one seldom experiences it—especially in our cool and northern climate—through the senses of feeling and smell. We had now felt it twice in Spain; once, when we stood in the midst of the Orange-court at Cordova, and again here in the gardens of the Alcazar. It bewitched us so thoroughly, that we detested the very thought of criticism, and tried to turn away our eyes from the ugly, mock-rustic walls which enclosed our Eden, and to forget the absence of turf, which to English eyes (could they be critical here) made Paradise look somewhat like a wilderness. Then the quaint fountains, springing up suddenly through the gravel paths under our feet, completed our enchantment, and it was some minutes after we left the palace before we could recall our minds from fairy-land to every-day life.

Leaving these miracles of architecture, we proceeded to the Caridad, an old almshouse said to have been founded by the original Don Juan, and there feasted our eyes on the masterpieces of Murillo's art. We shall not attempt here a description—much less a criticism—of all the paintings we saw and admired in Seville. The task would be beyond our powers. Suffice it to say that no one who has not visited Spain can form any idea of Murillo's power, and that those who have seen and studied his works in the Spanish galleries and churches, will ever after esteem him one of the world's greatest painters. The Caridad contains some of his finest pictures, of which "La Sed" and "San Juan de Dios," are the most famous. Two others of the infant Saviour and of St. John were veiled in consequence of the approach of Holy Week, a custom which is almost the only disadvantage of visiting Seville at this season.

When we left the Caridad, we had already done a good day's work; but our labours were not yet over. "Pilate's House" had yet to be seen; and, as we knew the following week would be fully employed, we determined to despise fatigue, and visit it at once. The name was strange, like many other things in Seville. One would be startled to find Pilate's house still standing anywhere; it was doubly surprising to meet with it in Spain. We found, however, that this only professes to be a copy built in the fifteenth century by one who had visited the original at Jerusalem. It looks far too modern and too Moorish to inspire one with much respect for the tradition; but it needs nothing to enhance the effect of its graceful beauty. The house is in the same style as the Alcazar, which it almost equals in everything except size. The cool court, or *patio*, as it is called here, the shady arcade covered with beautiful arabesques, and the oriental windowless apartments opening from it, charmed us here also, and again carried us away into the realm of romance.

"Pilate's House" was once the residence of the Dukes of Medina-Cœli, and still belongs to the owner of that grand old title, who, however, seldom or never inhabits it now. If it be true that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," the duke must be a happy man indeed who can afford to neglect "Pilate's House." Everything about it wore an abandoned aspect,

especially the little enclosed garden, which was a real jungle of beautiful roses. A miserable cat—a shorn, ragged, tail-less creature, so disfigured by Spanish cruelty as to be hardly recognisable for a cat at all—skipped about the *patio*, with a forlorn attempt at playfulness, and seemed the only inhabitant of what had once been filled with the gayest and brightest life of Spain.

When we had thoroughly examined this little gem, we returned home, our minds filled with all the beauties we had seen in our long morning's ramble, and thinking that if our first impression of the city had disappointed our expectations, we should have been unimaginative indeed if a nearer inspection had produced that effect.

PALM SUNDAY.

The next morning we were again in the cathedral. It was scarcely eight o'clock, yet the whole building was crowded. We had no time now to pause on the threshold to admire and revere its beauty, for the service had already commenced; and if we delayed, every spot from whence a view of the high altar could be obtained would be filled up. We hurried on, and secured a good position on the northern side of the *trascoro*. The *coro* had been united to the high altar by low railings, which kept open a path of communication between them. On both sides of this was a wide space filled with a crowd of women, kneeling or sitting on their heels in the picturesque fashion which is universal here, but which is so essentially uncomfortable to all whom long habit has not accustomed to a dirty as well as a stony seat. All were in black, wearing the mantilla, and carrying alternately in their hands a fan or a prayer-book. A dense crowd of men of every class stood around them.

The high gilt railings concealed much that was going on from us; but we could see the officiating priests passing rapidly to and fro before the altar, waving long palms. Within the screen, on a raised and canopied platform, were the chairs of state, occupied by the Duc de Montpensier and his two daughters. Presently we saw all the priests within the rails form in line, each bearing a taper in his hand, while an old priest ascended the pulpit, and in a monotonous chant read something for a few minutes. What this was, or even in what language—whether Spanish or Latin—it was impossible to distinguish, for no single articulate sound reached us. When he ceased, a pretty ceremony began. Three tall plaited palms were first presented to the royal party, who kissed them reverently as they received them. Then all the priests came up in procession from the coro—some dressed in black, some in violet, and some in white; and as they ascended the altar steps, they each received a long waving branch, and bore it back again to their places. All came, of every degree, even down to the little choristers, who, in their scarlet robes, trotted hither and thither with evident pride and delight in their tall boughs. As they all trooped back again in picturesque disorder, the effect was wonderfully beautiful. The rich colouring of the priests' vestments, contrasting with the black dresses of the crowd of women in the foreground, and the light graceful palms, giving life and motion to the solemn grandeur of the cathedral, formed altogether a subject worthy of the brush of a great colourist. It was but one out of many gorgeous effects which we had witnessed before we had been a week in Seville; but being the first, we admired it perhaps the most of all.

A movement in the crowd around us next directed our attention to a procession which was forming in the aisle behind us; and we crossed over to see it. First came a number of priests bearing veiled crucifixes on the top of high poles, which were draped so curiously as to resemble huge lanterns of different coloured silks. We were afterwards told that the cross-bars on these denoted the different parishes from which each came—every church sending its crucifix on this day to take part in the procession. Following these, came more priests, carrying the huge silver candlesticks which we had seen the previous day in the sacristy, with numbers of others with their palms; then the choir, singing the words of the gospel (Matt. xxi.) recording our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem; and behind them, a long train of the superior clergy in glistening robes. We were too near for the procession to appear solemn. We had not yet become accustomed to the disorder, which we afterwards found to be the rule in these matters at Seville. No one kept any particular place, or had any regard for his neighbour's. Some walked slowly; some faster; some appeared absorbed; some chatted among themselves, or with their acquaintances in the crowd; while the merry little choristers fenced one another with their pliant boughs. The old cardinal-archbishop followed in his magnificent vestments and mitre, with raised hand blessing the bending crowd to right and left. Lastly came the duke and his two daughters, each bearing their plaited palm; and it seemed to us that the young girls, in their elegant dresses and white lace mantillas, were rather out of place at the end of the long line of priests. The procession passed down the aisle, and out into the street, where, in the bright sunlight, it looked almost more picturesque than within the building. Every balcony was draped with gay hangings, and crowded, as was also the street below, with the spectators who had assembled to watch its repeated progress round the cathedral. Every man uncovered as it passed. We were amused by seeing one unauthorised processionist—a mule laden with green wheat—join in immediately behind the royal party. The officials pounced indignantly on the intruder; but both he and his master—a rough, uncouth-looking peasant—seemed unwilling to be driven back, and a slight altercation ensued, before dignity and propriety were restored to the procession.

We stood on the raised platform which surrounds the cathedral until the last of the long line had passed out of sight, and then, remembering that our own bodily and spiritual needs were unsatisfied, we returned home to breakfast before we set out again to seek the English church. After a hot walk—for the service must needs begin at the orthodox English hour of eleven, when the sun's rays are at their strongest—we found the English consulate, and, in a long, low room upstairs, a congregation assembled. Never, perhaps, were we in any place where the accessories were so little conclusive to devotion. The walls were hung with wretched daubs of all sorts—family portraits, Venuses, and Cupids; and sacred subjects in promiscuous arrangement; while the corners of the room were filled with cupboards, in which the consul's dessert seemed to have been put away, together with odds and ends of the most miscellaneous description. As for the preacher—alas! we fear that during his discourse we thought more of good old George Herbert's excellent but difficult maxim: "Judge not thy preacher, for he is thy judge," than of either his text or his commentaries. But yet, in spite of place and preacher, there

was something in the service here which we had not found in the gorgeous spectacle of the cathedral worship. The simple, familiar words echoed by all the congregation, and spoken "with the understanding," were—we do not fear to say it—a thousand times more really impressive than the rolling music of the "unknown tongue" chanted by the priests alone. Yet, even with this consoling thought, we could not but wish that the religion of England's people was more worthily and decently exhibited among those who are taught to consider us as a nation of half-reclaimed heathen.

In the afternoon the processions were to commence; and not being yet accustomed to Spanish unpunctuality, we hurried out at three o'clock, only to find ourselves much too early. Our guide accordingly proposed to take us to the Church of San Juan de las Palmas; and as we bent our steps thither, we were startled by some extraordinary apparitions. Men, dressed entirely in white linen robes, and wearing on their heads enormously tall fools' caps, the folds of which fell over their faces, and concealed everything but their eyes, were walking along the streets; and, stranger still, appeared to excite no surprise in any one except ourselves and a few very young children. These were the "Nazarenos," as they are called; and to the different fraternities into which they are divided belong men of every class, from the highest to the humblest, who esteem it a privilege to accompany the *Pasos* during Holy Week in this fantastic attire. The dress is here said to be that worn by the Jews at the time of our Lord's crucifixion; but it would be extremely hard to believe that anything so preposterous and inconvenient should have ever been the national costume of an Eastern nation. It is harder still to believe that any combination of ideas could invest the act of putting on these comical garments with the character of a religious service, acceptable to God, and honourable in the sight of men.



BEGGARS AT SEVILLE.

Arriving at the church in which the processionists were assembling, with true Spanish courtesy we were immediately admitted, on the plea of being strangers and foreigners.

Never before had the interior of a church exhibited so ludicrous an aspect to us; and it was some time before we could get over the impression that we had by mistake entered the green-room of a theatre, in which active preparations for a pantomime were going on. Here we had an opportunity of inspecting at our leisure the whole costume, from the point of the tall cap, to the end of the long linen train, which, by day, is carried, like a lady's court train, over the wearer's arm, and by night is allowed to trail its whole length of four and a half yards along the street, giving its owner a still more fantastic appearance.

It was a shock to turn from these "Nazarenos" to the objects in whose honour they were assembled. Standing opposite one another in the church were the two *Pasos* or platforms supporting life-sized wooden figures, which are the peculiar characteristic of the processions during Holy Week at Seville.

The first — in position, not in magnificence —represented Christ in a robe of silver tissue, led by two soldiers before the throne of Herod. On the second were the Virgin and St. John, dressed in robes of rich crimson velvet, over which, in the case of the former, flowed an enormous black, gold-bespangled train. This one also was surmounted by a black velvet canopy, and had a great number of tall tapers before it: a few burnt before our Saviour's image. The figures and faces in both were well-carved, and would have been life-like had they not been terribly over-varnished. The sufferings of Christ were strongly, even coarsely, expressed—the brutality of the soldiers —the sharp cords cutting the unresisting wrists—and the expression of physical agony in the bending figure—all were there, and even seemed dwelt on with delight. The comicality of the "Penitents" was hardly a good preparation for the emotions produced by these figures.

After waiting some time in the church, we flattered ourselves



WORSHIP IN SEVILLE.

we saw some signs of the procession commencing, and hurried away to take possession of the balcony we had hired in the "Calle de las Sierpes" in order to see it defile through the streets. We found our balcony, for which, by-the-bye, we had paid an exorbitant price, was very high up in a café and billiard house, and the click of the balls mingled with the music of the procession—when it came. For of course we had to wait a long time, though at first the novelty of the scene, and the constant variety in the moving crowd below, made us forget how time was passing.

The Sierpes, so called from its serpent-like windings, is the Bond Street of Seville, containing all the best shops in the town. It is so narrow that no carriages pass through it, so that it more resembles a wide bazaar, or arcade, than an ordinary street. Up and down this wandered beneath our feet the life of the swarming city. Soldiers without number—for here in Seville every tenth man is in uniform; smart ladies dressed in every colour of the rainbow, but all nationalised by the graceful mantilla and never-resting fan; ragged girls with roses set in the dark masses of their plaited hair; vendors of "agua fresca;" men in Andalusian dress with red sashes and round *sombreros*, and dandies in the latest fashions of Paris and Madrid. Now and then a tall fair-haired stranger, whom it was easy to recognise at a glance for a fellow-countryman, came by and helped to swell the motley throng, which was as amusing as varied. For it was a holiday crowd, in which every one was laughing and talking, and the merry babble rose even to us in our exalted position.

As the afternoon drew on, all the windows and balconies were filled with gay groups; even to the garrets, out of which untidy-looking maid-servants crept to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the scene.

The narrowness of the streets gave us a full command of our opposite neighbours, admitting us as it were into a family circle, and we spent some time trying to fit a history on to the personages in the scene before us. There was a handsome old lady, with her mantilla becomingly falling over her rolls of silvery hair; a pretty young señorita receiving the polite attentions of a dandy boy-officer, whose thoughts, however, seemed partly distracted by a sense of the elegance of his tight waist, well-fitting gloves, and huge peg-top trousers, which were apparently extended by artificial means; and, lastly, a little girl, a mere baby, toddling about the room, using a miniature fan with a grace and dexterity never seen out of Spain.

We had more than enough leisure to watch this group, and had begun to find the ceaseless motions of the fans was fidgetting and worrying beyond description, before our attention was called off by the appearance of the procession.

It was nearly six o'clock before we saw the first "Nazarenos" turn the corner of the street, and we hailed them with joy. Every hat was taken off as they advanced, but otherwise no sign of any deeper feeling than curiosity and amusement could be traced in the crowd. No order was maintained in the procession itself—each quaint "Penitent" walking slowly down the street without any regard to his companions, and only turning round occasionally to see if the *Pasos* were still following. The weight of these is so enormous that the twenty-four stout bearers, who, hidden by the drapery, support them on their shoulders, are obliged to halt for rest at almost every hundred yards of their path.

It is said that an attempt was once made to draw them on wheels, but the figures were so much shaken by the roughness of the streets that it was impossible to repeat the experiment. In any other country the inference would have been that the streets ought to be better paved—here, in Spain, the only idea was to return to the more primitive arrangement. So the tremendous burden is still borne along on men's shoulders, and will be to the last day of Roman Catholicism in Andalusia.

When the figure of Christ had been carried through the street, more "Penitents" followed, in purple and black caps, among whom we noticed a tiny child, who with much gravity toddled along in his flowing white robes. Then came priests swinging censers, and the clang of military music announced the coming of the Virgin's *Paso*. It halted just beneath our window, and the music, which was anything but solemn, ceased while the priests lighted all the tapers round the figures.

The evening was fast closing in, and though the tops of the houses were still illuminated by the sun's last rays, the narrow street below was dim with twilight. Nothing could exceed the picturesqueness of the scene when the heavy mass was again set in motion, surrounded by its scores of burning tapers, when the music clanged forth again and a shower of flowers fell from all the windows, on the Virgin's canopy, and on the ladies who upheld the end of her velvet train. The novelty of the whole scene made it almost appear unreal, and this impression was helped—indeed it may have been suggested—by the long cords used in summer for supporting the awnings that then cover in the street, but which were now for the most part idly suspended above us, looking like the apparatus for shifting the scenes at a theatre.

As soon as it had passed, we hurried out, and plunging into the less frequented streets, made our way to the Plaza de la Constitucion, where the first *Paso* was halting before a balcony containing members of the royal family. Every window all round the fine old square, and every inch of ground in the large area, was crowded with people, and the effect was indescribably gay and pretty, but to our ideas of reverence it was very painful to see that life-like image of our suffering Saviour borne along through the laughing throng. To the people it was evidently a holiday show and nothing more, and when, pressed by the crowd, the bearers tottered, and the heavy mass quivered as though it would fall upon them, there was a shriek of laughter which turned our hearts sick within us. We seemed even by our presence to share the guilt of the profanity which disgusted us, and we returned home sadly meditating on the folly of those who allow familiarity to breed contempt in matters which should be so solemn and so sacred to all.

MONDAY.

It is one of the special characteristics of Spanish arrangements, that they should be made without the smallest reference to the convenience of the public. Whether it be at the picture galleries, the post-offices, or the railways, the principle is invariable that the comfort of the officials should be studied before that of those whose servants they are, in other countries, supposed to be.

We had learnt this fact to our cost long before we found ourselves at the door of the celebrated Museo at Seville, so we were not surprised to hear that the gallery was not yet open, and that in fact it never was opened except for a very limited period in the middle of the day, when the heat of the sun would naturally incline people to remain quietly in their

own homes. However, when the finest collection of Murillo's pictures in the world was the object sought, we were not to be balked by a little heat, so we determined to amuse ourselves till the time for admission arrived. We must nevertheless charge the sun with our neglect of the new statue of Spain's great master, and Seville's special glory, which has lately been erected in front of the museum. Standing as it does in the centre of one of the few open spaces in the city, it enjoys the full blaze of sunlight, which at this moment was too strong for our northern eyes.

A few minutes' walk through some narrow streets, which seemed the Belgravia of Seville, brought us to the Universidad. The houses in this quarter of the town were very attractive, and we looked with envious eyes at the cool marble *patios* filled with flowers—little Edens closed in with iron gratings, from which we strangers were excluded. Yet even in these streets the stables were always next door to the houses, and the carriages of their owners were being cleaned within a couple of yards of the front doors.

In the church of the Universidad—a handsome, classical building—we found several good pictures, and some marble monuments to various members of the Ponce de Leon family, whose modern representative is the Duke of Medina-Cœli. Two fac-simile tombs with fine recumbent figures, one on each side of the aisle, were a novelty in church architecture. The principal picture over the altar was unfortunately veiled, but we were able to admire the two side pieces, and a lovely infant Saviour by Roellas, that are well worth attention. In the president's chamber, into which we were next taken, were several other pictures, to which great names were attached, but none of them had any peculiar interest. As usual, the best were said to be in another room which might not be shown before three in the afternoon. The university is attended by 1,500 or 2,000 pupils, whose ages vary between ten and twenty-two; but it was now the Easter vacation, and the whole place was empty and deserted.

After peeping into one of the class-rooms we continued our walk and explored the market-place, from which we soon, for prudential reasons, beat a hasty retreat, and returned to make a second attack on the museum. This time the doors were open, and we passed through some cloisters before we entered the old church which now serves as a picture gallery. It was once part of a monastery, and was appropriated for this purpose on the suppression of the monks. No attempt has been made to alter the character of the building or even to restore it, and the whole place looked dilapidated and uncared-for, notwithstanding that it contained five-and-twenty of Murillo's best works—Spain's title-deeds to her place in the ranks of art. In the splendid galleries at Madrid there were luxurious sofas, on which one might repose while one's eyes feasted on the treasures on the walls. Here one old wooden chair was all the accommodation provided for those who had toiled hither footsore and weary, over the rough stony streets in which this city is without a rival. The pictures were worthy of more care, even if we were unworthy of more comfort. Those by Murillo are mostly large works—the smallest, if we remember rightly, being the famous "Servilleta," which he is said to have painted on his dinner napkin, after being hospitably entertained in a monastery. It is a half-length of the Virgin and Child, but had it been differently named we think we should have admired it more. The expression of the Child's face is so true to nature, as he peers inquisitively out of the frame with a look of half-awakening intelligence, that it would have been perfect as the representation of any merely mortal child. It was too realistic for the infancy of Christ. Such at least was our humble criticism—but we could find no fault with the "San Tomas de Villanueva," which hangs opposite to it. The head and mitre of the saintly bishop stand out in strong relief, and the whole effect of the colouring is somewhat darker than Murillo's ordinary style. The expression of the face is so refined and thoughtful, and the attitude so full of dignity and earnest pity for the crippled beggar at his feet, that we had no need to be told of his canonisation to recognise such a one for a saint. In this his favourite work Murillo shows us all an example of the ennobling power of Christian grace, and his heart must be hard indeed who can resist the attraction of this matchless canvas.

Japan and the Japanese.—VII.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

Racing, fencing, juggling, and tumbling form parts of the programme of the national fête days. Some of the quieter sort of people make excursions into the country, to enjoy a picnic under some shady grove. That the Japanese are admirers of the romantic and the picturesque there can be no question. We have only to pay a visit to one or two of the great resorts for holiday-people. Temples perched on overhanging rocks, tea-gardens with grotto-work, fantastic bridges going under equally fantastic names, pathways in the woods on the mountain-side, pagodas with jingling bells that give a note to the winds, ponds with mandarin ducks, &c., are items in the general aspect of pleasure quarters.

Nor are they far to seek; every considerable town has its picnic neighbourhood. The ancient capital, Nara, is famous for its beauties in this respect; being now partly in ruins, it is so quiet a spot that tame deer run about the deserted streets, and eat cakes from the hands of the excursionists. There are other places almost innumerable where pleasure-seekers direct their steps at holiday-time.

The temples in Japan are universally the centres of all holidays, and the outer courts, like the Temple at Jerusalem of old, are filled with petty shopkeepers and sellers of all manner of wares. The vestibules of some of the temples are used as picture galleries, where portraits of the most celebrated beauties are displayed in all the gorgeousness of their attire, and suggestive of anything but religious ideas. Many of these

objectionable customs will doubtless be swept away, and in consideration of European tastes, the Japanese will remove much that might offend.

Among the objects of natural scenery in Japan we must not forget the lakes. The finest is Lake Biwa, so called from its fancied resemblance to the musical instrument named *biwa*, a sort of banjo with four strings. The lake itself is shallow, and is in some narrow parts bridged over. Its shores are much indented, and on the promontories thus formed stand beautiful temples, and many a château graces the rising grounds on its banks.

The Japanese legend is, that this lake arose in one night, the ground or valley where it is having sunk in consequence of an earthquake, and they say that Fujiyama became higher on the same occasion. Not far from the lake is the famous mountain Yeyozan, a sacred eminence clothed with most magnificent trees, amongst which many temples hide themselves. It was at one time a sanctuary for those who fled from Miako during times of war, but the great Nobunanga, predecessor of the Emperor Taiko-sama, attacked and took the unfortified place on this mountain, destroying the temples and the priests. The whole region is the land of legend; giants, dragons, and other monsters have appeared in this locality in past times, so that the spot is replete with stories of marvel and mystery, and the proper home of poets and fable-mongers.



BUDDHIST PRIESTS OFFICIATING.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

The early history of Japan is enveloped in the mists of ages. Like all other nations which profess to have a history, Japan has had also its mythical period, and the stories related of beings who are said to have lived in pre-historic times have that beautiful indistinctness which lends a charm to the legends of the past, and gives scope for the imagination to fill up the parts which seem wanting, and to produce the various embodiments of the ideas of ancient worthies.

Nothing is more grateful to the mind of every educated Japanese than the recital of the stories of the ancient *Kami*—apotheosised kings and warriors — or to listen to the details of wars and contests for the rights of feudal lords.

The history of Japan, including the fabulous times also, is divided into four great eras:—1. The age of the *Kami*, or spiritual rulers. 2. The age of *Wō-sei*, or the government of the kings. 3. The age of *Ha-sei*, or the government of the Sioguns. 4. The age of *Wō-sei-ishin*, or restoration of the government of kings. The first of these periods relates to the spiritual rule of the *Kami*, and is wrapped in uncertainty and fable. Even the language of that pre-historic time is lost, except so far as one or two books, which are said to represent it, and they are difficult to read and to comprehend. The chief record of antiquity is the *Ko-zi-ki*, the title (a Chinese one) of a "Record of Ancient Things." The work itself was written some 1,200 years ago, and in it are deposited the traditions of earlier times, relating to—first, the genealogy of celestial beings and things; secondly, the genealogy of spiritual beings and things; and thirdly, the genealogy of material beings and things.

The celestials consist of five Kami, the chief of whom was Ame-no-minaka-nushi, the Master of the Universe—the Brahma of Japanese mythology. The second and third Kami represent the male and female principles, like the Chinese *Yin* and *Yang*. Whether the Japanese derived the idea from the

Chinese in this particular is uncertain. The other two Kami seem to have no recorded status, but each of these beings had an individuality, was self-created, and had independent power and control. They dwelt in the *Takama-no-hara*, or "Place of High Heaven." *Hara* signifies a wild and uncultivated region. The "Plains of Heaven" may therefore be the equivalent for *Takama-no-hara*.

They dwelt in supreme felicity, and apparent indifference to the world of existence, until in the next age the second and third Kami appear to have co-operated with the spiritual beings of that era.

—Izanagi continued to create Kami on various occasions, and by different methods. The mourning for his departed companion was the occasion of other Kami being produced. So was also the murder of one of his sons, and the act of his purification from profane things. On this last event three mythic personages were developed. From his left eye came Amateras-omi-kami, or the Great Shining Spirit of the Heavens—otherwise called Ten-sio-dai-jin. She was intended as governor of the earth, but being so resplendent in beauty she was conveyed to heaven, and made ruler of the universe. This was evidently the sun itself. Next was produced



KAMI WORSHIP ON THE SEA-SHORE.

The spiritual genealogy is represented by twelve Kami, and this was included in the seven generations of the Spiritual Age. The first two are described by themselves, but the remaining ten are described in pairs. Only the last pair, who are known by the names of Izanagi, the male, and Izanami, the female, have a proper history. They, in conjunction with the celestial Kami, became the medium by which the creation was effected.

Before the heavens and the earth were made, there existed a chaotic mass in the form of a bird's egg. Of this the finer parts ascended, forming the material heaven—the firmament; the coarser particles combined and formed the earth. The dry land floated as it were on the waters. Fourteen islands and thirty-five Kami, or spirits of various characters, both spiritual and material, were the result also of the labours of Izanagi and Izanami.

After the disappearance of the latter—the female personage from his right eye the Ruler of the Night, Tsuki-no-kami, or the moon, and from his nose Susa-no-wō, who was delegated King of the Ocean.

Varied tales are told of these deities, who were continually inimical to each other, Susa-no-wō being of a very turbulent disposition. On one occasion Amateras had to seek refuge in a cavern, and hence arose complete darkness over the universe. Several Kami combined to coax or force her from her retreat, and they banished Susa-no-wō for his misconduct. While in exile he had killed a huge dragon, having first intoxicated him. In the dragon's tail was found a sword, and this Susa-no-wō presented to his sister Amateras. This sword was known by the name of Ame-no-mura-kumo or Kusanagi, and it is one of the three sacred objects preserved by the imperial power in Japan.

Susa-no-wō is credited with being the first poet of Japan.

His progeny was considerable. One of the most illustrious of his sons was Okuni-mushi, commonly known as Daikoku. He is worshipped by the vulgar as the god of Fortune.

Another illustrious Kami, the son of the second celestial, yclept Sukuna-hikona, is commonly known as Yebis, or the god of Happiness, and his image, which figures everywhere, is universally respected in Japan. These two form the Penates of every Japanese household. In this early time they had the difficult task allotted to them of establishing peace and promoting benevolence. They are symbols of good luck and joy.

The government initiated by Amateras over Toyowashi wara-no-mitsubo-no Kuni (the kingdom of Japan) was curious. She decreed that it should be ruled by her son, but he declined the honour, and she conferred it on her grandson, and further endowed him with three sacred things—a jewel, a sword, and a mirror. The jewel was called Yasakani-no-magatama; the sword was named Kasanagi; and the mirror Yata-no-Kagami. The latter she wished to be regarded as her soul, and homage to be paid to it therefore.

The newly-appointed governor, with a small party, male and female, descended in the province of Hiuga, on the hill Takatiwo, and was well received by the chiefs of the country. He was succeeded by one of his sons, who is said to have lived to the age of 580 years. This king was succeeded by a son born of a sea-monster, a sort of mermaid, and he was succeeded by a son born of an aunt. And here the first division of Japanese history terminates. It is the mythical period, or era of the Kami. It was a sort of theocracy.

The second era begins with the government by kings. This is much more intelligible in every respect. It covers a period of 1,852 years, beginning with B.C. 660, and ending with the rise of the Siogun's power, A.D. 1192.

The first sovereign of this line was Jimmu, who, commencing in the southern part of the Island of Kiusiu, where Prince Satsuma's territory now lies, struggled on for many years, gradually overcoming the wild tribes, until he reached the province of Yamato, in the central part of the empire, and there he was crowned first Emperor of Japan. The eastern and north-eastern portion of the country was then inhabited by Yezo or Aino people, the same as those which now dwell in the Yezo Islands, north-east of Japan. These were gradually driven out, but not until many generations had elapsed, and even in the time of the first Siogun the mountains of the north, in Muts and Dewa, were still occupied by barbarians.

In Jimmu's time the worship of the Kami and the various social rites began to be celebrated. The recognition of one wife or queen from among the women of the court arose in this period.

The history of this time is but a chronicle of the acts of successive emperors, and the only remarkable fact that strikes us is the immense age to which the early emperors lived. This great age is found in the first seventeen, five only of whom died before the age of 100 years. The most wonderful instance of longevity is that recorded of Take-no-uchi Sukune, who served as premier for five successive emperors during 244 years, and although his exact age is not fixed, he is believed to have been between 330 and 380 years old when he died.

In the reign of the Emperor Suzin (B.C. 97–30) several important events took place. He was a man of uncommon ability, and was naturally of a religious turn. He dedicated a temple to the sacred mirror and sword, and deposited them therein, lest they should be defiled by proximity to his body. Every preceding emperor had kept them near his person. One of the imperial princesses was appointed keeper of these sacred objects, and it has been customary ever since to confide them to the charge of a female.

Suzin was a remarkable legislator. He established military rule, gave encouragement to agriculture, devised a system of taxation, and began shipbuilding. During his reign the first foreign envoy appeared in Japan. He came from Sumana, now a portion of Korea.

A curious custom prevailed in Japan up to this time, that of burying the living servants and others with the dead. This custom was common among the Scythians, as Herodotus tells us, when at the burial of their kings they interred also one of the king's concubines, his cupbearer, cook, groom, page, courier, &c. The Japanese custom was similar, and probably has a common origin with the Scythian.

About B.C. 5 the custom was abolished, but wooden images were substituted for the living persons. Under various modifications it has subsisted even to recent times.

A singular mode of deciding quarrels was inaugurated about this time. It was a kind of ordeal. The parties concerned were required to dip their fingers in boiling water, and the decision was given in favour of that one who escaped unhurt.

After several centuries of undetermined struggles against the unruly tribes of the north-eastern and the western clans, a sort of union in military exploits led to a martial spirit which culminated in an expedition, in the year A.D. 200, against Korea, under the leadership of the famous queen-regent Zingo-Kogo. This ended very successfully, and was productive of much gain to Japan. The higher cultivation of mind in the peninsula of Korea led to a social revolution in Japan. The conquerors were subdued by the superiority of the Koreans in learning and religious sentiment. Wani, a learned Korean, was invited to Japan, and when he came he brought with him many Chinese books, especially the Confucian classics, which have ever since maintained a powerful influence over the minds of the Japanese.

The tide of immigration from Korea set in, and at different periods a vast number of the natives of that country found a new home in Japan. At one time nearly the whole population of seventeen of the southern districts left for Japan.*

In A.D. 552 a Korean prince presented various Buddhist idols and books to the Japanese, and soon after this the merits of the Buddhist religion were discussed at the imperial court with much earnestness. Some opposed the introduction, and argued that there was no necessity to bring in foreign gods when they already possessed gods of their own, and they attributed the calamities which had befallen the land to this bringing in of strange gods. The influence, however, of the new religion daily increased, and became too powerful to be resisted, and this was especially because the simple Japanese had not sufficient intellectual power at that time to oppose it, and because no special form of religious faith existed in that country.

A full toleration of the Buddhist religion was issued immediately after the accession of the Empress Suiko to the throne, in A.D. 593. She became an ardent believer herself,

* We are indebted for many of these statements to a sketch of Japanese History by Arinori Mori, Ex-Minister for Japan at Washington, U.S.A.

and many members of her court speedily followed her example. During her reign Shotoku, who was heir to the throne, and acted as regent, was also a great favourer of Buddhism.

With this religion Chinese was largely introduced, and much regularity in the management of affairs. The first written code was indited in the Chinese language. The official ranks, in twelve degrees, were established, *à la Chinoise*, in the following order:—

1. Great virtue; 2. Lesser virtue; 3. Great humanity; 4. Lesser humanity; 5. Great propriety; 6. Lesser propriety; 7. Great truth; 8. Lesser truth; 9. Great righteousness; 10. Lesser righteousness: 11. Great wisdom; 12. Lesser wisdom.

It will be perceived that the five cardinal virtues of Confucianism (with *toku*, or "virtue," superadded) are here intended, and they are thus adopted to serve as official titles:—

1. Virtue, the natural sense of right—natural conscience; 2. Humanity, the natural feeling of kindness; 3. Propriety or humility, the natural feeling of yielding to superiors; 4. Truth or fidelity, the natural sense of obligation to keep faith; 5. Righteousness or justice, the natural sense of right—law; 6. Wisdom or prudence, the natural ability or intellect.

This order of official titles is said to have existed for seventy years, and then a more complicated form succeeded.

The Middle Ages of Japanese history were the most flourishing. This period extended over 500 years—from A.D. 590 to A.D. 1090. All the government and social system was saturated with Buddhism. Temples were erected everywhere in the empire, and they served for places of worship, for asylums, and for schools, as still they do in other countries where this religion flourishes. As schools of learning they were productive of much good, but as asylums for those who had lost caste and character they were a degradation. They became refuges for the criminal, the distressed, and the needy. Clothed in the garb of the priest, assuming the religious office, the worst characters of the country were enabled not only to elude the pursuit of justice, but to exercise a baneful influence over their countrymen. This was the evil phase of the subject, but it had also a good one. Among the priests were many men inspired with high and pure motives, and they have accordingly left an enduring fame, for they were the means of enlightening the mass with good moral sentiments, the fruits of which have succeeded to later ages.

The introduction of Chinese ethics and philosophy produced a very close intimacy with China, and that lasted for some 500 years, beginning from the seventh century. Many Japanese visited and were educated in China during that period. Ambassadors came and went between the two countries, and the Japanese political and social institutions were modelled almost entirely after the Chinese.

Among the causes which led to the decline and fall of the Wō-sei period of Japanese history are the looseness of the marriage tie, and the want of a well-defined law in regard to the heirship to the throne. The succession was allowed to depend solely on the arbitrary will of the sovereign, who chose his heir from the members of the imperial family, irrespective of the legitimacy of their birth. Every member of the imperial family was thus in a favourable position to carry on intrigue, and to form designs upon the throne. Hence the fruitful cause of the strife and internecine war which plunged the nation so often into misery. Not only did the imperial family contend for the mastery, but the courtiers readily followed their example, to promote their own ends. Military classes and clans thus arose, and all the country was like a battle-field.

About this time there arose a war similar to our civil Wars of the Roses. The civil power rested chiefly in the hands of a family called Fujiwara, and the military power was in the hands of the clans Taira and Minamoto. As the latter became acquainted more with the art of government, they contended for the throne, and the Taira family at first gained the ascendency over Minamoto, but this was afterwards reversed, and the Minamoto family ruled without a rival. Yoritomo, the leader of the Minamoto family, finally brought the whole empire under his control.

The Fujiwara family had previously secured the possession of the throne through a series of intrigues, and while the emperor was a mere tool in their hands they ruled the country without restraint, but when the contests with the military clans began, and they were worsted, the government became a sort of military despotism. The condition of things was aggravated by the futile attempts of the emperors to regain their lost power. As the military forces increased, the emperor became a mere plaything, tossed about for sport. He was imprisoned, banished, murdered, as the whims of the victorious champion dictated.

The anarchy which then arose ended by leaving the power entirely in the hands of Yoritomo, and a phantom king in peaceful possession of the throne. The patronage of the throne, such as was remaining, was still left with the Fujiwara family, especially as the power of the Siogun, the generalissimo newly established by Yoritomo, was unaffected by anything the Fujiwara family could do.

Tea-growing in the Himalayas.

EVERY one is aware that tea-growing is not now, as it was thirty-five or forty years ago, strictly confined to China. I say forty years ago, because it was in the year 1839 or 1840 that the experiment of growing tea on some of the Himalayan slopes and valleys was first attempted, on a very small experimental scale, by the Indian Government. But even twenty years ago, although at that time it was generally allowed that tea-growing in India could be successfully engaged in, the experiment had not been made on a sufficiently large scale to test the commercial worth of the undertaking. A year or two before the breaking out of the Mutiny, tea-growing in India, especially on the Himalayan slopes, received a great impetus. Several retired officers experimented in the Dehra Dhoon Valley, and also higher up in Ghurwal and Kumaon. But the experiments were on too slight a scale, no attempt was made to find a market for the Himalayan tea in England, it was almost



THE PALACE OF LAHORE.

all sold on the spot, and consumed in the Bengal Presidency. The formation of a company for carrying out the growth and manufacture of tea in Assam, where, as in the north, it had hitherto been grown in small patches only, gave a decided impetus to the industry. Instead of forming a public company, the planters of the Dhoon joined their capital and lands together, and established a sort of private co-operative concern. They were eminently successful for some years, until some unexplained disaster led to the breaking up of the society, and caused a return to the former practice of separate plantations and separate interests. The success of the "Sociétaires," whilst they lasted, induced new hands to take up larger tracts of land in many eligible spots to be found at the foot of the Himalayas, between the seventy-seventh and eightieth degrees of longitude. The success which also greeted the efforts of the Assam Company induced the formation of rival bodies, and the purchase of tea lands by private individuals in many districts in Upper and Lower Assam.

The provinces of Gurhwal and Kumaon are both admirably situated and adapted for the growth and manufacture of tea. As the reader perhaps knows, these provinces adjoin one another, and are bounded to the north by the chain of the Snowy range, to the south by the great plain of Hindostan, to the east by Nepaul, and to the west by the Upper Ganges or, as it is there named, the Bahgeruttee River. Independently of the advantages these provinces offer in the shape of warm valleys, well sheltered from the northern blasts, and magnificent plateaux covered with the richest verdure, and the most fruitful soil, they offer peculiarly eligible situations for seats of industry and manufacture, and for breeding-farms, on account of the facilities they afford for intercommunication with Thibet and China. Nearly all the passes used by Thibetan merchants, when coming to Hindostan with their indigo-laden sheep, lie in one of these two provinces. The Niti Ghât, for instance, by far the most used of any pass through the Snowy range between the north of India and Thibet or China, lies at the head of Gurhwal. Another great advantage these provinces offer, to Englishmen who purpose superintending themselves their tea plantations in India, is the abruptness of the hill-sides, which admits of their living close to their plantations, and yet two or three thousand feet above them, where the temperature in summer is as delightful as any place in the world. Tea plantations should not reach a higher elevation than 5,000 feet; 4,000 is even a better altitude, and at this height above the sea the temperature would be unpleasantly hot in summer. But the hill-sides being very precipitous, the owner of a plantation can establish his dwelling a couple of thousand feet, or even more, above his tea grounds, and yet be within a short walk of them. This has been done by one or two tea-growers in Kumaon.

Whilst on a shooting expedition in the Himalayas, north-east of Mussouri, I once came on the plantation of a young Englishman, who had lately established himself in the Himalayas, after studying the rearing of tea-plants and the manufacture of tea in China. The spot he had chosen, or rather which had been chosen for him in the manner I shall immediately mention, was near the forest of Gwaldung, a place almost due north of a line drawn through Nynee Tal and Almorah. Only a day's march from him to the east, the Indian Government had a tea plantation at a place called Ayartoli; and three or four marches in the opposite direction was another tea garden, at Paoree. He was not exactly cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, therefore, as he would have been otherwise, for Almorah, the nearest station in which Europeans resided permanently, was at least six marches from him, although, in point of actual distance, it could not have been more than twelve miles, as the crow flies. He told me that as soon as he had settled on the district in which he should establish his tea-farm, he asked some Chinese tea manufacturers employed in the Government garden at Ayartoli to pick out an eligible situation for his plantation. They at once named Gwaldung, a place they had come across in the occasional shooting expeditions they undertook round their own district. The result proved the excellent judgment, not only of the Chinamen, but of the Englishman in trusting to their experience. This manner of selecting tea land is much recommended, even by experienced Englishmen in the Hills, who allow that Chinamen have a far better *coup d'œil* for such a purpose than the most practised European.

The terms on which this Englishman obtained his land from Government were the following:—The land he wished to obtain was first roughly surveyed at his own expense, in order to determine how much was eligible land, fit for immediate tea-growing, and how much of it was mere barren or jungle land. The latter he paid nothing for at any time; the former—that is, the good land—he held free for four years, after which time he paid for it at the rate of an anna, or three-halfpence, an acre for the first year; two annas, or threepence, an acre the second year; three annas an acre the third year, and so on; but the Government had bound itself never to take more than sixteen annas, or two shillings, an acre, and as it would take twenty years' holding to reach that limit, while all the rest of the location was held free so long as the rent for cultivated ground was paid, the cost of the land, as compared with the profits of tea-growing, was very slight indeed. He might have purchased the land outright at a cost of half-a-crown an acre, in addition to the expense of survey, but as he looked on the tea-growing in the light of a doubtful experiment, he preferred renting the land, especially as the first four years, during which he paid nothing, would determine the success or failure of the undertaking.

On my way to Gwaldung, at a place called Sem Kurruck, I came across a jungle or forest of boxwood-trees; some of the trees were as high as firs in England, and as thick round as a man's body.

When staying for a day or two with the owner of the lately-established Gwaldung plantation, I remarked that a great quantity of the commonest wooden utensils and the ordinary furniture, troughs, bowls, &c., were made of boxwood! My host told me that within two hours' walk of his dwelling there was another box forest, with trees almost as large as those I had noticed at Sem Kurruck; but the size of this latter forest was much larger than the one near his house. This wood, so expensive in England, could be cut without let or hindrance in any quantity, and by any one who required it. At present, with a few exceptions, the natives only use the wood for hair-combs; but it is sometimes, though not frequently, cut for the purpose of making the best articles of furniture. Blocks of sixty pounds weight, or the load for one man, can be obtained for the cost of cutting, and the carriage to and down the Ganges. There is no competition, and a man of energy and small capital could rapidly make a fortune there.

Although the abruptness of the hill-sides in Kumaon and

Gurhwal offer the advantages before pointed out by me, their steepness makes it necessary to terrace all cultivated lands where the slope is particularly abrupt, and this necessity slightly increases the first expense. A succession of low stone walls are built, like a flight of gigantic steps; these afford narrow level strips of earth for fields, precisely like the vineyards on either side of the Rhine. Heavy rains generally carry away the mould from the upper fields, but it only goes to the next flight, and is not lost, as would be the case if carried down from a field into a neighbouring ravine.

The Government is very liberal in its treatment of tea-planters. Any amount of plants and seeds can be obtained gratis by every planter from the nearest public garden. Labourers are very easily procured—that is, the common field hands, to whom one only pays four rupees, or eight shillings, a month. But the Hindostani tea-toasters, who have learnt the trade from Chinamen, and who receive as much as twelve, fourteen, and fifteen rupees a month, are only obtained with difficulty, there being very few of them.

From the young planter with whom I was staying, I learnt that, in successful years, a profit of 200 and 250 per cent. on the capital employed was realised by Indian tea-growers; and that, bad year or good year, a tea-planter, unless he had most extraordinary and unusual reverses, might expect to realise an average of 100 per cent. on all the money he invested in the undertaking. His own plantation was only three years old, and he had not yet been recouped a single anna, as it is only on the fourth year that tea-leaves are gathered for sale; and it is even better to let another year go by, and only begin plucking after five years. The average return of tea per acre is 130 pounds weight each year. Eighty pounds weight of tea per acre is considered a decidedly poor crop; and 180 pounds have been obtained. At the time of which I write, there was a good market in India itself for all the good Himalayan tea that could be produced at the rate of three shillings per pound; which sufficiently accounts for so little of it reaching England in those days. And, indeed, about nine-tenths of the tea now grown in the Himalayas is sold on the spot, and consumed before reaching Calcutta; whilst of Assam tea, of which very much more is grown than of Himalayan, probably not more than one quarter of the total amount produced reaches England, so great is the demand for it in India and in the colonies.

There is not the slightest doubt but that the growth and manufacture of tea in India would return a profit of ten or twelve per cent. on the capital employed, if the tea was sold for so little as sixpence per pound. Any quantity that can be grown will find a market in India for the next eight years; and unless the number of acres under cultivation increases at least eight or ten fold, there is not the slightest doubt but that the demand for tea will exceed the supply. At present, tea sells, first hand, for 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. a pound, according to quality, and is retailed at an advance of one shilling on those prices, which shows that it is not the tea-planter alone who makes a profit on the plant.

For some years it has been the custom, not only to import experienced Chinese tea-growers, but also to send to China the best native servants on the plantations. The Indian Government first adopted the latter plan, rightly supposing that natives of India would more easily and readily learn from their own countrymen than from Chinamen. Consequently every year one or two of the best and most intelligent gardeners, and the same number of assistants from the manufactory on each Government estate, are sent to China for two years' training. Afterwards, Government offers facilities for private individuals to engage the services of these highly-trained men, to assist in the establishment of new plantations.

Under these circumstances, tea-growing and tea manufacturing, as conducted in the Himalayas, differs very little from the same industry as followed in China. The difference of climate and the comparative wildness of the regions in which Indian tea-growing is carried on, necessitate some slight deviations from the Chinese method. But it is a difference of detail rather than of principle.

In Kumaon and Gurhwal, the busy time on tea plantations is from April to September, during which months there is always something to be done in the tea manufacture; and a master's eye should ever be present during that season. The packing of the spring and autumn crops requires great care, and the servants should be closely watched. But from October to March—that is the pleasantest time of the whole year in India—there is not the slightest necessity for the master's presence. During those five months the tea-leaves are growing, and no amount of watchfulness or care will improve them or increase the natural crop. If, therefore, a tea-planter has a trustworthy foreman to leave in charge—one who can be relied upon to see the plants properly weeded, and the ground gently hoed between the rows—the master can leave his plantation altogether, either on a shooting tour or anywhere else he chooses. The young tea-planter to whom I have alluded before, told me he intended residing permanently on his estate until the first crop had been gathered, made, packed, and sold—that is, for a full term of five years; but afterwards, he and his brother would take alternate six months on the estate.

After remaining two or three days at Gwaldung with the newly-established tea-planter, I visited the Government gardens at Ayartoli, where the manufacture of tea had then been going on for several years. An obliging European superintendent explained the process to me very clearly. I arrived in the dull season, when nothing was going on but the preparation of ground for planting more trees. He could, therefore, absent himself for several days at a time, and was in the habit of hunting some musk-deer, which constantly appeared on a mountain about half-a-day's march from the plantation.

The young leaves come out in April and early in May. These are the only leaves fit for tea-making. The full-grown leaves would afford an infusion no more palatable than that given by so much coarse hay. Only a very small percentage of the leaves which appear on a tree are picked, and, at a first glance, a plant from which a full crop has been removed looks just as bushy as ever. The picking begins in the fourth year of the plant's growth, when it has attained a height varying from two feet four inches to two feet ten inches; and the regular removal of the young buds and shoots keeps the whole plantation at the same height. A tea-plant which is allowed to grow and expand without being picked or cut, will generally reach rather more than four feet in height, and become very bushy and thick.

After the tenth year, tea-plants become coarser, the youngest leaves even are not so delicate as the leaves of a plant of younger growth; and the tea manufactured from the oldest plantations is not equal to that which is procured from planta-

tions which have only been picked a year or two. Consequently, every ten or twelve years it is usual to renew each plantation; and, as it is customary to put more and more acres into cultivation every year, there is always on every estate tea manufactured from six, eight, and ten-year old plants, that from the former being the more delicate.

Between the youngest and best leaves, and the full-grown, useless ones, there are, of course, various gradations of quality; but all the leaves that are picked are thrown together, and brought to the roasting-sheds in the same baskets. When the tea-leaves arrive there—the roasting-shed—some of them are given to the black-tea makers, and a smaller quantity to the manufacturers of green tea. The leaves allotted for green-tea making require much more manipulating than the others. They are carefully rolled by hand on the working table, the sap pressed out, and every particle of stalk or impurity removed. Then, after the necessary toasting, the leaves are separated into "Gunpowder," or best quality; young "Hyson," or second quality; and rough "Hyson," or third quality. The black tea undergoes less hand-work. It is curled by roasting in the pans. Each succeeding day the leaves are subjected to greater heat; and on the third, the different character of the leaves becomes conspicuous. Instead of sorting the leaves as they are picked off the plant—a method which would be open to many objections—the separation of the good leaves from the bad and the indifferent does not take place until after the toasting, when it can be done rapidly, and without there being a doubt as to their quality, so distinct is the effect of heat upon leaves of different ages.

In the Himalayan plantations it is customary to divide the tea into four qualities. The coarsest leaves, broken stalks, &c., are first removed, principally by shaking, which sends them to the surface, from which they may be removed by handsful. This forms the "Bohea," which seldom finds its way to English markets. The other three sorts, called "Pouchong," or "Congo," "Souchong," and "Pekoe" or "Fine Souchong," are separated one from another by hand-picking and sieving; the "Fine Souchong," or "Pekoe," being the very best or youngest leaves, which are left in the pans after the other sorts have been removed.

In China three pluckings in the year are considered a good crop; in the Himalayas the pickings vary from two to four in each year, according to whether the season has been favourable or otherwise; but in Assam and also in Cachar, owing to the hot moist air brought by the south-west monsoon up the Bay of Bengal, as many as seven and eight crops have been picked in one year, and six crops in the season is not considered at all remarkable. The crops, when they follow each other with such rapidity, are not individually quite so plentiful as in places where they are gathered only at the beginning, the middle, and the end of a season, but it is evident that the aggregate of seven or eight crops will produce a total far exceeding that yielded by the two or three pickings. Indeed, in a particularly favoured tea-garden belonging to the original Assam Tea Company, the yearly crop averaged over 500 pounds of tea per acre, for many years in succession.

Tea-plants are "raised" from seeds, which are placed in the ground in November and December. In the following April and May—that is, at the beginning of the rainy season—the young plants are transplanted into the regular gardens, being placed at intervals of four feet apart, the rows standing at six feet distance from one another. The rows and intervals between the plants require constant hoeing. On the manner in which this is done, and its frequency, greatly depends the success of the plantation.

The plants are first plucked when the young shoot shows three leaves. The top leaf, only six or eight hours or one night old, makes the Pekoe or best tea; the second leaf, then about thirty hours old, makes the Souchong; and out of the third leaf, of about fifty or fifty-six hours' growth, is made the Congo or third-class tea. In former days it was customary to wait for the fourth leaf, with which the Bohea or coarsest tea of all was made. But it is very seldom now-a-days that more than three leaves are plucked. It is rather strange that Bohea, the most ancient specific name given to tea in England, and which was in old days considered synonymous with extreme delicacy and purity, should really be the name of the commonest sort of Chinese tea.

The principle of theine, or as some writers have it, caffeine, is strongest in the first leaf or Pekoe, and gradually decreases from fine Souchong to Congo, until the least quantity is found in an analysis of Bohea.

Latterly the custom of sending the tea from India to England unsieved has been very prevalent; whilst other manufacturers content themselves with separating the Congo from the rest, and leave the Pekoe and Souchong to be sieved, or separated, either in England or by the wholesale dealers in India.

As a rule, the East Indian teas fetch a higher price in the market than the Chinese; and this is due not only to the really superior quality of the Indian, especially the Assam tea, but because it is far freer from adulteration. The tea-dealers in England, in mixing their teas prior to selling them, use Indian teas to impart strength to the inferior China teas, which they then class among the medium and best qualities. Notwithstanding the higher price of the Indian teas, they are in reality cheaper, both on account of their assured purity, and because of the much greater proportion of theine which enters into their composition. The Himalayan tea-planters assured me that the proportion of theine in Indian tea as compared with the quantity in China tea was as 160 to 100; and from my own experiments on the spot, both in Kumaon and in the Dhoon, I consider them right.

During one of my visits to Dehra, I met three discharged soldiers from a Sikh regiment, who during the course of their service—probably during the Mutiny—had accumulated a few hundred rupees each. They had clubbed together and were about to purchase some land for the purpose of growing tea thereon. Two years afterwards I learnt that they had sold their scarcely-started plantation, at an enormous profit, to some Englishmen who were pleased with its situation.

One of the advantages undoubtedly possessed by all Indian teas, is their purity and freedom from adulteration of any sort. Since private individuals have entered into competition with the Indian Government for the growth of tea, the practice of growing the flowers and plants used by the Chinese in scenting their teas has also been initiated by the former. The Government very properly sets its face against every sort of adulteration, however harmless or trivial, and consequently has always forbidden the growth of these flowers, or their use in any form in the manufacture of Himalayan tea. Private individuals have not been quite so scrupulous, or rather they have given way to the demand and likings of the public taste, which,



WOMEN OF GURHWAL.

whilst it inveighed against the adulterations, practically encouraged them by professing a liking for the peculiar scent and flavour given to tea, by the addition of infinitesimally small proportions of the leaves and flowers of a plant grown for the purpose by the Chinese. However, in the Indian market it is possible to obtain even from the private growers the tea free from this addition, which is sold separately in smaller cases, and added as requisite by the retail dealers. With the exception of this very trifling, harmless, and generally approved-of addition, Himalayan tea is absolutely pure. That which is brought from the Government gardens and manufactories is pure under all circumstances and respects, for the reason given above. The practice of colouring tea-leaves, and adding chemical compounds to the tea prior to sending it into the market, as resorted to in China, is absolutely and rigidly excluded from all our Indian plantations. To this fact is no doubt due the rapid increase of the quantity of Indian tea sold in the English and especially in the Indian markets.

Up to the present moment, none of the natives of Hindostan have taken to tea-drinking. If at any time our Indian populations follow the example set not only by ourselves but by almost every tribe and nation on the northern and north-eastern frontiers, the result will be an extraordinary impulse to the growth of tea, on all the Himalayan plateaux and slopes adapted to that purpose. Already, notwithstanding the fact that there has been a twenty-fold increase in the number of acres used in the cultivation of tea in the Dhoon, and in the two provinces to the north of it, since the end of the Mutiny, the supply is always short of the demand. If to the English residents the native inhabitants be later added as tea consumers, there will be such a demand for tea as will cause every nook and corner on the southern watershed to be converted into tea plantations. Even at the present time the country lying parallel to the summit of the Snowy range, inhabited by a hardy race of pedlars and merchants, the business of whose life appears to be to transport the goods of China and Thibet to Hindostan and *vice versâ*—this country affords a good market for the coarser kind of Himalayan tea. The inhabitants of that snow-bound region are all tea-drinkers. Hitherto they have purchased their tea from China merchants, who charged them an exorbitant price for very inferior stuff. Of late years, however, on their return journeys from Hindostan to Thibet, these Hunnias have been in the habit of purchasing very good tea on the Kumaon plantations, at less than half the price they gave for the abomination supplied them by the China merchants. They manipulate it afterwards, and add what ingredients they choose, and generally manage to take a little back with them for barter. It is not improbable that before many years, say eight or ten, a very large proportion of the tea grown on the southern slopes of the Himalayas will find a ready market in the country of the Hunnias, in Thibet and even in China itself.

West African Tribes and Customs.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLEY.

DURING my visit to Abomey in 1872, the "annual Customs" or "state pageant" took place. The fame of this spectacle extends far and wide among the tribes adjacent to the kingdom of Dahomey, and numbers of people from the surrounding territories assemble at the capital both to amuse themselves by the various exhibitions then made, and to sell the manufactures of their respective countries.

Upon these occasions, deputations are sent from the monarchs of such of the neighbouring petty states as may be on friendly terms with his Majesty of Dahomey, to represent their respective countries at the ceremonies. As many of the African kingdoms cover an area often no larger than an English parish, these "strangers," as my interpreter styled them, formed no inconsiderable item amongst the spectators of the royal processions, and ludicrous, but no doubt beneficial, exhibitions of the gymnastic powers of "our mothers," the Amazons.

A position was allotted to these visitors to the extreme left of the king, beyond the barrier which "taboos" any approach to the far-famed Amazonian body-guard of King Gelele. As a special friend of the king, I was honoured with a seat on the right, between the stool of the "bush king" and the "place" of Ha-hansee, the heir to the ensanguined throne of Dahomey. Being thus seated opposite the motley throng of visitors, I endeavoured to drive away the *ennui* consequent upon the monotonous *régime* of court etiquette, by a study of the physiognomy and habits of these strangers.

Passing over the representatives of the minor states, such as Katu, Mahe-ndovoh, &c., whose general appearance was anything but prepossessing, I will confine my remarks to the dignitaries of the more important kingdoms, as being more interesting, both on account of their higher rank, and the fact that some of them had come from countries very distant, when we consider their facilities for locomotion and the transport of their Lares and Penates.

There were the ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary of his amiable Majesty the King of Ashantee, conspicuous by the nuggets of gold tied amongst their woolly locks, while their whole suite carried weapons and insignia of state that bore evidence in their mountings to the auriferous wealth of their country. Kin-jah-boh, the chief, was dressed in a magnificent silk robe, having fetiche charms suspended from its edges. Round his neck he wore a necklace of beads, from the centre of which depended a golden representation of the rising sun, he being a veritable African "Oceola." His "stick" or wand of office was fashioned after the style of an English walking-stick, with a massive gold lion at the top; while his shield and stool were profusely adorned with heraldic emblems of the owner's rank and prowess, in devices of the same precious metal. Like all dignitaries of that sanguinary empire, he was accompanied by his private poisoner and executioner, the latter attracting considerable attention and respect by reason of the insignia of his grim office—a *chapeau* of the skin of the civet

cat with the head in front, and a very suggestive necklace of human teeth.

The kingdom of Yoruba, or at least one of its sub-kingdoms, was not wanting in a delegate, but the great functionary had lately been presented with a new wife, and he could not possibly let the cares of state interfere with the felicity of his honeymoon, although that was by no means a new phase in his life, he having, by report, a little harem of one hundred sable belles at his own capital. His place was therefore rendered conspicuous by his absence, and it was only upon the occasions of the distribution of presents to the strangers that this loving husband could tear himself from his new bride. A confidential slave occupied his stool, as Dahoman court etiquette does not allow any one to be unrepresented in the regal presence.

But most conspicuous among the motley throng, by reason of their snowy head-dresses and *tobes*, were the representatives of the various nations to the north and east, whose religion partook more or less of a Moslem character. Of these there were several, including the ambassadors of Houssa, Bornou, Adamawa, and Waradna, a sub-kingdom of the Filani country.

The Waradnas are the advanced guard of the Moslems towards the northern frontiers of Dahomey, and speak a mixed language of Arabic and Jfon; and it is proposed to give a short account of the habits and customs of such of these pioneers of the religion of the Prophet as I have been fortunate enough to meet with, from which some ideas may be gathered of the effects, beneficial or otherwise, which have accrued to the negro on his becoming a proselyte from paganism to the Moslem faith.

The Waradnas inhabit a district lying to the north-east of Dahomey, between the Kong Mountains and the river Quorra. Arrogant, deceitful, and crafty, they are looked up to with great awe by their more peaceful neighbours, and are held in considerable reverence on account of their learning by the illiterate nations which surround them. Although professed Moslems, they have engrafted many forms of pagan fetichism upon the original faith, and though believing in the Prophet, they are still worshippers of inanimate objects, as charms and mediators between themselves and the Supreme Being.

King Gelele possesses a mania for curiosities, animate and inanimate, and has in his establishment all the dwarfs, giants, and cripples he can scrape together from the uttermost parts of his kingdom. Truly a batch of the world-renowned beggars of Constantinople would be a most acceptable gift to his Majesty. In accordance with this whim, he has invited to his capital eight of the Waradna Moslems, whom he exhibits upon all state occasions as curious specimens of human nature, and who are paraded before the eyes of the admiring multitude in the "procession of the king's wealth" at the "annual Custom;" their fortunate possessor being looked up to with much envy, not only on their account, but also as the owner of an English sheep, a hump-backed dwarf, several albinos, and a pony carriage.

They reside in a part of the capital especially set apart for their use, and soon after my arrival sent a present of fruit, fowls, &c., and begged me to favour them with my presence at a religious festival they were about to celebrate. As I knew that the Waradna ambassadors had taken up their quarters with them, I readily complied.

As it was a distance of three miles from Jegbeh, where I resided, to their part of the town, I started for their quarters by hammock.

Their houses were in no way different from the ordinary dwellings of the well-to-do classes in Dahomey, being built of *swish*, or clay, with thatched roofs. A wall eight or ten feet high surrounds each homestead, the gates and posterns being guarded by black soldiers in white burnouses and turbans, and armed with lances or muskets. Opposite one of the gates was a fine baobab, held in great reverence, as under its shade the king's Mohammedans were accustomed to pray, and write charms and sentences from the Koran, for the cure of all diseases, past, present, and to come, by the sale of which they amassed considerable wealth.

Upon passing the principal entrance we found ourselves within a spacious courtyard, with apartments for the accommodation of the servants of the numerous visitors to the celebrated charm-writers. We were here received by a head man, and conducted through several courtyards, filled with a noisy, dirty crowd, into the private apartments of Hassa-eden, the chief of the king's Moslems. He rose on our approach, and welcomed me in the Dahoman fashion, "Oko-dhu, oko-dhu, oko-dhu; whadha? (I compliment you; how are you?)" accompanied by the triple snapping of fingers, which is by far preferable to nose-rubbing in a tropical country. He was a stout, comfortable-looking gentleman, about forty years of age, of an Arab cast of features, his father being a native of Bornou, and his mother a Waradna woman. He was dressed in a loose robe of white cotton, embroidered on the breast and back with emblems of various meaning. On his head he wore a white turban surrounding a crimson fez, and his feet were protected from the ground by sandals of alligator-skin with cow-hide soles, which were profusely ornamented with strips of goatskin dyed in various colours, and confined to the feet by a kind of toggle held between the second and great toes. Around his neck were suspended numerous charms; some consisting of Arabic sentences written upon thin leather, while others were *jujus* as worn by the ordinary Dahomans, such as a lizard's skin, small tortoise, beads, and feathers. On his arms he wore numerous sentences from the Koran, enclosed in leather cases, and an ink-horn and reed pen were suspended from his left shoulder.

Rum and liqueurs were handed out with water to "cool our hearts." After a few complimentary remarks, I was conducted into another courtyard, and introduced to Metedor-el-habne, the ambassador from Waradna. He was reclining upon a bamboo couch, smoking a long pipe, while some of his slaves fanned his swarthy brow. Tall, and not more than thirty-five years of age, and of a pleasing countenance, I was at once prepossessed in his favour, and during my long stay at Dahomey I never had occasion to regret my introduction to the Waradna emissary; which is more than I can say of many others, whose impertinent curiosity, and audacious demands for presents, made their acquaintance anything but a desirable acquisition. When I first saw him he wore an ordinary burnouse, but he was usually dressed in a robe of coloured cotton embroidered with the utmost profusion. Numerous charms depended from his neck, and phylacteries were sewn into his clothes in several places. A voluminous turban protected his head, and his feet were encased in leggings of finely-dressed goatskin, fancifully stained and embroidered in various colours. Over his left shoulder he wore, suspended by a strap, a long dagger in a richly-decorated leather sheath, having sentences from the Koran written upon it.

The apartment was some twenty feet by sixty, and was whitened inside, and the roof of thatch extended to within three feet of the ground, forming a low verandah outside the walls. At either end were clay models of pigs, lizards, leopards, and other animals, before each of which a "legba pot" of baked red clay, with white stripes, was placed to receive the daily offerings.

Suspended from the roof were numerous earthen balls, round which variously coloured threads of cotton were wound, and from the lowest point of which an illuminated sentence from the Koran depended. These were effectual preventatives against witchcraft, small-pox, and other unpleasant visitants.

We conversed for some time upon various topics, such as the "Customs," England, Waradna, and Mohammedanism. Of the latter subject he possessed very crude notions, a strange medley of Mohammedanism, Christianity, and paganism.

He said that Mohammed was a very good mediator, and would eventually lead all true believers to paradise; but that he was materially assisted by our calling in the aid of fetichism, to prevent malignant spirits from leading us into dangers which without their evil designs we might have escaped.

He believed that the religion of the Prophet would eventually be carried throughout all lands, partly by the Mohammedan missionaries, but principally by force of arms.

Some of the stories he related from the Koran were curiously perverted. For instance, he said that "*Unusa-bun-mata*, Jonah the son of Amittai, was sent by Mohammed to raise an army in the east; but that the temptation of the funds he carried for that purpose, together with the power invested in him by Mohammed of invoking the will of the genii, proved more than his morality could resist, and he in consequence attempted to abscond. The ship in which he took passage, however, was wrecked, and in the confusion Unusa-bun-mata called upon the wrong genius to aid him, and he found himself struggling in the waves. But Mohammed had not forgotten his erring minister, for he commissioned a fish to swallow him. The fish was afterwards seized by an alligator, which was in turn devoured by a hippopotamus. Unusa now began to repent, and by his prayers induced Mohammed to intercede for him, and by his petitions God caused the hippopotamus to be killed by some hunters, and Jonah was thereby liberated."

Hassa-eden explained the mystery of the lizard-skin he wore as follows:—"When Mohammed was in exile he was pursued by some soldiers, who so closely pressed him that, in despair, he fled into a cave whose entrance presented itself to him. No sooner had he concealed himself within than a spider wove her web over the entrance, and a bird commenced to build her nest there. When the pursuers came up they could find no trace of the Prophet; but the commander, being a great wizard, asked of the stones and insects if they had seen Mohammed. They unanimously denied any knowledge of him, and the soldiers were on the point of retiring, baffled and chagrined at their ill luck, when a lizard told the officer that the Prophet was within the cave. When the fugitive heard this, he cursed the lizard, which was condemned to foresee the events in its own life without being able to protect itself from any evil thus foretold, and after death to be used as a protector against evil report. On the company arriving at the cave, the captain, observing the web over the entrance, declared that it was useless to seek for Mohammed within, as the web had evidently been undisturbed." On this account the lizard is detested by Mohammedans, but is considered to be a great charm against slander.

I then went over the private apartments of Hassa-eden, and was introduced to his principal wife; but she completely shrouded her face in her wide-sleeved robe, so that I could not admire her beauty. She appeared to be about forty years of age, and, judging from her general appearance, must have been a fine woman in her younger days.

In passing through one of the courtyards I observed a number of women engaged in spinning and weaving cotton cloth. These were slaves of Hassa-eden, many being presented to him by the king. They lived in huts, within the courtyards, built of mud with thatched roofs. Few possessed any doors, and none had windows. They were generally about eight feet high inside, and were very cool even in the hottest sun, provided that there was a current of air through them. The floors were of clay, beaten smooth and stained with whitewash and various coloured earths. The furniture consisted of a few pieces of crockery, a bedstead of bamboo, about four inches high, covered with a mat of plaited grass, and a few stools. A continuous talking was kept up by the inmates, who appeared in no way abashed by our presence. Within were several women dressed in a loose cotton cloth round their waists, and a few beads round their necks. Their bosoms and legs below the knee were quite naked; and the shining, sleek appearance of their skins showed that they had recently been rubbed over with the *ichtua*, or pomatum, of Dahomey, a villanous compound of palm-oil, pork-fat, and patchouli, which latter article they obtain from the traders on the coast. They were busy spinning cotton into threads ready for the loom. The mode of procedure is as follows:—The cotton is carefully picked of its seeds, and is placed in small heaps. A woman then takes a small bow in the left hand, and twangs the string against the heap of cotton with the right. This gives a fluffy character to the cotton in the heap, which is then twisted round a distaff about a foot long. The spindle is a thin stick with an earthen fly, and is held in the right hand. Twirling this with her right finger and thumb, the operator detaches a portion of fibre from the distaff, which is soon spun into a thread by the whirling spindle, the point of which is rested against a thin piece of wood to prevent friction. A little heap of wood ashes is placed near each spinner, some of which is from time to time rubbed on her fingers to keep them from soiling the cotton. When the thread is spun out to arm's length it is wound round the spindle and hitched round the top, after which the same process is continued until a sufficient length of thread is spun and wound on to the spindle. During this tedious process the conversational powers of the workers are kept in constant demand, and the song and laugh are frequently heard, the ludicrous being a predominant feature in the African. Some of these ladies had a handkerchief twisted round their heads, while others had their hair elaborately dressed with pads, French curls, and plaits, forming a toilette by no means unbecoming. Others were "dressed" in a piece of cloth about the size of a sheet of note paper, suspended round the loins by a cotton belt. Of shame they appeared to have no idea, but talked and laughed in our presence without any bashfulness, and indulged in frequent jokes, doubtless at our expense, their nude forms being a study for a painter, as they threw themselves into graceful attitudes such as savages only can assume.

After visiting these sable beauties, we were entertained at a

sumptuous feast of fowls, roast and boiled, yams, fruits, and trade rum, Brazilian caxaça, a most unholy compound, which fortunately Dahoman etiquette permitted us to decline. Pipes and fire were then brought, and after a short conversation we adjourned to the main courtyard, where a dance was to be performed in honour of the approaching festival. While we were enjoying our smoke, the Moslems were devoutly prostrating themselves under the baobab at the gate, and performing their vesper devotions.

In the courtyard several fires were lighted, around which groups of weird figures were dancing. Several umbrellas were put up for our accommodation, and we took our seats amidst the applause of the assembly.

The night was pitchy dark, with not a single star to break the monotony of the gloom. All the dancing ceased upon our arrival, and the assembly gathered in a circle round a fire opposite two circular huts containing the tombs of the family. Each performer had divested himself of every vestige of clothing, except a waist-cloth, preparatory to the vigorous and exhaustive exercise of the dance.

The band took up its position opposite us, consisting of drums—tree-trunks hollowed and covered with a stretched goat-skin—cymbals, and horns. Some of the performers stood up to play, while others squatted on the ground. The colour of the skins of the dusky assemblage so nearly tallied with the surrounding gloom, that oftentimes nothing was visible of a person except a pair of gleaming eyes and a couple of rows of shining teeth, though occasionally, as the fire shot out brighter flames, a scene such as may be imagined in a meeting of infernals was presented to our view.

The band soon struck up a monotonous rub-a-dub, and were joined one by one by the singers of both sexes, until the noise was deafening, being a fierce thumping and shouting without any semblance to a tune. As the excitement increased, a woman, naked, except a scanty waist-cloth, rushed into the vacant circle round the fire, and commenced a dance. This was a terrific display of agility rather than a tribute to Terpsichore. The contortions and grotesque attitudes into which the body is thrown would quickly put any European street juggler or ballet-dancer to shame. It commenced by a kind of waddle round the fire, the feet keeping time to the thump of the music, the arms being held close to the sides with the hands horizontal, palms downwards. The motion becomes quicker, and the hands commence a paddling motion, something like that of a dog when swimming, and the stamping increases, while the elbows are jerked behind with such violence as to nearly meet. The body meanwhile is violently moved backwards and forwards to the time, and the face even is not permitted to rest, but must accompany the music, by its grimaces, rolling of the eyes, snapping of the jaws, and shouts and yells, until the performer is in danger of becoming a heap of dislocated limbs.

The excitement increasing, other devotees joined in the exercise, amidst the cheers and shrieks of the spectators. The children got up dances of their own, and it was most amusing to see little things that could barely toddle apeing their elders. The dance takes years to learn in perfection, and when once acquired far exceeds the "Nautch" of the Hindoo, or the "Alimeh" of the "Fellah," in the violence of its exercise, and the difficulty of continuing the various calisthenic figures to a happy issue.

Rum was then brought out, and sparingly distributed among the dancers, who soon after gave way to a body of men, who next came on to the scene. These gentlemen first fired a *feu de joie*, and then commenced a war-dance. Several advanced at a *pas de charge*, stooping low, with guns carried at the "present." A series of manœuvres then began, not unlike those before exhibited by the women, but if possible more grotesque. Each warrior afterwards exhibited his skill in decapitating an enemy. The left hand was held with its thumb upwards, and opposite the body, while the right held the sword, a long broad blade terminating in a circle and embossed according to the fancy of the wearer. A number of short cuts were then made at the left hand, the legs and feet all the while keeping time to the hubbub in indescribable movements. Others had a kind of stumpy shepherd's crook, like a Calcutta *latti*, ornamented according to taste with iron or brass rings and nails. With this instrument the same figures were gone through, the performer still shouting and gesticulating at the top of his voice.

This ended, a third set came on, who commenced by a series of tumbling feats, all in a line; now hopping to the left, now to the right, and wheeling to the right-about, going through the same performance. The last man of the line was a squat, humped-backed man, and it was most painfully ludicrous to see his vigorous efforts to hop and jump as far as his taller and straighter companions. Then a warrior, emulous of fame, would spring out from the rest, stamping, paddling, and jerking the lower part of his body from back to front, as if he wished to snap himself in the middle, dashing his elbows together behind his back, and pirouetting with his legs *à la* ballet-dancer, one raised to the horizontal and then brought to the earth on the flat of the sole, as if he were killing a swarm of mighty insects on the ground around him.

During these solos, the women clapped their hands, and gave the performer the time by shouting, at the top of their voices, "*Ah! sie! we! we! weh! koh! koh! koh! Ahgau de meh! koh! koh! koh!*" each word denoting a bar in the music. At the end of each performance, the warriors advanced in line and holding their guns by the muzzles, with stocks downwards. assumed a crouching attitude, and houting out, "*Oo' ieh! oo' leh! oo' leh!*" sprang to their feet with outstretched arms, raised their muskets to an angle of forty-five degrees, and yelled out, "*Oo aye—eh!*" the latter being a kind of grunt. This is their salute, and the whole has much the aspect of a band of cut-throats who have entered upon some diabolical scheme as depicted at the penny gaffs of London.

More dancing and drinking followed, until the excited host rose to his feet, and, amidst the deafening applause of the frantic mob, poured out a libation of rum and palm-oil to the manes of his ancestors, and then burnt a number of slips of goatskin, having texts from the Koran inscribed upon them.

Every one was now nearly tired out, both performers and spectators, and at length the *muedhdhins* began their "*Allah haku varu*" at sunrise, and the more devout departed to perform their orisons, in a state of mind and body fitted for anything but religious contemplation of the works of Allah.

We rose from our seats, and after being blessed by Hassan, who commended us to Allah, we entered our hammocks, and were borne homewards, to meditate upon a ceremony of a religious character, but whether Mohammedan or pagan we confessed ourselves unable to discover.

An Excursion in Lapland.—II.

BY FRANK USHER.

SEASON FOR TRAVELLING—COLD—FJELD LAPPS—REINDEER—RUSSIAN AGGRESSION – RENBYES.

WINTER is the only time of the year for a really enjoyable tour through Lapland. In summer, clouds of mosquitoes and other insects harass the traveller at every step; moreover, the heat of the nightless days is well-nigh intolerable. Winter is the only season when means of locomotion are at all easy. In the spring time, when the snow is melting, and in the autumn, when it is of insufficient depth, pulking is good neither for man nor beast. It is exceedingly distressing to the reindeer to drag a heavily-laden pulk through slush, and there are few more disagreeable sensations than that of being scraped along over bare rock.

In the spring and autumn, too, the weather is liable to sudden and marvellous changes. In the course of a few hours, the temperature may vary sixty or seventy degrees. The greatest scourge of Norway and Sweden is pulmonary disease, which may be attributed in a great measure to these sudden variations of temperature, and want of proper precaution against them. When the thermometer has indicated a cold of – 50° F., out of doors, I have gone into a room the heat of which was + 92° F., a sudden change of 142 degrees, which to me was almost overpowering. Upon going out into the open air again, the cold fairly took away my breath, and my face felt as if innumerable red-hot needles were pricking it. The Lapps are wiser than their more civilised neighbours in this respect; and it is far preferable to go from the open air into one of their *renbyes*, to entering a *stue*, or block hut, of which a Norwegian or a Swede is the owner. Intense as the cold is in Lapland at times, it is by no means intolerable. One soon becomes acclimatised, and then the cold is positively enjoyable. I have suffered more in England when the glass has been a few degrees below freezing point, than I have suffered in Lapland when the thermometer has been standing at – 50° F. The cold of Lapland is remarkably dry. When intense, not a breath of air stirs to aggravate it. It is only when there is wind that it cannot be borne. With wind the glass rises. For choice, I should prefer to encounter a simoom to being caught in a gale upon the fjelds of Lapland in winter time.

The commonest effect of intense cold upon a stranger is a sensation of sickness, but this may easily be relieved by a drop of brandy, or a few mouthfuls of food. When the thermometer is many degrees below zero, it is necessary to be very careful in drinking spirits. The flask containing the spirits should be warmed between one's hands, or, better still, in one's breast. It is well to carry one's flask inside one's *pæsk*. The neglect of this precaution once caused me serious inconvenience. I had inadvertently put my flask into a small bag that I carried round my neck, and feeling rather chilly as I was pulking along, I took it out, and without warming it, swallowed several mouthfuls of brandy. I have no idea how many degrees of cold the spirit had absorbed, but its effect upon me was agonising in the extreme. For several minutes I was almost unable to breathe. This feeling of suffocation was succeeded by violent sickness. It was fully half an hour before I was able to resume my journey. It is needless to say that I never forgot this lesson.



A CHURCH IN LAPLAND.

The Lapps wander about from fjeld to fjeld, in search of the *Cenomyce rangiferina* (reindeer moss), upon which alone their reindeer can thrive. They are guided in their movements solely by consideration of pasture. When the moss runs short upon one fjeld, they strike their tents, and make their way to some other upon which it is plentiful. Fearfully hard work it is for the poor reindeer to get at their moss when the snow is deep. Nature has, however, provided them with excellent shovels, in the shape of fore-horns, with which, aided by their feet, they can dig a deep hole in the snow in a surprisingly short time. It is interesting to note the care with which the reindeer supply their calves with food. The little animals, not strong enough to carry on mining operations in the deep snow for themselves, stand patiently watching the labour of their mothers, who, when they have burrowed down to the moss, for every mouthful that they eat themselves, take good care to throw two to their young. The Lapps declare that they have little or no anxiety for their deer in winter, the instinct of their deer always telling them where they may find moss. Summer is the only season in which the health of their favourites suffers. No amount of cold can injure the reindeer; the colder it is, the better is the health of these hardy animals. True that in winter the reindeer are exposed to the attacks of those terrible enemies, the wolves; still the Lapps have no very grave apprehensions on this score. A premium of five specie dollars (£1 2s. 6d.) is paid for the destruction of a wolf, of whatever age; consequently, he who can slay several of these marauders during the winter, makes a good thing of it. When the snow

is deep, a wolf has but little chance of escape from the pursuit of an agile Lapp, who, gliding along upon his *ski* at a great pace, administers the *coup de grâce*, with a back-handed blow of his long snow-pole, as he passes the wolf. The wolves are cowardly brutes, and nothing short of extreme hunger can induce them to jeopardise their precious lives by venturing near the habitation of man. Unless they happen to be out in great numbers, a small boy of eight years, even though he be unarmed, will be sufficient protection for a herd of reindeer.

The herds of reindeer are yearly diminishing in numbers, as also are the fjeld Lapps themselves. There are various reasons assigned for this diminution. A gradual change in the climate, or an increase in the number of their natural enemies, is generally—but, as I believe, erroneously—supposed to be the cause. I made a point of questioning "the oldest inhabitants" of the districts which I happened to visit upon the subject of climatic change, but very aged informants had no reason to think that the climate was other than it had been in the days of their grandfathers. Then, as for wolves, lynxes, gluttons, and other enemies, against which the reindeer have to contend, so far from supposing that there was any increase in their numbers, my informants were convinced that they had undergone a very considerable decrease. An intelligent old Lapp, in whose *bye* I sojourned for some time, spoke very mournfully of the position and prospects of the fjeld Lapps.

"Where there were a hundred fjeld Lapps, twenty years ago," he said, "there are now not fifty. He who, twenty years ago, owned a thousand reindeer, now owns a hundred. The Lapps are leaving the free open fjelds, which were so dear to their fathers, and are settling down upon the coast. Instead of the flesh of deer, they now eat fish. But they are the laziest and most worthless of our race who have deserted the fjelds. It is laziness, for the most part, that has caused them to change their mode of life. Without labour they can catch their fish, and make sure of always having a meal. Here, on the fjelds, we must work hard, and be thankful to the good God when he insures to us our food."

"But," I asked, "how do you account for the great falling off in the numbers of the fjeld Lapps, and their herds, during the last twenty years? The sea has always been open to the Lapp. Is it only within the last twenty years that he has found out that an easy living is to be derived from it?"

"No," replied my host; "there have been dwellers upon the coast from the first day of the world; but the fjeld Lapp was wont to despise these. He loved the freedom of the great fjelds, whereon he dwelt unmolested by those who were not of his race, and as long as he was alone with his people he was happy and contented. Then came the Norwegians and Swedes and Russians, who imposed their own laws upon him, and converted his freedom into servitude. We have changed positions with the dwellers upon the coast. The *fast* Lapp is free now, the fjeld Lapp is little better than a slave. The Russians have killed our reindeer, and the other people treat our reindeer as if they were their own. I, myself, have been compelled by *skydt* law to travel one hundred and twenty miles"—nine hundred English—"to take travellers a distance of eighteen miles"—one hundred and thirty-five English. "It took me more than a month to accomplish the whole journey, and for this I was paid about six dollars. A few more such journeys and I should be ruined. This kind of thing is very vexatious, and I believe that, in time, it will be the means of driving all the fjeld Lapps to the coast."

The old Lapp was, I fear, a pessimist; nevertheless there was much justice in his remarks. In 1826, when the present boundary line between Russia and Norway and Sweden was laid down, the important district of Varanger was assigned to Norway. This district contains splendid forests and large tracts of rich pasture-land. In certain favoured parts of it, corn will ripen, even to the north of 71° latitude. Its large rivers afford an easy means of communication with the sea, and the deep and spacious fiords which indent its coast are, thanks to the beneficent action of the Gulf-stream, always open. Altogether, the possession of Varanger would be of inestimable value to Russia, for the establishment of naval stations, and Russia has never ceased to regret the blunder that she made, in permitting Norway to retain possession of it. She has sought to obtain a footing upon that coast, by endeavouring to obtain permission to establish fishing-stations there; and, baffled in her designs by the sagacity of the Norwegians, who politely but firmly declined to have such dangerous neighbours amongst them, she has since lost no opportunity of trying to pick a quarrel with Norway. Amongst other vexatious measures adopted for the annoyance of the Norwegians, was one which nearly led to disastrous results. Orders were given by the Russian authorities that all reindeer which should wander over the Russian frontier should be killed, and those who executed those orders were not always particular as to a mile or two on the wrong side of the frontier. This conduct, naturally enough, excited the utmost indignation in Norway, and, at first, reprisal was talked of; but then the voice of prudence made itself heard, and the Norwegians, perceiving the purport of these acts, and recognising the melancholy fact that, in a quarrel with Russia, Norway and Sweden would most probably stand alone, and the loss of Varanger be an inevitable result, pocketed their wounded dignity, and contented themselves, with merely remonstrating against the slaughter of their reindeer. Perhaps the Norwegians were wrong in their suppositions. It is difficult to believe that a certain great naval power, whose interests would have been directly affected by the establishment of a Russian naval station on the coast of Norway, would have abandoned its allies, the Scandinavians, to their fate; but, anyhow, the Norwegians deserve much credit for the prudence which they manifested in the affair. My old host's complaint against the iniquity of the *skydt* laws was very just. More vexatious laws for the Bönde and the owner of reindeer can hardly be imagined. I have already called the attention of the reader of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS to the injustice of the Norwegian *skydt* laws, as relating to horses. The Lapp, however, is treated by those laws with even greater unfairness than is the Bönde. My host was, perhaps, justified in despising the dwellers upon the coast. From my experience of them, I regard the fjeld Lapp as a being far superior to the *fast* Lapp. The former is much more truthful and honest, and in every way more to be respected, than the latter.

The charge of intemperance is frequently brought against the Lapps, but in the course of my travels I have only seen one Lapp under the influence of drink, and he was a dweller upon the coast, who had been unusually lucky in sey-fishing. The *sey* (coal-fish) is found in great numbers off the coast of Finmark. The Norwegian Government, in its paternal care for the welfare of the people, has placed so many restrictions upon the

sale of intoxicating liquors, that the fjeld Lapp, supposing him to have the most earnest desire to drink to excess, would have the greatest difficulty in gratifying his wishes. The traders with whom he deals are forbiddden to sell spirits, and they obey the prohibition with very good grace. Most of them keep spirits for their private use, but the temptation of large profits cannot induce them to bring themselves within reach of the law. I have frequently obtained spirits from them, but in these cases I have never bought them. They have been given to me as a great favour, on the understanding that I should replace them as soon as I had an opportunity of doing so. It is only in the towns that there is any facility for procuring spirits, and the fjeld Lapp does not care to visit these. From time immemorial he has been looked down upon by the Scandinavians, and he has grown into a certain belief of his own inferiority. When he is compelled to visit a town, he holds himself aloof from those who are not of his own race, and having transacted his little business with as much dispatch as may be, he departs most gladly back to the solitude of his beloved fjelds. It is a strange sight to see a fjeld Lapp in a town; it is a curious sight too. The contrast between the wild-looking denizen of the mountains, clad in *pæsk*, *bællinger*, and *kömmager* of reindeer skin, with his long, lank hair surmounted by his tall, red-crowned cap, and the unromantic-looking Norwegians, whose attire has naught in it to distinguish them from the inhabitants of other European countries, is striking in the extreme. Much variety of costume is not to be found in the towns of Norway. It is only in the interior that the dress of the people is at all picturesque.

The *renbyes* of the fjeld Lapps are of very simple construction, and differ but little from the dwellings of other nomadic races, who remain in one place only so long as it affords good pasture for their flocks or herds. Over many long poles, so arranged that their bottoms may form a circle of some twelve feet, and their tops a circle for the chimney, of about eighteen inches in diameter, are stretched cloths and skins to form a covering, and these are turfed up to a height of a few feet from the ground. The door is an aperture of rather less than a yard in height, approached from the outside through a short tunnel of skins and turf. The floor is usually made of small boughs and twigs, over which are spread reindeer skins. Of furniture there is none. From the poles hang coils of rope, a few *ski* (snow-shoes), reindeer tongues and hams, and sundry other articles of provision, a rusty old gun or two, and the few implements which are necessary to nomads. Piles of skins lie about the *bye*, serving as beds and coverings by night. We may notice, too, many bags filled with *senne* (*Carex sylvaticus*), the soft grass with which the Lapps stuff their *kömmager* and mittens. The *bye* generally boasts two vessels for cooking purposes—a large iron cauldron, and a smaller pot in which the coffee is prepared. The fjeld Lapps are very fond of coffee, but they adulterate it with such strange substances that a foreigner has considerable difficulty in detecting the least flavour of the far-famed berry in the beverage that they love.

It is surprising how many people a *renbye* is capable of sheltering. One bitterly cold night I lodged in a *bye* with eighteen other people, all told. I had been knocking about upon the fjelds for some months, and was consequently used to roughing it, or I should not have slept so soundly as I did. My head was pillowed on one Lapp, my legs were thrown over two others; certainly not more than a few inches of my—let us say—*pæsk* touched the ground. I had the alternative of permitting the Lapps to repose on me, but this I was not particularly anxious to adopt. There were also several dogs in the tent, and occasionally one of these, wandering over my face, would disturb my slumbers, but otherwise I slept well. My courteous reader may think that my companions were hardly the most desirable bed-fellows, for as I have before explained, a Lapp changes his clothes but twice in the course of the year. This consideration caused me no uneasiness, for in that respect we were *Arcades omnes*. I had not taken off my clothes for three weeks, nor, during that time, had water touched my face or hands. With the terrors of frost-bites before one's eyes, one has a horror of doing that which would inevitably lead to them.

There being no chairs or stools in a *bye*, it is necessary to squat on one's haunches, or, better still, if practicable, to lie extended at full length upon the ground. By adopting the latter position, one avoids the suffocating smoke which invariably fills the *bye*. In the middle of the tent a fire is generally burning, the smoke of which has to escape through the circular opening at the top of the roof. The Lapps suffer much from ophthalmia, which may be attributed as much to the smoke of their *byes* as to the dazzling effect of the snow, amongst which they pass so much of their time.

As we have seen, the prosperity of the fjeld Lapps is altogether dependent upon their herds of reindeer, and the health of their reindeer depends on a good supply of their favourite moss, and a cold bracing air, such as is hardly to be found out of the Arctic Regions. Many attempts have been made to introduce the reindeer into Scotland, but, notwithstanding every care and precaution, all have failed. The climate of that country is far too mild and humid for reindeer, to say nothing of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient quantities of the moss, without which these deer cannot thrive in Scotland. It is to be feared that the acclimatisation of the reindeer in Great Britain is an impossibility.

LAPPISH PIETY—PATRIOTISM—FISHING LAPPS.

The religion of the Lapps is Lutheran. As is the case with most simple-minded people, they are extremely devout; indeed, I should be puzzled to name any other people who, in firmness or purity of religious belief, can at all equal them. They are not quick-witted, nor do they care to inquire into the mysteries of their creed. Their religion is an implicit faith, an earnest belief, that nothing can shake. Ministers and missionaries are sent amongst them, at the expense of the Government or benevolent societies, to instruct and educate them, and to the teaching of these the Lapps look up with reverence. In so wild and sparsely inhabited a country, churches are necessarily very few, and the labours of the priest, who has a district of several hundred square miles under his charge, proportionately great; but the good priest goes through his work right manfully, and he is not without his reward. The Lapps will travel immense distances to hear the word of God preached to them. Old and young are alike inspired with deep religious sentiment. Wherever the priest may hold his service, there he is sure to find a large congregation of earnest believers, who listen with rapt attention to his words. Not a sound interrupts the minister's discourse. Mothers who take their infants to the church, wrap them up carefully in skins and bury them in the snow

outside the building, leaving a dog to guard them during service, lest the cries of the infants should disturb the congregation. To a stranger, even though he understand not a word that the priest utters, the very sight of a congregation of Lappish worshippers conveys a deep lesson.

Sometimes the distance of the nearest place in which a minister holds service, from a *renbye*, prevents the members of a family of fjeld Lapps from attending church on Sunday. In that case the head of the family officiates as minister, and reads the service to his household. Most of the Lapps, thanks to the teaching of the missionaries, are able to read; many of them can write; the most ignorant of them are able to say their prayers.

The few churches that one finds in Finmark and Lapland are neat little buildings of wood. The materials of which they are constructed are brought from great distances in the winter time, when their transport is easiest. At Kautokeino, where there is a large settlement of Finns and Lapps, there is a church which is kept open all the year round. It is more than two hundred years old. The heavy trunks of which it is built were brought by reindeer from a distance of more than a hundred English miles. There are other wooden buildings in Kautokeino, belonging to the *Lensmand*, the *Landhandler*, and the clergyman, the materials of which were dragged over the snow from the mouth of the Alten. Kautokeino may be regarded as the head-quarters of the Finns of Finmark. In winter time it



FISHING STATION ON THE COAST OF FINMARK.

Not even in Scotland is the Lord's Day held in stricter observance than it is in Finmark and Lapland. No consideration will induce a Lapp to work on the Sabbath. On that day he will neither buy nor sell. If his reindeer fell into a hole, he might pull him out, but in no other way would he violate the sanctity of the Sabbath. The fjeld Lapps are the strictest observers of the seventh day of the week, but the dwellers upon the coast are likewise very particular in keeping holy that day. Once when I was staying over Sunday at a little hamlet at the bottom of the Kvenangen Fiord, I was unable to induce the trader, a Norwegian, to open his store that I might procure certain necessaries. He refused most positively to do so. "There are many Lapps here," he said, "and were I to trade with you on Sunday, none of them would have anything more to do with me. I should like to open my store, to oblige you, but really I dare not. Never mind! Sunday will soon be over. Come and play *luv*"—a species of loo.

has a population little short of 1,000. In summer the population does not exceed 100.

Love of their native fjelds is a distinguishing trait in the character of the fjeld Lapps. Town life is intolerable to them. I have heard of a Lappish maiden whose charms inspired a Frenchman with such love for her that he married her, and carried her off to France. There she was educated, and no pains were spared to reconcile her to the thraldom of civilised life. But she never ceased to long for the freedom of her beloved fjelds. Her husband was passionately fond of her, and she returned his love, and strove to make him a good wife; still she could not conquer her craving for her old life. Day by day she besought her spouse to take her back to Lapland; but he, selfish fellow, refused to quit his boulevards, nor cared he to abandon the dress of civilisation for the *pæsk* and *bællinger* in which his wife longed to see him arrayed. At last he died, and then his faithful consort realised all the property to which she was entitled, and hurried back to the land of her birth,

where she invested heavily in reindeer, resumed her ancient dress, and lived honoured and respected by all who knew her.

The Lapps who dwell upon the coast are far inferior to those who have their homes upon the fjelds. It is very easy to earn a living by fishing. There are but few places on the coast of Finmark where, in the course of a couple of hours, one cannot catch fish enough to supply a family with food for two or three days. His surplus fish the fishing Lapp sells to the trader, who splits them open, dries them, stores them in his warehouse, and when he has accumulated sufficient, ships them to Tromsö or Hammerfest, whence they are sent to all parts of the world. The fishing Lapp is a dull, slothful being. His dwelling consists of a wretched hut built of stones and mud, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape through. An intolerable odour of decaying fish pervades the air for a hundred yards or more around it. There is not the least comfort in his hut, and one who has enjoyed life in a *renbye* turns in utter disgust from the wretched sty, and prefers to freeze or be drenched to the skin to seeking shelter in it.



WINTER SCENE IN THE LOFODENS.

Ten Days at Seville in 1867.—*II.*

THE "San Felix" where the kneeling monk in an ecstatic trance receives the infant Saviour from his mother's arms, is also a beautiful picture, but it appeals to less Catholic feelings than the previous one, and excites our admiration for beauty rather than for virtue. The Spaniards say the flesh tints of the child are painted with "milk and blood." But we are approaching dangerous ground, and wandering from our purpose of eschewing art criticisms. We will leave the subject to abler pens, and merely before we depart cast a cursory glance round the gallery, observing that a few of the pictures are absent from their frames undergoing the dangerous operation of restoration. Let us hope that they may be restored uninjured to their places. All would be the better for cleaning if the cleaners could be induced to forget their varnish and their paint, and allow Murillo to express his own thoughts. Farther down the room were a number of pictures by other artists, among which a large Zurbaran, "the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas," formed a prominent feature both in size and merit. A terra-cotta statue of St. Jerome, by Torregiano, the fellow-pupil of Michael Angelo, and the architect of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, was also a very fine work of art. Before we left the building we passed through some long galleries of modern paintings—the Royal Academy of Seville under the same roof as the National Gallery—but for the most part the most charitable thing we can say is, that we hope never again to pass through a collection of pictures with so little pleasure or profit.

Some few landscapes and peasant scenes were good, and it was curious to observe what a hold Don Quixote still has

over the national imagination, by the numbers of scenes from the adventures of the immortal knight and his faithful, foolish squire.

Our next visit was to a very different scene, but one full of interest in its peculiar line—the tobacco manufactory. The front of the building is like a palace, the back like a prison or fortress guarded by high walls and a deep moat; for the production of tobacco, which is to Spaniards almost more important than food, is a royal monopoly, and most strictly protected. We were first led into the rooms where the leaves of the tobacco plant were being chopped up into snuff of various qualities—a simple operation, hardly worth seeing at the cost of getting so much of it into one's own nostrils.

But when, having been taken upstairs, we were ushered into an enormous corridor, the scene was perfectly unique, and well worth a visit. The long gallery was crowded with hundreds of women and girls sitting round low tables, on which they rolled cigars and filled cigarettes, and the noise, the clamour, and the untidiness, made it look like a gipsy encampment on a gigantic scale.

They are all obliged—either on account of the heat or for economy of space—to remove their dresses and upper petticoats, and these with their crinolines were hanging by hundreds round the walls. In this *négligée* attire—generally with a bright handkerchief over their shoulders and a flower in their dark hair—they sit together, laughing, talking, singing, and working, with equal rapidity. There were many beautiful faces among them, and many that were grotesque in their ugliness; but all, both pretty and ugly, wore a bold expression. They seemed a wild, reckless set, and greeted our fair-haired party with loudly expressed wonder and amusement, the meaning of which was lost in the general din to our foreign ears—a loss which may perhaps have been an advantage to us. Many of them had young children with them, and we sometimes stepped aside to avoid a bundle of rags on the floor, which, on closer observation, proved to be a baby. There seemed to be no special dinner-hour, and many were dining off uninviting-looking messes which they had brought with them in saucers. The rapidity with which they got through their work was perfectly marvellous, and we were told that a good worker could make 200 cigars, 400 cigarettes, or roll 3,500 cases for snuff, in a day. We saw one tiny child, apparently not more than five years old, working at the last at a rate which machinery could hardly have equalled. As we stood watching her, the heap of cases at her side rose higher and higher. The little fingers never paused, and the thin face was never raised for an instant from her work. Poor little thing! Had Dickens seen her, he might have drawn a sad companion picture to his "little doll's dressmaker" from the life. There was premature old age, and a dull look as of stunted intellect, in that careworn infant's face; the body had been turned into a useful machine, but the mind was undeveloped. When one of the visitors, touched by the poor little face, and doubtless thinking that dire want alone could have produced so precocious a workwoman, laid a peseta before her on the table, the child's eyes did not brighten with thanks, and she hardly allowed herself to cease from her work to appropriate the treasure. Happily, she seemed an exception, for among the older women there was no lack of animation and bold intelligence, if some other qualities were absent.

On leaving the Fabrica de Tobaco, we drove out of the Puerta de San Fernando, to peep at the preparations which were being made for the great fair in Easter week. Sheds and booths were springing up in all directions, and of these we could understand the purpose and intent; but the object of the smart pavilions in course of erection for the Duc de Montpensier and others of the aristocracy, were less in accordance with our notions of a fair, and we could only hope that in a few days the mystery would be cleared up for us. In the afternoon we drove to the Alameda; but not being cognisant of Seville fashions, we found ourselves much too early, and the drive as empty as Hyde Park at three o'clock on a June afternoon. However, it was no hardship to loiter up and down the shady drive, and watch the sunlight dancing on the river, while we enjoyed the soft-scented air which blows over the Duc de Montpensier's beautiful gardens. It is difficult not to covet this delightful gift of nature, which no perseverance, no energy, and no money will ever be able to procure for dear old chilly England. The "wild north-easter" which breeds hardy Englishmen is a grand thing and doubtless a great blessing for us all; but he must be an ascetic, indeed, who does not long to be able to convey home with him some of the soft breezes of this delightful climate.

After we had waited some time, the fashionable world appeared; but our recent walk in the Castellana, at Madrid, had made us critical, and though many were neat, few of the carriages were much above the average. Some were drawn by very handsome mules; but our eyes were still too English for us to be able to think that a mule-drawn carriage could be a smart one. Their occupants, also, rather disappointed us, and though there were some few handsome señoritas with magnificent eyes and dazzling complexions, they were quite the exception. We amused ourselves with noting a few peculiarities in custom—such as the servants always taking off their hats when their masters' friends passed the carriage—servants in white hats—and parties solely consisting of young men driving up and down the Alameda in open carriages. Scarcely any one walked or sat under the trees, as in Hyde Park.

Then, with a hearty laugh over our own appearance, as we drew a parallel between ourselves and those forlorn-looking parties of foreigners, whom one so often sees looking with curious eyes at the throng in the park in the season, we returned home again, tired out with a long day of pleasure.

TUESDAY.

Again a bright morning and cloudless sky greeted us when we woke, and again all the streets were made picturesque by the strong lights and shadows, as we wended our way through them to the cathedral. This time our object was the outside of the building—the ascent of the beautiful Giralda, from whence, in days of yore, the crier summoned the Moslem city to prayer; but which now serves as a belfry to the Christian church.

It is a grand square tower, built of a rich red-stone decorated with arabesques, which give it grace and lightness without detracting from its majestic dignity. Of course, it has been altered in Christian hands, and almost equally of course, it has not been improved by the alteration. The height has been considerably increased, in order to erect the belfry, and on the top of it a flying female figure, representing, it is supposed, Faith triumphant over the Moorish capital. Still, even with these doubtful additions, it is beautiful, and we felt that, "take it for all in all, we should never look upon its like again."

But before commencing the ascent, we took a rather unnecessary *détour* through the cathedral itself. Its loveliness is an irresistible attraction, and its vast size makes one feel that there is room enough for those who pass through, as well as for those who remain to pray. The service was going on, and we stood for a few minutes to listen to the extraordinary manner in which the lessons were being read. Three priests—one in each of the great pulpits, and one in the centre of the railings, before the high altar—chanted or intoned them by alternate verses, in the most extraordinary quavering drawl we had ever listened to, while every now and then the choir joined in responses. If the new ritualistic doctrine, that the words of Scripture ought to be pronounced in church after a fashion totally different to the ordinary manner and accent of the reader, should ever become generally adopted, we strongly recommend our young curates to take lessons here; for anything more unlike the ordinary voice of mortal men, or their natural mode of expressing emotion of any kind, could hardly be invented by the wildest ritualistic fancy in England. Let us hope that peculiarly bad performers filled the pulpit on this occasion, for the ridiculous braying sounds jarred on the feelings which Seville Cathedral by itself is apt to produce.

Returning to the Giralda, we found the ascent a far less repulsive task than that which generally damps the ardour of the most aspiring climber of church steeples. There is not a single step until you reach the top of the Moorish work; but you ascend by a succession of gentle inclines which run all the way round the four sides of the tower through a spacious gallery, ventilated and lighted by windows at every stage. A mule or pony might easily be ridden up to the top of the building, and we believe this has been already proved by experience. The long ascent is, of course, fatiguing; but the picturesque views which every window displays are constant incentives to exertion, and the sweet air becoming each moment fresher without losing its balmy scent, is another great stimulant to the bodily powers.

When we reached the summit—for of course we displayed our nationality, by never halting until we had gained the highest point—we were well rewarded by a striking and peculiar view. One mass of white walls and red roofs, Seville lay stretched around our feet, while the river, gleaming in the sunlight, pursued its winding course through the great plain, over which the heated air threw a veil of quivering haze. Perhaps there was really no great intrinsic beauty in the vast panorama, no peculiar merit in the distant hills which bounded the horizon; but we frankly confess the charm of the light made us believe that there was. We remained on the tower for some time, mastering the geography of the city, and of the adjacent country, and among other things, we observed that the Giralda commands at least half of the arena of the Plaza de Toros, and those of our party whose nerves, or whose scruples, prevented their desiring to take their places in the amphitheatre, planned a second expedition to this exalted post for Easter Monday. Our lack of any Spanish friends, and but imperfect knowledge of the language, had caused us to lead rather an isolated life during our stay in Seville, so that we were much pleased on returning home to receive a visit from a gentleman who had been for many years a resident here, and who could give us an explanation of the scenes of which we had hitherto been as it were but deaf spectators.

As usual on these occasions, the chief topic was the overflowing number of visitors, and the exorbitant price of everything. Seville in Holy Week being like Rome at the same period, or Paris and London during a great international exhibition. All the natives do their best to plunder the strangers, and to lay up a store to carry them through the rest of the year. And this is peculiarly the case at Seville, where all the excitement of the whole twelve months is crowded into ten days or a fortnight at this season. It is attractive both to foreigners and to native Spaniards; for the former flock hither to witness the strange and unique religious services, and the latter to gratify both their devotion and their love of society during the fair. This year, as the fair followed immediately on the termination of the ceremonies of Holy Week, the double attraction had filled the city to overflowing. In this we were very fortunate, for as the fair is always fixed for the 19th of April, and Easter being of course variable, it often happens that tourists are unable to devote time enough for seeing both the church solemnities and the popular festival. This year, Good Friday falling on the 19th of April, the fair was postponed till Easter Sunday, when the festivities are commenced with a grand bull-fight.

Our friend told us so many stories of the distress of travellers for want of accommodation—of Englishmen spending the night on the billiard-tables in cafés, and of despairing parties vainly petitioning the government for the loan of an empty barrack, that we thought we had reason to be satisfied with our own quarters—hot and noisy though they were, and we determined to grumble no more, even though we might ring in vain for the *mozo*, and though dust and dirt might be all too visible in our handsome but ill-managed hotel. Of course we broke our virtuous resolution on our first trial; but our knowledge of the sufferings of our fellow-travellers gave us a little more patience to bear our own discomforts, which consisted chiefly in the scanty supply of servants, who were most Irish in their good-humour and in their untidiness; and in an invariable daily repetition of the most detestable dinner it had ever been our lot to eat. The prices, of course, were proportionately high, and in some instances seemed almost fabulous. Thirty or forty pounds was actually demanded as the hire of a carriage for the two days of the fair, though some slight abatement might be made if mules were substituted for horses. At the same time we were told a carriage was indispensable, though we afterwards discovered that this was a great mistake, and we advise all travellers with moderate purses to content themselves as we did, without one. But of this in its proper place.

We found, even this afternoon, that all conveyances had become scarce, and we had some difficulty in procuring a very humble species of open omnibus, in which we took a drive through that part of town that we had not previously visited. As we had seen the Belgravia and the Bond Street of Seville, so now we paid the St. Giles's a visit; but we saw no traces of such abject poverty as may be seen in the low quarters of our own great cities.

Hearing our guide talk with some pride of the new cemetery, we were induced to visit it next. It is about a mile outside of the old city walls, and we drove along a dusty road lined on each side with hedges of huge aloes, any one of which would be the pride of an English conservatory. The graveyard was very large, but weedy and untidy—the dead cannot be said here to be "under the sod," or "under the turf;" "under the dust,"

or "under the sand," would be a far more appropriate expression. Yet there were numbers of bright roses flowering in a jungle of rank weeds.

The tombs themselves were sad enough, and it struck us as strange, that those who place crosses and crucifixes in so many places, should omit to do so in the most appropriate place of all—over the bones of their dead. The private vaults of "persons of quality," as people used to say, were like large sentry-boxes, and though often of handsome marbles, looked cold and undecorated. People of smaller importance were content with a slip of what looked like a stone cucumber frame, on which the owner's name was inscribed; but many of these were only let for a term of ten years, after which, if there were no renewal of the lease, the bones were thrown away into a common vault in a corner of the cemetery, and their room occupied by a fresh tenant. It was a repulsive kind of arrangement; but we suppose it did not strike the natives in that light, as many of the private vaults are built on the same principle. We looked down into one which was not yet finished, and saw that it was arranged for six coffins, with a kind of receptacle at the end for the old bones when a seventh claimed admittance. We thought of our green churchyards in England, where the dead lie undisturbed



FAMILY TRAVELLING IN ANDALUSIA.



CHURCH DOOR IN SEVILLE.

for ages in their mossy beds, and felt thankful that our last resting-place would more probably be in one of them, than in one of these business-like lodging-houses of the dead. Among all the tombs we could find but one touch of pathos, and that was on a handsome marble vault, where was inscribed, without name or date, the simple words "Ruega á Dios por una pecadora" (Pray to God for a sinner). Some vaults belonged to the different fraternities of Nazarenos, part of whose duties consist in providing for the burial of their poorer members, and in one large vault standing ready open the paupers of the city are interred free of charge. It was a melancholy place, and its gloom was seldom or never relieved by those often quaint, but always touching epitaphs, which in England remind one that there are, or once have been, mourners for those who sleep below, and some who looked and hoped for a brighter world beyond the grave. Is it because in these southern lands all nature is so bright and pleasant that no one cares to look for a yet brighter hereafter, as they do under our gloomy skies? Or is it the effect of the old superstition of their far-away ancestors, and does Hades still chill, while the halls of Odin still warm the imagination of the nations? It might be a curious subject for some thoughtful speculator to trace the cause and the effect of the feelings with which the dead are regarded in different countries; but it would be far too vast a theme for the present chapter, and we must hasten back to the city of the living.

We drove home along the outside of the old Moorish walls, under a fine aqueduct of the same date, which formed an appropriate background to many a picturesque group of peasants and gipsies who were thronging the city for the fair.

The low battlemented walls are especially quaint, and look so thoroughly mediæval, that one more than half expects to see the archers bending their bows over the parapets, and gallant knights brandishing defiant lances at them from below. Battering rams might be used against such fortifications; but shot and shell would be most inappropriate in the siege. This is by far the most picturesque side of Seville, and we strongly recommend it to the careful attention of all travellers, and especially of all artists.

On reaching the site of the great fair, we found it already a point of attraction, and met the royal party, who like ourselves, had come to inspect the erection of the tents. The Duchesse de Montpensier appears to keep up quite as much state here as Queen Victoria ever did in London, and almost as much as her sister at Madrid. She was in an open carriage drawn by four horses, and was attended by equerries and outriders.

The duke was on horseback with the eldest of the Infantas, who showed her foreign extraction in so doing, for strange to say, in this country where nearly every man rides, and rides well, it is most rare to see a lady in the saddle, except when she is travelling, and then she merely sits on a large cushion, and is conveyed across the country like a bundle of inanimate goods.

Notwithstanding our unfashionable conveyance, we could not resist taking one turn up and down the Alameda before we returned home. It was fuller than we had found it yesterday; but there was not much to remark on, except the smart carriage in which two of the most celebrated of the matadors were driving; creating thereby quite an excitement among the fashionable world. They were powerful, coarse-looking men, gaily dressed in the Andalusian costume, and appeared flattered by the attention they excited, driving their fine horses up and down as if to satisfy the curiosity of all their admirers.

When night again closed in over another pleasant day, we drove home along the banks of the river, past the old Moorish Golden Tower, lighted up by the last gleam of daylight. One loses here the long twilights which always terminate bright days in England, and the stars are shining larger and more brilliantly than we ever see them immediately the round sun has sunk below the horizon. In this clear atmosphere also, one seldom has such striking sunsets as with us, where the clouds encircle the dying monarch with such unspeakable pomp of gold and purple and crimson. Here, generally, he finishes his course as he began it, in unclouded splendour, and sinks with as yellow a light as when he shone down from the meridian. Little by little, as one's eyes get accustomed to the glories of the south, one remembers a few circumstances in which we may claim the advantage, or which long habit has taught us to enjoy.

WEDNESDAY.

The Rending of the White Veil was advertised to take place at ten o'clock, but our curiosity to witness so unique a ceremony brought us to the cathedral a full half-hour before that time. We were none too early—crowds had already collected, and gathered every moment in greater numbers, till every vacant space was filled with eager spectators.

Three priests were again reading from the pulpits, with the same strange intonation that we had heard yesterday; but this time we were able to discover, from the books in the hands of the crowd around us, that the lesson was taken from the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of St. Luke. Nearly all the women about us had Spanish translations in their hands, and as they were all reading different portions of the chapters, it was evident the delivery was as incomprehensible to them as to us. The uncertainty, however, only increased their excitement, and anxious glances were perpetually thrown up to the great white veil which hung before the high altar. A murmur of expectation circled round, growing fuller and fuller as the hour approached, struck, and passed, for Spanish unpunctuality was displayed even here. Meanwhile we watched a little comedy which was going on close to us. Two mothers were standing together, each with her child, one a boy and the other a girl, in her arms. Wearied with the long waiting, and too young to know that any excitement was in store for them, the children stretched out their arms to one another, and made friends over their mothers' shoulders. In vain the women tried to divert their attention—the crowd was too thick for them to separate, and the children insisted on making acquaintance, laughing, crowing, and kissing, much to the amusement of the surrounding crowd, who by no means seemed to object to this interruption of their devotions.

All this time the awful story of our Saviour's crucifixion was gabbled over in an unknown tongue, and it was only by the long duration of the reading that we could judge the end to be near at hand. As it drew to a close, every one held his breath, and no sound was heard save when the silence was broken by a short yelp or bark from one of the dogs which wander at their own sweet will through the building. Once we were startled by a peal of real thunder which rolled over the city, and made us fancy the great performance had

begun. At last, when expectation was wound to its highest pitch, the reader reached the words, "and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst." Then two loud claps resounded through the cathedral, and while the echo in every arch repeated the sound a thousand times, in the midst of a deafening tumult, the veil split from the top to the bottom, and shrivelled into nothing as it fell to the ground.

The soul of Christ had left the suffering human body—the Saviour of the world was dead. This is what the representation meant, what the scene was to impress on the minds of the congregation; and yet before the explosion had ceased an audible laugh rose from the crowd. The play had gone off successfully, and the satisfied spectators immediately began to disperse. But stay—we will not condemn too harshly—some there were, or seemed to be, who, apparently unconscious of the crowd around them, read their books devoutly, and seemed touched and impressed by the record of the awful scene on Calvary; but it struck us that such as these needed no gunpowder to deepen their reverence. The remainder came for excitement and amusement, and left when they had obtained it. We too left, but with very different feelings, thinking that interesting and striking as were these ceremonies, we paid somewhat dearly for them in the pain they caused our deepest and most sensitive feelings. In order to witness them, one must silence one's taste —we had almost said conscience.

But the Alcazar was at hand to soothe us, and we went there immediately to enjoy the pleasure of a second visit. We were now provided with an order for seeing the upper rooms, but with the exception of a quaint little chapel, used by Isabella the Catholic, and some handsome carved ceilings, we found nothing there to detain us long. The courts and arcades below looked as beautiful as ever, and we loitered long in them, striving to impress on our memories the recollection of their dream-like charms.

In the afternoon, more processions were to take place, and we went to visit the *Pasos* before they were carried out of the churches. At the Capilla de la Carmen we found a group of the Crucifixion. The Virgin was robed in splendid blue velvet, St. John in green and crimson, and the three Maries in robes of various colours; Mary Magdalene being as usual represented with quantities of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. The figures would have been life-like had they not been spoilt by the gilt glories with which their heads were surrounded. The *cofraternitá*, who were to escort this *Pasos*, were dressed in white, with crimson scarfs. At the church of Los Terceros were two more groups, one representing our Lord bound to a column, and scourged by soldiers —a painful and repulsive subject, in which every detail was given with sickening fidelity, and, as we have said before, with apparent delight; the other was a magnificently dressed Virgin under a canopy.

We waited to see the procession start from the latter church, and could we have forgotten the *Pasos* and the whole meaning of the ceremony, it would have been one of the most amusing scenes we ever witnessed. Everything was in utter confusion—the church was crowded with the Nazarenos, who were here dressed in black, and with their pointed caps and tails tucked under their arms, looked like the grotesque demons of some old German legend. It was growing late, but no one seemed to know what to do or where to stand, excepting the forty-eight stout *Gallegos* who were to bear the *Pasos*, and who assembled round them in a business-like, if rather jocular manner. These were large and powerful men, chosen expressly on that account to bear the tremendous weight of the *Pasos*, and their rough looks and habits did not add much to the decorum of the scene. In trying to form into procession one party of priests, in violet robes, fell into so angry a discussion and swung their thuribels so impatiently, that we almost expected a fight must be the result. One old man particularly distinguished himself by such loud and voluble indignation, that we feared a fit of apoplexy would speedily silence him. A little more order was apparent on the arrival of the governor of the city, who was to take part in the ceremony—a haughty-looking man, resplendent in gold lace and covered with orders, by the expression of whose face we judged that this was not one of his favourite duties.

At last all was ready, and the signal was given. The great doors of the church were thrown open; the twenty-four bearers dived under the drapery of the first *Paso*, and with difficulty raised it tottering from the ground. Through the great arch we could see the expectant crowd, and as the figure of our Lord was borne out it was received with such a shout as that with which English boys greet a Guy Fawkes. But when the Virgin was borne forth, and the military band outside struck up some spirited air, the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and she was cheered and cheered again. After watching this extraordinary scene we returned to our window in the Sierpes, and saw one of the processions pass, a repetition of the picturesque spectacle of Palm Sunday.

At night we saw the cathedral under a new aspect. The *Miserere* was sung at nine o'clock, and the vast building was illuminated by huge wax-tapers, bound one on each side of the columns. The effect was beautiful, as is every aspect of this wonderful building. Seen in whatever light — in brilliant sunshine, in deepening twilight, or in the glare of flaming tapers, Seville Cathedral never is anything but the perfection of ideal beauty, and we would that our feeble pen were equal to the task of reproducing one tithe of its glories in the imagination of our readers. As we sat among the crowd on the pavement, listening to the harmony of the stringed instruments and sweet voices which issued from before the high altar, and lifted our eyes from the glare below to the depths of those shadowed arches, which hung like the night itself above our heads, all the senses were enthralled at once.

But there is some drawback to every earthly pleasure. Here we found it in the irreverence of the crowd, on whom all these beauties seemed completely wasted. Immediately behind us a knot of men were standing in a circle in loud and vehement discussion, and their excited talk interfered with our enjoyment of more melodious sounds. No one but ourselves appeared to think it an interruption, and their conversation was as unrestrained as if they had been in a *café*, or at a London musical party.

There was yet one more sight to be witnessed before we might return home to sleep off the effects of our long day's labours. This was the conveyance of the host from the altar to the Capilla Sagraria, where it rests the night before it is carried in solemn pomp to the monument.

All the days are so curiously observed here that we find it difficult to follow their order. To-day—Wednesday—the Rending of the White Veil commemorates the Crucifixion; to-morrow

the entombment will take place, and on Saturday the Rending of the Black Veil represents the Resurrection. Why this is done, unless it be to allow of Good Friday being wholly devoted to the processions, and Easter Sunday to the bull-fight, we could not discover, nor could any one give us a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps no reason could be assigned, save one of which Spaniards often make use, viz., that "their fathers from time immemorial have so done before them."

THURSDAY.

The ceremonies of Holy Week followed one another in such rapid succession that we almost lived in the cathedral. The following morning we found, on our return there at nine o'clock, that a vast crowd had already assembled, and we had some difficulty in making our way near enough to watch the proceedings. A long table had been placed on a raised platform in the centre of the *trascoro*, and on this stood the gold vases in which the Archbishop was blessing the holy oil for the use of the clergy throughout the year. The Archbishop was seated at the head of the table, and was surrounded by a crowd of bishops and priests, whose robes of gold and silver tissue were dazzling in their magnificence. All the bishops wore glistening mitres, but these were removed each time they knelt in prayer. It was difficult to follow the service with much exactitude, but after some prayers had been said, and the benediction bestowed, all the clergy came up one by one to salute the consecrated oil. Each one first looked towards the high altar with a profound genuflexion, and then turning to the table, kissed the mouth of one of the large jars, and each as they ascended chanted in a loud voice the words, "Ave sanctu Chrisma!" and then bowing to the Archbishop, retired. Hundreds must have ascended the steps while we stood watching them; and, surpassingly gorgeous as was the ceremony, it grew monotonous after a time, and we were glad to retreat from the overpowering heat and smell of the crowd. We walked away to the western end of the cathedral, the sound of the priests' chanted salutation still echoing in our ears, and took advantage of the absence of the crowd to secure good places for the next ceremony.

This was to be the most striking of the offices of Holy Week, and it is difficult for a Protestant mind fully to realise its solemnity. The host was to be carried in state to the monument, and this, to Catholic minds, more than typifies the burial of our Lord. We must remember that that which the Archbishop carries in his arms, which to us is but the sacramental wafer, to them is the Host—the Victim of Calvary, the true body of Christ offered as a sacrifice for sin. They believe they stand in the presence of the Incarnate God. Many sink on their knees as the awful mystery approaches them—and what wonder? Should not we do the same if we believed as they do? If it be no idolatry to kneel to an earthly sovereign, how can we call it so when the King of Kings is believed to be present with us? The error lies not in the kneeling, but in believing that the God of the universe can be thus carried in the hands of a man, and confined in a narrow casket. Nevertheless it is an imposing and a touching ceremony, whether one sympathises with, or pities, the faith of the people.

It was not long before we saw the procession issue from the Capilla Sagraria, and as it commenced its solemn march round the cathedral, all the tapers on the five stages of the monument, at the foot of which we stood, were quickly lighted. The glimmer of these countless lights at once changed the character of the structure, and seen through this shining, flickering haze, it did not appear so incongruous a representation of the Saviour's angel-watched tomb as we had previously thought it. After passing round the whole building, the procession again approached us, and as they came we heard the sweet sounds of the music growing clearer and clearer. First came a band of choristers, wearing curious gilt crowns and bearing red tapers; then a disorderly crowd of musicians playing on flutes, followed by a great number of men with lighted tapers in their hands. We thought the musicians ought to have been in some kind of uniform, as their every-day lay costumes seemed out of place amid the throng of splendid vestments. Then appeared a number of banners, and of priests waving incense, who preceded the whole body of clergy, walking in due order according to their ecclesiastical rank. Lastly came the Archbishop walking slowly along under a white canopy upheld by priests, and bearing the host in his hands. All the people in the front ranks knelt, and the silence was very impressive when the procession stopped, and all the clergy who had accompanied it knelt on the steps of the monument. All the tapers that had been carried were then extinguished, and the monument seemed to shine forth more brilliantly as the old Archbishop solemnly ascended the steps and placed his sacred burden in the silver *custodia* which occupied the centre of the structure. For a few moments, while the awe inspired by the solemnity lasted, the vast crowd remained silent, and more impressed than we had before seen it; but when the priests, rising from their knees, gave the signal that the pageant was over, the procession quickly broke up, and the people dispersed in every direction. After watching the departure of the Duc de Montpensier, who, as usual, had taken part in the ceremony, we ourselves returned home for a short rest.

In the afternoon we visited more Pasos in the churches, and among them inspected one which was the great attraction of the year. This was a splendidly dressed Virgin, robed in a mantle of the richest blue velvet, and we were told that the actual cost of the gold embroidery which adorned it had been £2,200. Its magnificence was the theme of every tongue, and it was undoubtedly a masterpiece of needlework. We rather questioned the taste which had sprinkled the robe of the lowly mother of Christ with the arms of Spain and the fleur-de-lys of France—in compliment to the Montpensiers—but taste is apparently affected by latitude, and we ought not to constitute ourselves as judges. This Paso, with several more which we saw in the Capilla de Monserrate, and the church of San Pablo, form part of the extraordinary procession which was revived this year for the first time for fourteen years. During that period the parish of San Pablo had been unable to bear the heavy outlay necessary for producing it, but it was now to come forth with redoubled splendour. As we walked through the streets, jostled at every step by the importunate beggars, who exposed their sores and mutilations to excite our pity, we could not help wishing that some of the wealth so liberally expended in providing velvets and embroidery for these lifeless figures were spent in clothing and binding up the wounds of these poor Lazaruses. Those who know Spain, however, tell us that these processions are the only objects which can draw forth subscriptions in this country, and that schemes for Refuges and Hospitals for Incurables would meet with no encouragement.



PALACE "DE L'AYUNTAMIENTO" AT SEVILLE.

While an almost involuntary feeling of blame rises in us, we must not forget that, however misapplied, it is real religious devotion which is exhibited in these robes, and, after a fashion, Christian charity which fills the streets with beggars. A Spaniard believes he is but doing his duty in the most unreflecting distribution of alms, and he never refuses the most worthless mendicant without the words, "Pardon me, for God's sake, my brother!" It seems never to have occurred to them that both God and man would be better served by a more discriminating and more troublesome charity. We think with pride and satisfaction of our countless institutions at home, but we ought not quite to forget that the poor sometimes starve to death in our streets for the want of a little more charity as it is in Spain.

Later in the day we returned to the cathedral to see the beggars exalted to the place of honour, and having their feet washed by the Cardinal Archbishop, and a train of attendant dignitaries. On the raised platform in the *trascoro* sat the thirteen beggars on whom the ceremony was to be performed. Their rags (if they had any) were concealed by comfortable brown cloaks, the gift of the Archbishop, and they sat with so much composure while the dense crowd packed around them that we thought they must have gone through it before. Each of them had a white towel thrown over one shoulder for the use of the Archbishop. Of course the intention of the ceremony is to commemorate the washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord, but the number has been increased to thirteen since the day when, tradition states, a mysterious stranger was found among them—no other than Christ himself. The crowd on this occasion was a more than usually disagreeable one, as the ceremony chiefly attracted the lower orders, but we summoned up our courage and plunged into it, in order to obtain a good view of the proceedings, which fortunately for us did not last long.

Must we repeat that it was again all that was gorgeous and all that was picturesque? The ear grows tired of hearing the same terms of admiration, though the eye can never tire of admiring the scenes themselves. Each spectacle we witnessed in Seville was a splendid picture, a masterpiece of colour, grouping, and of light and shade; for in the cathedral everything seems to fall naturally into its right place, and to be harmonised by the grandeur of all around. The proceedings began with the reading of the gospel relative to our Lord's act at the Last Supper; but the reader, an old and apparently short-sighted man, was considerably disturbed by the little monkey of a boy who bore the taper which lighted the pulpit, and who beguiled the dulness of his office by half puffing the flame out, and then allowing it to flare up suddenly. When the lesson was over, the Archbishop, accompanied by four or five bishops, each bearing a napkin and a gold ewer or basin, approached the beggars, and the actual washing commenced. It lasted but a very few minutes, as it consisted only in pouring a few drops of water on one of the bared legs of each of the men, wiping them, and, as far as we could see through the cluster of figures, giving each a kiss. Each time the Archbishop knelt during the service, an attendant priest removed his glittering mitre, and replaced it when he rose again; and we were amused to see the care with which the attendants treated the splendid robes of their superiors, always arranging them when they seated themselves, lest any of the lace and embroidery should be carelessly crushed.

When the thirteen had been duly washed, the clergy retired, and the beggars wiped their feet—an operation which the Archbishop did not appear to have performed at all satisfactorily—and drew on their stockings in a very matter-of-fact manner, while the general crowd dispersed. We lingered for some time near the monument, watching the hundreds of people who were there adoring the presence of their buried Lord. The worshippers in Spanish churches appear to be of every class and age, and of both sexes, and yet we always felt that their religious feelings were for ever a mystery to us. At first it seemed strange to us to see a gentleman enter the church, kneel down on the floor (sometimes, by-the-bye, taking the precaution of spreading his handkerchief underneath him), and there, in the middle of the moving crowd, pray with as much devotion as if he had been in the privacy of his own chamber. Others are not so devout. On this occasion we watched a group which amused and astonished us considerably, although we were not on the look-out for amusement. The party consisted of a young man and two ladies, whom, by their likeness, we presumed to be his sisters, and they were kneeling side by side before the monument. For a few minutes they remained in prayer, totally unheeding the throng which pushed against them in every direction, and sometimes almost jostled them off their knees. Then one of the party would whisper some smiling remark to his or her neighbour, and they all joined in merry conversation, laughing and joking as if at some excellent jest, and yet still remaining in the attitude of prayer. Next, a poor ragged boy rushed up, cap in hand, to the monument, and throwing himself on his knees, began crossing himself with the greatest energy and fervour. We felt somewhat conscience-stricken—how many poor boys, or even boys who are not poor, in England would go by themselves to pray in church? Alas, we fear but few of his class would know what it is to pray at all! We watched him with pleasure and interest for a few minutes; then he began to open his eyes, his lips no longer moved, and he stared about him, lazily watching his neighbours. Then, as the novelty of the scene wore off, he yawned and yawned again in utter vacancy, yet still remaining on his knees, and still kneeling and yawning we left him. It seems to us that the processions, whatever their other effects may be, must render the outer facts of gospel history, in a certain way, more generally familiar to the poor of Seville than they are to our own. We doubt if you could find here one of those cases of utter heathen ignorance of everything, even to the very names of God and Christ, which sometimes startle us so terribly in our own crowded population at home. What further ideas they draw from the *Pasos* without any reading of the Bible to correct their notions, what kind of a history they string together with the Virgin as the principal figure, dressed more magnificently than any queen or empress, with apostles in velvet robes, and Christ borne to the tomb in solemn pageant, it is scarcely possible to conceive, and might be very interesting to know. Those who know anything of the wild guesses and strange ideas formed by uneducated minds in every country, will have some comprehension of the chaos which these exhibitions must create in the imaginations of the poorer classes here. To-day, in the Capilla de Monserrate, one of our party was more than once assured by the poor people who were crowding in to see the *Pasos*, that an image of the prophet Isaiah, seated reading under a silver palm was no other than *El Padre Eterno*. But what does this

natter if they implicitly believe what they are taught, understanding it or no? Their faith is exercised, and they accept religion devoutly; that is to say, they take off their hats as the processions pass, and put up a cross wherever a man has been murdered by a too hasty application of the long Andalusian knife. Do their pastors require more from an uneducated people?

Late in the afternoon we watched some more processions, which by this time had become rather wearisome to us, and we will, therefore, not inflict a repetition of them on our readers—reserving ourselves for what we must say on the subject on Good Friday.

The *Miserere* was again sung at night in the cathedral, which was more than ever crowded. We sat for some time in the north transept, listening and watching the moving throng, till our tired senses were almost exhausted by the long fatigues of the day. Presently, through the harmony of the singing, we heard the measured tread of a long procession approaching from the eastern end of the building, and as it drew near we found it consisted of a double line of soldiers and police, who were accompanying the governor of the city in his state visit to the monument. Each man bore a burning taper in his hand, and the long line of lights seen solemnly moving down the dark aisles, added another to the list of striking effects which we have witnessed here.

It was well that the day's work was over now, for we doubt if the most wonderful spectacle in Christendom would have had power to detain us longer from our beds—mosquito-visited as they were. When we returned home at midnight we all agreed that it would be a physical impossibility for any of us to get up at two a.m. the following morning, at which extraordinarily early hour the Good Friday ceremonies begin. Perhaps this resolution was somewhat helped by our scepticism that the processions announced for two o'clock would actually take place before our usual hour of rising. This time we found we had exaggerated Spanish unpunctuality.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer" had scarcely had time to do her office upon us, when we were awakened by a military band, which announced to our now well-accustomed ears that the religious rites had begun again. It was hardly light, so we did not trouble ourselves to look out until a renewal of the same martial strains roused us up finally some hours later, and from the window we watched the return of the Paso—the Virgin under a canopy of silver tissue—as it crossed the top of the street. It was a new aspect to see the processions in the clear light of dawn, but the Sevillians did not seem to think it at all too early, and many hundreds of people were up and stirring to witness or to follow the show. The sound of their voices, and almost the sense of their conversation, rose to our window through the clear quiet morning air. We ourselves spent the morning quietly, visiting the cathedral, where we found there were to be no ceremonies, and inspecting some more Pasos before we attended the service at our own church—(if so it may be called) at the consulate. The heat was intense—the little low room more insupportably oven-like than before—and perhaps for the first time we thought with regret of our friends in England, who were probably at that moment sitting in winter clothing, in churches well cooled by hundreds of sharp April showers.

After our mid-day's rest we sallied forth at two o'clock for the grand processions of the week, and were soon made aware of two new features in the day's proceedings. The first was a troop of men dressed as Roman soldiers, resplendent in armour, with togas and tunics of every colour, and tall plumes nodding on their shining helmets. Their costumes seemed to have been studied, and were of rich and handsome materials; but they smacked somewhat of Astley's, and the warriors seemed more fitted to be the heroes of a play than the conquerors of the world. We took leave to doubt if any Roman had ever worn eight ostrich plumes standing erect on his head; but it is possible that this was their uniform at the time when the tall caps of the Nazarenos were the ordinary head-dress of the Jewish people. Our second surprise was in meeting scores of little girls, varying in age from five to twelve years, dressed—we suppose with equal correctness—as angels. Their little frocks were of every colour of the rainbow, sometimes all the colours at once, and gauze wings fluttered on all their shoulders. Some of the little angels, so far from being exempt from all mortal feelings of fatigue, were carried in their fathers' arms to the rendezvous at San Pablo. Nearly all of them were accompanied by their friends—well-dressed people, who all seemed proud of their contribution to the day's solemnity. After wandering about for some time observing the processionists, we waited in the street while the first Paso was carried by, and for the first time we saw some signs of reverential feeling among the crowd. One old man, who was standing near us, bowed to the ground as the image passed, and crossing himself devoutly, appeared to treat the procession as a religious service.

All the women were in black, and altogether their conduct and appearance made us observe a marked difference between this and every other day. This may, perhaps, have originated in part from the intense wish, which was everywhere apparent, to obtain a good view of the grand funeral procession from San Pablo; but it may also have proceeded from the more creditable emotions excited by the day itself. According to the bias of the observer's mind, these exhibitions are considered either the equivalent to the Good Friday holiday festivals indulged in by our own lower orders, or to the solemn ritualistic services which so many of our modern clergy are now trying to offer in our churches as a counter attraction. The truth probably lies between the two theories.

At half-past three we had once more stationed ourselves in our balcony in the Sierpes, just as the first Nazarenos appeared at the end of the street, and for the last time witnessed this peculiar ceremony. We have already so often described these pageants, that we will now merely give a programme of the procession, as we jotted it down on the spot, noticing here and there the peculiarities of the day.

From the Church of Triana.

Penitents (Nazarenos) in purple caps and white robes (one of them a child of five years old).
A wooden cross and Roman banner, inscribed S.P.Q.R.
A crucifix, followed by penitents in black.
A banner and cross borne by a priest.
The Paso.—A Virgin standing on a crescent, in a petticoat of purple silk brocade and a black velvet robe.
Priests and officers.
Military band and troops.



STREET MUSICIANS IN SEVILLE

Church of Carreterra.

Lancers with spears and flags.
Penitents in white caps and robes with a red monogram.
A silver cross, and a white flag with red cross.
The Paso.—Faith holding a cross and supported by an angel.
A guard of soldiers.
Penitents in black, with the word "Charitas" embroidered on their shoulders, and carrying red tapers.
S.P.Q.R. banner. Black banner. A cross and crimson banner.
A tray of tapers borne by four men.
Priests singing.
The Paso.—A Crucifixion with both the Thieves. Women at the foot of the Cross, and Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus.
A band in plain clothes.

San Pablo and the Capilla de Monserrate.

Lancers.
Penitents in white robes with blue caps, and a white cross on the Antefaz.
A silver cross, guarded by Lancers.
A girl dressed in rich white silk embroidered with gold, carrying a cross and cup, and blindfolded. A gentleman and two soldiers walked on each side of her.*
The Paso.—Isaiah under a palm in crimson robes.
A military band and penitents.
A girl dressed in a silver veil and crimson robe, representing Saint Veronica, and carrying the handkerchief.
The Paso.—The Crucifixion, followed by a tray of blue tapers.
A band of Roman soldiers, in white tunics and scarlet togas, and helmets with the visors down.
Twenty-seven soldiers with spears and shields, in white tunics and blue togas; eight white plumes erect on each helmet.
Priests, banners, and a cross.
Penitents in blue. Soldiers. Priests in blue robes.
An officer and three boys in uniform carrying a flag.
Other officers and servants in livery.
The Paso.—The Virgin in blue velvet (before described).
Soldiers, and a band.

Santa Maria Marina.

Penitents in black over rich violet, gold embroidery and yellow cords and tapers.
Black and silver banner.
Boys singing, and men playing on violins.
Priests in black.
The Paso.—The Descent from the Cross.
Priests, officers, and band.

San Pablo.

Four Roman soldiers on horseback, in armour, and blue cloaks.
Penitents in black, with red crosses; their trains extended on the ground and their tapers lighted.
Crosses, flags, and trumpets. Officers.
The Paso.—Death at the foot of the Cross, with the inscription, "Mors, Mortem Superavit."
A procession of crosses borne by priests.
A little boy in Roman costume.
Hundreds of the little girls dressed as angels, followed by a great number of others without wings, and gaudily dressed, representing—we could not discover what. (Most of the children had their friends with them, so that the procession was somewhat interrupted. Nearly all of them carried the emblems of the Passion in their hands.)
Another Saint Veronica in purple satin.
Fifty priests in black, with scarlet scarfs and tapers.
Choristers, officers, and priests singing.
The Paso.—The body of Christ enclosed in a glass tomb.
Priests, soldiers, and the pall.
Roman soldiers, in bronze armour with crimson kilts.
Thirty Roman soldiers, in white tunics, with red cloaks and white plumes.
A double line, composed of hundreds of officers and gentlemen in plain clothes (most of whom were decorated with ribbons or orders), all carrying lighted tapers.
The Paso.—A Pieta, followed by priests in white.
The superior clergy, in magnificent vestments, preceding the
The Archbishop of Seville, who wore his robes and mitre.
(His chair was carried immediately behind him, and on it he reposed himself each time the Paso halted.)
Priests carrying lighted tapers.
More gentlemen. The band and soldiers.

* Judging from their dress, appearance, and companions, the girls in this procession were evidently ladies. A few years ago, we are told, that in accomplishment of a vow made during the serious illness of one of her children, the Duchesse de Montpensier followed one of the processions bare-footed through the streets.

The day was over long before the procession ended, and the long line of tapers shone out quite brightly in the darkened street before we left the balcony. There was still another *Paso;* but we had seen enough of the solemn pageant, and retired without waiting for it. The day's proceedings, in spite of stage soldiers and angels, was by far the most imposing we had witnessed, and perhaps if we had seen no other we should have been more impressed by these celebrated ceremonies. The long line of gentlemen in plain clothes took away, perhaps, somewhat from the picturesque effect, but amply compensated for so doing by throwing an air of reality over the whole, which was wanting on other days. A graver air pervaded the city, and, in spite of the vast crowds, Seville had an air of repose which reminded us of an English Sunday. Even the billiard-playing in the house we occupied in the Sierpes was stopped by authority, and no carriage was on any pretence allowed in the streets.

Much later on in the evening, after the moon had been long shining brilliantly in the deep clear sky, we watched from the roof of our hotel the final return of the procession to San Pablo. The house stood at the corner of one of the few open plazas in Seville, and when the military band had attracted us out to see what was passing, we looked down on a sea of upturned faces, through which the narrow line of the procession was with difficulty forcing its way. The lighted tapers and the brilliantly illuminated *Pasos* shone out like stars, with a radiance which even the rays of the moon—throwing everything in the street into strong contrasts of black and white—were not able to dim. The people almost closed in altogether upon the poor little angels, who seemed, naturally enough, utterly exhausted by their seven hours' walk through the staring crowd, and we saw that their friends had sometimes considerable difficulty in defending them from the affectionate but ill-advised curiosity of the spectators. Unless it is believed that a special providence guards these children to-day, or unless vanity overcomes all other feelings, one would think it must be no contemptible sacrifice of inclination to religious duty, which a careful mother must make, in submitting her child to the fatigues of this long ceremony, not to speak of the contamination of the mixed and often dirty crowd.

We longed to know what had become of the baby Nazareno, who had been one of the first in the procession, and had amused us so much by the solemn way in which he toddled along in his white robes, apparently preserving his composure in a situation which would have thrown any English child into an agony of shyness. Poor little fellow, his little feet must have been sadly tired and cut by the rough stones, and his fresh white robes much dusted and spoilt before he found himself once more in his mother's arms. We doubt that he will wish to put on his dress again and act the penitent next year.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the last *Paso*, disappearing through the arch leading to San Pablo, terminated the extraordinary scenes of the week, leaving an impression on our minds which it will take many years wholly to efface.

SATURDAY.

Interested as we had all been in the ceremonies of the past week, we doubt if any one among our party regretted they were finished. It was a relief to feel that we were no longer bound to sit for hours in our balcony, tediously waiting for the processions. We had now seen them; we would not willingly have missed the sight of so much that was curious and unique, but we rejoiced that they were over, and that we might turn to some other object. One more morning, however, was claimed by the cathedral for the final ceremonies of the Holy Week, when the Rending of the Black Veil was to typify the resurrection of our Lord, and the festival of Easter was to commence, bringing with it now as ever the feeling of renewed hope and joy.

The ceremony was to take place at ten o'clock, but when we first entered the cathedral we found another service going on at the font, which the dean was blessing, according to the yearly custom. A picturesque row of priests, sitting on benches forming three sides of a square in front of the font, reminded one of some of the ecclesiastical scenes painted by the old Spanish masters. The vestments of the priests have always been splendid models for artists, and there is some consolation in the thought, that if the Ritualists succeed in establishing the practice of their doctrines at home, some of our artists will perhaps learn from them how to draw drapery. When the font had been duly blessed, and the *Kyrie Eleison* sung, the vast crowd pressed towards the eastern end of the cathedral to witness the great event of the day. We had heard so much about the ceremony, that we bravely insinuated ourselves into the throng to obtain a good view of all the proceedings. The reality disappointed us—it was but an indifferent repetition of the scene we had witnessed on Wednesday, and as we had now become accustomed to the idea of an explosion of gunpowder as part of a religious service, it made a smaller impression upon us. The veil itself was a shabby thing, and by no means black, and was rather awkwardly drawn aside instead of being rent. The powder flared for an instant round the arches, as if the building had been struck by lightning, and then all was over. Easter was come—guns in all parts of the town repeated the announcement—the pictures were unveiled in all the churches, and here in the cathedral the great organ pealed forth its triumphal notes, while the sun's rays shot again through windows which had been darkened for many days.

As we went out we observed that the monument was empty, the *custodia* having been removed in the night. The host had been taken away, Christ had risen from the dead, and the throng of worshippers no longer knelt before the forsaken tomb. The sides by which it had been enclosed were removed and broken down, to represent the effects of the earthquake rolling away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. The lights, too, were all extinguished, and from its mystic symbolism it had returned to its former state, and stood cold and bare in the broad light of day.

Gladly escaping from the tumult of the awakening city, we passed to the quiet beauty of the Duc de Montpensier's gardens, and loitered about them for some time, through the shady walks of orange-trees, acacias, and palms, enjoying the sweet scent of the flowers. The gardens are well kept, but the care bestowed upon them only made us observe the more the want of turf. Where in England a soft lawn would lie stretched beneath the trees and shrubs, there is here nothing but a coarse stubbly grass, full of daisies, and looking like a newly-mown hayfield. We thought even the luxuriance of the roses would scarcely compensate for the loss of their velvet setting. The palace itself was handsome, and contained a fine collection of pictures, including several good Murillos and Zurbarans. In one of the smaller rooms we were astonished to find portraits of a number of City of London worthies in official costume, and could obtain no further explanation of their presence than that they had belonged to the duke's mother—the ex-queen of the French. The officials evidently thought that they were very illustrious Englishmen, and were surprised at our wondering why her Majesty should treasure their likenesses.

In the afternoon we procured a carriage with some difficulty, and at an exorbitant charge, and drove out of the town to see the preparations for the fair. Since our last visit, a great change had taken place. Streets of canvas huts had risen in all directions, and were now being fitted up and furnished in haste. Chairs, tables, and sofas were being carried into these temporary habitations, and in the fashionable quarter each of the booths was arranged as an elegant, though diminutive drawing-room. Far and wide on the surrounding plain, and coming up to the back of these tents, were innumerable flocks of sheep and pigs and horses assembled for the fair. When we turned our horses' heads away from the fashionable crowd who were inspecting the arrangement of their tents, we immediately found ourselves in the middle of a most thoroughly pastoral scene. Looking round on the wide treeless plain, one might imagine oneself in some Arabian wilderness, the temporary encampment of some vast wandering horde. Each herd was watched by its own guardians. Some were on horseback, galloping about with long poles in their hands, in gay, though often ragged costume, and mounted on high Andalusian saddles; while others wrapped (notwithstanding the heat) in long brown cloaks, stood motionless among the sheep till we sometimes mistook them for the decayed trunks of old trees.

Behind us, forming a fine background to the scene, lay the city, glistening white and yellow in the sunshine, and crowned by the cathedral, the height of which we had never before sufficiently realised. The drive was a charming and refreshing change, and we cared more for it than for the sight which our guide specially brought us out to see. This was the herd of bulls which were being driven up for the fight to-morrow, a sight as interesting to Spaniards as the Paddock at Epsom on the Derby Day is to Englishmen. We came at length to the poor victims, for such, contrary to the laws of fair battle, they are for ever destined to be. From the moment of their entering the arena, they are doomed, nor can the utmost gallantry procure for them anything save a prolongation of their torture. The eight beasts, on the sight of whose sufferings the eyes of all Seville were to feast on the following day, were now grazing quietly and unconsciously among a herd of belled cattle. Wherever their leaders went, they followed, and with a little guidance on the part of some men on horseback, they were driven slowly in to their destruction. They are not actually taken into the city till early on the morning of the fight, as it

is a work of considerable difficulty and danger, the poor beasts, as if with a foreknowledge of the horrors which lie before them, becoming violent and restive. Accidents frequently happen, so that it is considered an exciting amusement, and much relished by those who cannot pay for admission to the real fight.

The bulls were considerably smaller than the animals which obtain prizes at our agricultural shows, but their broad foreheads and huge muscular necks, supporting most formidable horns, showed enormous strength, and their sinewy legs an activity which ours could not equal. Nearly all of them were black. On our return, we met several omnibuses laden with men who had come out on the same errand as ourselves, and great was their excitement when they feared they were too late to inspect the *toros*.

Driving back along the river-side, and through the Alameda, we stopped to visit the Plaza de Toros, where the eight poor beasts we had just seen were to be butchered. It is an immense building, looking, like most things in Spain, shabby and dilapidated; but the arrangements of a bull ring have been so often before described, that we will not weary the patience of the reader by explaining minutely how the people sit tier above tier in the amphitheatre, some in the "Sol," and some in the "Sombra"—how the president's box occupies the centre opposite the door, through which the bull makes his first charge—or how the innermost paling looks alarmingly slight and low as a defence against the powerful and infuriated victim. We will leave these descriptions for those who enjoy them, only saying that to us the immense preparations only made us feel the more disgust for an amusement which consists in seeing other men in peril, and brute beasts in pain. Our own national amusement, may, perhaps justly, be considered as cruel (though the fox, unlike the bull, has a chance of escape), but at all events, in fox-hunting, those who enjoy the sport are those who risk their limbs, and sometimes their lives to obtain it; not those who sit in safety while paid sportsmen torture before them an animal which has no chance of defence. After indulging ourselves in these reflections as we wandered about the Plaza de Toros, and hugging ourselves in the comfortable belief in our own superiority over our neighbours, we returned home to the most disagreeable part of our day's work—the wretched dinner at the *table d'hôte*.

Sketches of Travel in China: Hong-Kong to Peking.—II.

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

As I noticed in the preceding article, the native houses of this part of the province of Pei-chih-li are built mainly of mud and millet-stalks, and, viewed from a distance, the villages occasionally look like green mounds, owing to a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds on the housetops, together with a few domestic plants reared for family use. These plants seem to thrive well in the smoky air of the dwelling, and in the society of the owners of the property. Many of the houses have stood for ten or twelve years—a respectable antiquity this for village architecture in the north, as these primitive abodes are frequently dissolved by heavy rain or floods, and as easily reconstructed out of mud, millet-stalks, and wood. Ta pointed out the advantages enjoyed by his countrymen in the simple architecture of their houses, which in time of flood sink down into quiet repose, leaving a mound above water suitable for the family to sit upon until the flood has subsided, when with a day or two's toil the habitation can be raised to its original modest proportions.

Next evening the air was perfectly still, and the heat oppressive; the river lay placid as a sheet of polished glass. I enjoyed a picture I shall never forget. At the end of the reach, where we made fast for the night, the hills beyond Peking were dimly seen through a purple haze cast by the setting sun across the landscape. On the right bank, the millet-stalks stood tall, dark, and motionless, against the bright horizon, beneath which the sun was sinking behind a broken belt of clouds; its bright beams piercing the cloudy spaces, shot like pillars of fire deep down into the river, as if supporting in mid-air the millet-covered bank, now softened into a line of deep purple. There was an ominous stillness in the air, disturbed only by the occasional homeward flight of a bird, or the drowsy whirr of the beetle that was fast settling for the night. I urged the old skipper to push on during the cool of the night; but nothing, not even money, would move him. He said that the sky boded no good, and that no man living would tempt him to leave the bank, and, to assure me of his fixed purpose, he made fast his boat with an extra anchor.

It was well I let the old man have his way. I had finished supper, and sat for an hour or two smoking and enjoying the serenity of the outer air, when I turned in for the night, having made my usual preparations, by placing my revolver beneath my pillow and the matches close to the candle, and was soon lost in sleep. About midnight I was roused by a sudden jerk that sent me heels over head against the bulkhead, and I had barely time to extricate myself from the entire contents of the cabin, when the boat was again violently struck and nearly capsized. We were in the thick of a storm. I could hear the wind growling and gathering its fury for another blast, as I managed to force the cabin-door to know the worst. Our boat had been first blown on to the bank and then back into the water. The three boatmen were out at the moorings; they informed me that the worst was over. The rain, however, came down in torrents, so that the spaces in the bamboo roof made the cabin little better than a shower-bath; my bedding was soon soaked, and after a long search I found the matches afloat on a pool of water, effectually debarring me from even the luxury of a light.

The rain suddenly abated, and the wind fell to whispering among the broken millet, so I wrung out my clothes and determined to sit up till daylight. Sleep soon mastered me; and

I dozed off, damp and comfortless, waking with the light to find Ta and my two Hainan servants astir before me. They had their garments stretched on bamboos, and were patiently waiting for the sun to dry them, that in due time they might appear before their countrymen clothed and in their right mind. For my own part, I was similarly occupied throughout the day.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we reached Tung-chow, the nearest point by boat to Peking. The available space for boats at Tung-chow is extremely narrow, giving rise to constant disputes among the boatmen as to the right of way. Old Wongtsing, our captain, got into trouble with the owner of a cargo-boat; each boat mustered its crew, who exchanged some hard blows with poles and boat-hooks before I had time to interfere, when we were permitted to come to anchor, much to the delight of our old skipper, who considered that he had fairly silenced his enemy. We were now beset with porters; one succeeded in boarding our boat, and was about to lift a trunk, when Ta strode forward and hurled him into the water. The porters in a body now rushed at Ta for thus taking the part of a "foreign devil," and it was with some difficulty that I saved him from having his tail torn out by the roots. At length three carts were engaged for the journey to Peking, at fares fixed by Ta, who, I afterwards learned, must have obtained a third share of the profits from the carters. The reader probably does not know what these carts are, nor would I wish my worst enemy a drive from Tung-chow to Peking in one of them. They might have been devised for human torture, as it is necessary—when the stone road to be traversed is taken into account—for the traveller to take the precaution of fixing himself into the cart with pads of straw, pillows, mattresses, &c., to obviate the painful necessity of having his frame set up by the first surgeon in Peking. Not liking the look of the cart as a conveyance, I determined to walk some part of the way. We entered Tung-chow through an ancient stone archway. The carts were lumbering their way through the main street, over the huge, broken, and displaced blocks of an old stone pavement—the stones, in their worn and irregular appearance, reminding me of big boulders in the bed of a river. Suddenly there was a block-up; a cart, laden with bags of flour and having a team of mules and donkeys, had stuck fast in a broken space in the pavement, so that the thoroughfare was stopped for half an hour and the air filled with the execrations of a hundred carters detained on their journey citywards. I passed on, and amused myself by looking at the shops and people. The shop-fronts were of richly-carved wood and highly ornamented, but so covered with an accumulation of dust and dirt as to convey the impression that the town, like Poinpeii, had been



PEKINESE VENDOR OF VIOLINS.



NATIVES OF TIENTSIN, IN FRONT OF THE SISTERS' CHAPEL.

recently unearthed after a sleep of ages. The townsfolk looked ancient, dry, and dusty, as if they too, belonging to an earlier age, had been suddenly roused to resume their old habits, with senses somewhat impaired from disuse, as the shopkeepers sat smoking their pipes, seemingly unconscious of the brawl and riot of the outer street.

The difficulty over and the traffic fairly started, there appeared to be no more thought of the bad street, no reflections made upon the Board of Works, no proposed deputation to the chairman of that august body. No; it seemed to be no business of the carters, and nobody's business that the street should be all but impassable. The roads outside of Tungchow were knee-deep in mud, owing to the heavy rain of the previous night, so that I had no choice but to sit in the cart. My carter showed the utmost confidence in his trusty mule, by sitting on the shaft before me fast asleep; he had had a skinful of spirits, and smelt of garlic, vitiating the sweet air of this "Flowery Land."

There was no waking him, save when the cart stuck in the pitfalls and mudpools of the imperial highway, when I gave him a gentle reminder by helping him off the shaft, that he might, in turn, aid his jaded mule. The faithful animal at length brought us to the stone highway leading to Peking, where it stopped at the nearest inn, clearly intimating that it meant to have a rest and feed before taking us any further.



TARTAR LADY AND MAID, PEKING.

These inns are numerous by the wayside, and in some respects remind one of similar places of entertainment in our own country, that are nowadays superseded by the more commodious hotels. The outside of the inn presents a long, low, whitewashed wall, adorned by a sign in huge black characters signifying "Perpetual felicity achieved." In front of the doorway there was a long, low table, at which a group of wayfarers were seated discussing bowls of reeking soup or tea, or the city news; while their mules and ponies were being tended by the hangers-on at the inn. Ta and my Hainan men had gone on before. I passed through the house to an inner stable-yard, and was shown into a bedroom where I had dinner *à la Chinoise*, consisting of rice, fragments of stewed mutton, an omelette, and a bunch of grapes, with tea. Dinner was served upon the bed, which was built of brick, and heated by a fire from beneath. The apartment was small, and had been last used as a stable; its window, filled in with small wooden squares, was covered with white paper. As I left, a lean pig and leaner dog were fighting over the scraps on the clay floor.

The stone highway leading to Peking is like that at Tungchow, very much out of repair, although at one time it must have formed a splendid road to the metropolis; but that is many years ago, probably before the Manchus came to rule the country. The road is now in such a state that it is customary for wheeled vehicles to diverge from it and take circuitous routes through the country.

Our mule, with singular sagacity, took to the first of these byroads, and brought us in safety to the Chi-ho gate of the Tartar city. The high building which towers over the gateway, and the massive wall of Peking, are seen to great advantage when approaching the city; conveying an idea of grandeur which is speedily dispelled when within the walls.

Just before entering, I again consigned myself to the cart, as it fell into the line of vehicles going into the city. A long train of camels laden with native coal was passing through the gate at the time. They were different from the animals one sees in Egypt in general form and in having a long fur hanging from the neck and upper portion of the legs. Upon entering Peking one is struck with the sudden change from the massive and imposing gateway, surmounted by a great tower having countless small windows blocked up by wooden shutters, each bearing a painting of the frowning muzzle of a great gun, and the contrast presented by the shops and habitations of the modest dwellers within the gates. The principal streets are wide, much wider than the streets of any other city I have visited in China, save Nanking. In the centre of the Peking street there is what may be called a high-level portion, broad enough for

the accommodation of two carts; on each side of this are broad ditches, of irregular depth and form, usually filled with foul water. These pools are a source of great danger after dark, as there is no proper attempt at street-lighting.

During my stay in the capital I heard of an old lady being drowned in one of these holes; the carter had probably been asleep, and the mule had missed its way and gone over into the ditch. I must tell you that these holes are used for repairing the high-level line, and the water, when the weather is hot, is scooped out with long ladles and spread to lay the dust. It is dangerous for refined foreign noses to be about just then, as the steam from the road suggests anything but the poetic fragrance of an Eastern capital. Beyond the ditches on each side of the high level there are long lines of booths, similar to those that in olden times stood in the centre of the High Street of Edinburgh. Some are built of brick, others of wood, and the commonest of mud. When the Emperor goes abroad to inspect his capital the booths are taken down and rebuilt as soon as he has passed. Beyond the booths are the side-walks of the street and the highly-ornamental shops, having their wooden fronts carved into the most elaborate designs, and finished with a variety of brilliant colours and a profusion of gilding.

I must now tell you of my experiences in the French hotel. It is situated in a street near the foreign Legations, and kept by M. Thomas, whom I found standing outside at the gateway, looking very much as if he wanted washing. Passing into the court, I found my men and baggage. The rooms were low and damp-looking, and there was a cold, clammy stickiness about the furniture and a sickening odour everywhere. I was assured that the apartments were healthy, and, when the fire was lit, the most comfortable in Peking, and that a small glass of brandy was the best thing after a journey. Thomas soon prepared a good dinner, as he was an excellent cook. He, however, informed me afterwards in confidence that the fire nowadays was too much for him, and that there was nothing like a small glass of "eau de vie" after an artistic effort in the kitchen.

Next day I called at the British Legation, and left my card. I then ascertained from one of the students that I had been imposed upon by my French host, as the room and bed I occupied on the previous night had just been evacuated by a gentleman suffering from small-pox, and the prospect was held out of my being laid up, in all probability in a few days, with a disease that frequently proved fatal in the land. I notified my intention of leaving in a day or two for the Great Wall and the "Ming Tombs." Our minister expressed grave concern at my having been exposed to the risk of infection, and sent me a kind invitation to put up at the Legation after my return.

To save the expense and danger of carting it over the city, I bought a Mongolian pony for about six pounds of our money. He was a lazy beast to look at, rather low in the shoulder for the saddle, and would only put on a pace when returning home for his evening meal. I had him shod at a farrier's, where he was led beneath two pillars and a strong wooden cross-bar, over which two straps were thrown, having a broad girth depending from each; these were fastened round him and cords slipped over three legs. The pony was then slung up and his legs pulled together with the cords, so that the farrier could work with perfect ease and safety at the free hoof. I had a good deal of trouble about feeding the animal. A stable-boy at the hotel undertook to feed and groom him for about five shillings a week. I gave him two Mexican dollars to start with, with which he procured straw for a bed, a small quantity of millet, bran, &c. Next day Ta informed me that the groom wanted more money, as the pony was a straw-eater and had consumed his bed. I proceeded to the stable, to judge for myself from the appearance of this singular quadruped. It certainly did look as if it had had a very extraordinary meal, as the saddle-girths would barely meet. I had him brought out to the yard and made fast to a tree to be groomed, when he immediately commenced to supplement his breakfast by eating the bark off the tree. I called in the horse-dealer from whom I bought the pony, who at once undertook to feed my steed for a very moderate sum. I afterwards found out that the first stable-boy kept a pony of his own in the next house, and had intended finding its food at my expense.

It is necessary in Peking to institute a strict system of espionage over one's servants, as dealers in native commodities on entering one's dwelling for the purposes of trade are subject to a heavy tax, which is levied by one's own servants. When a stranger visits Peking, he is liable to be fleeced in this way. His arrival is notified to dealers in curiosities and spurious imitations of antique china-ware and enamels. These dealers flock to his room; and when a sale is effected, the servants, from the gatekeeper to the butler of the establishment, receives each his share of the profits.

A remarkable character, an old Manchu soldier, kept watch at the gate of the hotel at night. He was a banner man, a member of the Tartar camp in the pay of the government. The pay allowed by government was sufficient to support him, but after reaching him through the official channel it had dwindled to about six shillings a month and a sheepskin coat a year. Old Wong-To was a fair specimen of the soldiers of the standing army. Wrapped in his sheepskin coat and underclothing of rags, he lay through the cold nights on the stone step of the outer gate, rousing himself at times to answer the call of the next watchman. The call is supposed to pass from watchman to watchman round the city.

I will conclude this article by giving some account of a gentleman of the honourable name of "Tsang," who may be taken as a type of a liberal-minded Chinaman. His estate covers a large area, laid out in quaint gardens and lotus-pools, spanned by sculptured marble bridges, picturesque pavilions festooned with climbing plants, conspicuous among which was the grape-vine. Some of the inner courts and many of the rooms of his house were taken up with foreign appliances of various kinds. On one occasion Tsang conducted me to the ladies' quarter, where I intended to give him a lesson in taking a photograph. We passed along ornamental galleries, with landscapes cleverly painted on the walls, and doorways shaped like an opening flower, or the graceful outlines of a vase, leading from one to the other. At length we reached an open court, having a strange monument in the centre.

"This," said Tsang, "is a foreign pump." I could see it was. One or two marble slabs had been raised, a deep hole bored until water was found. The pump was then sunk to the water, and connected with a small steam-engine which my kind host had managed to set agoing, but could not stop until the house was flooded and the ladies put to great inconvenience for some days. The flood had not quite abated. I was next introduced to a smaller court, having a house where fowls were kept. His

fowls looked sickly, and a number had died off, as they had taken to drinking photographic water.

The largest fowl-house was taken up by a planing machine, a saw-mill, and a steam-engine on wheels. Tsang said that the saw-mill was a "fine, wonderful contrivance," for which he had, at great trouble, procured a quantity of wood. He regretted to say that the mill had only been used one day; but in that time it had got through a wonderful deal of work; it had, in fact, sawed up everything he could think of. But it was too much for the Pekinese: alarmed by the hissing and clank of the engine and the whirr of the saw, the citizens had procured ladders, and scaled the walls in such numbers that the house-top was a black mass of chattering spectators.

Tsang had a number of first-rate photographic instruments, with which he had taken one or two photographs. He was then in anxious expectation of the daily arrival of gas-works and fittings for his entire house.

To Kief in the Posting Days.—I.

In the good old days of solitary posting, before railways were made to link the capitals, very much more was to be seen and learned of Russia. You now traverse the space between the termini without gaining much more than a general idea of the vast extent of the Russian Empire. It is true you travel in ease, and even in luxury; you may pass the time, in so doing, very agreeably in playing cards, or in converse with each and every one travelling with you in the same carriage; and, although travelling by express, you have abundance of time for enjoying an admirably-served meal and for a stroll on the platform of the intermediate station. But besides an acquaintance with the main cities of Russia, such as St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kief, Odessa, Nijni-Novgorod, you form no idea of the manners and customs of the country which is not based on information received at second hand. You find that your Russian travelling companions are more or less endowed with linguistic accomplishments; and, seeing you are a stranger in their land, they fill up for you the great gaps between city and city with information which you yourself might acquire only through a very long residence in the country. Thus you will find on your return home that your knowledge of Russia extends only to the few cities you may have sojourned in for some time, and to the society or individuals upon whom you may have been entirely dependent for your amusement. In all places but St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, the round of life represents a very narrow circle; and even there the gaieties are palling. No other place in Russia offers any inducements for a lengthened visit: in one half of a day you can see all that there is to be seen, and your surroundings will surely take from you all inclination to tarry longer, even if the place have charms yet undiscovered. Even as railways in every direction in Russia were constructed before the ordinary means of communication could be said to have been properly established, so now the main cities of Russia can boast of handsome railway termini, while they have not a clean hostelry for the accommodation of the travelling foreigner; as we now know is the case in Mellipilla. Excepting the essentials—such as a clean apartment and a clean bed—the advantages which modern civilisation supplies make a traveller now-a-days a great deal more exigent than he was wont to be when he was compelled to rough it. The young English gentleman, grown so particular as to the manner in which he is served, has been known to pull a cloth off a dinner-table at a restaurant in a northern capital, together with everything on it, because, forsooth, there was a stain on a napkin. Paterfamilias goes abroad in these days with Materfamilias, and they take their daughters, nieces, or other ladies.

Now travelling in Russia means travelling great distances, and the charms of Moscow and St. Petersburg are in themselves not sufficiently attractive to induce a family party to go there and to return without seeing more of Russia. It is a pity that the many other towns on the various lines of rail in that country remain closed to them for want of proper accommodation for travellers. In one sense it is still the same in Russia; although a complete network of railways covers the whole surface of that immense country, one has still, as in bygone times, to pass days and nights on the road.

It was a long journey in pre-railway times from St. Petersburg to Kief, but interesting withal;—the experiences of the road, the vicissitudes, the discomforts, adventures, and agreeable incidents, make the remembrance of it indelible. One might write a series of novels based on the scenes which were to have been witnessed along the road,—mainly at the posting-houses. In the endeavour to entertain my readers, I shall describe only a few such scenes, lest I be charged with overmuch romancing, like "Our Special Correspondent" of the paper having the largest circulation in the world. Another reason for not exhausting my stock of stories about all that I have seen and heard in Russia, is that I hope to have the pleasure of continuing my Russian contributions to the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

I will give neither date nor place, though I refer to a period previous to the emancipation of the serfs, for the time is not so remote but those who figure in my narrative may be still alive. For the same reasons I shall not give their true names, but shall adopt a fanciful nomenclature.

I invite the amiable reader to accompany me on my posting journey to Kief, on the Dniester, and to follow me through all the accidents and adventures on the road. The distance from St. Petersburg is 805 miles, which, with four horses, and travelling almost uninterruptedly night and day, we may hope to accomplish in about seven or eight days. It would be perfectly impossible for me to go over every bit of the ground in a single article, and, as many of the incidents of Russian travel would be tedious to the reader if given in detail, I shall condense as much as possible.

We leave St. Petersburg early in May, being compelled by circumstances to take the road so early in the season; the snow, it is true, has all melted away, but the highway for wheeled carriages is abominably bad—especially those portions of the track which run through low-lying and inundated districts. It is a dark night, and on arriving at the end of the first stage, we discover, to our great annoyance, that our spare trunk, which, with a trust in Providence—a trait in our character which we have acquired in Russia—we suffered to be tied to the back of the carriage, has been detached and appropriated by some thief in the outskirts of the city, while we were calmly slumbering after the great fatigues of the day, which was passed in making preparations for the journey. It was irrecoverably lost, and the contents were doubtless sold in the great *jostle market* of St. Petersburg.

This is our first experience and misadventure; but we have no one but ourselves to blame, and having changed our driver with our horses, we have no one to vent our rage upon, and so gradually subside into a placid resignation. One may go mad in a prison, but away out in the open one soon learns to control one's feelings.

For the first fifty miles from St. Petersburg the country is tolerably pretty: sprinkled with monasteries, imperial residences, and country seats; but our progress is impeded by caravans of merchandise, dragging their wearisome lengths slowly along the muddy road, and leaving us the narrow margin by the ditch—a veritable slough of despond.

On this occasion the driver of one of these laden carts lay stretched asleep on the top of his bales, with his face resting on his doubled arms. Our man, brandishing his whip, and unable to resist the temptation, waked the sleeper up with a somewhat severe cut over his person, bidding him mind his horse, which had swerved from the straight line, and calling his attention to the fact that "nobility" was travelling. The boor, roused from his lethargy, and feeling the smart, stopped his horse and demanded an explanation.

"Why did you strike me?" he asked. "My back is my master's, and not for a boor like you to lay your whip upon."



ON THE DNIESTER.

The caravan instantly blocked the road, and our progress was stopped; what was still worse, the whole company of drivers beset our *yamstchik*. They all surrounded us, and taking their fellow's part, insisted on his giving his reason for the indignity offered to him. The Babel of voices precluded all possibility of an explanation; and as they durst not lay hands on our *yamstchik* out of respect for the official emblem on his conical hat, the argument waxed hot and time wore on, until at last the matter was amicably adjusted by an adjournment to a gin-palace, or *kabak*, hard by, where, after three-quarters of an hour, our *yamstchik* returned to us in a very deplorable state of drunkenness. The road, however, was eventually cleared, and after exchanging many protestations of brotherly love with his new friends, our man, bad as he was, brought us safe and sound to the next station.

Here was our first adventure. The station-house was



KIEF.

occupied by an elderly-looking gentleman and two ladies. There was only one room, having an alcove on one side of it, and it was not without some hesitation that the official in charge of the place informed us, greatly to our vexation, that the party, after having refreshed themselves with tea and with a variety of provisions which they carried with them, intended to appropriate the place to their own use for the night.

You, gentle reader, are with me only in shadow, my travelling companion in substance was a tall handsome young student of the University of Moscow, who had no idea of being left out in the cold, so nudging me to keep quiet, he conducted the dialogue with the station-master in sufficiently loud tones to be heard by the party indoors. His representation was to the effect that there was no other room, and no other house to go to; and that we had been fasting long, and required at least some refreshment before proceeding further.

The case was hard, the argument strong, and the tone of the student's voice doubtless sounding agreeable to the ladies, an invitation soon came for us to share the room with them. We both, of course, thanked the female members of the party for their amiability, and apologised for the intrusion. The ladies were excessively polite; not so, however, the gentleman, who muttered various incivilities, and went the length of even ordering the station-master to get our horses ready without delay.

The student having given the station-master a *douceur*, and an injunction to act in obedience to his orders, gained him over entirely to his cause. It was quite clear that the elderly gentleman had in no way conciliated the man. There was nothing to be made out of him. It appeared that he was a small proprietor of the neighbourhood, of very ill repute—given freely to drinking, of an exceedingly bad temper, and a cruel master; it was ascertained, moreover, that it was the common custom to make a butt of him at the houses to which he was invited, for the purpose of enlivening the company. He was one of those petty lords of the old school, who squeezed their few serfs, oppressing them to the last extreme, and who squandered their means on wine and singing choirs; a set of men who are generally destined to end their days in extreme poverty in a house gone almost entirely to decay, without a soul near them; or whose miniature estate of ten or eleven acres, with four or five decrepit serfs attached thereto, and a barn-door fowl and a starved hound the only live stock on the premises, at last went by the hammer, the owner, albeit he was a "noble," either turned out upon the road, begging for a copper or a glass of gin at the doors of the *kabaks*, or left a starving lodger on sufferance in some crumbling log-hut.

Shabby and besotted as the stranger's outward appearance was, he was as ridiculously pompous and insolent as a man of his stamp, belonging to the nobility order, was alone capable of being. The two fair ones were his nieces, whom, as we found, he was accompanying, quite against their will, on a visit to a neighbour's estate. The student very soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into their favour; and in the course of conversation it transpired that he had known them slightly some years before. After this mutual recognition, things, of course, went pleasantly enough, even in spite of the disagreeable stranger, against whom the student, in concert with the ladies, entered, as we shall see, into a conspiracy, which afforded us considerable amusement and satisfaction.

The two ladies were quite as desirous of getting rid of their disreputable relative as the latter was to pack off the two travellers who had arrived later. It so happened that they were travelling in two different carriages, which made the plot easy of execution. The scheme in its concoction and execution was this: advantage being taken of the elderly stranger's great weakness, he was prevailed upon to join the station-master in emptying a *charka*.* The two adjourned to the *kabak*, where in the course of an hour's time, enough wine was consumed by the object of the conspiracy, to make him insensible. In the meanwhile, horses were put to his *tarantass*, and his effects were all properly stowed into the very rickety conveyance. When this was done, he was himself put in, and away he was driven back again to the place from which he had come. We were all wicked enough to enjoy this practical joke immensely. After refreshing ourselves with tea, we ordered our horses, and leaving the ladies to occupy the station-room till early morning, alone and unmolested, we resumed our journey.

We arrived at Vitebsk on the third day. The Dvina was still covered with ice, but this was said to be so weak that it was dangerous to cross upon. The surface of the ice was, moreover, covered with three or four feet of water, consequently it was impossible to ascertain whether there was or was not some crack or opening in the ice treacherously screened from view. We learned that some hours previously the Dvina had been traversed safely by a courier, but the peasants who were assembled here in some force, either in order to aid travellers through the water and across the ice, or to gossip and speculate over the risk of so doing, would not now vouch for the safety of crossing. None of them would take the responsibility of giving direct advice, but individually all were ready, for a consideration (three roubles), to undertake the risk of passing us over. This we resolved upon; the horses were unharnessed, and a dozen men dragged us over safe and sound to the other side.

In the district of Orsha, of the Mohilef province, we put up in a village, hearing that there was some good woodcock shooting to be had in the neighbourhood. The country was pretty, and putting faith accordingly in the assurance that there was some good sport to be had, we made up our minds to devote a day or two to it. Nightingales generally abound in picturesque localities, so do woodcocks, of which we were soon convinced. The way in which we set about the sport was this; we sallied out at sunset, and making a fire of dried twigs, we planted ourselves around an opening in the bushes. The smoke rising attracted the woodcocks, and the birds flitting across like shadows, dropped to our unerring shots, and in less than an hour we had thus four brace. Early in the morning, but with a couple of clumsy-looking dogs of German breed, we picked up or knocked down eight more, and paying our acknowledgments to the peasants who had contributed to our pleasure, we again took the road to Kief, where we at length arrived after a fortnight's travelling in a carriage much damaged by wear, and where we were instantly beset by monks begging for donations, and by Jews, offering their services and their small wares.

* A *charka* is a measure of gin.

Japan and the Japanese.—VIII.

BY THE REV. J. SUMMERS.

THE third period of Japanese history has been denominated *Hasei* or *Hashei*, properly, "usurped government." It is that which relates to the forcible taking of the power out of the hands of the Mikado, and placing it in the hands of the so-called secular ruler, or Shogun.

The first Shogun held power in A.D. 1192, and the last gave up his rule of the empire in 1867. The Shogunate endured therefore six hundred and seventy-five years.

The latter part of the period previous to the Shogunate was marked by much distress to the nation, owing to the anarchy which prevailed, and the internecine strife which afflicted the people. Yoritomo was a man of vigorous and far-seeing character. He was consequently well fitted for the self-imposed task of controlling the conflicting elements, and of establishing a settled government. The family of Minamoto, to which he belonged, gave him all their support, and as they had great interests and influence in the north-eastern part of the country, they were in a position to assist greatly in securing the sway of Yoritomo. Opinions vary as to the character of Yoritomo; according to some he was a tyrant, heartless in feeling as he was ignoble in origin. His motto was, "Divide and Conquer!" He was accustomed to make each of his immediate followers believe himself to be the sole confidant of his leader's schemes, and thus he separated their interests, and made them his own. Nearly all those around him who were possible rivals in power and popularity were cruelly handled when he had exhausted the benefit of their services. Discords were allowed to prevail among those whom he hated, and unconscious participants in such quarrels soon paid the penalty of their chief's envy in proscription, imprisonment, and even death. His great prudence and wisdom dictated the abnegation of official title and rank in connection with his secular sovereignty. The latter he possessed in all its fulness, and the former he could dispense with as a dangerous and useless appendage. He clearly saw the importance of having the seat of his government intrenched in some eastern portion of the country, distant from the capital; and Kamakura, about twenty miles west of Yokohama, was selected for the purpose. There he organised the court of the first Shogun in great magnificence and dignity. The power thus localised became supreme, not only over all secular affairs of the empire, but also in its relation with the throne. The sovereignty of the Shogun began to be distinctly regarded as that of the lord of the land, while the influence and power of the emperor became nominal.

The family of Yoritomo carried on the Shogunate for only three generations, but still the head-quarters of the Shogun continued to be Kamakura. The Shogun was, however, merely of nominal rank; the real power came into the hands of an able family which had followed the fortunes of Yoritomo—by name, Hojo. The head of this family in Yoritomo's time, besides being a devoted follower had been also the father-in-law of his chief. None of the Hojo family ever attempted to usurp the title of Shogun, though they managed the affairs of state for one hundred and fifty years. During this period they were the selectors of the emperors and of the Shoguns.

Intercourse with China had, up to this time, been very irregular, and sometimes lapsed altogether. In the year A.D. 1300 she was ruled by a monarch of vast ambition, whose efforts at aggrandisement had been everywhere successful. This was the famous Kublai Khan. He began to treat the Japanese with arrogance, and in an offensive manner, which produced a feeling of irritation, and on the occasion of some ambassadors from his Mongolian majesty arriving at Kamakura, they were arrested and cruelly put to death, by order of Tokimune, the sixth of the Hojo family. When Kublai Khan received the intelligence of this breach of good faith, he no longer hesitated to declare the real object of his embassies, which was to add Japan to his already numerous conquests. He proceeded in the first instance to equip a powerful naval and military force to be directed against Japan. This was in the year A.D. 1281.

The expedition set sail, but it was doomed to disaster and destruction. The elements themselves seem to have been enlisted against the invaders, and like the great Spanish Armada, the fleet of Kublai Khan was dispersed and overwhelmed by a furious gale, probably such as we call now-a-days a "typhoon." This was the only expedition against Japan on the part of the Chinese which ever created any alarm.

In 1333 the power of the Hojo family was broken, and their domination ended with the ninth generation. The last representative of this family, through the acquirement of vicious habits, and by neglect of affairs, became very unpopular.

At this juncture, the throne was occupied by a thoughtful and sincere sovereign, who cherished the purpose of one day restoring the ancient *régime* in all its power and grandeur. After repeated trials, failures, and severe struggles, the emperor finally succeeded in overthrowing the hated Hojo, but this victory was only enjoyed for two years.

By an unpopular act in the exercise of his newly-acquired power, the triumphant emperor was ruined. An unfair distribution of spoils among his supporters promoted the feeling of dissatisfaction. A rivalry between the opposing generals Asikanga and Nitta, produced a great commotion among the people. Asikanga, the more ambitious man of the two, established himself in the stronghold of Kamakura, and although at first he was defeated, he eventually gained the day. The imperial forces were so badly beaten that the emperor and his party were obliged to evacuate the capital, and seek refuge in a distant place.

Despite his successes, Asikanga, being without the support of his sovereign, was subject to judgment as a rebel. To escape the consequences of this wrong position, and to create an appearance of right, he shrewdly conceived the idea of nominating a new emperor from the royal family, and ignoring the authority of the legal sovereign, who pronounced him a traitor to the empire. This proceeding greatly affected the people, and the country was torn by opposite factions. This

was one of the most eventful periods in the history of Japan. It is familiarly known as the epoch of the two courts, the north and the south; Asikanga ruling the north, and Nitta the south.

After many desperate efforts, lasting some sixty years, the southern party succumbed to the northern, the originators of the dispute having either died naturally, or perished miserably on the battle-field. The native historians are fond of dwelling



JAPANESE OFFICER IN ORDINARY DRESS.



JAPANESE OFFICER IN COURT DRESS.

on and discussing the claims of these royal houses. Those who regard the northern court as an illegal offshoot of the imperial line, are very generally respected as the authoritative historians of the period.

The recent revolution in Japan may be traced to the desire of the southern people to be truly represented by the imperial power in its fulness and entirety. The spirit of imperialism having been hostile to all but the royal domination, increased in strength with every blunder of the government of the Shoguns, and especially with those of the latter quarter of the last century. When the late revolution began, the war-cry which led the imperial party to victory was the *Daigi-meibun*, or the king and the subject, whereby it was understood that the distinction between them must be restored, and that the Shogun should be reduced to the proper relation of subject or servant to his sovereign.

During the memorable war of the two courts, there arose a man by the name of Kusunoki Masasigé, who is regarded in Japan as the greatest example of patriotism. His life has come to be considered typical of that great virtue, and his memory is revered by the people, and especially by the imperialist party. He was the first to receive the favour of the emperor, and the greatest in his allegiance to the cause of the restoration of the imperial dynasty. Happening to be of low origin, he was excluded from office commensurate with his abilities, which should have elevated him to the highest post and dignity.

This patriot died a glorious death on the battle-field, in an engagement which took place near the present town of Hiogo. The most impressive and instructive lesson of his life is reflected in his death. The calmness with which he viewed its approach, and the tenderness of his last parting with his infant children are now enshrined in the pages of history. The influence of his life was displayed in the patriotism of his sons. They



JAPANESE LAMP-SELLER

imitated the virtues of his life, and did not shrink to follow the example of his death.

The Shogunate of the Asikaga family lasted 238 years, from 1338 to 1573, during a most unsettled period, in consequence of the continual uprisings against its authority. This period is commonly designated the "Epoch of War" on this account. The thirteen Shoguns who ruled, or rather misruled, during this time are very generally regarded with contempt, for their servile acknowledgment of Chinese authority. They even insulted the national dignity by accepting the title of "King of Japan" from the Chinese government.

In the later years of the Asikaga rule the most powerful military clans were Mori, Hojo, Hakeda, and Uyesuki. The art of warfare developed by the two last was based upon such an apparently excellent system that it became generally received as the model of Japanese military tactics, and it continued to be so until the introduction of European methods.

About this time Oda Nobunaga suddenly rose into notice. He was of obscure origin, far from good-looking, his physiognomy being so marked that he went by the soubriquet of "Monkey-face;" but he was a man of extraordinary genius. He conceived the idea of bringing the whole empire under his sway. Managing to keep on good terms with all the powerful clans, he strengthened himself by reducing the weakest to subjection. This done, he destroyed one by one the clans whose friendship he had conciliated. He did not live to complete his design, but fell a victim to a traitorous assault by one of his generals. The assassin was speedily punished, and in Toyotomi Hideyosi—that is, the famous Taiko Sama, Nobunaga found a worthy successor.

Hideyosi was of humble birth and without education, but was endowed with talents of a high order. Aspiring to finish the work Nobunaga had begun, Hideyosi wished also to conquer China, and he sent, by way of Corea, in 1592, an army of 160,000 strong.

In Corea he succeeded, after a feeble resistance, and China, becoming alarmed, proceeded to succour her suffering neighbour. The expedition, however, was brought to a sudden termination by the death of Hideyosi. After the death of the leader, and the return of the expeditionary force, Japan was distracted by two opposing parties, one led by the adherents of the infant son of Hideyosi, and the other by the followers of Tokugawa Iyeyas. The latter succeeded, after two great engagements, in obtaining possession of the authority, and he established the Tokugawa Shogunate, which commenced in 1603, and lasted 264 years, ending in 1867.

Iyeyas was the most illustrious, if not the greatest character in Japanese history. By his prudence and ability, coupled with his patience and perseverance, he was enabled to attain supreme power. The great honour of organising a government which secured profound peace for upwards of two hundred years belongs to him.

The episode of the Christian troubles in Japan comes in just before this time. It was in 1542 that some Portuguese sailors—the first Europeans in Japan—landed in the island of Tane. These conveyed the germ of Christianity from which sprang so large a promulgation of it, and persecution of its followers subsequently. At first Christianity spread widely and rapidly, until it came into collision with Buddhism. The shrewd Nobunaga was not slow to utilise the energy of the new converts, and to please them he suppressed the Buddhist priesthood. But the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope did not quite suit the idea the proud Hideyosi had of himself, and finding that the new converts were often unyielding and disobedient; that the vicious habits of the Portuguese, mostly sailors and traders, were inconsistent with their professions of Christianity; and that the new Christians acted offensively towards the temples of the Shintoists and the Buddhists, he determined to be rid of them altogether.

Accordingly, Christianity in Japan was prohibited, but the act was not rigorously enforced until A.D. 1638. The suspicions of the government that the missionaries were members of a secret society tended much to increase the mysterious character with which they were credited. The principal cause of the destruction of Christians in 1638 may be found in the system of association adopted by the followers of the new faith, imitating the Society of Jesus established at Amakusa. The impression made by Christianity upon the whole nation was so entirely a perversion of its real character and proper influence, that the Japanese rulers deemed that form of it as an evil power of superstition and destruction.

Returning to Iyeyas, the founder of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns, we find that by his admirable code of laws and regulations he succeeded in almost perfecting a system which was fraught with many benefits to the nation. To prevent the introduction of new ideas, he hedged about the way of his subjects as Moses did the Israelites of old, and all foreigners were expelled, excepting a few Dutch and Chinese. The Japanese were prohibited from travelling abroad, and even the style of ship-building was so altered as to prevent the mariner from venturing far off the coast. The Christian religion was eradicated. A system of espionage was instituted, under which the highest nobles in the land were subject to supervision; and to prevent conspiracy they were kept moving between their provinces and the capital of the Tycoon, Yedo. The dread of the secret spy was upon every one, and a man's enemies were often those of his own household. The ignoble quality of deception, developing rapidly, soon became a national characteristic.

Iyeyas ingeniously counteracted the power and influence of the older daimios by creating new men of rank, drawn either from his own family or from those of his faithful adherents. The whole number of daimios reached to above 250. The smaller daimios, who amounted to about 75 per cent., were placed in the high offices of the government.

There are two principal causes for the recent changes in the form of government in Japan. The first is the peculiar reverence the people have for the throne; and second, the influence of Western civilisation. The converse with Americans and Europeans has taught the Japanese to look into things, and the doubts which at first made them hesitate also led them to think and to inquire. They discovered that the Mikado was the only legal authority. But even so far back as 1715 a book was published in the province of Mito, then under the celebrated daimio Mitsukuni, detailing the history of Japan. This was the *Dai Nihon Shi*, or "Record of Great Japan," which was only one of many valuable works. The authors of these aimed at showing that the Emperor at Kioto, and not the Shogun at Yedo, was the true sovereign. Thus the very relatives, so to say, of the Tycoon were preparing the way for his deposition.*

* The writer of this article is largely indebted to an Essay on the History of Japan, by Mr. Arinori Mori, late Minister at Washington.

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—V.

BY ROBERT MICHELL, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., AND MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF RUSSIA.

We killed ten wolves, but ought to have had more than double that number. There was too much division of opinion in the management of the whole thing—too much noise and disorder among the drivers and arrangers of the hunt. In all these Russian hunts there is too much display of zeal, excitement, and irregularity, to make them successful. Half the self-styled sportsmen who join in them are as timorous as they are vociferous and boastful. I had previously assisted at a similar campaign against wolves in the central province of Riazan. On that occasion a stalwart young landed proprietor —a "noble" who was notorious for his theories on extracting sugar from various vegetable matter, and who was equally famous for hunting exploits, as recounted by himself—was afraid to pursue a wolf that had its legs shattered, although he was armed to the teeth with daggers and pistols, besides a double-barrelled gun, beautifully mounted. This "brave" actually ran away in affright, instead of running to dispatch the beast.

A COUPLE OF SCENES.

From the village of Ivanovo to the scene of action was a distance of some five or six miles. There was no road, and our means of conveyance were carts, and every other variety of rude and jolting vehicles. The *cortége* was very numerous, and there was quite a lively scene when it reached the Sakmara River, which it was necessary to ford. At that point, the river was some 1,000 feet wide, and tolerably deep, but there was a shallow extending up-stream from the right bank to the left, passing first under a kind of weir, and then across the more rapid stream. The depth in some places over the ford was four or five feet, and as the sand-bank was occasionally narrow, some of the company missed the ford and floundered in the stream. Legs, arms, and uplifted guns were the most conspicuous features in this procession, and few landed on the opposite bank who were not partially wet, for there was hardly a dry seat in any conveyance. The river is very pretty; a model of a salmon and trout stream, and one which gives the idea of many a fine, shiny, platinum-like grayling. The water is milky-blue, and the stream seemed to run as fast as the Thames, with capital and promising-looking scours, backwaters, and deeps. In winter, the takes of sterlet, sturgeon, *sandre*, and numerous other large fish are said to be enormous. The Kazaks here have the monopoly of the waters, but to the rod and line no objections would be raised; for the art of angling is utterly ignored, and the artistic piscator would be regarded only with contempt as one striving all in vain. The means employed to catch the fish are the net, and all sorts of traps and contrivances in the summer, and the harpoon by torch-light in the winter, when the ice is broken for the wholesale process of murder in the warmer deeps. The artificial fly has never been tried on the Sakmara; indeed, it is entirely ignored throughout all Russia. But the worm on a hook attached to a cord line, with the cork of a bottle for a float, suspended from a pruned branch, afford an occasional meal to those who follow even thus rudely the gentle art.

What struck me as remarkable in the bed of the river and in the jungle in this forestless steppe region, were the leviathan trunks of elms, the remains of antediluvian giants.

When the hunt was over (the sport reminded me strangely of the fashion in which the Emperors of Cathay followed the chase as described by the Jesuit Fathers), the Kazaks and peasants assembled on the plain. The barrels of brandy were tapped, and freely the spirit circulated among the "lords" and peasants. The governor and some of his satellites beat a hasty retreat, but I lingered awhile to witness the scenes that might follow.

The nobility on this occasion were at the first more hilarious than the commonalty, having anticipated the latter in their libations by early recourses to the private as well as to the public taps. Those especially who had not had occasion to fire off their guns were eager to display their prowess and good shooting. "Ivan's" hat came into requisition. This was soon riddled, to the discomfiture of "Ivan," who rued his mistrust in nobility's aim. The said hat obtained a price far beyond its value (in parenthesis, be it said, that the price was a nominal one, for whether minced or riddled, the money "stood over").

Shots were being fired in all directions. The crowd was intense; the intoxication general; the search for more spirits in the many carts became very eager, and the whole scene was becoming one of uncontrolled riot and disorder.

There seemed to be some conspiracy afoot amongst the crowd. There were ominous signs of a sort of culmination to the feelings and audibly expressed sentiments of the crowd of Kazaks and peasants.

Receiving a timely warning, I sought out a man who owned a cart and horse, and getting into the vehicle quickly, I got detached from the multitude, ready to make a start.

Soon I heard a general cry—one loud voice calling out, "Brotherkins, when have we had the Orenburg nobility among us? This is the first time in our lives that we have seen them all here. Up with them, then, brotherkins, with all the honours."

In a moment I saw the popularity-hunting civil Governor of Orenburg flying up to the sky like a rocket, and like a falling star coming down again, to be bumped upwards immediately after, like any Asiatic Khan, who is installed in his office by being tossed in a felt. Two or three others of the Orenburg "nobility" were enjoying the same ovation, while their pockets were emptying themselves of all their riches.

I was then scouring the plains, looking back with great amusement on the scene.

A certain notorious English writer traversing Russia during the same period, told me afterwards that on the Don he was constituted a hetman of Kazaks by undergoing a similar treatment. How different are the experiences and conclusions of different travellers!

A party of Orenburg nobility emerging later from the crowd, in a bellicose state of inebriation, preceding that of slobbering, all-loving Russian drunkenness, quarrelled with their driver. They insisted on his whipping his horses into a gallop over the

uneven plain. The peasant, who was comparatively sober, and, to my knowledge, perfectly sensible, refused to obey them. His betters protested that he was taking a wrong direction; they were wrong. They cuffed him; they punched his head; they knocked a tooth out of his mouth, and finally they all rose and threw him over. Then taking the reins, they drove helter-skelter—at a rate which must have wakened them into sobriety—to nowhere. The sobered peasant ran after them till he was weary. I stopped, and picked him up bleeding from the nose and mouth.

"If I had known who they were," said the man, "I should have returned them blow for blow; but who knows? they may be powerful officials! They will ruin my horses and break my cart; and where shall I now find them. My steeds! my steeds! (*Koni, moi Koni!*) where shall I ever find them?"

Such were the boor's lamentations. I brought him back to Ivanovo, to the burgomaster's hut. In two hours' time the police magistrate of the district rode up. He had arrived from a place which the intoxicated party had reached after wandering about in the plains.

"Is so-and-so here—the drunken peasant who insulted the nobility?"

"The man you mean," I observed, "came on in my cart. He was shamefully treated, and, I believe, deserves some compensation."

"Compensation! the *bestia!* yes, I am about to administer some to him. He shall be flogged."

"Flogged!" I exclaimed, with astonishment. "Then have you still the right to flog peasants? I thought they were all emancipated, and had their rights."

The magistrate looked aghast. I spoke before several peasants in the hut.

"The *barin* is right," said one man, referring to me; "the *paren* (young fellow, *puer*) should not be flogged."

"Silence!" cried the magistrate; "the authorities command it. Bring him in!"

"If you flog him," I said; "I shall certainly complain to the governor. The man has done nothing to deserve punishment. On the contrary, he has suffered a great wrong."

The officer turned to me and shrugged his shoulders. "I know it," he whispered; "but I have been particularly requested by the gentlemen to punish him, and I must do so, or I myself may get into trouble; however, as you have taken his part, he shall not be flogged."

The magistrate was a mild man.

The boor entered, or rather he was kicked and hustled into the chamber by two swarthy, big Tartars, who in doing so seemed glad of the occasion to treat a Russian with roughness. The peasant fell sprawling on the ground.

The magistrate used some strong language to him, and frightened the fellow out of his wits. The latter got up on his knees, and sobbed, praying for mercy.

"Away with him!" cried the official, "to the dark cell for three days, on bread and water;" giving him a stinging slap on the face which made the man pucker his cheeks and show a pearly row of teeth. He dismissed him with a warning.

Here was justice! Here was an example of the freedom of the serf, of the right of the peasant. The magistrate being reputed to be a mild man, this was not an unfavourable opportunity to establish a little authority.

I mentioned this circumstance to the governor as a set-off to a remark of his on the license tolerated in England, but he merely acknowledged that much of the old system still prevails in "Mother Russia," especially thereabouts, notwithstanding all recent reforms.

Very little remains to be told of the incidents of my stay in Orenburg. I seemed to have been given over to the care of my friend the colonel of artillery, who took me out to chase hares and martens, who kindly introduced me into the club at a ball, where there were three couples dancing and one conspicuous lady, all bejewelled and befloured, playing cards with a party of amiable-looking officers, who engaged and entertained me at all hours of the day, and to whom I would beg to introduce all my countrymen who may be going to Orenburg.

Colonel K——y has, by the way, formed a project of making potted meat of the flesh of the sheep—which in hundreds of thousands are boiled down in cauldrons for their fat alone—and of sending it in cans to Europe. May he find in Messrs. Fortnum and Mason favourable coadjutors in this undertaking.

Thanking my friend for all his kindness and for his great pyrotechnic display in my honour, I leave Orenburg fully satisfied with all that I have learned of it, and with a heart as light as it was heavy when I journeyed thither.

ORENBURG SHAWLS—FAREWELL TO ORENBURG—MRS. S.—THE BILL OF FARE.

Whoever goes to Orenburg must certainly buy some Orenburg shawls. My lady readers would doubtless like to hear something about them. I have a strong suspicion that I offended General B——n's amiable wife, because I dealt with a woman recommended me by Madame B——k, whom she guarded me against, instead of with a protégée of her own. If so, I am exceedingly sorry—at the same time I am unconscious of the fact. Be that, however, as it may, I found, after effecting the purchases of the shawls, which were brought to my lodgings early one morning by Maria Féodorovna, that I had been too extravagant, and that the balance of roubles—500—which I had brought with me from St. Petersburg, was lamentably small.

The shawls were dear, notwithstanding that Orenburg was their fountain head. These shawls are exquisite things; beautiful gossamer fabrics—light, warm, and elegant. They are woollen lace—lace shawls of the finest, softest, white lambs-wool; they are as large as the largest cashmeres, and yet they will pass through a wedding ring. That is the test of their excellence. A perfect Orenburg shawl has no knots; it is made of one unbroken and perfectly even web from beginning to end, and is of unblemished colour throughout; the pattern is not always the same, although it differs very little and is generally small. These shawls wash well, but time mellows them and improves them as it does Valenciennes. They are all done by hand, by the wives of Kazaks. The time taken in the manufacture of a shawl is eight months. In St. Petersburg and Moscow the prices demanded for a perfect, large shawl in the best shops, ranges from 30 roubles to 50 roubles (£4 10s. to £7 10s.); in Moscow it is the same, even in Samara the price was 30 roubles, although the specimen which was shown me, the only one, it is true, in all the place, was very bad. In Orenburg there was a scarcity of them in 1869. Maria Féodorovna demanded 65 roubles down to 25 roubles, and other exorbitant sums for small kerchiefs and head-wrappers.

Journey through Western Mongolia.

BY NEY ELIAS, F.R.G.S.

To those who have a sufficient knowledge of the classics and antiquities of the Chinese to enable them to find entertainment in tablets and temples, and examination halls, it is possible Peking may prove a place of interest and attraction even during the burning months of a Chinese summer; but to the general traveller, who has seen the ordinary sights during his first week's stay, and who has sighed under the hot winds and the dust-storms, I can conceive no greater pleasure than to leave this "capital city of Cambaluc" in the middle of July, and travelling as quickly as possible as far as the border town of Kalgan, to ascend then through the great Tartar Wall on to the plains of the Mongolian table-land, some 5,000 feet above the ocean. Here at this season of the year all is fresh, and green, and cool, and though the scenery is that of open tree-less downs, and therefore sufficiently monotonous, yet, for a few days at least, this is entirely counterbalanced by the refreshing, exhilarating climate. The scene from the pass leading on to the table-land, though not one of the most picturesque, is certainly one of the most striking that could be found. To the south you have, stretching away towards the great plain of Northern China, the hill ranges of Chi-li, the highest peaks of which, though sometimes nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, look like mere hillocks spread out at your feet, whilst the brown, sandy valley of the river Hun winds its way between them, as if to show by contrast that they are really hills. To the north and west is the rolling plain, or "grass land," of the Chinese, the green downs stretching one behind the other into the distance, until backed by a ridge slightly higher than the rest, and which is sufficient to form a limit to the view. You travel towards this ridge, which, as you approach, seems no higher than its neighbours, and when on the point of crossing it, another similar scene to the first opens out before you, similarly bounded in the far distance, and so on until you arrive at the great stony Desert of Gobi.



MONGOL TYPES.

My object being to cross the desert into Russian territory, by way of Uliassutai and Kobdo, it was necessary first to visit the Chinese border town of Kuei-hua-chêng, some 200 miles to the west of Kalgan, there to obtain camels as baggage animals, and men for guides or drivers. My road lay, for about eight days, over the open rolling grass lands just mentioned, and then descending into a cultivated valley, and following down a small tributary of the Yellow River for about forty miles, the town is reached, standing in the midst of fields and orchards, which form a somewhat pleasing landscape during the summer months. The pleasing nature of the scene, however, is entirely dispelled on entering the town, where the usual filth, noise, and confusion of a Chinese city are the only features that strike you as remarkable, as your horse goes floundering through the deep mud and water-holes of the narrow streets towards the inn, while a select crowd of Celestials follow at his heels, hooting and yelling the most obscene and filthy epithets that their ingenious brains can suggest. On arriving at the inn, it might be supposed the gate would be shut after you, and the crowd left to amuse itself outside; but this is by no means the case. The wild beast has been brought to the town from foreign lands to be shown, and it is

every man's right to go and stare at him and observe his savage manners and habits as long as he chooses, and the innkeeper would no more dare to shut his gate in the face of the popular will, than would Mr. Ayrton venture to close Hyde Park against an assembly of Odgers; the proceedings would be quite unconstitutional. The foreigner is therefore turned loose in an apartment—half shed, half house—the paper windows are torn down, the doors whipped off their hinges before he has had time to look round him, and some local wag, constituting himself showman, maintains an instructive entertainment for the populace until night sets in, when all retire to the various opium-houses they are in the habit of frequenting.

Kuei-hua-chêng is the western starting-point for Mongolia, as Kalgan is the eastern one, and amongst the inhabitants of those parts the two places are generally known under the names of Si-Kou and Tung-Kou respectively. Both are considerable places of trade, but of the two Kalgan is the larger, and has a much more enterprising and intelligent population, as is evident from the much greater number of manufacturing establishments there than at Kuei-hua-chêng; indeed, a considerable portion of the trade at the latter place is in commodities manufactured at the former.

In China different towns have different trade customs, and one of those prevailing at Kuei-hua-chêng is that each innkeeper acts the part of "hongman" or general broker for all his lodgers, and no business can be transacted by any of them except through his mediation. The custom is in many ways a good one, for he guarantees each transaction for the stranger, and secures him against the supposed rapacity of the local traders. Wishing to conform to the customs of the place, I put myself in the hands of my innkeeper (a Pekingese, and formerly a soldier) for the purpose of obtaining baggage-animals and guides for the desert, and this worthy was to obtain offers from the various camel-owners at once, but was not to conclude any agreement without first referring to me; in the meantime I was recommended to wait patiently, and not appear anxious to go, or the owners would see that I was in a hurry and become exorbitant. Wait therefore I did, with the most unconcerned air I could muster, first for a few days, then for a few more, and finally, after about a week, made bold to ask if any arrangement was in progress regarding camels. Nothing as yet—all the camel-owners in Kuei-hua-chêng had been sounded, but not one had any animals available; a messenger had been sent to some grazing-grounds across the hills, distant about two days' ride, and would be back in a day or two; if camels were to be had, well and good, if not, I must make up my mind to wait again. In a day or two, then, the messenger was duly reported to have arrived, having been unable to find a single camel within a two days' journey of the town. On mildly grumbling at the waste of time—beautiful summer time—I was equally mildly informed that "there were three courses open to me," viz., first, to return to Kalgan; secondly, to join an autumn caravan to Urga in about a month or two's time; or, thirdly, to wait until after the China New Year (February, 1873,) for the next great merchant caravan for Uliassutai; in the meantime, would I be good enough to pay my bill for the time I had already spent at the inn.

Now by this time my servant, a native of Shanghai, had pretty well "done" the tea-shops of Kuei-hua-chêng, and had formed the acquaintance of a certain hatter, who had heard of my projected journey, and offered for a moderate commission to produce camels and drivers at once. But there are hatters and hatters, even at Kuei-hua-chêng, and it was necessary first to apply all those mysterious tests of respectability familiar only to Chinamen, ere we could ascertain if he were fit to be entrusted with the contract, or whether he might not be of the same order as the one described by Mr. Lewis Carroll, and who so sadly puzzled little Alice in "Wonderland." He proved, however, to be the former, and to have had much experience of travel in Mongolia; gravely declaring that ninety-nine out of every hundred Celestial skulls beyond the Gobi had been crowned by him. Preliminaries being settled, an owner was produced, who was to accompany us in person. He was a native of Urumtsi, and could speak Mongol and Chantu, or Turki, and was a most grave and dignified personage. He knew all the roads in Turkistan as far west as the barbarians in that direction could understand Chantu, those in Zungaria as far as the mountains inhabited by the inhuman beings whose heads were those of ducks and geese,* and in Mongolia up to the frontiers of the savage tribes who so much resembled that genus of sea-devils under which he believed I had the honour to be classed. A contract was soon arranged with this dignified personage, and written out in triplicate, each copy being stamped by both contracting parties and counterstamped by the hatter, who guaranteed the whole business; then one copy being torn roughly in half, each was in possession of a full copy, and of a half wherewith to check the other.

The innkeeper now became aware that his rights had been infringed upon, and suddenly discovered that Kuei-hua-chêng was full of camels, and that he could get me as many as I liked for a much lower sum than I had contracted for.

All had been settled, however, and the camels brought for inspection, and even the power of "custom," usually irresistible amongst Chinese, was not sufficient to break a contract entered into by a foreign savage. He would not have been a Chinaman, however, had he not had his revenge in one way or another.

It was still necessary to wait a week for a lucky day in the Chinese calendar, on which to start, and I have a vivid recollection of the petty annoyances my host, with wonderful ingenuity, contrived to ply me with during that short space of time; with what increased vigour the daily baiting was carried on by the crowd; with what alarming rapidity the ribs of my favourite pony were appearing through his skin; how impossible it was for the inn-coolies to keep the yard clean in which I had to sit and "shoot the moon" at night, and if I swept it out myself and sat down to my work, how necessary it was to let loose the dogs, to protect the place from thieves, and so that they might poke their noses into my artificial horizon at precisely the moment of the best star of the evening coming to the meridian.

However, the "lucky day" came round on the 8th of September; so, after three weeks of sojourn there, let us drop the curtain on Kuei-hua-chêng with its filthy streets and drug-bemused crowds,† its hatters and inn-keepers, its dignified

* The Tarbogatai and Alatau Mountains are supposed to be inhabited by beings such as these. They live on the hill-sides, and have neither houses nor tents.

† It must be remarked that all but a mere fraction of the opium consumed in these districts (where nearly every man and woman smokes) is of native production, and does not come from our Indian possessions.

camel-drivers and salivated dogs, and on raising it again, after having crossed the mountain range to the north of the city, we shall find a fresher and healthier scene—the breezy plains of Mongolia in the foreground, and, further on, the Desert of Gobi.

My caravan was comprised of seven camels, two ponies, a driver, a guide, and my servant. The baggage, a four months' supply of flour, and the driver and guide were carried by the camels, whilst the ponies were for myself and servant to ride.

Our method of performing a day's journey was to break camp in the forenoon at eleven o'clock, and, after occupying about an hour with saddling and loading, to start finally at noon, and, with the exception of a halt for watering purposes some time during the day, to continue the march until nine or ten at night.

The reason for starting so late in the day is in order to allow sufficient time during daylight for the camels to feed; for, besides the difficulty of watching them while grazing, it is a peculiarity of the Mongolian camel to be unable to feed satisfactorily in the dark; and by adopting the above order of marching, he is turned loose at dawn, and easily watched while grazing, until the time of breaking camp. It also enables him to start on his nine or ten hours' journey well provided. The ordinary pace of a laden camel is two and a half miles an hour, and he seldom varies it during the day's march. His load, if for a journey anything over a month, should not be more than about 260 lb., when, if he is properly driven, and the weather is tolerably cold, he may be relied upon to last out at least four Mongolian ponies carrying only half his load. On the march, all move in single file, one end of a string being made fast to a peg of wood, which is stuck through the nostril of each camel, and the other tied loosely to the back of the saddle of the one preceding him, the last one of the caravan having a bell suspended to his neck to warn the driver, who usually rides the leader, if a breakage occurs; for when this happens, those behind the break, finding themselves free, immediately stop.

Our home was a six-sided Chinese tent, large enough to hold four, with a small fire in the middle; and in this we all four pigged it out, cooking our mutton, damper, and tea over an "argol" fire, and entertaining our Mongol visitors with whatever we could spare from the scanty supplies we were able to carry with us.

It might be thought that in these desert solitudes, visitors of any kind would be a boon to the wanderer; but, when after the first few days the novelty of meeting with a strange people has worn away, no greater annoyance can be conceived than these self-invited, and ever-hungry guests.

You halt, let us suppose, at ten or eleven at night, and after pitching the tent, attending to the camels and cooking, contrive to turn in at one or two in the morning. At the first streak of dawn, your camp is spied from a Mongol encampment or village, of the presence of which you were not aware when you called a halt in the dark the night before. Down they all troop—men, women, and children, and crowd into your little tent in their greasy, strong-smelling, populous sheepskins, till they literally crowd you out of your blankets, and force you, out of self-defence, to give them something to eat or drink, so that you may then be able, with decency, to ask them to go. Every object inside and outside the tent must be carefully watched, for everything is worth the stealing to a Mongol. Then all ply you with the most importunate questions, and cross-examine you in the most critical manner if the first answer does not satisfy them. In return for all this annoyance, there is seldom one to be found who will even tell you the road, or the direction of the nearest water, and certainly not one who would ride a mile out of his way to do so, unless highly paid in advance.

After losing my guide when half-way across the desert, and being compelled to pilot my own caravan, how many times would it happen that, after feeding a whole family of Mongols, the only answer to my inquiries about the direction of water or grass for the next day's march, would be, "Why have you come here if you do not know the way?" or, "This is the country of the Mongols, and not your country, so you have no business here. You come from China, you say? you had better go back there."

On other occasions, when somewhat knocked up by long marches, and watches, and insufficient sleep, some of these worthies, having first eaten half our breakfast, might be asked to assist in loading the camels, but would only consent on condition of our giving a certain amount of tobacco or flour in advance, immediately on receiving which, they would jump on their ponies, and scamper away. In Mongolia one's rifle is always at hand, but let no quick-tempered traveller journey here.

After advancing in this way for upwards of a thousand miles, first through the grass country above described, then across the great stony desert, and through the Kangai and Urch Mountains, we reached, on the fifty-sixth day out from Kuei-hua-chêng, the Chinese settlement of Uliassutai, where we halted for eight days, to rest our animals and ourselves, exchanging, for the time, the grimy, sooty tent for the comparative luxury of a Chinese inn.

Just at this time, there happened to be a serious alarm of "rebels" at Uliassutai, a considerable body of Tunganis having been seen in the neighbourhood, and the greater part of the Mongol population had fled into the mountain ranges towards the north, carrying with them their flocks, herds, and houses. The Chinese still remained, however, as they usually do, until the enemy makes his appearance before their very doors, though all belonging to or trading with Uliassutai have a vivid recollection of its capture and destruction by these same Tunganis, in October, 1870. On that occasion the whole place was looted and burned, and many hundreds of Chinese lost their lives, either at the hands of their enemies, or from cold and starvation during their flight for refuge into the hills.

Though a mere settlement or trading station in the desert, having no agriculture or industry of its own, Uliassutai boasts a walled city, or fortress, in which resides the civil governor of all the western Mongolian provinces, a military governor, and a host of inferior mandarins, besides a garrison of about 2,000 troops. The business quarter, or open town, is about a mile distant from the official city in a westerly direction, and is a dirty straggling little place, composed chiefly of Chinese houses built of wood and mud-bricks, but to a great extent, also, of Mongol huts. It has even now a burned-out and half-deserted air, and many of the larger buildings still stand charred and gutted, untouched since the day of the fire. In some of these, Mongols have pitched their *yourts*, for the sake of the extra shelter afforded by what still remains of the tottering walls, whilst some have been turned into *kraals* for camels

and cattle. The trading population before the event of 1870 was, of course, much greater than at present, though at that time there was a less number of troops; the total may now be estimated at about 4,000. including garrison, Mongols, passing caravans, and all.

The present governor of Western Mongolia is a Manchoo, named Tchekan. He is of the blue-button rank, and was promoted to the governorship of these districts on his return from Europe some two years ago, where he had served for many months as one of the secretaries to that well-known political juggle called the "Burlinghame Mission."

Having brought with me, besides an official pass, a letter of introduction to Tchekan, I called upon him a day or two after my arrival, and found him a lively, good-tempered little individual of about forty, living in a large and commodious *yourt*, pitched in the courtyard of what was once the governor's



ON THE YELLOW RIVER, NEAR KUEI-HUA-CHÊNG.

yamen. He behaved civilly enough, and granted the only two requests I had to make immediately, saying that everybody treated him well when in England, and now that an Englishman came into his provinces, it was his turn to do the same. He asked after the Queen, and gave me an account of the presentation of the Mission at Windsor Castle; then showed me an album full of crowned heads and distinguished personages of all parts of Europe, and informed the little knot of inferior Chinese and Mongol mandarins present, that the English were not savages, as was generally supposed; but that we had manners and customs of our own; and though they differed from those of the great Tsing empire, yet the fact of our having a definite code of "customs" (meaning civilisation), showed our undoubted superiority over mere savages. The object of my wandering into these bleak and frozen wilds, and incurring all the fatigue and inconvenience of a desert journey, was a hard riddle for him to solve, and he questioned me rather closely on the subject. I got out of the difficulty, however, by saying I was going home by land; and, appealing to his own feelings in the matter of sea-sickness, asked him which of the two evils he would rather endure, for he knew how to appreciate both. He decided in favour of the land journey, saying nothing would ever induce him to go to sea again as long as he lived. He was perfectly satisfied, and I rode back to the inn that afternoon with a greater feeling of security than I had known since my first departure from Peking.

On the 10th of November, with camels and ponies somewhat refreshed by their rest, our little party started again on its westerly journey, down the valley of the Labkan, across the much-dreaded range of sand hills, and round the southern shores of the lake to Kobdo, arriving there on the night of the 28th, to find it, alas! half burned to the ground, and deserted by all but the soldiers and mandarins. The body of Tunganis, whose presence near Uliassutai at the time of my arrival there had thrown that place into such alarm and confusion, had visited this unfortunate town during the interval; had routed its garrison in a fight under the walls of the fortress; had sacked the open trading town, butchering all the inhabitants that could not make good their escape; and then setting fire to it house by house, had finally retired towards the south, carrying many hundreds of camel-loads of loot.

The aspect of the place as I saw it only a few days after the occurrence can be as easily imagined as described. Streets of charred walls or smouldering heaps, dead bodies or portions of bodies waiting for the dogs and ravens to devour them, and groups of drug-bemused panic-stricken "soldiers," sauntering helplessly and hopelessly about, gaping at the scene for which their own corruption and cowardice was chiefly answerable.

An account of this barbaric apology for a fight would be neither interesting nor instructive; suffice it to say that the imperialist force mustered about 1,600, some 750 being armed with matchlocks, and that of the Mohammedan rebels about 250 fighting men, of whom perhaps twenty possessed firearms of one form or another. The former were soon thrown into a state of panic, and were obliged to take refuge within the fortress, where the enemy, for want of guns, could do them no

further damage; and though these latter might seem at first sight to be entitled to our admiration for defeating a so much more numerous force than their own, yet the savage manner in which they afterwards massacred and mutilated all the women and children they could discover, without cause or reason, prevents a particle of sympathy being accorded to them.

My stay in this half-deserted city of smouldering ruins was a short one; for on the 3rd of December we recommenced our march across the snow-clad Altai, to the head-waters of the great Siberian Ob, and then descending some 8,000 feet into the plains of Siberia, arrived at the end of about a month at the Russian town of Bisk, the terminus of the post road in this direction. Here sledges were hired for a winter's journey through Siberia and Russia, and after another tedious month of almost incessant travel, the railway was reached at Nijni-Novgorod on the 12th of February, 1873.



NATIVE OFFICIAL, WESTERN AFRICA.

West African Tribes and Customs.—II.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLEY.

A TEN days' steam voyage to the eastward from Whydah, the Dahoman Liverpool, successively discloses a panorama which, when viewed coming on deck for a "constitutional" before breakfast, is sufficient to send the blood once more dancing through the veins after being enfeebled by the enervating climate of the "Bights."

Instead of the flat monotonous scenery, distorted in every possible manner by the mirage that is characteristic of the oil-producing coasts, we here see a bold promontory stretching its bluff head into the ocean, while the dull olive of the mangrove-tree or the washed-out green-grey of the grassy plains give place to the brighter hues of the more varied flora that

luxuriates in an upland country. As the steamer rapidly nears the Cape, the whitened lighthouse becomes visible, reminding one, by its eyrie-like situation, perched high up the cliff, of the isolated beacon on Teneriffe. Rounding the steep headland we slacken speed, and in a few moments are boarded by Mr. Thomson, the Sierra Leone pilot, who nominally takes charge of the vessel until she arrives at her moorings off Freetown.

Innumerable boats put off from the jetty, and the steamer is boarded by a mob of boatmen who, by the airs they assume, might be millionaires at least. Chartering one of these boats amidst a storm of thick-lipped nigger "Billingsgate," in which pointed allusion is made to the questionable paternity of the boatmen conveying us to the shore, we are soon landed upon the wooden structure which is the usual point of debarcation in the harbour.

Freetown, Sierra Leone—the "white man's grave," as it has been called—is one of the most picturesque spots to be met with between Mogador and Fernando Po. The town is built along the sea-shore, rising in a succession of terraces one above another until Elizabeth Street is reached, on a level with the tops of the masts of vessels in the harbour. Several large stores are in course of erection near the wharves, but no building in the town itself strikes the eye on a rapid survey, unless it be the brown tower of the church, and the dilapidated gables of a dissenting establishment that, commenced on too grand a scale, has suffered the fate of other "follies;" the bare carcase striking the beholder as a fitting emblem of the results of the civilised negro's attempt at equalling, if not outrivalling, in outward show at least, the less pretentious structure erected near at hand by the envied white man. There are several such lamentable failures along the coast, notably at Accra. The houses are for the most part built of the red ferruginous clay of which the soil is composed, and form a pleasing contrast to the vivid green of the banana-trees, whose broad leaves peep out here and there amidst the houses, while the white walls of the battery to the south relieve the monotony of the reds, browns, and greens of the northern end of the town. Behind the topmost ridge of brown that marks out the boundary of the western suburb, the ground rises to a height that appears absolutely mountainous after the eye has been long accustomed to the flat scenery of the "Bights;" while the white walls of the barracks and the residences of the principal inhabitants that dot the hillside are refreshingly suggestive of cool evenings, where the exhausted faculties are recruited under the revivifying influence of the sea-breeze. And truly, the "palm oiler," after a six months' steaming and sweltering in the malaria-burdened atmosphere of the head of the gulf, feels as if he had received a renewal of the lease of his life, when he takes up his residence for a short time on Tower Hill. The situation of the town might have been more happily chosen, as the general slope is towards the north-east, and therefore towards the mainland, but notwithstanding all disadvantages, the climate of Sierra Leone is infinitely to be preferred to that of any European station along the western coast, although the town itself is sheltered from the direct influence of the sea-breezes.

Proceeding through a motley throng of idlers, whose principal avocation seems to be that of jeering "white face," we pass under the inspection of some ebony custom-house officers, whose abusive officiousness is a fit introduction to that universally practised by the well-to-do negro towards the white stranger, to whom he can barely be civil. Woe betide the hasty-tempered traveller who dares to insult the dignity of the sable aristocracy of Sierra Leone; for, ever ready to show off their civilisation, they construe a look into a breach of the peace; a summons quickly follows any attempt to chastise their insolence, and abuse is freely showered upon the devoted head of any white face who does not tamely submit to be badgered as long as he is on shore.

The principal streets are wide and in good repair, with a row of trees on each side of the path. Taking our course down the Kissy, round a short walk, will bring us to the river-side, where a busy scene is presented to our view. This is the rendezvous for the traders from the interior; both those who reside within the jurisdiction of the Sierra Leone Government, and those who have come a weary journey of many months, bringing the produce of Inner Africa to barter for the wares of Manchester and Sheffield, or for muskets, gunpowder, or rum. Here is a canoe-load of the productions of one of the upland farms. Yams, bananas, tomatoes, papaws, with many other fruits, are in the utmost profusion, while cabbages, spinach, and other vegetables are in great request. Here is a boat-load of ginger, about the value of which the grower and the merchant are having a vehement haggle, while the uproar is increased by the incessant jabbering that is continually going on between the occupants of the canoes and the shore people. Now a dozen fowls is the bone of contention, the birds being tied in bunches, and handed about in a manner calculated to render their position anything but an enviable one. Hard by, a war of words is going on respecting the peculiar merits of a litter of little black pigs, who by no means relish the severe scrutiny to which they are subjected. Now, a young porker, by dint of prolonged squealing and kicking, escapes from the custody of his proprietor. Off start a score of nude urchins, who are as ubiquitous here as in England, and the chase of the animal becomes exciting as it dashes over and under the piles of goods, ever and again upsetting some old woman who, complacently smoking her dirty short pipe, was apathetically displaying her pennyworths of ready-cooked food, little dreaming of the turn affairs would soon take.

To the right, a cadaverous old negro vociferates at the top of his voice the praises of a certain brood of ducks of which he is the fortunate owner; while on the left, a brother poulterer is heaping a pile of abuse on his aged countryman for presuming to mention his ducks while those of his comrade remain unsold.

Occasionally some member of the light-fingered brigade is detected stealing a plantain, egg, or other delicacy, and the pursuit generally results in the demolition of ten times the value of the stolen property, as the culprit, followed by a gang of would-be captors, dashes in and out of the crowd. Often a boat laden with eggs and poultry is overturned by the violent gesticulations of the boatmen; and the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, and screams of laughter of the bystanders add another item to the Babel; while the unfortunate owner, emerging from his unsolicited bath, often with his wool smothered with the débris of egg-shells and yolks, presents a most ludicrous appearance, and is greeted with sundry suggestive speeches that are by no means calculated to smooth his ruffled temper. But it is not with these people that we have to deal. Let us move towards the group whose dress is very

different from that of these quarrelsome vendors of plantains and poultry. Instead of these every-day commodities, they have arrowroot, indigo, grass mats, baskets and workboxes, skins of all descriptions, from lions to lemurs; gaily-coloured cotton stuffs and curiosities of every description; parrots of every hue, whose chattering is quite as intelligible as that of the neighbouring throng; monkeys of several species, with an occasional leopard, antelope, or python to break the monotony of the commoner animals. Bows and arrows of curious workmanship, knives and daggers that never saw Sheffield, walking-sticks, hats, sandals, gold-dust, ivory, and "notions," complete the category.

A nearer approach reveals the snowy turban and flowing robes that are ever worn by true believers. These heterogenous dealers are to be met with in the greatest profusion about Christmas-time, when numerous caravans arrive from Segou, Timbuctoo, Sokatoo, and even Houssa, twelve months' caravan journey from their country. These are the representatives of the Ishmaelitish merchantmen who travelled with a similar cargo more than three thousand years ago. It is a truly perilous journey for many, for there are several predatory tribes who live on the northern frontiers of the British territory who, Bedouin-like, levy black mail upon all caravans passing through their district. Sharp skirmishes not unfrequently occur between these land pirates and the traders, who by no means relish the heavy backsheesh they are called upon to pay. Two or three successful trips will generally bring a fortune to the industrious Foulah; but oftentimes the result of a whole year's labour is plundered in a single night, and the unfortunate trader is perforce obliged to accompany the caravan to the coast, there to witness the accumulation of wealth by his more lucky fellow-travellers. An immense trade is done at Sierra Leone with all the interior tribes of the Mandingo and Bambara districts, or, as they are called by every naked urchin in the town, the "bush" people.

These nations are far in advance of those of Dahomey in the arts and sciences, while, being professed Moslems, their status in the social scale from a religious point of view is higher than that of the pagan Yorubas. A little insight into their manners and customs may be interesting. Suppose we take up our position at one of the large towns in the Foulah country—Kamalia, for instance. The town consists of two principal sections—the one inhabited exclusively by the Mohammedans, and the other by the *Kafirs*, or pagans.

To commence our survey. We find the Mohammedan quarters for the most part clean, and the inhabitants well-to-do. The houses are generally square blocks with thatched roofs, the walls being indiscriminately constructed of *adobes* (sun-dried bricks) or of wattled sticks daubed with clay. The interior generally contains at least two apartments, a living-room and a sleeping-room, while smaller but similarly constructed buildings are used as store-houses and dwellings of the domestic servants and slaves of the household. The rooms are decorated with verses from the Koran, neatly illuminated on goat-skins, and suspended from the rafters, though sometimes a sentence is rudely painted in red or blue characters on the door-posts and lintel. Occasionally a large establishment is surrounded by a wall, but as a rule the different buildings are open to the street.

The houses of the Kafirs are generally circular structures of wattled sticks, with conical roofs thatched with the long fronds of the palm. Within, father, mother, and children are indiscriminately huddled together, the children being *dressed* in a bead necklace, while their elders affect a loose robe of cotton cloth, cut after the fashion of an Arab burnoose.

The Kafirs as a rule are agriculturists, raising small crops of maize, guinea corn, or rice. A few are workers in iron, but this, as well as weaving, is principally conducted by the Moslem part of the community. Their smelting furnaces are conical wattled structures of clay, having air-pipes of the same material round the bottom, by the opening or closing of which the draught is regulated. A layer of charcoal is placed at the bottom of the furnace, upon which a stratum of ore is placed. This is covered with charcoal, and a second layer of ore superimposed upon that, and so on until the furnace is full. The charcoal is lighted, and in about a week the iron has run into puddles at the bottom of the furnace, and has cooled into a crystalline mass; but sufficient workable metal remains to render the process a profitable undertaking. Their looms are of the ordinary throw-shuttle type, capable of weaving cloth of eighteen inches in width.

Cotton grows plentifully all over the country, and is the usual fabric of dress, but among the very poor a mixture of grass and cotton, or grass alone, is worn. The head-dress of the adult males is a cotton or grass fez, round which the snowy turban is wound by the richer classes, while the Kafirs usually have the head bare or covered by a rude straw hat. The chiefs of the town wear sandals of bullock-hide or alligator-skin, often profusely ornamented with beads, tassels, and other finery. Phylacteries and chains are attached to various parts of the dress, and a broad blue tattoo-mark on the forehead between the eyes is often adopted to distinguish the Moslem from the Pagan.

The Kafirs are by no means particular in the choice of food. Rice, maize, and millet, cooked in various ways, are the principal articles of diet, and the very poorest seldom obtain anything else. With those who are placed a single step above the lowest grade, animal food forms a small portion of the evening meal, which is ever the principal one. Dogs, cats, snakes, insects, rats, and, in fact, anything they can catch, is stewed with ghee and capsicums, and devoured with gusto.

The débris is usually thrown outside the door, and the accumulated kitchen stuff affords a hearty meal to the cadaverous dogs and lusty hyænas that prowl about unmolested. When any person has disposed of his stock of cotton, bread-stuffs, or other production, he usually calls his friends to assist in celebrating the sudden change of fortune. Upon these occasions a vast quantity of a kind of beer, or hydromel, is consumed; the inebriated guests keeping up the debauch until they drop senselessly intoxicated on the floor of the hut; after which the women are at liberty to imitate their lords and masters, and, to their discredit be it said, they seldom fail to become apt scholars.

Compare this state of affairs with that which obtains with the Moslem upon such an occasion. He has perhaps returned from a twelve months' caravan journey to the coast of Guinea, where he has disposed of his peltry, gold-dust, and ivory, for guns, ammunition, and salt. After distributing various presents to his wives and children, a certain portion is set aside as alms, and a gift to the Iman is never forgotten. The merchant then attends the mosque, if the town possesses one, if not, a private thanksgiving service is held in his own dwelling, in gratitude

for the favour shown by Allah to his faithful servant. Upon such occasions it is not an unusual circumstance for a slave to receive his freedom, but in nearly every instance the liberated person prefers to remain in the service of his master to taking his chance in the wide world.

In all the large towns there is a mosque or public place of worship, wherein the faithful assemble at the hours of prayer to propitiate the favours of Allah. The style of worship is a mixture of Mohammedan ceremonials with the fetiche practices of their Kafir neighbours. The Iman proclaims the *muezzin* by loud cries, clapping of hands, or by the blowing of horns. The faithful are then seen demurely walking to the mosque, preceded by a slave who carries a prayer-carpet and a vessel of water. Should the signal for closing the doors of the building be given before the worshipper arrives at the temple, he is in no way disconcerted, but the slave, at a signal from his master, spreads the matting in the most convenient spot, and the Mussulman performs his devotions in public. Supposing no such untoward accident intervenes, the Iman commences public worship by washing his hands, repeating set passages from the Koran during the process of ablution. A series of prayers is then screamed out by the priest in the wailing drawl so well known to travellers in Egypt. During this ceremony the worshippers are either prostrate on their faces or swaying their bodies to and fro, uttering cries of *Allah akbah!* (God is great!) It is usual on these occasions for intending travellers to make certain vows, the fulfilment of which they agree to upon the condition that Allah conducts their journey to a happy issue. Those who are under a vow, generally abstain from shaving either head or beard, while others carry their sanctity so far as to forbid themselves eating any animal food until relieved from their obligation.

The Moslems, although fully believing that Allah is all powerful for good or evil, have as firm a credence in the fetiche as their pagan neighbours. Their idea is that the lizard, rainbow, various leaves, and such objects, are the representatives of the inferior deities to whom they are dedicated, and that by gaining the goodwill of a number of these minor gods, they will unite in a general request to Allah that he will grant the suppliant's prayer.

It is no unusual thing to see the head of a family prostrate in the dust in the mosque, while his children are paying visits to the principal fetiche priests, and making them presents to invoke the intercession of their god in favour of their master's request. The wives of the Mohammedans are not permitted to enter the mosques, as they are considered to be incapable of understanding the precepts of the Koran; besides which, as they have no soul to speak of, it is a matter of very little importance whether they are in the way of salvation or not.

The ladies of the household, however, have full permission to sacrifice as much as they please to the fetiche deities, and as these occasions are a fruitful source of convenience for gossip and scandal, the "holy places" are seldom without a bevy of worshippers, whose devotion is altogether subsidiary to their power of "nagging;" for during the whole time they are performing their sacrifices they are exchanging the news of the day, and passing compliments in what may be termed "Billingsgate."

The sacrifices usually consist of a fowl, pigeon, or, if the worshipper is very wealthy, a goat. Sometimes "the presence" is indicated by a rude image carved in wood and painted *en règle*, and at others by a mud apology for the more expensive wooden idol, while other deities are represented by curiously twisted iron rods, shaped like the "twin-irons" of Dahomey, or by an earthen suggestion of the animal in whose likeness the god appears to true believers.

The devotee makes a present to the officiating priest, generally in kind, and the ceremonial proceeds something in this fashion. The sacrifice, in this case supposed to be a fowl, is placed on the ground with his head under his wing and his feet well tucked under him. The priest then makes certain passes over it, the result being that the fowl falls into a mesmeric sleep. Offerings of food are then placed in small earthen vessels and set before the god, prayers are then drawled out, and the priest, officiating for the deity, eats the food himself, or, if his appetite is satisfied by previous devotion, calls in the aid of an acolyte. Rum, ghee, or hydromel, are then daubed on the face and body of the god; and the priest taking up the fowl, plucks off its head and sprinkles both the god and the worshippers with the blood. The fowl is then singed and divided between the priest and the *religieuse*, who takes the sanctified meat home to her husband, who eats a morsel and bestows the remainder upon his wife. Priestcraft, as might be supposed, is a very lucrative occupation in this country, and the office is hereditary in certain families, the children of the *feticheer* being initiated into the mysteries, whatever they are, as soon as they arrive at years of discretion. An air of the supernatural is assumed by every *gre-gre* man, who imposes upon the superstitious credulity of the people by every means in his power. I have frequently been asked to present the priest with some carbolic acid, which became liquid on the application of a moderate amount of heat, such as that of the hand. This phenomenon excited the admiration of everybody, both clergymen and laymen, and proved a better protection against theft than all the locks in the country. Upon one occasion my interpreter was interrogated as to its merits by an old priest, the result being that the latter said, "White man be God too much for true, for he catch a piece of *cold* and put it in a bottle."

A singular custom obtains among a portion of the Foulah people. Upon the anniversary of the death of the father, the son pays a visit to the mosque, taking with him a carefully measured quantity of oil in a small, saucer-shaped lamp. After prayers this lamp is lighted by the priest, who makes an extempore sun-dial by sticking a small wand in the sand. A mark is then made upon the spot where the shadow falls, and at a certain distance from it a second mark is set up. If the lamp burns until the shadow passes between the two lines the father is enjoying himself in the society of the faithful, but if, on the contrary, the oil should give out before the goal is reached, the unlucky parent is suffering the pangs of the "*Angrai*" in the limbo appointed for all Mohammedan defaulters. In such cases the soul of the afflicted parent may be freed from durance vile by a due consideration paid to the priest.

The priests are usually the schoolmasters who instruct the youthful Foulahs in Arabic. The scholars rarely achieve more than the ability to decipher a few verses from the Koran, and, of course, they look down with disdain upon their "ignorant" neighbours who are not so gifted. In every principal mosque there are a few books, chiefly the Koran and commentaries upon it; but in very many instances they are never opened from year's end to year's end, for the priest, knowing by heart a whole



FOULAH AND KAFIR TRADERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

string of pious ejaculations, disdains to use the Koran to assist him.

The Iman has also the privilege of judging in ecclesiastical cases, such as the breaking of the law of abstinence from wine between sunrise and sunset; but the civil law is administered by the chief of the village. The court is held every alternate day, usually under a shed near the residence of the chief.

Beneath the grateful shade a mat is spread for the accommodation of the magistrate, whose dignity is supported in the large towns by a guard of a few soldiers, who, armed with guns, assume every attitude of *negligé* when in the presence, their only attempt at a soldier-like bearing evidently consisting in a profound study of "standing at ease" in the most comfortable position, whether that position be sitting, or rather squatting, on all fours, or in any other attitude that may suggest itself The "uniform" of the *corps d'honneur* is as varied as their attitude, while the extremes of dwarfs and giants are to be met with in ludicrous contrast. When no important criminal case is on the *tapis*, the attention of the court is called to the framing of new laws for the benefit of the community at large, or the revision of old statutes that have become obnoxious, or unnecessary for the well-being of the country, in consequence of change of circumstances. On these occasions, the principal inhabitants join in the discussion, which sometimes waxes high between the disputing parties.

The chief magistrate is usually attended by the Iman, who, from time to time, suggests such improvements and amendments as may occur to him, and at the end of every decision he is consulted as to whether the motion just carried is in full accordance with the rules laid down for the guidance of the faithful in the Koran. Each individual speaks *seriatim* so far as his audience will permit him to do; but the magistrate has the privilege of curtailing the speech of any counsellor who may be disposed to be voluminous, or to broach any obnoxious subject.

As might be expected, the Kafirs are held in considerable contempt by the educated Moslems, and are never admitted to the audiences as counsellors, but only as spectators; and no Kafir ever holds any office, however mean, as long as a Mohammedan can be found to fulfil it. Kafirs are liable to be arrested for debt, and if unable to discharge their liabilities, may be sold into slavery to their creditor for a certain term of years, at the expiration of which they are considered to have paid off their debts. A debtor to the state is obliged to serve as a soldier, the government finding his arms and ammunition, but each soldier being obliged to find his own food and clothing. Theft is punished by a double restitution and corporal punishment, the culprit being kept in prison at his own expense until the fine is paid. As it sometimes happens that the accused is a stranger, and incapable of supporting himself while in prison in consequence of his having no wife or other relative resident in the town, the unfortunate has no alternative but to put himself in pawn, or to be consigned to perpetual slavery.

This system of pawning is very common all over Guinea. It is no unusual thing for a trader to purchase a quantity of goods at one of the factories, and to leave one of his children as a pledge with the factor for the payment of the debt. It often happens that the pledge is never redeemed, and the consequence is, that at many of the smaller factories there are several of these pawned children, who, for the most part, are employed as servants at the factories.

On the first day of every month, or in other words, at every new moon, the whole of the prisoners are paraded before the magistrate, upon which occasion those whose sentences are fulfilled are permitted to go free, while those still under punishment are exhibited before the court as an example to all evil-doers. The prisoners are allowed to procure a substitute if they are able, and in this way many of the principal men in every town receive absolution, as it were, from any crime they may commit, for as they all possess numerous slaves, one of these unfortunate wretches is told off to undergo the sentence passed upon his master.

When any person is accused of witchcraft, he is not permitted to adopt the substitution subterfuge, but must himself suffer the punishment assigned to him by a convocation of priests. Notwithstanding the principal men in every town are professed Mohammedans, the fetiche priests hold almost unlimited sway over their wives, and use every means in their power to prevent the conversion of any of their *adorateuses* to the Mohammedan faith. Nevertheless, the beneficial effect of the religion of the Prophet is experienced by the traveller, who can always depend upon the oath of the professed Moslem, however great the temptation may be for him to break it.

Ten Days at Seville in 1867.—*III.*

For some days we had been attracted by an advertisement announcing that an exhibition of Spanish and gipsy dancing would take place on Saturday evening, and with some hesitation we decided on attending it. We had been some weeks in Spain, and had hitherto seen no dancing, and we should have been ashamed to return home without any experience of this branch of national custom. We expected a theatre of some sort, and great was our surprise, and great the dismay of the ladies of our party, when we were ushered into a large room, round the sides of which lounged a number of men, smoking and talking in a very free-and-easy manner. We were the first foreigners to arrive—perhaps it would be more correct to say the first visitors, for we afterwards discovered that those we found in the room were either private friends of the performers or the performers themselves. Our appearance created a sensation, and chairs were immediately brought in and formed into an inner circle, which was to represent the stalls. Other people now began to arrive, and we were amused in watching a repetition of our own feelings of surprise and disgust on the face of each new arrival. Enough came, however, to satisfy us that if we had been duped as to the performance, we were not the only people who had been

taken in. At first the dancing was extremely bad, but as the room filled, better performers were produced. Two gipsies, a young woman and a boy, danced extremely well in a very animated style. The grace of the dance depends entirely on the motions of the performers, the figure being apparently left altogether to their own imaginations. The arms are constantly in motion, and the gestures extremely graceful, but the mode of moving the body only from the hips downwards had a very awkward effect, especially in the case of the girl before us, who wore a most ungainly crinoline. They kept time by clapping their hands and stamping on the floor, and the noisier the dance grew the more it was applauded from the benches behind us, where their friends joined in with their castanets and shouts of applause. Presently quite an old woman joined them, and the scene became very grotesque, the noise of the stamping and clapping and the twang of the guitar growing faster and more furious, till the performers actually stopped from sheer fatigue, amid thunders of applause.

Next came the bottle dance, the great event of the evening, when a young gipsy went through the most wonderful evolutions supporting a glass bottle on his head. He would suddenly drop on one knee, spring to his feet again, and perform the most furious steps without disturbing for a moment the equilibrium of the bottle. This was immensely applauded, and, in fact, throughout, the dancers were most enthusiastically clapped by their friends in the back row. All, both actors and audience, appeared to enjoy it heartily, and the whole scene was more like a peasants' ball than a paid theatrical performance. The bored and annoyed expression of the foreigners who had paid for admission was an amusing contrast to the enthusiasm behind them. We stayed to see one mazy dance, prettily performed by a number of Spanish girls, before we retired, which the heat and fumes of the cigarettes made us soon very anxious to do. The programme concluded with the curious announcement that the dancing would continue as long as the company remained, but we did not feel inclined to test their performance of this pledge.

EASTER SUNDAY.

This day was to be a holiday in every sense of the word, and we had worked so hard during the week that we were quite glad to avail ourselves of it. The weather was brighter and hotter than ever, and all the black worn during the past week being now discarded, every one celebrated the day by appearing in gay and brilliant colours. We indulged ourselves in the luxury of a late breakfast, and for the first time made no attempt to hurry our extremely overworked attendants in their operations. During our meal we regretted, as usual, that an English breakfast is so ill understood in Spain, where a substantial repast of various courses of meat takes the place of the pleasant meal, which, with their advantages of delicious bread and fruit, they might set before one. We found the meat invariably hard, tasteless, and coarse, from one end of the country to the other, and the oily cooking only served to make it more unpalatable. We used to turn in despair to the eggs, which on the contrary were always good and fresh, and it would be a startling calculation to reckon how many were consumed by our party alone before our tour was over. It is only doing them justice to say that they were so invariably good that we never tired of them. It must not, however, be supposed that our thoughts, relieved from the strain of work, were immediately turned to the pleasures of the table. These remarks were only introduced lest it should be thought we painted everything in too rosy hues. Those who go to Seville in Holy Week, or for the fair, must make up their minds to forego comfort and luxury for the time, and to submit patiently to obtaining very bad food, to wait long, and to pay highly for it. We have failed most signally in our object if we have not impressed on our readers that the pleasure we obtained was cheaply bought at the price. There was an impression among the visitors at our hotel that the fasts of Lent being now over, we might expect a decided improvement in our fare; but the hope was doomed to be disappointed, and the Sunday dinner was a repetition of all its predecessors, only differing in an increase of discomfort arising from the greater number of visitors.

The morning service over at the Consulate, we were glad to escape from the vulgar, oven-like little room to the calm majesty of the cathedral. We found no crowd, for there was to be no peculiar ceremony, but an orderly congregation were devoutly listening while the Pope's letter was read, and his solemn benediction pronounced. After the service a boy, mounting a ladder, extinguished the great taper which stands—the size of a moderate column—on the north side of the altar. We ought to have mentioned it before, for it is undoubtedly a curiosity, being the largest candle in the world; but the grandeur of the cathedral has the effect of making one disregard minor details, which in a smaller place would amuse and interest one. This must stand as our excuse for passing over many things which elsewhere we might have thought worthy of notice, but which we here regarded as trifles. At the conclusion of the service the five officiating bishops, who were themselves clothed in magnificent vestments, dressed the Archbishop before the high altar in the scarlet robes of a cardinal, in which he passed down the aisle, blessing the people as he went with uplifted hand. We still lingered in the cathedral; for day by day, as it grew more familiar, we had learnt to love it more and more, and we wished before we left it for ever to drink in deeply of its sweet influence. Architecture so perfect as this is a thing not to be described, not to be criticised, only to be felt and to be enjoyed. Would that a shrine which is, as it were, consecrated by its own supreme beauty, were sanctified yet more truly by a religion as free from blemish as it is itself!—that no superstition, no mummery, and no narrowness should defile the natural grandeur of its precincts. But where, alas, can we find such a faith practised upon earth?

When the heat had a little abated in the afternoon, we drove out to the fair, passing by some hundreds of horses, who smothered us with dust as they trotted along the sandy roads, pursued by their mounted drivers in picturesque costume. On reaching our destination, we found the tents empty, as the fashionable world were still at the bull-fight—the first and best of the season, as we were told on all sides. While we waited for their return, we walked down the long line of booths, where toys and confectionery were displayed for sale. The great majority of the toys might have been bought in the Lowther Arcade or at any common English fair; but some were so intensely national that we thought them worthy of a minute inspection. Of these the most quaint were small models of the *Pasos* for children to play with, taking the place of the well-remembered horse and cart of

our own childhood. Thus they amuse their nurseries with representations of our Lord's Passion and the Virgin's sorrow as they do the crowd in the street on a larger scale. Next we noticed numbers of dolls with only the head and hands formed, which, from the expression of their faces, were evidently intended for dressing as saints or virgins, but which in their actual state looked eminently absurd. The numbers of toy bulls displayed the national taste, as the horses in an English toy-shop do our own. Some of the booths were entirely filled with Andalusian knives—long, curved, and pointed, clasped weapons—too frequently and fatally used by these hot-blooded southerners, who employ them indiscriminately in cutting up their dinner or avenging their affronts. In spite, however, of their bad and bloody reputation, it would have been impossible to find anywhere in Europe a more peaceful and civil crowd. During the whole day we did not see one quarrel or a single drunken man, and with one insignificant exception our party—foreign and peculiar as we must have seemed to the eyes of the natives—wandered about everywhere as unmolested as if we had been in Hyde Park. No beverage more potent than sarsaparilla or *agua fresca* is consumed, and the resulting sobriety makes one blush to think of the contrast with an English crowd of the same class.

We thence proceeded to examine the confectionery stalls, and tasted some of their stores, finding that their preserved fruits were as good as they looked inviting. The swarms of bees and wasps, however, kept us at a respectful distance. Some of the women at these stalls wore large black hats, like those of the Welsh, but otherwise we could not find much peculiar female costume. On returning to the fashionable quarter we found that the aristocrats had returned from the bull-fight and were taking possession of their tents, sitting down to receive visitors in their miniature saloons with as much composure as if they had not been subject to the gaze of every passer-by, who thronged round their open doors. A kind friend had provided us with a ticket of admission to one of the *circulo* (club) tents, a grand circular pavilion, in which, resting luxuriously, we watched the crowd promenading up and down. It was a curious and a pleasant sight, for all ranks seemed mingled in happy enjoyment. There were beautifully dressed ladies, in delicate silks which in England would be considered only suitable for a ball-room, walking next to peasant women in their smart and common costume. And both were at their ease; the ladies in their white lace mantillas (the most becoming dress in the world, by-the-bye) did not seem to despise their companions, nor did the peasants shrink from the fine ladies. How is it that in England we never see a scene of this kind? What would the fashionable crowd in Rotten Row think of a party of housemaids in their Sunday clothes, who should display their finery amongst them? Would any poor woman in London, donning her best, ever dream of intruding for pleasure into that walk, public though it is for all—Reform League meetings alone excepted? And yet one would have thought that class distinctions were more strictly adhered to in Spain than in our own free country. However this may be, it seemed to us a pleasant custom, and more likely to produce a kindly feeling than when the poor only stand, as with us, to gaze at the pleasures in which they make no attempt to join. It was pleasant to watch so many happy faces, whose owners were as content with themselves in their clean muslin dresses and with bright flowers coquettishly stuck in their dark shining hair, as were their wealthier neighbours in silk and lace.

We had heard much of the extravagance of the Spanish ladies, who were said to know and care for nothing save dress, and certainly if it be so, their labour is not lost, for more tastefully-dressed women we never saw in any country. The climate allows of more delicate tints than could be worn in London, and their skilful mantua-makers do full justice to their slender and graceful figures.

As there was to be a ball at night, many of the ladies had come down to the fair prepared for it, and in many instances the beautiful dresses attracted attention to faces which were well worthy of notice. The ladies were much lighter in complexion than the peasants, showing that there is some foundation for the idea that a fair skin is a sign of aristocratic race in Spain, and marking a mixture of Moorish blood among the people. The latter, however, have gained in size and muscle from the connection, and the diminutive Hidalgo looks puny and insignificant by the side of the sturdy peasant.

A crowd of carriages filled with equally well-dressed people thronged the drive, and laid themselves out for admiration or criticism, more frequently deserving the former than the latter. The whole scene was so novel and entertaining, that we returned again in the evening, when we found the amusements still going on beneath the light of a brilliant Easter moon, which almost turned night into day.

There was a grand ball at the "Circulo de los Labradores," or, "Country Gentlemen's Club," and the gay tent was brilliantly lighted and thronged with well-dressed people. As the curtains were open towards the road, we stood among the crowd, and amused ourselves with watching the dancing, which, to eyes accustomed to London ball-rooms, appeared more dignified than animated. Quadrilles and polkas seemed most in favour; but the pauses between each dance were so tedious—at all events, to us who stood without—that we almost fancied ourselves back again still waiting for the processions! All the gentlemen who were not dancing, wore their hats and smoked cigarettes, which gave an odd appearance to what otherwise was evidently a very fashionable entertainment. We were still more amused at the scenes in all the small private tents, and at all the various amusements going on. Peeping into one, we might see a lady at the piano, playing or singing, and, though of course the din outside prevented any but the shrillest notes from reaching our ears, we could hear the applause of her friends, in which the crowd at the door frequently joined, without exciting any remark or giving annoyance to the performer. Passing on, we might see in the next a few couples dancing solemnly round in the limited space which was all the tents could afford, and this, too, without any apparent objection to the gaze and criticism of the hundreds of passers-by. It was certainly most amusing for us, as we could as it were move constantly from one society to another, and witness the doings of each; but we came to the conclusion that ours was the best point of observation, and that the little parties in the tents must have been exceedingly "slow" for those who had the honour of an invitation to them.

We walked on to the gipsy quarter, where we found the tents much larger, and gracefully draped with white muslin and linen, looking much smarter than those we had just left. Picturesque groups of women were sitting before the doors of



THE "PUERTA DEL PERDON," SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

these, frying batter-cakes over brightly-blazing *braseros*, and we had some difficulty in persuading them that we neither wanted to taste these nor to have our fortunes told. The gipsies, however, kept their amusements more to themselves than the fashionable people had done, and most of the tents were closed, but in many the sound of the guitar and the clapping of hands, announced that dancing was going on within, or bursts of applause would mark that it was over.

The moon lighted up everything so wonderfully, that we should almost have forgotten that midnight was approaching, had not fatigue at last driven us home, thinking as we went that we had never before spent an Easter day in so strange or so unorthodox a fashion.

EASTER MONDAY.

Our last day in Seville! We were somewhat loth to think how soon we must turn our backs on so much that was interesting, but we could now enjoy that feeling of satisfaction, so well-known to travellers, that one of the chief objects of one's pilgrimage was satisfactorily accomplished, and, with the ingratitude of humanity both abroad and at home, we almost despised past pleasure as we looked forward to the future. Now that we had seen it, Seville seemed almost to fade before the name of Granada, the place of the most picturesque associations in Europe, and, to make full confession, it was pleasant to feel that we should soon be free from the noise and bustle of the crowded town.

We were determined, however, to make the most of the time which remained to us, and therefore went early to the fair, finding it as crowded as ever. It looked as if no one had left their places since the previous night. The Duchesse de Montpensier and all her family were sitting in their tent, talking, laughing, and reading aloud, quite regardless of the crowds of people who were peeping at them beneath the aloes and flowers with which the place was adorned. The royal children seemed to be enjoying the affair as a picnic, but the idea of a picnic in the presence of thousands of spectators, was a curious one to us. We ourselves soon returned to our old places in the "Circulo" tent, and sat for a long time watching the horses which were being sold. Many of them were very fine animals, and were well ridden by their gentleman purchasers, among whom it seemed to be the fashion, to-day, to wear the Andalusian dress. The principal point in their judgment of a horse, appeared to be its capacity for stopping short in the middle of a fast canter, and, as scores of men were practising this trick in the drive before us, we had ample opportunity of judging both horses and riders. We observed here, as we did elsewhere in Spain, the remarkably good temper of the horses; we scarcely saw one obstinate or restive horse in the whole country. We are not able to say if this be the result of the natural disposition of the animals, or proceeds from some virtue in their riders, or in their system of training, inherited from their Arab predecessors in Andalusia; but from whatever cause, it is a pleasant result, and one which we should be very glad to see more usual at home. Proverbially cruel as Spaniards are to their beasts, we never saw any signs of it in men on horseback. Their riding-whips are of the most preposterous length, but seemed more for ornament than use, and were certainly not required. The horses which were exposed for sale had their manes and tails plaited up with ribbon and their riders almost invariably used the high Andalusian saddles, so awkward to our eyes, but apparently giving as good a seat as our own.

Quite a sensation was created by the appearance of a young lady on horseback, and the gentleman who escorted her looked as if he considered himself the hero of the day. Later in the afternoon, however, her plain grey habit was quite cast into the shade by another fair rider wearing a kind of adaptation of the Andalusian dress, consisting of a round hat, a black velvet jacket over a white body and scarlet sash, and a bright blue skirt. Such a habit would have made a sensation in Rotten Row, and it was evidently intended that it should do so at Seville. The happy face of the young Amazon made us sympathise with her triumph, and hope that her example would do something towards abolishing the stupid prejudice which now exists in Spain against ladies riding for pleasure. In a country where so much travelling has to be done on horseback, the prejudice is peculiarly absurd.

Leaving the fair, we were again disappointed at the "Caridad," by finding the chapel locked up, and the public excluded; but whether this was on account of the fair being considered a godless event discountenanced by the Church, or because all the officials had gone off to amuse themselves, and had taken the key with them, we could not discover. We made every effort to mollify the sternness of the old porter, but all in vain, and we had to leave Seville without peeping behind the veils which concealed Murillo's pictures of the Infant Christ and St. John, two lovely works, if one may judge from the photographs with which we were obliged to content ourselves. We were afterwards all the more annoyed at our exclusion, by finding that the hospital itself was as much worth seeing as the Chapel of the "Caridad."

In the afternoon, the second great bull-fight was to take place, and our party was divided, some wishing to be present, and others to view it, as we had before arranged, from the top of the Giralda. We will ask our readers to excuse us from giving an account of the butchery witnessed by those who were in the amphitheatre, and to take a more distant and more uncommon view of the scene. When we reached the summit of the tower, we found that we were not the only people who had thought of this point of observation, though, we suspect, from a very different reason. A party of Spaniards—men, women, and boys—had taken up their position already, and were eagerly talking of the coming fight. From the immense height the whole scene looked like a miniature, and we were obliged to use our glasses in order to distinguish anything clearly. The crowd in the amphitheatre looked like a swarm of black ants, though here and there gay dots of colour showed where ladies were sitting among the men. The royal box was occupied, but we could not distinguish the figures in it. On the previous day, the whole of the Duc de Montpensier's family, including a child in its nurse's arms, had been present to enjoy the sport As the duchess had not been well enough to attend the cathedral services during the preceding week, we were surprised at her presence at the bull-fight, to our ideas a much more trying spectacle; but her Royal Highness is said to share with her sister a passionate taste for the national amusement, which has their constant patronage, though we were told the best class of ladies in Spanish society are now withdrawing their countenance from it.

Presently we saw the bull dash into the arena, looking to us no larger than a fly, and the fight began. It was exactly

what has so often been described. We could see the banderillos exciting the poor brute with their red and yellow cloaks; we could watch his furious charges, and make out with the aid of our glasses the agile leaps of the assailants over the palisades. In a few minutes we could see a number of short javelins sticking in his neck, and could even observe the unwillingness of the poor horses to meet a second charge of their terrible foe. Fortunately, the distance hid the sickening details of their slaughter from our eyes, and, as it happened, the three bulls that met their deaths while we continued at our post, were killed out of our sight, hidden by the wall of the amphitheatre, so that we only knew the fight was over by the fierce sally of a fresh victim. One of the bulls appeared at first unwilling to fight, and trotted coolly away from his enemies, provoking a cry of derision from our neighbours on the tower and an angry shout from the distant multitude. One tremendous cheer reached our ears, and we afterwards learnt that it had been occasioned by the bull tossing one horse and its rider into the air. The man fell unhurt, and was rescued; the horse fortunately fell dead to the ground, thus meeting a more speedy and merciful death than most of its wretched comrades. To those on the tower the scene was undoubtedly exciting, but those who had a better view, found that horror and disgust at the heartless cruelty of the whole performance overwhelmed all other feelings, and the only satisfaction obtained by them, was in finding that their sentiments were shared by some of the foreigners present.

When the third bull had met his inevitable fate, we left the Giralda, and with our minds filled with images of crowding multitudes, bloodthirsty excitement, and horrid cruelty, we entered the cathedral. What a contrast was there! We were almost alone, for every man, woman, and child in Seville were either at the bull-fight or the fair; there was not even a beggar to be seen. Now the time was come, it was hard to bid it farewell, and to think that in all probability we should never again revel in its beauty, never again be soothed by its calm majesty. From our constant visits we had grown so much attached to it, that we seemed like parting from a second home, and we realised all we were leaving, now that we saw it for the last time. Never before had it looked so beautiful as then, when the brightest of all the bright suns that had shone on us in Spain was casting the glowing colours of the windows upon the broad vacant floor, and lighting up the long perspectives of the aisles with a bright golden haze. We persuaded one of the few men whom we found in the cathedral to lift a curtain for a moment, that we might see Murillo's picture of the Guardian Angel, which hangs near the western door. But where all around was so perfect, the eye seemed incapable of estimating a canvas, however masterly. It hardly seemed needed here. Seville Cathedral, we thought, was perfect, and one can add nothing to perfection.

With these feelings we left, and in leaving closed our visit and our story. The following morning saw us on our way to Cadiz, to see on the road much that was beautiful and much that was interesting, but nothing which had power to efface the remembrance of those bright "Ten Days at Seville."

Eastern Russia: a Journey from Kazan to Orenburg.—VI.

BY ROBERT MICHELL, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., AND MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF RUSSIA.

I AWOKE, as I have said, one morning to the consciousness that my funds were desperately low; barely sufficient, after calculation, to take me back to Moscow. To write to St. Petersburg for a remittance was out of the question, the difficulties, dangers, and formalities militated against such a proceeding; banking-houses there are none in Orenburg, as in most other Russian towns. Another and equally serious motive for a hurried departure, was an anxiety to catch the last boat up the Volga before the close of the navigation season. The frosts were setting in, and three days of severe weather might have caused me a long detention. Therefore, securing a *podorojnaya* (an order for horses), I made my hasty farewells to my hosts, and left the place early one morning in an open cart with two poor-looking quadrupeds. I had some tea and sugar, and in passing through the town I took in a store of water-melons and grapes. The melons were a penny a piece, and the grapes only one penny per pound.

Bequeathing my bedding to André, and smoking the pipe of peace and reflection, I threw myself into the cart and posted back to the Volga.

The man in charge of the first stage from Orenburg was a retired soldier. He told me a pitiable tale of illness and distress. His pay—a miserable dole—was not sufficient for the maintenance of himself, his wife, and his family. He begged of travellers, occasionally he imposed upon them, and to such as I—travelling in an open cart, cheaply, without any covering—he offered *kashmas* (felts) for sale. He offered me one—three yards long by two yards wide—for three roubles—but I could not spare even that money.

I arrived at Buzuluk cold and weary, and so shaken that the pain in my chest was insufferable. I passed the night in the station-house; there is no charge for sleeping, or for passing whole weeks in the station-houses on Russian highways.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the peasant who kept the place. The horses, he announced, would soon be at the door; "but was I willing to travel with a lady?" He would give me a hooded cart; the expense would be shared, and a third horse could be afforded, still with a saving to myself. The lady was young, and foreign, and was in distress. She had been long waiting for an opportunity in Buzuluk.

I put some questions to the man. This was not the peasant I had seen before. I was now travelling post. The hut at which Mr. F—— and I had put up before was the stage-house of a contractor under the Government. This was Government post; that had been free posting. I reflected and acquiesced.

Having breakfasted on tea and a fresh egg, I drove up to a house where the young lady was already advised of my coming. I had not long to wait. In a few minutes there came out a lady robed in a furred, black satin cloak, with a large, wadded, quilted, black silk cap or head-piece (*kaper*). Her face was covered with a thick black fall. Her luggage consisted of a arge bundle, and a couple of large soft pillows, which a maid brought down. Apologising for having kept me waiting, the lady got into the cart, and waving her hand to the maid, cried out in a clear, silvery voice, "Poshol !"

I had heard that voice before, and instantly I knew who my fair companion was. "This is an agreeable surprise," I said ; "I think have seen you before."

She started, and made an exclamation.

"It was a dark night when I first made your acquaintance at the fair here, so I did not recognise the house. I was not alone."

Then she remembered it all, and we soon fell into conversation.

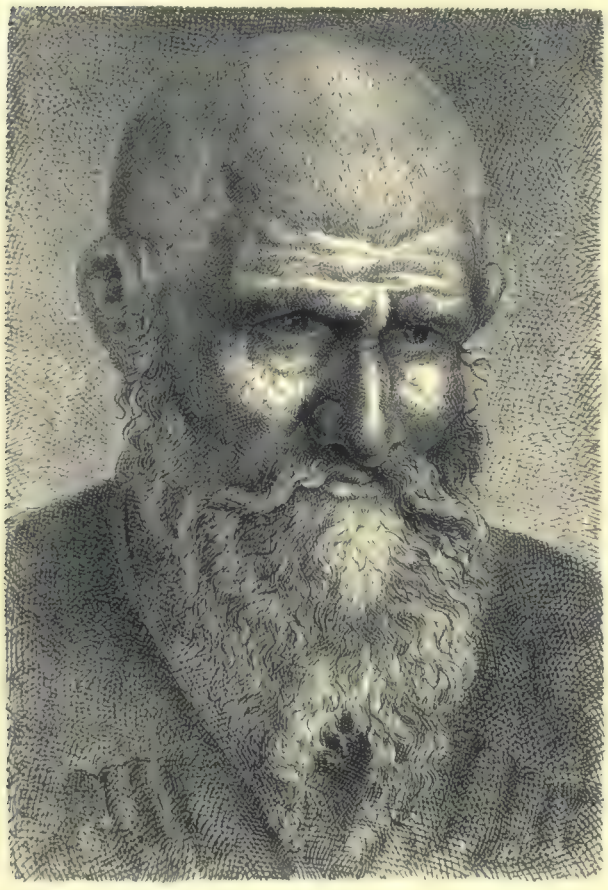
She was a German, but had resided several years in Russia, and had married a Polish official in the Russian service. She was young, pretty, clever, and entertaining, and the romance of the circumstance of our encounters, gave quite a zest to our companionship.

My position, it is true, with a young and pretty woman, was rather delicate, but the buoyancy of spirits, the *savoir faire* of the lady, acquired by her through a lengthened residence in Russia, together with her matronly manners, soon put me at my ease. To her, evidently, there was no novelty, strangeness, or awkwardness in the position.

Mrs. S——, as I shall call her (her husband, she naïvely confessed, called her *Marfoussia*), had left without taking any breakfast, in order not to detain me. So it was arranged that at the next stage there should be tea, eggs, and all that could be obtained in the way of refreshments.

At Elstanofskoë, which was the next stage, we declared our intention of staying an hour, and ordered the *samovar* (tea-urn) with everything else that could be provided for a meal.

A bill of fare, glazed and framed, hung on the wall. "Tea—soup—cutlets—wood partridges—*gel'e de citron*." But, to our great chagrin, nullifying all this there was written across the bill, in a large bold hand, with many a splutter, showing that the pen had been split in the operation, "*Not a* —— !"



A TARTAR PORTRAIT.



RUSSIAN STOVE.

It was about mid-day, and if the superscription belied the bill of fare, well and good.

A man shuffled into the room.

"What will you have?"

"The urn first, at once."

"Yes, sir, yes, at once. It will be ready in a moment. What else, sir? What would the lady be pleased to have?"

"A plate of soup."

"Sorry, very sorry ; but anything else. Yes, sir, we have everything else," he added, confidently and apologetically after a short pause, rubbing his sleepy-looking and unwashed face confusedly with a very dirty handkerchief.

"A cutlet then; look sharp!"

The man shifted about, looked askance, rubbed down the table with his handkerchief, stretching nearly his whole length over it. Then he moved the table, and moved a chair, finally he adjusted the bill of fare against the wall and rubbed that.

His proceedings were very eccentric; his face and nose were very red; his little eyes, half-closed, were deep sunken in their sockets, and his knees and hands trembled. His dishevelled parti-coloured locks straggled over his forehead and stood up on his head. For all the world he looked like a well-used print map standing on end. He seemed to be a victim to strong libations, or of tyranny and persecution; very likely he was suffering from both; so besotted, so scared he looked; so feeble and timorous he was. I thought of the hand that had made the superscription on the bill of fare; perchance that hand—and those of many other Russian travellers, of "lords" or *Chinovinks*, whose expectations that bill of fare had raised and disappointed—had knocked the wits out of the pitiful object before me.

Still he assured me that I might name anything but cutlets; it so happened he was alone, there was no one to cook.

"Is there then no partridge, no *gelée de citron*? Nothing?"

This he would not admit. We might name something else. It was true that game was scarce, that there was no meat in the village, and that the hens had ceased laying, but "I pray your mercy, here is the bill of fare." The poor man seemed to be certainly bereft of reason.

Suddenly bethinking himself, he rushed out of the room, and returned with a wooden bowl containing a soup called *stchi* (sour cabbage, buckwheat, and beef, and fat), which he had seized from a party of peasants who were regaling themselves hard by.

A mug of *quass* was next set before us, which was followed by the urn.

These negotiations were barely concluded when up dashed a rumbling *tarantass*, and in came two officers.



ON THE STEPPES—CAMELS AND TARTARS.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE LINE—MY ENEMY—AN ALTERCATION.

The officers were boisterous, and the cause of this was betrayed on their flushed faces and by a bottle which they called a *shtof*, which they brought in with them.

They were captains of a regiment of the line, that arm of the Russian service which is officered by "nobles" of a very inferior class. These two were very rough specimens of their kind. The elder man, who was evidently gentler born, had the appearance of a profligate and scapegrace. I formed this opinion of him not alone from his looks and behaviour, but also from his speech. He was saying to his companion as they both entered: "Yes, that was a good berth in the Commissariat. I had a good time of it when I had the providing of the forage and all that, and I warmed my hands, too, I can tell you. It was the brandy that ruined me. Well, it is that now that consoles me. Pha!"

The other man's coat was perfectly new. From the conversation of the two, it appeared that he now held the lucrative post of which the other was deploring the loss. His hands seemed altogether warm; he had a prosperous air; he also paraded a purse stuffed with crisp notes, and he spoke with a tone of superior authority, seeming to exercise a certain influence over his crestfallen friend. He was a stalwart, fair-haired Russ, and in his style and knowledge of things there breathed the cadet and the automaton soldier. He was also flushed and elated.

Hearing Mrs. S—— and myself conversing in German, this man in a mocking voice, and, in a Russian accent, asked the other, "Shpréken-zi-deitch?" "Ya, ya, Ivan Andreitch," responded the other, and then both burst out laughing.

They called for more *vodka*, and continued to provoke some observation from me by other mutilations of German.

"These pagan foreigners," said the well-to-do officer, "they are beginning to crawl over the whole of our country; wheresoever you turn, it is 'Shpréken-zi-deitch?'"

"We shall teach them Russian one day when our invincible army is marched into their country. We shall give them a fright over there in India, beyond the mountains, when we take Khiva. Won't we? Have we not instructions to assemble our regiments in Orenburg by December? Are we not ordered to keep silent about it? Tell me, have we not?"

"True, true; they'll find out shortly how far our arms can each."

"They say that Englishwomen's teeth grow to a formidable length; that is horrible," observed the elder of these swaggering companions.

"Yes; and they come here to be fed up, and to fill their pockets with Russian money. They live well in Russia. At home, it is said, they eat coals."

At this point I was obliged to observe to them that living in Russia was detestably bad, and that in St. Petersburg it was only passable because foreigners had taught the people how to make it so. As to the money, I said, that was all stolen from the Government by Russian officers.

Mrs. S—— seemed to be nervously agitated, but said no word to me about it.

The officers were very much staggered when they heard me speak fluently in their own language. They were abashed and grew silent. More than that, they retired to the landing. Their horses were being harnessed; ours were ready, and so we departed.

This worthy couple, however, were only about ten minutes behind us, and reached every stage before we were fairly started. At nightfall we all reached a stage together. They were more riotous than ever. On alighting, they disburdened their carriage of at least half-a-dozen *shtofs*.

Whilst I was settling with the posting-master the charges for the last stage, Mrs. S—— was subjected to an insult in the dark passage.

The younger ruffian of the two had stumbled against her purposely, and had told her that he recognised her.

"He is," she said, "the same man who insulted me before in Buzuluk. I had an idea of this, but I was not sure."

Of course I had a slight altercation with the officer, who also recognised in me the man whom he threatened to strangle when opportunity offered. He did not, however, show any inclination to carry his threat into execution, but merely growled some excuses.

I threatened to shoot him like a dog, if he did not behave himself. This frightened him so much that he could not utter a syllable.

When we were getting into our conveyance, I heard him break out in inarticulate sounds, and exclaim with indignation,—

"Sh-sh-sh-oot m-m-me! like a d-d-dog! me! his high nobility! Captain ——! What the deuce! my uniform is something or it is not. Oh, oh, oh! my fathers, my fathers! they have disgraced me—I am defiled," and he plumped sobbing into his friend's arms.

All this did not prevent the latter from asking me to wait a moment until their horses were ready, and from requesting my permission to travel in our company, "as there are robbers," he said, "on the road."

The same advantage was taken by two young tradesmen, who were afraid to proceed alone through the night.

"MY WIFE"—ADIEU.

We just caught the boat. Mrs. S—— booked second class. I had no choice; I could not afford a first-class ticket. The officers, also, were second-class passengers. I feared they might still molest Mrs. S——, meeting her on the companion way, or on deck, and as she was very timid, I had to reassure her. She declared her intention of remaining all the time—some three or four days—below, to avoid disagreeables. I tried to assure her that it was preposterous; that she might rely upon me to save her from all annoyance.

"But you will not be able to help it," she replied.

"Do you think," I asked her, "there is any one on board whom you know, or who knows you?"

"No one."

"Then I am going to suggest a very impudent scheme; it may afford us both some very innocent fun, and it will arm me with a right to resent any insolence on the part of either of the two captains."

Her colour rose; but she smiled. Nevertheless, she inquired, "And what may your clever scheme be, sir?"

"That you grant me, madame, the great privilege, for the short period of our passage, of calling myself your husband."

Mrs. S—— turned away sharply, and disappeared into the women's cabin. Soon after she came out, finding me still near the door, superintending the bestowal of my little luggage.

"There is my hand—I am your wife; it is not strictly necessary, but thank you!"

It soon got among the second-class passengers that I had a wife in the fore-cabin with the women, and the officers learning it, were very different in their behaviour.

Being among a very low order of people—tradesmen, wealthy peasants, Tartars, &c.—and having a wife among their wives, I had to sustain a character, and to answer numerous inquiries as to who and what I was, where I had been, where I was going, what business I had been doing in the places I had visited, what was my nationality, and a variety of other questions, which Russians, who are exceptionally inquisitive, never fail to put.

I explained to these good people, that I was a German (German is equivalent to foreign among the lower orders in Russia) bootmaker, travelling for custom. I was thereupon instantly assailed with other questions as to the prices of leather

at different places, and to the quality of boots which I generally engaged to make, for whom I had been working, and whether I had a stock-in-trade.

I wore my *touloup* and a sheepskin cap, shooting boots and a woollen wrapper, so my dress did not belie me.

Mingling with these people as a gentleman, I should in every case have been interrogated, and there would have been some little coolness or distance between us, I thought, if I had not professed some trade or gave at least my *raison d'être*. This afforded "my wife" and me no end of amusement. It brought me into familiar converse with my neighbours, and with the officers, who, knowing I was an Englishman, nevertheless expatiated more largely on the matter of the Khivan expedition, which they had been ordered to keep silent about. These officers would have been on a par with the rest, but for their uniform coats and the traditions of their profession.

This imposture introduced me also into the women's cabin, where I, with "my wife" and the other women, was allowed occasionally to take tea *à la moujik*.

Mrs. S—— entered completely into her part. In her presence and among her companions I acted the *rôle* of a very submissive husband, and she, that of a scolding and hen-pecking spouse. But whilst I was very much commiserated, she succeeded in winning the esteem and affection of all by her kind attentions to the children, and by her amusing and witty observations.

As we were both very economical, "my wife" and I would sally forth, arm-in-arm, to purchase melons, bread, sugar, bottles of cream, &c., whenever the boat put up at a landing. These articles I always carried, and, with our hands and my pockets full, like a dutiful and attentive husband, I returned on board with "my wife."

We two were considered as a pleasing example of happy wedded life, and became the cynosure of all eyes.

"Who can that be?" I heard one lady ask of another, when I was sunning myself, by way of a change, in respectable attire, on the gangway.

"A foreigner, *sans doute*."

"An Englishman," ventured an English governess to two young Russian princesses.

"But we have not seen him in the cabin."

"He's a German—a bootmaker, madame. He has a wife below with us," whispered a maid to her mistress.

"Je paris, maman, que c'est un Anglais," remarked one of the young ladies; "they are all so eccentric, you know," she added.

I was conversing in French, within their hearing, with an Italian who had been to Tashkend to purchase silkworms, and the Italian made a remark which betrayed me.

Nijni Novgorod was Mrs. S——'s destination. I had to proceed from the boat to the railway station, where about a month before I had had my last dinner worthy of the name.

Having imposed on the worthy people with whom my wife and I had consorted in our assumed relationship, we agreed to sustain our characters to the end, and to part on the pier as became "man and wife." I was to say that business took me direct to Moscow by the first train; she was to go straight home from the boat.

Our luggage was brought on deck; the landing bridge was adjusted. Mrs. S—— applied a handkerchief to her eyes, really to conceal her laughter, but ostensibly to dry her tears. I took her hand, and she put her face to my shoulder.

"Don't fret, my little soul; he will return—he says so—shortly." The crowd collected about us, showing every sympathy for us. The women and children were very demonstrative. The little ones all put up their faces for a kiss. I passed through the process of shaking hands all round.

Escorting Mrs. S—— to a *droshky*, and assisting her with her bundle and pillows, I bid her farewell, taking off my hat and taking the pardonable liberty of wafting a kiss to her as she drove away.

At the railway station I found the princesses and several other of the passengers. Their astonishment was very great when, on entering the handsome refreshment saloon, I was recognised by the waiters in black coats and white neckties. The flutter among the ladies was still greater when, having counted my money, and finding that I was able to afford it, S——, the German bootmaker, was served with a respectable meal, with wine and coffee. The perplexity of the ladies culminated in a general titter when the doors, being thrown open, I stepped into a third-class carriage, the waiters, attentive to the last, handing me my effects. The guard had kindly reserved for me an empty compartment. I slept all the way to Moscow; and when the train reached that city, I had not the wherewithal to pay for a *droshky* to the house of my sincere and esteemed friend, the Professor K——n, now Rector of the University of Yaroslaf.

So ended my interesting journey to Orenburg, and if in this account of it, my readers have found an hour's entertainment and a modicum of instruction, my aim is realised, and I am satisfied.

A Ramble about Honolulu.

BY J. BONWICK, F.R.G.S.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the passengers, as the steamer sighted the island of Oahu, one of the Sandwich or Hawaiian group.

At first there seemed a struggle between peaks and clouds. But the sun came to the rescue of the hills, and the clouds retreated. The nearer we steamed, the grander the scene appeared. The mountains were glorious in their rugged magnificence. But as we drew nearer still, the beautiful greeted us with such smiles of welcome, that we forgot to look at aspiring pinnacles, black dells, and vitreous walls. The rugged was soothed, and the awful brightened. The heights were robed with forests, the smoother sides of cones were clad in

green pastures, and gloomy gorges were forced to smile when festooned with flowers.

And men were there. The hut of the native struggled for its own beside the stronger mansion of the stranger. The town of Honolulu lay before us at the foot of a volcano.

But, as if jealous of the invasion of her virgin home, Nature has thrown around the island a sea-wall of coral. The advancing Pacific rises against this mighty barrier, but can neither overwhelm nor overleap it. Yet, in times gone by, a gate has been forced, and the waves, but in single file only, can steal into the lake-like moat.

Guided by the pilot, we plunged through the passage along with the merry billows, and reached the wharf.

The Sandwich Isles were discovered by Captain Cook, though known to other Europeans two hundred years before.



SHORES OF OAHU.

Oahu Island has the regal home of Molokai to the east, Kassai to the west, and the great Hawaii to the south-east. The port of Honolulu was revealed in 1796 by the English trader *Prince le Boo*.

It was a new sensation to many of us to tread upon a coral isle. The industrious lithophytes had planted this colony. As Brewster has said of the animal—the lime particles in the sea were "diffused round the body, and deposited between the folds of its abdominal coats, constituting a polypidom, or polypary, into the hollow of which the animal can retire." To witness the feeble creature at work, and then look round at the vast piles of its manufacture, is a contrast indeed.

But the Hawaiian lithophytes have been wonderfully disturbed, since no region, not even Iceland itself, can compare with those islands of the Northern Pacific in the products of volcanic force. Here I saw everywhere about me lavas, basalts, trachytes, and tufa, telling the tale of fiery surges.

Long before the roar of violence ceased, vegetable and animal life found a dwelling on Oahu. Birds built their nests in the still quivering craters.

And then man came. We see the olive faces, so full of expression, beaming with fun, with the heartiest enjoyment of life. But who were their ancestors? This is still an ethnological puzzle. When did they come? History and science can tell but little. One thing we do know. In digging through lava and sand, workmen came to the substratum of coral. As they drove into this, in their search for water, they came upon relics of humanity. These were no doubtful *flints*, but human bones. Before, then, the mountains rose, the savage prowled about the islets of coral. As his body, slaughtered, perhaps, in war, sank among the rocks of a shallow bay, the fish reduced it to an anatomy, and the bony fragments were built into some buttress of the shore by the busy corallines.

The town has almost a pretentious appearance. The frail tenements of the Hawaiians are there, it is true, with their grass roofs, their sides of slight timber or simple earth; but the whites have picturesque villas, gaudy shops, and massive ware houses. A thorough business air prevails. There is something to be done, and there are folks to do it.

In such a climate one may wonder how anyone can do anything, or care to do it. Nature is so gay, so joyously inviting, that it must be very hard to cavern oneself in a counting-house there. So prodigal has Nature been in her gifts, and so few are the necessities of being, that any work at all, except a little and at long intervals, seems an absurdity. But under such a tropical sun, with an excessive humidity of the atmosphere, the penalty of labour is seriously inconvenient. And yet there seemed no idlers. The very boys were busy, chasing fish in the deliciously cool waters of the bay.

Natives were busy in their *taro* patches, or earning bright dollars on sugar plantations, coffee lands, or cocoa-nut groves. But a greater number find remunerative employment in stores, workshops, vessels, and warehouses.

The women are as happy as princesses. Their cooking is easily managed, their house-cleaning soon over, and then they squat at their doorway, chatting with a neighbour, plaiting their hair, festooning flowers, and laughing at the passer-by. But

whenever they raise their sweet voices in song, it is a delight to listen. These true nightingales of earth have an unsurpassed appreciation of music, and love its exercise.

Chinamen trot along the streets of Honolulu, their loads swinging about from the suspended pole. These ubiquitous emigrants are welcomed by the gentle islanders. The men like their good temper, and the girls admire their good qualities as husbands. It is a cruel shame for a pretty Hawaiian—with sylph-like form, coral teeth, ruby lips, and eyes so full of melting tenderness, and beaming with love—to forsake the grass hut of her really handsome, stalwart, noble-looking countrymen, and sit by the side of these dwarfed, squat, slant-eyed, ugly, beardless, yellow Chinese. One is quite angry as well as ashamed, at the taste of the fair ones. But the choice is their own, and they are satisfied. Some say it is because the cupboard is better; for John Chinaman pre-eminently likes dainty food. The ladies themselves say it is because they find them such kind indulgent partners.

Japanese are there. So superior to the roamers from the Flowery Land, though but recent arrivals, they are likely to take positions answering to their higher intelligence and greater energy.

The whites are American and British. The former have secured the cream of the land. They are statesmen and courtiers, merchants and tradesmen, teachers and preachers. The mission was theirs. The conversion of the islands to a better faith was by their agency. And, if the sons of the pioneers of civilisation have the best offices, the best building-lots, the best stores, the best plantations, who can be surprised, and who would be envious? The British migration is of a later and feebler growth. The whites and browns have their respective schools and churches. The former have the "Bethel." This noble enterprise was established by the Americans for the benefit of the whalers, most of whom are from the States. The Rev. Dr. Damon has the charge; and, for high intelligence, practical benevolence, and Christian earnestness, is the man for his post. The Fort Street Church has a fashionable gathering of New Yorkers and Californians.



GROVE OF PLANTAIN.

The English church is an exotic. It was supposed that the Roman Catholic priest was finding too much favour with a race loving pretty sights and sounds, and much sympathy was expressed for a laughing people forced to accept the grim faith and worship of Presbyterianism. The pleasure-hunting chiefs might be induced to remain Protestants, it was thought, by the establishment of the self-called "Reformed Catholic Church." It was English Ritualism transported to Hawaii, and expanded there. It has proved to be a success with the chiefs, few and childless as they are, but has not succeeded with the people. I and my companions were, however, pleased with a service decorously performed, and a sermon that indicated refinement of taste, and elocutional ability.

The Roman Catholics have a firm hold of Honolulu, in

spite of some vigorous attempts to dislodge them. Like the Reformed Catholic Church, they were originally viewed as interlopers, and as poachers on the American Presbyterian preserve.

It was thought unkind and unjust to invade, with proselyting intention, a domain that had been conquered for the Cross by another sect.

We entered their church, built of more substantial materials than the English edifice, and of greater size. The music was certainly inferior to that of the Reformed Catholic, and very much inferior to the display witnessed in the more orthodox Protestant building. The people were squatting about the floor, and were not too absorbed in the ceremonies of worship. The three priests of Oahu had an excellent reputation for quiet performance of duty, and the exhibition of piety.

The natives meet usually by themselves. I was much impressed with their huge stone church, accommodating 2,500 persons, and comfortably fitted up with pews. The congregation was decidedly respectable, if not fashionable. All wore English dresses, and the ladies, although in a Puritan temple, mounted no small amount of finery, with a show of flowers. The service was after the old Presbyterian type, though the singing was better than any I ever heard in a Presbyterian church, excepting good Dr. Guthrie's, of Edinburgh. The organ was played by the beautiful and accomplished wife of the Governor of Oahu. The choir was strictly a native one. The minister was of American origin, the son of an esteemed missionary, Mr. Parker. He is considered one of the best Hawaiian scholars. To my English ears, the tones were too soft and flowing to arouse the passions; and yet, on that Sunday afternoon, in a heat increased by the suspension of the trade winds, the congregation displayed a wakeful attention rarely seen in England. The schools form a most pleasing feature to a visitor. The Government is a model one in this respect. While we, in Great Britain, are yet quarrelling over the manner in which the people shall be educated, and while denominations are contending about the preservation of their distinctive rights in the school, Hawaii, the cannibal land, has organised a complete system of public instruction, and the population are essentially a reading community.

"But how was the education difficulty settled?" it may be asked.

The American missionaries prepared the first spelling-book and dictionary, opened the first schools, formed the first colleges. When the Government took the work out of their hands, a difficulty arose. The Roman Catholic priests objected to the use of the Bible in the public schools. The knot was cut by ignoring the ministers of all the churches. The State undertook to give the secular instruction, and left the religious teachers to make their own arrangements about creeds out of school.

The missionaries commenced their work in 1821. Now, throughout the Hawaiian Isles, there is scarcely an individual above the age of ten who cannot read and write. There are no poor, and hardly any criminals. The provoking cause of violence, strong drink, while allowed to be sold by whites to whites, cannot be given to a native without incurring the penalty of a hundred dollars, and the loss of a license.

Although some eight or ten thousand Hawaiians live in Honolulu, the race is fast declining. Not many years will pass before the smiling face of the aborigine will be seen no more. The gay, flower-festooned head will no longer yield a perfume, nor shall one hear the musical note of that affectionate greeting, "Aloha!" (love to you).

And yet, when these shall have passed away, the islands will speak of their presence. The romance of their history will remain. The deserted hut, the ruined taro patch, will soon be forgotten. But the songs the people left behind them will still breathe the spirit of the departed ones. The *heians*, or temples of their ancient gods, cyclopean in structure, having walls hundreds of yards in extent, of massive lava stones, will long outlive the cocoa-nut stems that framed their Christian churches, or the more stable structures in which their Christian prayers ascended.

Just outside Honolulu lies the lovely valley of Nuuanu. Going up it, past the villas of white and yellow merchants, the gardens of the native, the mausoleum of kings, the retreat of Queen Emma, and the plantations of strangers, we gain the lone but charming realm of Nature herself. Woods of wondrous attraction are hanging to cliffs of volcanic rocks; and hills, of diversified forms of beauty and grandeur, close in upon the tourist.

There is the Kow-tree, a sort of *Cordia*. The Candle-nut-tree is near it. The Ki roots are bound together with a strength and intricacy sufficient to keep away the steps of intruders. The paper-mulberry, the spreading Pandanus, the shady Ohios and Kukuias are gathered together. The sweet-scented Mairi once adorned the heads of chiefs. The rich perfume of the hundred-stemmed Caper comes down from the lava ledge, to which it clings with scarcely any soil. The yellow Tlima still furnishes the delightful-smelling wreaths or *leis*, which bind the forehead, or adorn the bosom, of native beauties. The Hinahina sheds its fragrance on the summits of mountains, where land and sea breezes meet, longing for its odorous blessing.

And berries are there; such as once were offered to Pélé, the goddess of the fire-laden crater, and which a Christian native chieftainess sacrilegiously gathered, and cast scoffingly into the surging temple of the deity, while daring the terrible destroyer to come forth and fight with the servant of Jehovah.

Birds enliven the lovely valley. The Moho trots along like a walking robin. The Hehivi reposes in its nest on the summit of lofty trees. The yellow Uo, the mottled Puaho, and the gregarious Korea, vary the sombre tints of the woods. The gorgeous Tropic-bird shows its plumage. The Uan never ventures to leave its home among the wilds of Hawaii, not even for this tempting valley. But red parroquets make the air ring with their chatterings, and song-birds of tropical plumage please ear as well as eye.

The insect and reptile worlds are not so well represented. Only one sort of butterfly can be caught, and no snakes are known. Even mosquitoes and flies are said to have been introduced by foreign ships to Honolulu. No prowling beasts inhabit the forest, though wild hogs are hunted in the woods.

But the rocks are, after all, the great attraction. Some are like Gothic cathedrals; others are of castellated forms. Here a protruding mountain, thrown up in the very valley, stands as a champion to contend with all comers; and then range a succession of rolling hills, as if tranquilly resting on each other. A vast wall of cinder rears itself as a mighty ridge in one part, while bulky mounds of volcanic ashes relieve another part, prominent in trachytic points.

At the end of the gradual ascent of the valley, where the two mountain sides gather in as if for a hostile meeting, the *Pali*, or precipice, is gained.

Ninety years ago this Nuuanu was the scene of a terrible battle between Kamehameha, the Hawaiian Napoleon, and the last of his foes, for the empire of the isles. Kiana had entrenched himself at the head of the valley behind a parapet of basaltic boulders, and laughed at the invader. But Young, the ancestor of Queen Emma, contrived to haul up a ship's cannon, so as to command the fort. The leader was shot, the barrier was surmounted, and the flying troops were driven over the *Pali*, six hundred feet below.

Overlooking Honolulu is the Punchbowl. On the side of this extinct crater is a native fort, mounting six guns, and commanding to that extent the town and harbour. A finer specimen of a crater is observed at Diamond Point, a little eastward of Honolulu. A third crater on the western side of the town, some four miles distant, is now filled by a salt-lake, whose level is above that of the ocean. This Alia-paakai is a mile from the shore, and a mile in circuit. If communication were made with the coral-bound water, an admirable port would be formed.

A drive along the coast, amidst bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nuts, and gardens abounding with the delicious fruits of the tropics, is a great attraction to the visitor. A couple of miles from the town is Punahou, the college of Oahu. Originally established as a school for the children of the missionaries, it has been transferred to Government as a high school or college for the white residents. A good library, a splendid collection of philosophical apparatus, class-rooms fitted up with even luxurious appliances, and well-chosen teachers, combine to make this institution an honour to Hawaii.

The well-sustained college for natives is on the largest island. A superior education is given to the gentler sex at several admirably conducted seminaries. The Roman Catholic mission at Honolulu has a boarding establishment for young ladies, under the charge of some accomplished French nuns. A daughter of one of the earliest missionaries conducts a boarding girls' school with much success; her pupils are judiciously trained to be wives, and are eagerly sought after by gentlemen of white, olive, and yellow complexions.

The press is an important feature of Honolulu. Two papers, of opposite politics, are printed for native readers, who are sufficient to support the periodicals comfortably. Translations of some of our best English authors may be found in many Hawaiian homes. The post-office is admirably managed, and extensively patronised. As fluent letter-writers, the natives of both sexes may be favourably compared with English and Americans.

Wealth is rapidly pouring into Honolulu. As a port of call for steamers between California and Asia, or between the Pacific States and Australia, and as the favourite season rendezvous and market for whalers, many sovereigns and dollars are left on shore. The opening up of the rich valleys and mountain slopes for the growth of cotton, coffee, sugar, &c., will add still further to the development of the islands.

The Government is a limited monarchy. Under the native sovereign a ministry and a parliament of foreigners and Hawaiians rule the country ably and wisely. There is perfect freedom without licentiousness. The rights of conscience are duly observed, since all religions are equal in the sight of the law, though not supported by the State. The community may be truly described as peaceful, contented, and happy.

We witness the reverse of the shield as we dwell upon the continual decrease of the native population. In the time of Captain Cook the numbers were, perhaps, six times what may now be seen. The Hawaiians have been civilised beyond any other aboriginal people. And now, having been thus raised by Anglo-Saxon intelligence from barbarism and paganism, they are slowly but surely passing childless to the grave.

The portly form and gigantic frame of Kamehameha V. appeared to us in the streets of Honolulu. But now he has gone childless to the grave. Only the first of the fine Kamehamehas left any offspring. The whole race of kings and princely chiefs has departed. There is no one of royal blood to mount the vacant throne.

Ascent of "the Mist" Peak, Rarotonga, South Pacific.

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

Some time ago, being in temporary charge of the Rarotongan Mission, I was desirous of seeing the chief natural curiosity of the island; *i.e.*, the central mountain, which is upwards of 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. On account of its being generally enveloped in clouds and mist, it is appropriately called "Te-kou," or "the Mist." Unlike most of the other mountains of Rarotonga, which run to almost inaccessible peaks, "the Mist" appears perfectly level, as if its summit had been cut off. From the centre of this magnificent mountain gushes a copious and never-failing fountain, which supplies the island with water.

A party having been at length arranged for the ascent, we started at dawn, a party of twenty, all natives, excepting myself. We were soon completely drenched with the dew from the wild plants and vines which in many places had overgrown the unfrequented path. After a long walk we reached the head of the valley, which is the hereditary property of the royal Makea family. After resting awhile in a fine grove of plantains, it was settled that some of our party should remain to cook a pig provided for the occasion. The king, Makea Daniela,*

* Makea Daniela was a man of enormous bulk and appetite. He could dispatch a large turkey and a small pig, with a good supply of vegetables, at one meal! He was kind to the missionaries, and to all visitors. Yet he once said to the writer, "I am only a child compared with my father." His father was an inveterate cannibal down to the introduction of Christianity in Rarotonga.

had generously directed that an unlimited supply of taro, bread-fruit, and plantains should be cooked in honour of our visit to "the Mist."

At the farther end of the plantain-grove the ascent began, and at first proved tolerably easy. We held on to bushes and trees, much as a sailor does to his ropes. At one place our farther advance was arrested by an enormous *bua* (*Beslaria laurifolia*), uprooted by a hurricane. The flowers of this tree are white in the morning and orange-yellow in the afternoon, and are deliciously fragrant. Hence it is that in later times *bua* has become the only name in use for soap! The wood of this tree is of very fine grain and of a light yellow colour, valuable for carving and for plane-handles. The main interest, however, is its connection with the ancient faith of these islanders, the long branches being the road by which the spirits of the dead descended to Hades.

On we pressed, but the ascent grew steeper; and the friendly trees entirely failed us. My own strength was rapidly failing. It was at this point that Mr. Buzacott, some years previously, was literally hauled up with a stout rope. On starting I had utterly scorned the idea of help, but here became very thankful for the assistance of two or three agile natives, who pulled and pushed me up. At last we all gained the summit, and gladly threw ourselves down on the tall wet fern for a brief rest.

The summit of "the Mist" is table-land, covered with a variety of noble trees. Ferns are of such rank growth that to find one another when once separated was a perpetual game of hide-and-seek. We planted a cocoanut-tree as a memorial of our visit. Our first feeling was one of intense disappointment; for, though some thousands of feet above the level of the ocean, for a long while we could see nothing at all, on account of a thick mist. Our light clothing was completely saturated. After some time the rays of the sun faintly struggled through the vapour; and yet, far below us, the sides of the mountain remained enveloped in clouds. In the middle of the morning a glorious sun shone out upon us, and we had (what one can never forget) a bird's eye view of Rarotonga in all its beauty, for about half an hour. Here and there rose from the long mountain range, constituting the backbone of the island, a few peaks, like grim giant sentinels at least a thousand feet above the level to which we had climbed. Yet mountains, valleys, and narrow strips of alluvial soil near the sea were all enrobed with a mantle of green of various shades. Intense solitude reigns here. At this elevation scarcely a trace of human life could be seen. The natives pointed out to me the direction in which the five villages of Rarotonga lay nestling amongst orange groves and cocoa palms.



NATIVE HOUSES, RAROTONGA.

But the main point of interest was "the fountain of Aruea," which, singularly enough, springs up out of the very summit of "the Mist," and discharges its waters towards the village of Ngatangiia. It is a weird spot, shut in on all sides by rank vegetation. In heathen times the conquered congregated here to drink and to hide themselves from their foes in the tall fern. The seat of Makea was pointed out, where in a period of adversity he took shelter from his foes.

Wild taro grows round this elevated fountain. It being the dry season at the period of our visit, the volume of water was comparatively small. Two species of fish are found in this spring: one, called the "karaea," is about eighteen inches in length, of a yellowish colour, and not unlike a pale lizard. The other is a little scaly fish, known at Rarotonga as the "taputapu." One wonders how these fish got there. The natives stupidly imagine there is some subterranean communication with the ocean, for similar kinds of fish abound in salt water. The existence of a perennial fountain at such an elevation is of course owing to the incessant rain and vapour. Whilst on the mountain we had heavy rain, but found upon

our return to the village of Avarua that it had been there a day of unclouded sunshine.

We next went in search of the waterfall. To do this we followed as nearly as possible the rocky channel worn out for itself by the stream. On this side of "the Mist" there is a sheer perpendicular precipice, over which the stream suddenly leaps, forming a magnificent cascade, which will for ever give interest to the climbing of the central mountain of this lovely island. Venturing as closely as we dared to the edge of the giddy precipice, we found the volume of water greatly to exceed our expectation, being increased, on its way to the mad leap, by a thousand tiny rills. The sparkling stream, reflecting at the moment all the hues of the rainbow, falls to a great depth into a valley far beneath, and is entirely lost to sight amongst lofty trees.

As we all stood silently watching this beautiful waterfall, we were horrified at the sight of an unfortunate student who had fallen into the stream (but not in the centre of it), helplessly sliding on to inevitable destruction! But, through the good providence of God, when within a few feet of the precipice, his progress was arrested by the huge roots of a neighbouring tree which had shot across the channel, following a crack in the stony surface. In a moment Vaevae was dragged as it were out of the very jaws of death.

This put an end to sight-seeing. Besides, we were getting intolerably hungry, so we prepared to descend. But after retracing our way to the only accessible side of this mountain, we found the grass and fern so slippery that a descent was not without its perils. The danger, of course, was that of being forced into a run. After some time, the natives suggested a sliding match. Fortunately, pieces of stout bark and flat wood enabled us to carry out this suggestion. Pocketing my dignity, I was glad to imitate their example. At a given signal we were all sliding down "the Mist" at a tremendous rate. In this way, to our great delight, we speedily got over the worst part of the descent, and landed safely amongst tall trees and bushes. With the assistance of the lower branches we soon got down into the bosom of the valley—a pitiable sight indeed we were! The "cooks" at once opened a smoking oven of substantial food. Famished mortals like ourselves were only too glad of a rude repast in the bush spread out on banana-leaves, and garnished with cocoa-nuts fresh from the trees. We had been absent from our friends in the valley about five hours. After satisfying our hunger, our guide, the oldest man of the party, related, as follows, the myth concerning—

THE FOUNTAIN OF "THE MIST."

"There once lived at Avarua, close to the sea, a divinity named 'The Tongan' and his wife Rangatira, usually known as 'the Beauty' (Ari).

"One day 'the Beauty' said to her husband, 'What a lovely creature is yon spotted lizard! Would that you were like him!'

"In a moment the complaisant husband entered the lizard. But when the fickle beauty perceived that her once noble husband had actually changed into a crawling reptile, she vented her mortification in the well-known song—

"'The fair Rangatira is angry with the Tongan,
Disgusted at his altered form,
She will henceforth deem herself a widow!'

"At this the crafty husband remarked, 'What a beautiful cuttle-fish is that I see yonder on the reef! I would you would enter it!' Pleased at the fancy, Rangatira at once did so, but only to earn the disgust of her husband. In her turn she was greatly vexed, and, intent on immediate revenge, she dived to the very depths of the ocean, little thinking that she was closely followed by her husband. On reaching the very foundations of Rarotonga, she clave a hole in the solid rock and earth until she actually emerged at the very crest of the mountain of the Mist. 'Ah!' thought the chagrined beauty 'my husband will never find out my hiding-place.' Scarcely had these words passed her lips than she found her faithful Tongan at her side, in outward appearance resembling a lizard and a fish; so that whilst she had merely preserved her cuttle-fish form, he had changed his form into that of a sea-lizard, to enable him to give chase to his runaway spouse.

"For awhile they lived pleasantly together in the spring on the top of 'the Mist,' which thenceforth was called 'the Fountain of the Followed One' (Aruea). It is also denominated 'the Fountain of Rangatira,' inasmuch as she first made the waters well up from the heart of the mountain. Facetiously, it is also known as 'the shaggy mouth of the Mist,' in allusion to the tall trees and ferns surrounding it.

"Weary of their solitary life on the mountain-top, they resolved to return to their old abode near the sea. They accordingly left the fountain in charge of Niu and Nānā, *i.e.*, the 'taputapu' and the 'karaea,' or lizard-fish. But, unluckily for their own interests, they omitted to give instructions to these guardians. However, a long reed, which had the wonderful virtue of directing the course of the stream, was inserted in the hole through which the waters rushed. The upper end of the reed was inclined towards the north, so that a stream of crystal water hurried on towards the home of these gods at Avarua.

"Shortly after, Toutika (Hit-the-mark) made his appearance on the crest of 'the Mist,' and found a copious stream flowing in a northerly direction. Addressing the sparkling, gushing fountain, Toutika inquired whether there were any guardians there. A voice from the depths of the waters answered, 'Yes; here are two fairies, Niu and Nānā.' 'Who placed you there?' —'The Tongan deity and his wife.' 'Where are they gone?' —'To guide the course of the stream to their home at Avarua.' 'Well, then,' said the crafty Toutika, 'should they come back and speak to you, be sure to remain silent, or I will kill you both. When I speak, respond at once.' Niu and Nānā agreed to this. Toutika now altered the direction of the long reed to due east, and the obedient waters at once abandoned their former channel, and flowed towards Ngatangiia. The successful interloper ran on with the stream, to watch the leaping of the waters from the precipice in the direction of his home.

"The lizard god and his mate, the cuttle-fish, finding the waters suddenly fail, hurried back to the fountain to ascertain the cause. They discovered that the direction of the long, wonder-working reed had been altered. They soon came upon the unblushing Toutika, and high words ensued. The lizard and cuttle-fish gods claimed the fountain as theirs. Toutika as positively claimed it as his. Toutika demanded proof. Said the Avaruan divinities, 'We have appointed two servants of ours as keepers of this spring.' It was accordingly agreed that to them the final appeal should be made, and the party

to whom these fairies might respond should be regarded as the true lord of the fountain. The lizard and the cuttle-fish gods now confidently and in unison chanted to the guardians of the spring, but there was no response whatever. Toutika now exultingly exclaimed, 'Did I not tell you that the water is not yours?' The Avaruan gods faintly said to the interloper, 'It is your turn to address the fairies of the spring.' Toutika said—

"'Oh, Niu! oh, Nānā! come forth from your hiding-place!
Transform yourselves into a stream, a vast volume of water,
And leap, leap with resplendent brilliancy, oh Niu!'

"At this the waters, which had entirely ceased to flow during the long dispute of the gods, rushed forth from their secret hiding-place, and quickly moved on to the edge of the cliff towards Ngatangiia, to which the reed still kept pointing. Stung with disappointment and rage, the lizard and cuttle-fish gods chased the advancing stream in the vain hope of checking its progress. But without heeding their futile attempts, the stream rushed on and on, until, reaching the perpendicular cliff, it took a wild and defiant leap far down into the deep gorge at the base of the eastern side of the mountain. The angry Avaruan gods dared not follow the beautiful waterfall through fear of being dashed to pieces; so they slunk back as best they could to their own territory near the sea. The dejected lizard god was only too glad to sun himself after his long and bootless journey; hence it is that all his descendants are yellow, sallow-looking, spiritless reptiles, who can find nothing better to do than to bask through the livelong day in the sun. Thus, shame has caused the pretty spots of their ancestor to change into a dirty yellow complexion.

"As for Rangatira (cuttle-fish), she was so thoroughly wearied with travelling through fern and grass from the summit of 'the Mist,' that she gladly rested in a shady spot, thenceforth called 'Parai,' or 'Resting-place.'"

Such is the myth connected with the fountain of "the Mist." "Parai" is the ancient "resting" or burial place of the Makea family, who down to 1821 worshipped the cuttle-fish.

About half a mile from Parai, close to the usual landing-place, is a remarkable basin of fresh water called "the Cuttle-fish Stream." At certain seasons, the water assumes a dark, cloudy appearance, as if a cuttle-fish had ejected its ink into the stream. Yet in the course of a day or two the water again becomes clear, and sailors fill their water-casks as before. Doubtless this is owing to the presence of cuttle-fish, who come there to spawn.

The stream which leaps from the precipitous side of "the Mist" is discharged into the ocean by three channels; so that it may be fairly said that the fountain referred to is the unfailing source of the water-supply of this beautiful island.

An Adventure in Province Wellesley.

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

Province Wellesley—at least that part of it under British rule—consists of a strip of land facing the island of Penang, in the Straits of Malacca. Up to the beginning of this century it was included in the territory of the Rajah of Queda. It is watered by a number of rivers, which before the advent of our rule used to be the haunt of pirates that were the dread of merchantmen frequenting the Straits. These marauders have entirely disappeared, or have been driven inland to the mountains of the Malayan Peninsula; and the land—which was formerly a jungle waste, affording shelter to savage beasts and men—has been transformed into one of the most productive sugar districts in the East. The trader is now free to navigate its rivers without the dread of encountering anything more formidable than the sluggish crocodiles that bask in the sun on the marshy banks, or the man-eating tigers that still scour the remaining jungle or prowl about the verge of the plantations, waiting to pounce upon some wayfarer, or solitary coolie at work in the cane-fields.

It is now some years since the events occurred which I am about to describe. I was travelling at the time in Malayan India, and had made the acquaintance of a number of the Scotch planters of Province Wellesley, who had given me accounts of adventures, which, to those of them living on the more remote plantations, were occurrences of every-day life. They gave glowing descriptions, too, of the abundance of the game in this favoured region, of the beauty of the painted snipe which abounds in the new cane-fields, of the glorious opportunities afforded in the forest-covered mountains for hunting the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, and deer; while the Malays gave me accounts of a race of hairy men wearing tails, and inhabiting the wilds of Bukit Mer Tajum (the pointed hill). They probably meant the ape, commonly known among them as the "orang-outan," or "wild man." I had a Madras servant of the name of Talep, who advised me strongly not to visit the interior of the province, as he had been cautioned against the "orang-anto," or the malignant spirits of the forests, who were seen at night flying about with swift, poisonous lights. I told him that I was quite prepared to face his fiery enemies, and that I had accepted an invitation from Mr. Cain to visit his plantation, the most distant in the province, at the foot of a range of hills said to be inhabited by a tribe of blood-thirsty Malays. Talep signified his willingness to accompany me, as he was anxious to satisfy himself about the "orang-anto," and the men with tails. He thought if he could only see one he might be able to persuade him to come down to the plains and civilised life, where his tail would be a fortune to him, and the envy of all other inferior tail-less beings. We selected a calm morning, and crossed the Straits, a distance of nine miles, in a Malay boat, to the nearest point in the province, landing at a native village. We engaged two wagons, each drawn by a pair of black water buffaloes. The distance to my friend's estate was fifteen miles. Talep and the baggage were stowed in the leading wagon, I followed in the other, enjoying for the first mile or two the beauty of the forest and jungle scenery. We

had to pass through part of a mangrove swamp over an arm of land that had at no distant period been covered by the sea. It was interesting to notice how admirably this plant, which can only grow on the verge of the sea, had accomplished the task of raising the land. The tortuous roots of each plant were raised over the water in a complete network, which had caught and retained the deposits of successive tides till it had been raised to form the dry land over which we were passing. We soon left the swamp for the main road, passing a number of Malay hamlets embowered in rich tropical foliage, and shaded with groves of banana and the broad leaves of the cocoa and areca palm-trees.

Suddenly the sky became overcast with heavy masses of dark cloud. The bright day was transformed into dusk. The palms rocked uneasily in the breeze—the forest moaned and whispered of approaching storm. Flocks of waterfowl shot across the sky, shrieking, from the darkness. Talep stopped and ordered the men to put an extra covering of leaves over the wagons. "Now," he said, "the storm will be on us in a few minutes, and we have done what we can to keep the rain out." We soon discovered, however, that the palm-thatched roofs of our conveyances were by no means watertight.

The road grew darker until night seemed to have set in, when flash after flash of lightning developed a hundred unearthly hues in the foliage, followed by peals of thunder that shook the earth and rolled away in echoes through the forest. A strong earthy odour betokened the approach of rain, as it swept with a dull sound along the road, where for a moment we could mark its approach, before it was upon us like a solid sheet of tepid water. The covering of my cart was useless—the water came through like a steady shower-bath.

The huge buffaloes plodded along, heedless of the storm. I shouted to the men to mind the ditches, as the road was now completely flooded over, and the carts were dragging through mud up to the axles. As long as we had a line of trees to guide us, the men kept the middle of the road; these stately guides were soon in the rear, and we were left to flounder through the flood, with ditches about six feet wide and nearly as deep on each side. It was too dark to see far ahead, and the turbid red water was lashed into foam by the bickering rain.

The interior of my cart became soaked and slippery, and I was helplessly shunted from side to side as the vehicle plunged into the pitfalls of the submerged road. I was making a desperate effort to wedge myself into a corner, when I heard a splash and a drowning cry. Talep, wagon, and baggage had disappeared in the ditch. I hastened, waist-deep in water, to the scene of the disaster. The driver had dived to extricate the drowning Talep, whom he brought up, looking little the worse. He next proceeded to unharness his buffaloes, after which he swam off with them down the ditch, and was followed by his companion and his animals before I could remonstrate. I was thoroughly unprepared for such a piece of cool audacity. I would have fired over their heads to bring them to reason, but my firearms were under water. They were off, and there was no mistake of that. Damp and disagreeable as I felt, I could not sustain the grave dignity which the dilemma demanded. I laughed outright, to the dismay of Talep, who was certain that he felt the evil influences of the "orang-anto" coming over him. Something was to be done. We could not wait here until Providence should disperse the deluge. It was equally clear that we could not drain the cart, and that at any rate we could not pull it up to my friend's plantation, or even the road. It was under water, and so was my book of directions; and neither of us felt inclined for a descent into the ditches. It was growing darker—night was evidently coming on in earnest. We shouted until hoarse, and were at length answered by the report of a gun, followed by a voice, which was evidently hailing us. I pushed on in the direction of the sound, followed by Talep, until we reached a cane-field, when I again shouted for help, and was answered by my friend the planter, who had come out to meet us. Mr. Cain had a good laugh at our misfortunes, and explained that the ruffian drivers knew well enough where they were, but feared his wrath. We were soon beneath his hospitable roof, where I forgot the day's adventure in the agreeable society of our host. Our chief topic of conversation was home and the old country, which kept us up till near midnight; Mr. Cain then lit a small lamp, and showed me up to my bedroom; passing to a chest of drawers in one corner of the room, he then produced a revolver and sword, and gravely handing them to me, requested that I should place one under my pillow, and keep the other close at hand, adding that I must not be startled by a midnight attack from a hill tribe. He had heard rumours of approaching danger, and thought it well to be prepared for the worst, as the planter and his wife, who preceded him, had been taken by surprise and murdered in their own house. I thought this would have fairly kept sleep from me, without the addition of a marvellous cloud of insect life, which the storm had driven in—beetles buzzing and banging about the room, and mosquitoes innumerable, stinging and singing about one's ears. I felt, however, fagged out, and soon dropped off into a profound sleep, from which I awoke with a start, to find Cain standing over me, brandishing a sword that flashed in the flickering lamplight. The next moment he had dragged me out of bed, crying, "Follow me! take the revolver and sword just as you are! the Malays are on us!"

I slipped on my shoes and followed him, armed and in my sleeping gear; but soon lost sight of him in the darkness. I could still hear his voice calling, "Make for the fires! make for the fires! My God, they are burning the coolie houses!" I shaped my way as well as I could in a straight course to the light of the nearest burning building, plunging and floundering through swampy ground and over fields, till I reached the house, and heard the moans of some one in great pain. I found the building had fallen down, and was aflame at one end. I hailed the sufferer, who replied in Malay that he was killed.

In my endeavours to reach him I stumbled over a huge warm body; next moment I had received a poke in the ribs, and found that I had narrowly escaped being impaled on the horn of a huge water buffalo stretched out in the shed. I found the man who had declared himself killed was only slightly crushed by the falling rafters; and that we were the victims of a false alarm. The storm, which had been raging with unabated violence during the night had blown down the coolie houses, which had caught fire.

The forenoon of the next day was devoted to sleep. After dinner I was shown a very large crocodile that was trapped in an adjoining stream, on the bank of which a labourer had been bathing his child, when the monster caught the babe in its huge jaws. The alarm spread; the entire gang of coolies



JUNGLE AND TREE FERNS.

assembled, dammed the stream at two places, and caught the huge reptile with a baited hook.

From my bedroom the view extended over a vast extent of hill-country, covered with jungle and forest, the hunting-grounds of a tribe of half-savage Malays, who were a great source of trouble and anxiety to my friend Cain.

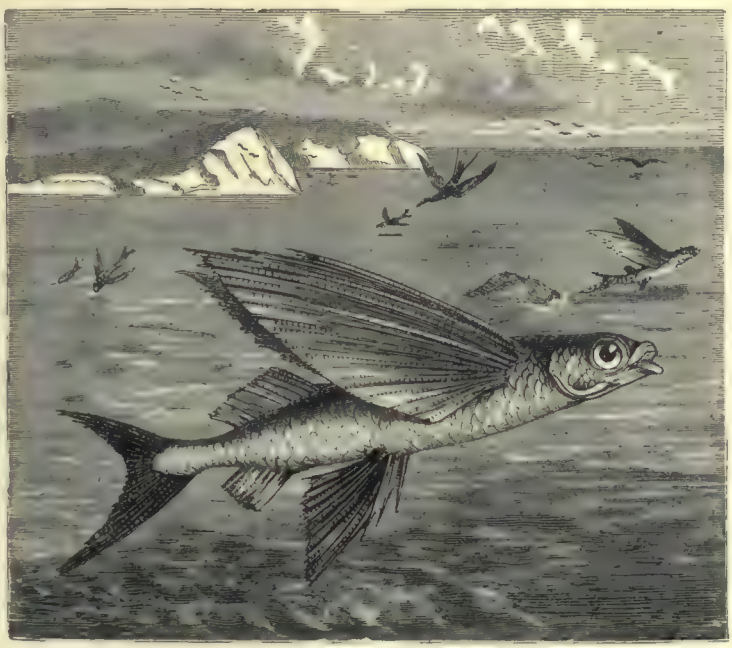
I could find no further trace of the tailed men than that they lived in the mountains further inland.

The tribe of men most nearly approaching to the brute in their habits that I have met with during my travels is known as Jacoon. The Jacoons are found dwelling in trees in the interior of Johore.

The scenery of Province Wellesley is strikingly beautiful. The country is mountainous and richly wooded. The jungle foliage is luxuriant, and diversified with specimens of rare palms and tree-ferns.

Shark-Catching.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said to the contrary by the generality of travellers, a long sea voyage is often a far from unpleasant affair, when captain, officers, and passengers are upon good terms with each other. The monotony of the voyage may be much relieved by such games as shipboard quoits, chess, draughts, cards; and theatricals and concerts are even got up on board passenger ships occasionally. A first sea voyage is generally enjoyed by all travellers (perhaps excepting those who, during rough weather, are so constantly inquiring of the busy captain, officers, and crew, as to whether "there really is any danger"), everything connected with ships and sailing being interesting on account of novelty; the names of the different sails, ropes, &c., are learnt, and often the landsman who has had, say, a fortnight's experience of the open sea, begins to talk quite knowingly upon nautical matters. A voyage, short or long, must be a really severe trial to those who suffer much from sea-sickness, as, from what I have witnessed of this complaint, the sufferings of those prostrated by it must be intense. With some constitutions, the pain and sickness return upon every occasion of rough weather, though the generality of landsmen, after a few days of a rather sharp ordeal, recover their health and "get their sea-legs" for the rest of the voyage. Some landsmen are so happily constituted for travelling by water, that the rolling and pitching of the ship during fair or foul weather produces no disagreeable effect upon them; among which number I am fortunate enough to be included. "Good sailors," as those who are not subject to the *mal de mer* are generally called, are often asked as to what is the best "thing to take" upon embarking for a voyage; all manner of things, from hot tea and chloroform to fat salt pork, have been recommended, but it has always appeared to me that the greatest relief was obtained from effervescing drinks, such as soda-water, or lemonade with a little brandy, champagne, or even bottled stout. In serious cases the medical man should be applied to.



FLYING-FISH.

During a long passage the chief excitements, apart from such as are to be obtained among the little community on board, consist in sighting new lands, "speaking" other ships by means of signal-flags, and occasionally watching the gambols of various denizens of the deep. One day a troop of whales may perchance be seen rolling and sporting in the distance, throwing up long jets of foaming water from their nostrils; on another, all hands may be watching a school of dolphins in eager pursuit of a host of flying-fish, some of which latter, perhaps, if the ship be heavily-laden, fall on deck, they not being capable of a continuous flight, but merely leaping from the water and supporting themselves by their long wings (or rather fins) while describing an arch over the surface of the water, although they can renew their flight after merely touching the water.

Albatross-catching generally affords much amusement to passengers. These huge birds are sometimes caught by means of a long line and a hook baited with a piece of salt pork. A few small pieces of the meat are generally allowed to float out astern of the ship; the albatross seeing these, after describing two or three circles in the air, alights upon the water and swallows them one by one; another piece is then fixed upon the hook and thrown upon the water, the line being gradually payed out as it drifts astern. Should the albatross seize the bait the line is drawn taut and hauled in steadily, care being taken that it does not slacken, as the hook is, commonly, only

fixed in the curve of the upper mandible of the bird's beak, and may be easily shaken out if a stress be not kept upon the line. An albatross when hooked resists the hauling in process very stoutly, spreading his long wings and so placing his broad webbed feet in the water as to give himself the greatest purchase. Of all sport, however, which is to be had upon the broad ocean nothing can equal shark-catching; the antipathy in which this terrible fish is held by seafaring men in general, the gallant struggle he at times makes for his life, and the uncertainty of capture, for sharks will not always take the bait even when two or more are swimming astern, all add zest to this kind of fishing.

The first shark I ever saw captured was taken near the equator, that part of the globe so deservedly celebrated for intense heat, dead calms, and baffling winds. A large shark having for some days accompanied our ship, swimming quietly astern, attended by two or three little pilot-fish,* devouring any offal which was thrown overboard, and taking an occasional frolic round the vessel, permission was obtained to attempt his capture. A strong shark-hook attached to a few links of iron-chain being produced by our mate, was fastened to a stout rope, and a good-sized piece of pork selected from the "harness cask" for bait. The hook baited with the pork was thrown into the water and in a few moments the little striped pilot-fish were seen steadily swimming in the wake of the pork as it dragged along the surface of the water; these fish seemed to have no inclination to attack the bait, and what motive they have for accompanying the shark remains a mystery, unless, as has been sometimes suggested, the pilot-fish obtains his subsistence from the remains of the shark's prey, as the jackal is said to do from that of the lion. Soon after we had noticed the pilot-fish, the back fin of the shark was seen above the surface of the water, bearing down steadily towards the bait, which he soon began to swim around, cautiously examining it, and apparently suspicious of the rather conspicuous line by which it was connected with our ship, the pilot-fish continuing to hover fearlessly about his formidable jaws. It was a curious sight to see the shark make a rush towards the bait, causing those on board who held the line to grasp eagerly in order to be ready to give the jerk which was to fix the hook in his jaws, and then, after turning on his side sufficiently to show his great mouth and light-coloured belly, sink slowly and quietly out of sight in the clear water. A few small pieces of pork which were dropped into the water were immediately snapped up by the shark as he played around the pork, from which at length he could refrain no longer, when rolling over on his back, his jaws were seen to close upon the bait.

The movement of the shark and the jerk given to the line fixed the hook firmly enough, and then commenced a tremendous struggle, the shark rushing hither and thither, straining at as much of the line as was payed out to him, and lashing the water into a white foam as he described a frantic semicircle, at the end of his tether, around the ship's stern, amid the laughter of the passengers and the execrations of some of the sailors. This shark, having afforded about a quarter of an hour's sport, was brought up, much exhausted, under the taffrail, now crowded with lookers-on, and a bowline having been got over his tail and drawn tight, he was hauled upon deck, when he immediately resumed his activity, plunging and struggling and lashing with his tail, until that member was cut nearly through with an axe, with such force upon the deck as to bring those of the passengers who preferred their mattresses to the early morning air, tumbling up speedily to see "what on earth was happening."

The shark when opened was not found to contain any quantity of food, proving that cunning and not repletion had been the cause of his for so long refusing the bait. The heart continued to pulsate for a considerable length of time after being taken from the body. Some steaks were cut from this shark, more for the gratification of such of the passengers as had never tasted "shark-steak," than for any other reason, as the flesh of a large shark is in flavour abominable, although in some parts of the world young sharks are openly sold in the fish-markets.

The jawbones, with their formidable rows of teeth were, of course, a coveted trophy, as also was the backbone, the vertebræ of which were converted into draughtsmen by their possessors.

* The pilot-fish is one of the mackerel family.

Recollections of South Africa.—I.

BY A LATE COLONIST.

EARLY one morning, shortly after my arrival in Durban, I was awakened from my slumbers by a colonial friend entering my bedroom at the hotel, and reminding me that I had agreed to ride out with him to his plantation, with the promise, further, to be ready for the journey by sunrise.

A very short time suffices for the duties of the toilet when men are travelling by unfrequented roads at an early hour; we were, therefore, soon out of doors, and rousing the native grooms, with some little difficulty, we get our horses saddled and mounted. Some little delay caused by my friend's horse, a somewhat eccentric quadruped, which insisted upon going through a series of plunges and archings of the back in a cat-like manner, and making strenuous efforts to get his head between his knees, for convenience in "buck-jumping," a habit to which he is sometimes addicted, especially when he has been kept in the stable for a day or two. After he had finished his performance we trotted off through the deep sand of the town streets, and emerged upon a large dreary flat, the road over which was also for the most part through a heavy white sand, necessitating quiet riding even during the cool hours of early morning. The Umgeni flat, with its arid-looking sandy soil, varied by diminutive swamps and clumps of scrubby brush, and

covered with a coarse unsavoury-looking grass, is about as melancholy-looking a spot as can be found in a country where pretty scenery is rather the rule than the exception.

The few cattle feeding upon this plain seem, as they endeavour to switch their sides with as much of their tails as inoculation* has left them, as if between the wretched herbage and the abundant ticks which infest it, unlike Mark Tapley, they found it utterly impossible to be, or even to seem to be, "jolly under the circumstances."

Things looked a little more cheerful when we arrived at a small collection of houses, an hotel, a butchery, and a railway station, towards which a couple of spans (teams) of oxen were slowly and laboriously dragging their heavily-laden wagons. The railway to the Umgeni has proved a great boon to planters and farmers residing in Victoria county, as also to transport riders (carriers by wagon); their loads of sugar, coffee, cotton, arrowroot, and maize, being shifted from the bullock wagons to the railway trucks at the Umgeni station, thus avoiding the very severe work of dragging the loaded wagons through the four miles of road inches deep in sand to Durban, which was always found very trying to the cattle.

Crossing the bridge which spans the broad river Umgeni, the aspect of the country almost immediately begins to improve, and within a mile of the river the road leads through a thicket of tall trees festooned with creepers of various kinds, and haunted by numbers of small birds of brilliant plumage and evidently, from the continuous chattering at this early hour, not wholly free from monkeys, though these animals are too wary to often show themselves so near a roadway. The song of the birds is but a twittering, or a harsh grating note, constantly repeated; one bird only, we observe, having a clear, strong, bell-like note, but without any variation; however, there is a pleasant sound in the voices of even South African birds as we ride quietly along under the overhanging trees, through which the sun, lately risen, is gleaming redly. We are, however, suddenly and rather sharply reminded that all specimens of the animal creation peculiar to South Africa are not so pleasant to look upon as her bright-plumaged birds, by the sight of a villanous-looking black snake almost under our horses' feet; we dismount simultaneously and immediately, and our snake being crippled in a moment by a stroke from a riding-switch, is quickly dispatched. "Rather a near thing!" remarks my friend; and I, knowing well enough the vicious nature of this peculiarly venomous reptile, which will even attack man or beast, occasionally, without apparent provocation, feel that we have been most fortunate in saving our horses from being bitten.

This black snake, which is as much dreaded by the natives as by Europeans, seems to be identical with, or closely allied to, the cobra naje (of India); at all events I have seen this African snake so named in the snake-house at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park since my return to England.

Riding along the coast road of Natal, we passed many plantations of sugar, coffee, cotton, and arrowroot, of which the garden-like coffee plantations, with their long "wind rows"† of orange, lemon, and banana trees are certainly the most pleasing to the eye. A sugar plantation is not so attractive in point of beauty, the fields of cane when seen from a distance showing merely as large blocks of a lighter green than the surrounding verdure upon the hill-side or plain, while the mill-house and buildings generally, roofed with galvanised iron, and of course furnished with the inevitable tall chimney, are almost always situated on the low-lying ground. A sugar-planter's house and garden-ground in Natal are often tasteful, and almost always—speaking from *personal* experience I should say *always*—comfortable, and the situation is sometimes very beautiful; but I could never learn to think that the cultivation of the sugar-cane in any way enhanced the beauty of the scene.

There is, I think, no journey so pleasant as one performed on horseback, through the more interesting parts of such a colony as that at Natal, and I come to this conclusion after having practised all ordinary modes of locomotion both at home and abroad. During a long ride there is so much actual change of scene, the long bush path with its overhanging foliage shading man and horse for a time from the fierce sun, the stretch of open land where, if the journey be not a very long one, the horseman may indulge in a smart canter, and the frequently occurring hills, cliffs, and valleys, relieve the eye from anything like monotony. Occasionally, more especially at the commencement or close of day, a little graceful antelope may be seen cautiously stealing across the road, when the way leads through thickets, or galloping along the grassy plain when the road runs through open country. During the sunny hours numerous brilliantly coloured butterflies are to be seen fluttering along the path; one of the most common of these is a very beautiful insect, the wings being marked with a bright blue upon a black ground. This species is the *Junonia Clelia* of naturalists. In its company are often seen one or more species of the beautiful genus *Callosune*, in which the ground colour of the wings is pure white, with tips elegantly tinted with orange, rosy-red, or opalescent carmine. They flutter nimbly in parties of half a dozen or more over the patches of leguminous and other flowers which beautify the skirts of the road.

We arrived at my friend's house before the heat of the day had set in, and after a substantial breakfast—the warm climate of South Africa but rarely impairs the appetite of an Englishman—we wandered over my friend's estate, which, being but recently-reclaimed bush land, contained, as yet, but little to interest. The "master," however, had much to see to upon his return from town, many complaints to listen to from his black labourers, and, as may be imagined, some fault to find concerning neglected work. He remarked to me that "when the cat is away the mice will play," and added that he would soon have everything "ship shape" again. A planter who keeps no European assistant must naturally expect to lose some of his labourers' work when circumstances compel him to be absent for a time from his land; as, though he may set "tasks" to be performed by his return, he will find that the natural indolence of the Kafir, or the love of pleasure and drink of the Indian coolie, has militated sadly against the performance of these tasks; and it really seems that no fear of punishment or stoppage of wages will have the effect of causing black labourers to work energetically when no longer under the eye of a white man. The usual excuse for work not completed is that some of the men have been "sick," which generally means, in the case of the natives, buck-hunting, and very often in that of the coolies, drunk. All rules, however, have their exceptions,

* South African cattle, working cattle especially, are commonly inoculated in the tail with matter from the lung of a beast which has died or been killed while suffering from "lung sickness," as a safeguard from that disease.

† Live fences to protect the coffee-trees from the strong winds which occasionally prevail.

as during my stay in Natal I saw a coffee plantation formed and cultivated up to bearing-time without an English resident overseer; the owner of this estate was an old colonist, and one very familiar with the native language, habits, and prejudices. He appeared to be unusually fortunate in his selection of coolie "surdars," or gangers, who worked his batch of Indian labourers; he was also in the constant habit of riding over at all hours of the day, and often quite unexpectedly, to see how matters were progressing.

Towards the close of the day we sat luxuriating beneath the shade of my host's verandah, in the excee lingly comfortable lounging-chairs so much affected by South African colonists, and watching the vicious-looking, buzzing, yellow-legged hornets who were building their little mud "combs" or nests, in which the larvæ are to be reared, and supplying the cells with a stock of small spiders, which though stung, apparently retain sufficient vitality to prevent their decaying before the young hornets shall have become sufficiently matured to devour them. These hornets, which are tolerably abundant, are, of course, anything rather than agreeable neighbours; and as their sting is somewhat severe, and they are bold in attacking any person who approaches the nest when building, the most convenient plan is to destroy the "comb" at night. This "comb," as I have called it, is a small collection of cells formed of finely-kneaded mud, and generally built under the shadow of a verandah or the eave of an outbuilding. These hornets, though bold and vicious when approached, rarely if ever attack a man when unprovoked; but when enraged will, though driven off by the hands or a leafy bough, return again and again to the charge, striking viciously for the eyes. Although termed "hornet" by the colonists, this insect belongs to a different family from that of the common hornet of Europe, being a solitary wasp, and not a member of the *Vespidæ*, or group of social wasps.

While resting with all the indolence consequent upon a long day passed out of doors in a sunny climate, and speculating as to when that black fellow *would* have dinner ready, a grinning, half-naked native appeared, carrying a note in the end of a split stick, which proved to be an invitation from a neighbour to join him on the following morning in an expedition against some cane-rats which infested a large bed of reeds upon his land.

The following morning found us at an early hour under our neighbour's verandah, where, after a cup of hot coffee, which, strange to say, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, is a much more general beverage than tea, we started for the reeds, accompanied by a number of natives and a regular pack of dogs of various sorts and sizes. The natives carried their assegais and knobsticks, and one or two of the white men had guns. The idea of hunting "cane rats" no doubt gives but little notion of sport to an English reader; but it must be borne in mind that the *ivondwi* or cane rat, is a larger animal than the English warren rabbit, is quick and active in its movements, difficult to drive from cover; that the flesh is eatable, and that when these animals, which are gregarious, establish themselves in the vicinity of cane-fields, their destruction is very desirable, as sugar-cane constitutes their favourite food. Arrived at the reeds, the whole posse of natives and dogs were soon lost to sight; but a continual singing and shouting, varied by sundry savage ejaculations or shouts of laughter when an *ivondwi* is struck at by assegai or knobstick, was heard, while the eager dogs kept up a perpetual chorus of barking and yelping. The amusing incidents of the hunt are when a "rat," hard pushed, rushes into the open for a moment, amidst a volley of stones and perhaps a knobstick or two, and plunges again unscathed into the cover, or perhaps, less fortunate, falls beneath the knobstick hurled by some native whose quick ear has detected his approach through the rustling reeds, or is rolled over by some watchful gunner waiting upon the outskirts of the reeds for a chance shot; every one present, white or black, joins in a shout of laughter when some over-eager "nigger" comes to grief over a hidden stump or an old trunk of a tree, probably tumbling head foremost into black mud, which during the excitement of the hunt he cannot spare time to wash off. When the reeds have been thoroughly hunted through and through, we count over our game, and selecting a few of the younger-looking "rats" to be converted into curry for our own use, hand the remainder over to the natives.

As "crushing" was in full swing upon most sugar estates in our neighbourhood, I took the opportunity while staying in the planting district, of seeing as much of the process as possible, going into the cane-fields and watching the separate gangs of coolies and natives cutting down the tall heavy canes, while others piled them into small carts, which, as soon as filled, were trotted smartly off to the mill, down the rough cart-roads formed for the purpose, or sometimes along land where there was no road at all, to the great detriment no doubt of the oxen, whose natural working pace is slow; and it is a fact well-known among planters that a season's "carting" on a sugar estate knocks up a number of cattle more thoroughly than any other kind of work to which they can be put.

At the mill-house the scene appears busier than even in the field; carts of cane are incessantly arriving, being unloaded and seized upon by a gang of coolie women, who toss them between the large revolving steel rollers, which, drawing them in, crush every drop of the valuable juice from them, which flows into a large receptacle beneath, while the exhausted canes now crushed flat and colourless are gathered up to be stored for fuel. Everything is in order, each man or woman (only the Indian women work in the sugar-mills), whether native or coolie, has his appointed work, and is under the supervision of a European, or all would be confusion during the busy "crushing" season, upon the success of which the annual return of a sugar estate depends.

The expressed juice has to be boiled in a series of large pans, and here a skilled "boiler" must be employed, as considerable experience is required to learn the art of sugar-boiling, and a batch of sugar is easily spoiled or turned out as a very indifferent sample by an unskilful or careless "sugar-boiler." The sugar-planter's is an undoubtedly anxious life, with risks from fire, frosts,* and drought; but the enterprise is generally agreed to be a profitable one where the planter is not compelled to borrow large sums of money at high interest for the completion of his estate and machinery.

* The rows of canes have from time to time to be "trashed," that is, cleared by hand of all dead vegetation, which is thrown upon the ground, and when decayed forms a rich manure. Should a few sparks from a grass fire, during the season when the old grass is being burnt off for improvement of pasturage, come in contact with the "trash," while in a dry state, it is possible for the fire to run through a whole field of cane; in fact, if there is much "trash" and "megasse" (the crushed cane which is stored in sheds for fuel) lying about an estate, it is impossible to say where the mischief may cease.

Rajpootana: her Princes and People.—I.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE INDIAN NAVY).

THERE is no more interesting portion of India than Rajpootana. It was never thoroughly conquered by the followers of the Prophet. They indeed overran it, captured its most famous strongholds, and devastated its most fertile districts; but the Hindoo inhabitants succeeded in recovering their independence, though they still yielded a nominal suzerainty to the Mogul dynasty of Delhi.

The old histories of the Mohammedan conquerors of India are full of stories of the prowess of the Rajpoots, and the pertinacity with which the war between the two races and religions was carried out. The seven centuries of turmoil and disaster, during which these states were in continual strife with the foe, produced many princes of high intellect as well as valour. Sanga Rana and his antagonist Sultan Baber, were revived in their no less celebrated grandsons, the great Akbar and Rana Pertap. The son of the latter, Umra, the foe of Jehangir, was a character of whom any nation might be proud.



TANTIA TOPEE, LAST CHIEF OF THE MUTINY OF 1857.



DOST MOHAMMED, SULTAN OF CABOOL.



DINNANAT.



JUNG BAHADOOR, OF NEPAUL.

EMINENT HINDOOS, FROM PORTRAITS BY NATIVE ARTISTS.

Much has been recorded of the genius of these Rajpoot princes as statesmen and warriors, but a debt of gratitude is due from every one interested in Indian affairs—no less than from those concerned in the administration of our Eastern Empire—to Colonel James Tod, who in his scholarly and exhaustive work, "Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han," has collected a complete record of the history, political and ethnological, of the Western States of Rajpootana.

These states enjoyed a very high degree of civilisation, and Colonel Tod states that "inscriptions still exist on stone which would alone, if collected, form a body of laws sufficient for an infant community; and these were always first committed to writing and registered." Among these inscriptions, which are written on stone columns scattered throughout the country, are sumptuary laws, the annulling of monopolies and exorbitant taxes, the regulation of transit duties, and charters to trades' corporations and towns. The fanatical Mohammedans destroyed most of the records, but many of the engraved tablets or pillars, called *johars*, have survived the more merciful depredations of time. Every subject commences with invoking the sun and moon as witnesses, and concludes with denunciation of the severest penalties on those who break its requirements. Some columns have been found having an antiquity of twelve and fourteen centuries.

Rajpootana* is a large tract of country lying between the North-Western Provinces and the territories of Gujerat and Holkar, and consists, exclusive of Ajmere, of eighteen native states, each having its own sovereign, and only owning the British power as its suzerain. The religion of the country is generally Hindoo, but the Newaub of Tonk is Mohammedan, and the ruler of Bhurtpore is of the Jaut faith.

* "In the familiar dialect of these countries it is termed Rajwarra, but by the more learned, Raet'hana, corrupted to Rajpootana, the common designation amongst the British to denote the Rajpoot Principalities. The word means 'the abode of (Rajpoot) princes,' from *raj* (regal), *t'han* (dwelling)."—*Tod.*

The following are the eighteen states of Rajpootana:—

1. Bhurtpore.
2. Ulwur.
3. Dholepore.
4. Kerowlee.
5. Jeypore.
6. Tonk.
7. Kishengurh.
8. Bikaneer.
9. Jeysulmeer.
10. Marwar (or Jodhpore).
11. Meywar (or Oodeypore).
12. Doongurpore.
13. Pertabgurh.
14. Banswarra.
15. Bhoondee.
16. Jhallawur.
17. Kotah.
18. Serohie.

The feudal system, which obtains in all these states, is necessarily accompanied by more or less disagreement between the sovereigns and their powerful chiefs, of whom many are in possession of almost impregnable fortresses, whence they could defy their sovereign, were it not that the latter is covered by the protecting ægis of British power.

The most important of these states are Oodeypore or Meywar, Jeypore, Jodhpore or Marwar, Kotah or Harowtee, Ulwur, and Bhurtpore; at each of which a British political officer is accredited, while of the minor states, Dholepore, Kerowlee, Bikaneer, and Tonk, are very influential. In the centre of Rajpootana is a small district called Ajmere, which is British territory, and is presided over by an officer holding the title of Commissioner.

This district has been singularly fortunate in the men who have represented the supreme authority of the Governor-General within its borders. Colonels Sutherland and Dixon, the latter of whom died just at the commencement of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857, were men of great administrative power, and so won the hearts of the people by the beneficence and disinterestedness of their rule, that they were regarded with filial affection by the inhabitants.

The city of Ajmere is beautifully situated on the shores of a lake in the centre of a fertile valley, surrounded by rugged and wild mountains of no very great elevation.* The British garrison of the district is quartered at Nusseerabad, which being centrally situated, forms the principal military station for this part of Rajpootana. Nusseerabad is about sixteen miles from Ajmere, and is described as "standing on a bare rocky plain about eight miles from the outer foot of the hills that flank the Ajmere valley."

There is a fort at Ajmere, which, throughout the eventful days of the mutiny, was garrisoned by a mere handful of the 83rd Regiment, who, though numbering no more than two or three weak companies, were sufficient, when under the orders of Brigadier-General—now Sir George—Lawrence, a brother worthy his near relationship to the two men, Henry and John Lawrence, whose services during that momentous crisis cannot be forgotten while India remains a dependency of the British Crown.

Crowning the highest peak of the rugged, barren mountains encircling Ajmere, is a white temple called Taraghur, "the abode of the stars," a place of Mohammedan pilgrimage; and about ten or fifteen miles from the city is Pŏshkur, a spot considered sacred by the Hindoos. Here is a large pond or lake lying in a basin among the hills, with its banks studded with buildings, old temples, and gardens, and in the centre a ruined fane, which formerly stood out of the water, but has been partially submerged.

Poshkur is one of the most sacred places in India. It lies, says Tod, in the centre of a valley, which here becomes wider, and affords abundant space for the numerous shrines and cenotaphs with which the piety or superstition of the natives has studded its banks. The lake is surrounded by sand-hills of considerable magnitude, except towards the east, where a swamp extends to the base of the mountains. Around its margin, except towards the marshy outlet, is a display of varied architecture, and here every Hindoo family of rank has its niche for devotional purposes. The most conspicuous are those erected by Rajah Maun of Jeypore, and some other princes of Jodhpore and Bhurtpore. There are also numerous cenotaphs, but by far the most conspicuous shrine is an edifice erected by a minister of Scindia to the Creator Brahma, and Tod mentions that this is the only tabernacle in India dedicated to the Supreme Deity, of the existence of which he is aware. Tradition has it that before creation, Brahma assembled all the celestials on this spot, when the sacred fire was lit, which, spreading in consequence of the absence of the wife of Brahma, would have involved the world in destruction had not the Deity extinguished it with some sand. Such is the origin and sanctity of Poshkur.

The British officer who has supreme political charge of Rajpootana, and to whom all the envoys accredited to the native states, and also the Commissioner of Ajmere, report their proceedings, is designated by the unpretending title of Governor-General's Agent. This high functionary resides a great part of the year at Mount Aboo, and during the cold season makes a progress of almost regal magnificence through the states under his government, being received and treated by the Rajpoot princes with the pomp and circumstance becoming the representative of the Viceroy of India.

Mount Aboo is just beyond the proper boundaries of Rajpootana, being forty miles distant from Deesa, a military station in the territory of a Mohammedan prince, called the Newaub of Pahlunpore, which is under the immediate control of the Bombay Government.

Mount Aboo is the highest peak in the Aravelli range, having an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea level. Aboo is a sacred place in the eyes of the Hindoos, and particularly of a singular sect called the Jains, who are found in the Bombay Presidency, and chiefly in the capital. Here the Jains have set up a magnificent temple, which Colonel Tod describes as the most superb in India, and the finest edifice after, of course, the incomparable Taj Mahal at Agra. At Aboo is one of the asylums for soldiers' children founded by that great and good man, Sir Henry Lawrence, and called after him. The other Lawrence Asylums are at Ootacamund for the Madras Presidency, and the one first erected under his own auspices at Soonawur.

The native states each send a *vakeel*, or representative, who attends the Governor-General's Agent, marching with him in his progresses and inspections, and repairing with him to the summer retreat at Aboo. They assemble at stated times to discuss measures affecting their sovereigns' interests, which may be under the consideration of the British Government, or its accredited agent; while the latter is placed in communication with the ruler of each petty state, and can make his wishes or the orders of his government known to them through the *vakeel*, and the political agents at the courts, though they have considerable power and responsibility, receive instructions from, and communicate confidentially with, the chief authority at Aboo. These political agencies are regarded as prizes, and are

* Prichard's "Mutinies in Rajpootana."

filled always by military men who have shown political aptitude and good judgment in subordinate posts, generally that of Assistant, of whom the Governor-General's Agent has four or five on his staff. Some of the ablest administrators ever produced by that nursery of statesmen, the military service of the East India Company, have filled this post: among the number may be enumerated Colonel Sutherland, General Sir John Low, assistant and friend of Sir John Malcolm, Sir Henry Lawrence, and his elder brother, Sir George Lawrence. Since the return to England of the latter in April, 1864, the post has been filled in succession by Colonels Elliott, Eden, and Brookes—the two latter of whom have served many years, including the trying times of the mutiny, as political agents at Jeypore and Jodhpore—and also Colonels Keatinge, V.C., and Pelly, who has so ably discharged his arduous political duties at Zanzibar and in the Persian Gulf.

Mr. Prichard, who traversed a great part of Rajpootana, describes the country as possessing considerable interest, and though vast tracts in Marwar and Bikaneer are pathless deserts, there are spots of great beauty and savage grandeur. The villages in the lowlands, he says, are half in ruins, the houses that are standing being tenanted by a few male adults and their families. In the mountainous part of the country the scenery is bold and grand. Every hill that you see has an old ruined castle cresting its summit, to which some tradition is attached, and every now and then the traveller passes a consecrated spot where a widow has performed the sacrifice of the suttee. Here you pass walled cities, as Chittore, where in former days a resolute defence was made against the Moslem invader, till the brave garrison, reduced to extremity, made a huge pile of wood and combustible materials, into which, after applying the torch, they threw their wives and children, and then sought an honourable death at the hands of their enemies. In a retired spot close to a stream, the traveller comes upon a hermitage, inhabited, perhaps, by some soldier or courtier, who was once a power in the state; or, crowning a height, may be seen a monastery maintained by the rajah, who seeks thus to expiate for a life of debauchery or crime.

Rajpootana is about 420 miles in length, from east to west, by about 400 in breadth, and has an area of 114,391 square miles, with a population considerably under 10,000,000. The Rajpoots—literally "a descendant of a rajah"—form one of the great castes into which the Hindoos were originally divided, and the race is to be found in other parts of India, as Bundelcund, Rewah, Gurhwal, and the territory of Cutch.

Elphinstone, in his History, takes the same elevated view of the character of the Rajpoots that is to be found in Tod's pages. He says, "The other classes, though kept together as castes by community of religious rites, were mixed up in civil society, and were under no chiefs except the ordinary magistrates of the country. But the Rajpoots were born soldiers; each division had its hereditary leader, and each formed a separate community, like the class in other countries, the members of which were bound to their chiefs and to each other. The sort of feudal system that prevailed among the Rajpoots gave additional stability to this attachment, and altogether produced the pride of birth, the high spirit, and the romantic notion so striking in the military classes of that period. Their enthusiasm was kept up by the songs of their bards, and influenced by frequent contests for glory or for love. They treated women with a respect unusual in the rest, and were guided even towards their enemies by rules of honour which it was disgraceful to violate. With all the noble qualities of the early Rajpoots was mixed a simplicity, derived from the want of intercourse with other nations, which rendered them inferior in practical ability, and even in military efficiency, to men actuated by much less elevated sentiments than theirs."

Irvine, who was intimate with the race, had a much less exalted idea of their virtues. He says, "the warlike character of the Rajpoot has been very much over-rated. There appears to be very little chivalrous feeling in his breast. By nature Rajpoots are generally powerful, muscular men, active by habit and practising gymnastics, though, when not excited, inclined to indolence in a high degree; those who possess horses are generally good horsemen. Some are, by constant practice, dexterous in the use of lance or sword; but the race do not possess the cool, determined courage ready to dare any danger, and requiring no artificial excitement. According to their own accounts, even in their former attacks on caravans and towns, surprise was their object; and, if successful, they were equally cruel and rapacious, showing no mercy to their captives, and if they met with much resistance, became as cowardly as they had before been violent, and resorted to flight."

There is great truth in this, for they would tacitly acknowledge their deficiency of cool bravery by indulgence in stimulants, which served to induce what is styled "Dutch courage." Before going into action they would indulge in opium; thus, when rendered furious by its influence, Rajpoot armies have been known to rush recklessly into certain death, neither asking nor giving quarter. The most appalling manifestation of this madness is denominated *johar*, and consists of an army or garrison driven to desperation, partaking of opium, and after butchering their families, seeking death in the manner described. Yet it is certain that the Rajpoots were in ancient times a more martial and courageous race than in these degenerate days. The great Baber speaks in his Memoirs of the dismay into which he and his veteran soldiers were thrown by the approach of Rana Sanga of Meywar, the champion of Brahminism, on whose overthrow the Mohammedan chief assumed, for the first time, the title of Ghazee, which means "Champion Victorious in Defence of the Faith." Subsequently, Shere Singh, the Afghan, who defeated and dethroned Humayoon, the son of Baber, having invaded Rajpootana at the head of 80,000 men, was fiercely encountered and nearly repulsed by a Rajpoot chief with one-eighth of that number. But this ancient race offered little resistance to the fierce Mahrattas, and were glad to receive the protection of the new Christian lords of India. Among the worst of their social crimes was their addiction to the suttee, which was, of course, suppressed by the British Government, and is now unknown. The iniquity was increased in cases where the rank and wealth of the deceased were held to demand more victims, when slaves or servants were also cast into the flames. Infanticide of females was another prevalent barbarity, and to such an extent was it carried, that Macmurdo states, in the *Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society*, that in 1818, among the offspring of 8,000 married Jhareja Rajpoots, not more than sixty females were living. They even put to death such daughters as attained the age of womanhood, to prevent the possibility of their being given in marriage, so great was their pride.

A volume might be filled with an account of the religious

festivals and customs of the Rajpoots, but we will only glance at the most characteristic, the "Worship of the Sword."* This Meywar festival, which lasts nine days of the month *Asof*, is essentially martial, and is confined to the Rajpoots. After fasting, ablution, and prayer, on the part of the Rana and his household, the double-edged *khanda* is removed from the hall of arms, and having received the *pooja* (homage) of the court, is carried in procession to the Kishenpol (gate of Kishen or Crishna), and delivered to the Jogis, a singular society of ascetic warriors, priests of Siva, the god of war.

Each day, except the sixth day of the festival, a bullock is sacrificed, and processions, headed by the Rana, proceed to the Chougan, or Champ de Mars, and the Temple of Devi, the goddess of destruction, where the sword is deposited. On the ninth day, the horses from the royal stables, as well as those of the chieftains, are taken to the lake, and after being bathed by their grooms, are caparisoned in their new housings, and receive the homage of their masters, the Rana bestowing gifts on the equerries and grooms. The sword is then brought back to the palace with befitting state, and the Rana, after making *pooja* to it, rewards the Raj-jogi, or chief military priest, and regales his comrades.

This two-edged sword of Meywar is of fabulous origin, and is said to be the weapon with which the Hindoo Proserpine girded the founder of the royal race of Oodeypore, and led him forth to the conquest of Chittore. It remained the great heirloom of the family till the sack of that city by the Tartar Alla-o-din in 1303, when Rana Ursi and eleven of his brave sons were slain, and the sacred city fell into the hands of the invaders. Before the city was stormed, all the princesses and the women, to the number of several thousand, were immolated to prevent their falling into the hands of the detested Tartars, and it was said that the enchanted *khanda* was buried within the innermost recesses of the subterranean passage in which all the rank and beauty of Chittore had been given to the flames. Alla placed on the *musnud*, Madeo, chief of Jhalore, whom he had conquered and enrolled among his vassals; and this prince, so goes the legend, had the hardihood to penetrate within the horrid shades of the cavern, and force its "uncanny" guardians—a sorceress and her crew of witches—to yield up the sword. Hamir, the grandson of the late Rana, having married the daughter of the usurper, recovered the sword with the throne of Chittore.

The Rajpoots deem the "10th of Asof," or the Dussera (from *dus*, ten), a fortunate day for all warlike enterprises. The Dussera is a festival universally honoured by all classes throughout India, being the day on which the deified Rama commenced his celebrated expedition against Lauka for the redemption of Seeta. Upon this day and the following, grand reviews of the troops are held by the Rana, salutes are fired, *nuzzurs* are presented to the prince, and on returning to the palace he, in turn, presents gifts to the chiefs.

* Gibbon (vol. vi., p. 43) writes of a similar festival among the Scythians. "It was natural enough that the Scythians should adore with a peculiar devotion the god of war; but as they were incapable of forming either an abstract idea, or a corporeal representation, they worshipped their tutelar deity under the symbol of an iron scimetar. If the rites of Scythia were practised on this solemn occasion, a lofty altar, or rather pile of faggots, 300 yards in length and in breadth, was raised in a spacious plain; and the sword of war was placed erect on the summit of this rustic altar, which was annually consecrated by the blood of sheep, horses, and of the hundredth captive."

The fabulous birth of Kumara, the god of war, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Roman Mars, and is related in the "Ramayana," probably the most ancient book in the world. Kumara was the son of Gunga (Juno), and sprang from her side by the agency of the god of fire (or Vulcan). After his birth he became the joint charge of all the gods, who anointed him general of all their armies.

The most popular festival is the Dewali, or "Festival of Lamps," when every city, village, and house blazes with lights set out in little clay lamps called *dewa*. Stuffs, pieces of gold, and sweetmeats are carried in trays and consecrated at the temple of Lacshmi, the goddess of wealth, to whom the day is sacred. The Meywar Rana on this occasion honours his prime minister with his presence at dinner; and this chief officer of state, who is always of the mercantile class, pours oil into a terra-cotta lamp, which his sovereign holds, and the same libation is permitted by each of the near relations of the minister. On this day it is incumbent upon every votary of Lacshmi to try the chance of the dice, and from their success in the Dewali is foretold their pecuniary position during the ensuing year.

Throughout Rajpootana are scattered several temples of the Jain sect, and there is a noble specimen at Ajmere. The entire façade is covered with Arabic inscriptions, but the plan of the interior, like most of their temples, is simple. It consists of an extensive saloon, the ceiling supported by a quadranglar range of columns, those of the centre being surmounted by a range of vaulted coverings, while the lateral portion, which is flat, is divided into compartments of the most elaborate sculpture, and of great diversity of designs. Of the forty columns no two are alike; the ornaments of the base are peculiar, and the projections from various parts of the shaft have tracery, and small niches containing statues of a similar character to what may be seen in Gothic cathedrals in Europe. The whole of the ceiling is elaborately ornamented, and in one of the vaulted compartments is raised the *mumba*, or pulpit. The temple is surrounded by a superb screen of Saracenic architecture, and is of great antiquity; the main entrance, which is to the north, having an arch of the architectural character seen in the Alhambra. As Tod observes, this Saracenic arch may be found in many Gothic structures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and perhaps owed its introduction to the generals of the early Caliphs of Baghdad, who fostered learning and civilisation when Europe was sunk in the barbarism of the Middle Ages.

Four or five centuries before the Crusaders, under our lion-hearted Richard, crossed swords with the desecrators of the Holy Places, the arms of Walid, the lieutenant of the Caliphs, triumphed simultaneously on the banks of the Indus and the Ebro. This very spot, Ajmere, according to the traditional legends of its ancient princes, the Chohans, was visited by the first hostile force which Islam sent across the Indus when Roshun Ali (the Light of Ali) marched through the heart of India, and carried by assault the citadel, which, perched on a steep declivity 800 feet above the plain, frowns protection or defiance upon the city below.

Another point of interest in the neighbourhood of Ajmere is the Dowlut Bagh, the "gardens of wealth," built by the Emperor Jehangir* when he undertook the subjection of

* This is the sovereign who received an ambassador from our James I., the first envoy sent by a British monarch to the Mogul Emperor of Delhi



OODEYPORE.

the Rajpoots. The gardens, which are pleasantly situated on the banks of a lake about eight miles in circumference, still remain, but the marble palace in which he received the submission of the Rana is fast going to decay.

The Mhairs, or inhabitants of Mhairwarra, are a race inhabiting the mountainous districts of Rajpootana. Mhairwarra, which means "the region of hills," is a mountainous tract consisting of that portion of the Aravelli range which lies between Komulmere and Ajmere, a space about ninety miles in length, with a breadth varying from six to twenty miles. The average elevation of this district is from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level, and it abounds in natural products, as practicably inexhaustible veins of iron have been discovered, while it is believed to be rich in lead, copper, and antimony. The Mhairs are a branch of the Menas, one of the aboriginal races of India, and who, until they came under British domination, were such irreconcilable marauders and raiders that the term Mena was synonymous with robber.

Under the firm hand and paternal government of Colonel Dixon, the Mhairs at last were gradually weaned from their predatory habits, and were trained to become efficient and reliable soldiers. Indeed, during the early crisis of the mutiny, had it not been for the promptitude with which Colonel Dixon, just before the outbreak at Nusseerabad, relieved the two companies of the mutinous 15th Bengal Native Infantry garrisoning the fort at Ajmere by a detachment of the Mhairwarra Battalion, it is almost certain that the consequences would have been fatal to British interests in Rajpootana. The episode is worth preserving as showing the extraordinary carelessness and confidence with which, up to 1857, we guarded with native troops only such arsenals as Delhi, Allahabad, Ajmere, Ferozepore, and Phillour, on which depended our very existence in India as the dominant power, and our ability to defend ourselves from extermination. The Mhairwarra Battalion had been raised purely for civil duties, and were quartered at Beaur, but under orders from Colonel Dixon, who was then on his deathbed, Lieutenant Carnell,* the officiating second in command, an officer of remarkable energy and self-reliance, made a forced march with one hundred of his men; and early one morning appeared before the fort, and relieved the companies of the 15th Bengal Native Infantry before they had time to communicate with their comrades at Nusseerabad. Lieutenant Carnell then proceeded to put the fort in a proper condition to resist a hostile attack from the mutineers, and to overawe the city; no easy task when it is considered that the walls were so old and in such a state of dilapidation that it was generally believed that a gun fired from any one of the bastions would have brought them down; and yet this fort, close to the city of Ajmere, and commanded by the heights outside the town, contained an arsenal with sufficient stores to supply the whole of the troops in Rajpootana, including a siege train, besides ammunition and a large amount of treasure.

As Mr. Prichard remarks, "It was believed that if Ajmere had fallen, the Rajpootana States would have gone also, for the possession of the arsenal and all the military stores and treasure in the fort, besides the prestige which would accompany the acquisition of one of the most famous cities in India, a place of pilgrimage and great sanctity besides, would have given the insurgents' cause in that part of the country such an accession of influence and actual strength, that it would have won over to its side one or more of the independent chiefs, the rest would have followed suit, and British interests and power in Rajpootana would have ceased from that time to exist; while the destruction and capture of every European between Agra and the Nerbudda would have followed as a necessity."

On the 28th of May, only a few days after the relief of the detachment of the 15th Bengal Native Infantry at the fort of Ajmere, that regiment and the 30th Bengal Native Infantry, with a battery of native artillery, forming a portion of the garrison of Nusseerabad, mutinied and fired the station, the officers and ladies escaping to Beaur under protection of the 1st Bombay Lancers; though after the departure of the mutineers for Delhi, the officers and lancers returned, order was restored, and the safety of the place secured by the arrival of 100 men of H.M. 83rd Regiment, and three guns of Bombay European Horse Artillery.

At the outbreak of the mutiny there was actually not one single European soldier in Rajpootana! That the country safely passed through the unparalleled crisis is chiefly due, under Providence, to the fact that a Lawrence, with an undaunted heart and firm hand, was at the head of affairs, and that every European officer followed his example in showing a bold face to the hydra-headed monster, mutiny, which no sooner had laid Nusseerabad in ashes than it appeared at Neemuch, where, on the 3rd of June, the 72nd Bengal Native Infantry, the 7th Regiment Gwalior Contingent, and a troop of Native Horse Artillery revolted, to be followed by the Kotah Contingent, and the Jodhpore Legion.

These contingents are an institution peculiar to the Protected States of India. Besides the local armies of each of these Rajpoot States, which were little better than rabble, the protected sovereigns are bound by treaty engagements with the British Government to maintain a force which is equipped and drilled on the English method on the irregular system, and officered from the Indian army, where the appointments, as conferring increased pay and an independent position, are highly coveted by all officers; indeed, the irregular corps, such as the Punjaub Frontier Force, and the Contingents in Rajpootana and the Nizam's dominions, are officered by the *élite* of the Indian army. Being recruited mostly from the same class as the regular forces, it is not surprising that when called upon to act against the rebels, the Contingents either refused to act or mutinued. The Gwalior Contingent rendered itself famous in this bad pre-eminence, and the Legions of Kotah and Jodhpore followed suit; this last, which consisted of a well-appointed force of the three arms, after first defeating the Jodhpore rajah's local levies and defending Awah against a small British column from Ajmere, started for Delhi, but at Narnoul, on the borders of the Shekhawattee country, encountered Brigadier Gerard's force—one of the flying columns detached to cut up the rebels after the fall of Delhi—and were totally defeated and dispersed. The Kotah Contingent, which had been detached to keep order in the vicinity of Agra, arrived there on the 3rd of July, and were entrusted with the guard of the gaol, containing 4,000 convicts, and of the Government house outside the fort, in which all the Europeans of the district had taken refuge under protection of the 3rd Bengal European Regiment, and Captain D'Oyley's battery of Bengal Artillery. On the following day the mutineers from Neemuch appeared before the city, and the Kotah Contingent, who were marched out of can-

* Now Major Carnell, commanding the Erinpoorah Irregular Force, and Political Superintendent of Serohie.

tonments to attack them, dispersed in all directions, some few of their guns falling into the hands of the British. On the following day took place the battle of Agra, when five hundred men beat off nearly ten thousand of the enemy with eight guns, though with the loss of one hundred and forty-one killed and wounded.

The independent state of Kotah, with Bhoondee, form the district denominated Harowtee, and is under the control of a British political officer, who resides at the capital of the same name. Kotah is about ninety miles in length, and eighty in breadth; its surface slopes northward from the high table-land of Malwa, and is drained by the Chumbul and its tributaries. A range of hills of moderate elevation forms the boundary between Kotah and Bhoondee, as does the Chumbul on the north-west. Though in parts fertile, the climate of Kotah is insalubrious during the periodical rains, and trying at other times owing to the extreme heat.

The capital is situated on the right bank of the Chumbul, and is enclosed by a strong rampart, with bastions, and dry ditch. East of the town is an extensive tank, on the bank of which is a well-wooded pleasure-ground, and at one extremity is the palace, embellished with numerous cupolas and minarets, and surrounded with defensive works. In the river is an islet containing the summer residence of the rajah. The town is of considerable size, and contains many Hindoo temples, and has always been regarded as one of the wealthiest cities in this portion of India. Many events of historical importance have occurred before the walls of Kotah. In 1744 the Mahrattas, together with the Rajah of Jeypore, and the Jauts of Bhurtpore, invested the city for three months, but were compelled to raise the siege.

It was in consequence of the abnormal condition of affairs in Kotah, by which, while there was a titular sovereign, affairs were administered by a subject, Zalim Singh by name—the same who behaved with such treachery towards Colonel Monson during that officer's disastrous retreat in 1804—that, on the death of this able minister and his son, Madhoo Singh, the British Government, which had taken Kotah, together with the other Rajpoot States, under its protection in 1817, formed the new principality of Jhallawar, and placed it under the control of the late actual ruler of Kotah, the titular monarch reverting to the position originally enjoyed by his ancestors. The territory assigned to the Rana of Jhallawar was estimated to yield a revenue of twelve lacs; that retained by the Kotah rajah producing twenty lacs, though it has more than doubled since. An arrangement was made for the assignment of three lacs of rupees (£30,000) annually from Kotah for the pay of the contingent, which was reduced in 1844, to two lacs.

At the time of the mutiny, the Kotah contingent numbered about twelve hundred men of all arms, the local levies consisting of about three thousand five hundred men, and two thousand Sebundies for police purposes. A portion of the contingent, together with that from Jhallawar, proceeded to Neemuch under instructions from the British political officer at Kotah, at the request of Captain Lloyd, Superintendent of Neemuch, and garrisoned that station, though ultimately, as already mentioned, they mutinied at Agra. In consequence of the murder of the Kotah agent, Major Burton, and of his sons, who gallantly defended themselves for hours in the residency against the rajah's local troops in March, 1858, a powerful British force under the command of General Roberts, and accompanied by General Lawrence, laid siege to the town. After Kotah had been subjected to a bombardment, the troops, formed in columns of assault, crossed the Chumbul in rafts and boats belonging to the rajah, under the protection of a heavy cannonade, and the city was carried by assault. Five hundred prisoners were taken, a large number were killed and wounded, fifty-seven guns were captured, though unfortunately, owing to mismanagement, the cavalry were not sufficiently employed in cutting up the rebels, who, to the number of about four thousand men, with six guns, escaped into the Gwalior territory, and interrupted Sir Hugh Rose's communications.

In the last-published blue book on the progress of India, it is stated that the present Rajah of Bhurtpore, Jeswunt Singh, unlike most native princes, is a man of active habits, looks minutely into and superintends the affairs of his state, and is a rigid economist. These virtues are owing to his training; for during his minority he was under the careful guardianship of Captain Walter, who was not only the political representative of the British Government, but the adviser and friend of the young prince.

The average income since the death of his predecessor, has increased, by careful management, from twenty lacs to twenty-six lacs of rupees (£260,000), the administration has been purified, a revenue survey completed, and a settlement made with the ryots, or native cultivators of the soil; while the cesses have been reduced and simplified, and advances made to the poorer class without interest; the result of these measures, and of the sinking of numerous new wells, is that the land revenue has risen from an annual value of £140,000 to £165,000. Among the benefits derived by the state and people from British supervision, are the public works, the drainage and satisfactory sanitary condition of the city, the development of a system of irrigation, the construction of new tanks, and of an excellent system of roads, and numerous buildings. And this city was at one time the hardest nut to crack of any that have tried British endurance and generalship in India.

Bhurtpore has been the scene of two of the greatest sieges in which British arms have been engaged, one the most disastrous, and the second the most glorious, of our Indian annals.

In 1805, Lord Lake sat down before the place with an army which never exceeded ten thousand bayonets, of whom he lost, in four desperate assaults, three thousand two hundred officers and men killed and wounded, before the Jaut rajah, Runjeet Singh, forced him to relinquish the siege; and twenty-one years later, Lord Combermere (known in the Peninsula as a dashing cavalry officer, under the name of Sir Stapylton Cotton), retrieved our laurels by carrying the famous stronghold, a brilliant feat of arms, which earned him a step in the peerage.

The city of Bhurtpore, which at present has about sixty thousand inhabitants, is still surrounded by a mud wall or parapet, and a deep wet ditch, in places one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards wide. The parapet varies in height, but is nowhere less than sixty feet. Within it is the citadel, surrounded also by a deep ditch, with walls of enormous thickness, and with large bastions. The place, under circumstances which might possibly occur, could easily be made again to play a part in Indian history, though the Rajah's levies do not exceed seven thousand inefficient troops.

Livingstone Aid Expeditions.

THERE are now on the way towards the interior of Africa two expeditions, fitted out on a large scale, with the aim of carrying supplies to Dr. Livingstone, and assisting him in completing his geographical discoveries; both under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. One of these started from the west coast, at St. Paulo de Loanda, in February last, and by the beginning of April had reached Bembe, 130 miles in the interior; thus the first, and in some respects the most difficult stage of the journey had been accomplished; the large party of upwards of 100 men, including armed guard and carriers, were getting accustomed to the work, and were far removed from the temptations of the coast settlements. The next stage would be to the Congo, above the Falls, where the expedition would embark and endeavour, either by water or land, to reach the Lualaba, which it was Livingstone's intention to re-visit before he quitted the scene of his late discoveries.

This expedition is under the command of Lieutenant Grandy, R.N., and comprises only one other European, Mr. Grandy, brother of the leader. Twenty Kroomen, expert native boatmen, were brought from Sierra Leone, with a view to their usefulness in the navigation of the upper Congo. The latest accounts from Bembe, brought to England by Mr. Monteiro, are to the effect that the road is clear towards the interior by the route adopted by Grandy, and that full confidence exists of the success of the enterprise. The second expedition is proceeding from the opposite direction, Zanzibar, on the east coast; working towards the centre of the continent from east to west, whilst Lieutenant Grandy is pushing his way from west to east. The leaders, Lieutenant Cameron and Dr. Dillon, left England in November last, and the party was finally organised by Sir Bartle Frere at Zanzibar in February, when two other Englishmen were added to it, namely, Lieutenant Murphy of the Royal Artillery, and Mr. Moffat, grandson of the well-known missionary of the same name, and nephew of Dr. Livingstone. Moffat had come up from Natal and had been accepted as a member of the expedition on the ground of his youthful vigour and hereditary ardour in the cause of exploration. The equipment of this large party was a work of great difficulty and expense, owing to the scarcity of native carriers and the enhanced prices of everything at Zanzibar. A start was at length made by Cameron and Dillon, with nearly 100 men, on the 11th of March; Murphy and Moffat, with the remainder of the men and stores, following them about a month later. According to the instructions delivered to Lieutenant Cameron by Sir Bartle Frere, the first and main object of the expedition was to reach Lake Tanganyika, and endeavour to effect a junction with Dr. Livingstone; placing, when that was accomplished, the whole *personnel* and resources of the party at the Doctor's orders for any work he may wish them to complete for him. The latest news from this important expedition, dated from Rehenneko, about 120 miles in the interior, at the end of May, contains, amidst much that is promising of future success, one sad item—the death of Moffat. This untoward event, on the threshold of an undertaking so joyously entered upon, occurred near a place called Simbo, on the 21st of May. It appears to have resulted from over-exertion in walking. Lieutenant Murphy buried his companion beneath a palm-tree on the road-side, and sent a lock of hair by a passing caravan to Zanzibar to be transmitted, as a last memento, to his bereaved mother at Natal. Murphy was at that time marching to join Cameron and Dillon, who were waiting for him at Rehenneko, and who were ready to resume the journey towards Lake Tanganyika, as soon as their companion arrived. The leader has hopes of accomplishing great things, either whilst searching for Livingstone or under his guidance. One of them is the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, and another the completion of the exploration of Speke's Victoria Nyanza. Hitherto the line of march has been almost the same as that of Stanley.

At the last date from Zanzibar, no news had been received from Dr. Livingstone, who, since his fresh start inland in August, 1872, had become again lost to the outer world.

The German expedition, organised with much *éclat* at Berlin during last winter and spring, had originally intended following a route towards the upper Congo, considerably to the south of that adopted by Lieutenant Grandy. This route would lead through a tract of country much better known than that of the English expedition, but one that offered a more certain prospect of a steady advance into the interior. Afterwards a starting-point, north of the Congo, was chosen further inland; the unknown region is large enough to occupy half a dozen exploring expeditions, and it is greatly to be lamented that the accident of the shipwreck of the vessel containing the German party, and the loss of their instruments and stores (happily without loss of life), on the African coast, should have occurred to delay the execution of their plans.

Recollections of Spanish Travel.

BY MRS. F. W. HOLLAND.

GIBRALTAR TO GRANADA.

Friday, May 3rd, 1867.—There is a great deal of gipsy nature in most of us, and though when we first arrived at Gibraltar from the interior of Spain, we thoroughly appreciated a return to what we proud islanders considered "civilised life"—the comforts of an English hotel, English habits and customs at dinner, English friends and English manners—after a week of it the majority of our party looked forward with

redoubled pleasure to our ride to Ronda. We were to leave civilisation behind us at that splendid fortress, impregnable by nature, yet armed from end to end with every contrivance of modern science, where military neatness, generally so unpicturesque, only heightens by contrast the beauty of the scenery, and plunge at once into one of the most primitive districts of Spain.



BRIDGE AT RONDA.

We were to travel to Ronda on horseback, not because riding is always the best way of seeing a country, but because we had no choice. The road to Ronda not allowing of any cart or carriage wheels, all traffic must necessarily be on horse or mule-back, partly because modern improvements are not in fashion in Spain, and partly because Spanish jealousy disapproves of any easy communication between Gibraltar and the interior. As when we left Gibraltar there was an unsettled dispute between our own Government and Queen Isabella's, the objection did not strike us as being unnatural. It was, however, considered best for the three ladies to drive with the baggage to San Roque, and save themselves and the horses as much as possible.

The sun was just rising as we left the English lines, and drove across the neutral grounds to the Spanish frontier, showing our passport as we crossed the boundary, and taking note of the contrast between the magnificent sentry on the one side and the indolent guard on the other. There was no proper roadway, and a third horse was fastened on to our carriage to drag us through the deep soft sand which we had to traverse for some considerable distance.

In an hour we reached San Roque, a picturesque village crowning a small hill, and were presently joined by the three

gentlemen who completed our party, and with them sat down to breakfast at the neat little inn. There was some delay in our start, and it was half-past nine before we were fairly in the saddle—six riders, one baggage horse, led by a stolid peasant, who scarcely spoke during the whole expedition, and our guide, Richard. The clouds, which had threatened us when we left Gibraltar, had now dispersed, and a more glorious day could not have been wished. We rode for some way across pretty, open, undulating country, bright with wild flowers, and large tracts of corn-land, until we reached the famous cork wood, where we admired the gnarled and twisted stems of the old trees.

Only one adventure was met with, but it deserves record as an example of that Spanish courtesy which we found to be no fable. One of the gentlemen had dismounted, and was leading M——'s horse down a steep bit of road, while he still held the bridle of his own. Just at this moment a party of Spaniards came galloping after us, and one of them coming too near our friend's horse received a really severe kick on the leg. Some angry exclamations were vented, but our friend, fortunately understanding the character of the people, advanced, making signs of regret and apology, and offering, not money, but a cigar, which was accepted, and after many bows the two cavalcades separated. We could not help thinking that had a Spanish tourist unluckily met with the same accident in a English lane, he might not have got off so easily with one of our country farmers.

Towards mid-day we halted to rest at a little wayside *venta*, and had a merry luncheon outside on some food we had brought with us. It was a pretty spot, and we traced our onward route up the mountains to where we could distinguish Gaucin, our destination for the night. Starting again, we rode forward along a wide valley, down which flowed the broad shallow stream of the Guadiaro, which we were constantly fording, as it wound its way through thickets of oleander bright with blossom. In many places the masses of bright shrubs made the country look like a cultivated garden.

Soon our guide, Richard, grew uneasy at our slow progress, and alarmed us by saying we should not reach Gaucin till dark, and three of us decided to press forward, in spite of the intense heat, and secure rooms and order dinner for the rest of the party. A hot ride it was up the valley, which every hour grew more picturesque, and one of the party at least was not sorry when we reached ground too steep and too rough for cantering. The vegetation grew more and more luxuriant—oranges, figs, vines, and olives, alternated with masses of oleander and other lovely flowers. It was the contrast of this rich vegetation with the bare mountains around us, now glowing in the light of the setting sun, which produced such picturesque effects. Ascending a little further we obtained a magnificent view as we looked back, while our tired horses picked their way up the stony track. At the end of the valley rose Gibraltar, and beyond and above it Ape Hill and the Atlas Mountains in a haze of golden light.

At length, surmounting a rugged crest, we reached Gaucin, a small town with steep narrow streets, clustered round an old castle. Our appearance attracted great attention, and a crowd of boys soon gathered round us and escorted us to the "Posada Inglesa." We at once took possession of such rooms as they had, and ordered dinner, and for my own part I was relieved to find that the landlord was aware of English people's objection to garlic. Otherwise the arrangements were primitive enough. From the stable below, a staircase led up into two or three rooms, which opened one into the other, and were as innocent of partition doors as they were of glass windows. Fortunately, however, the *posada* was not full, and we found there were other similar rooms for the accommodation of our party on another staircase; and though not luxurious, the little inn proved by no means uncomfortable. Meanwhile my two companions had looked after the horses, and we set out together to explore the town.

It proved to be a holiday—"*El Dias de la Cruz*"—and an excellent opportunity for seeing the peasants. We found a cross hung with flowers, and all the population out in gala dress; and as they considered us quite as well worth seeing as we did them, and followed us everywhere in crowds, we saw them to great advantage. Beyond the town, on the open mountain-side, we found a party of peasants dancing with the greatest enjoyment, to the music of a guitar and some castanets. The dance was exactly the same as that which we had paid five francs a head to see at Seville, but of course was ten times more interesting here. One poor girl, who appeared to have but one leg, danced as merrily as the others, with a crutch. On the whole they were a fine-looking set, and we saw many handsome faces among the women and children. After two dances the ball came to an end, and the performers looked much pleased with the warm applause which we gave them. Night was now drawing on, and we returned to join our companions at the inn, where a merry dinner concluded a delightful day.

Saturday, May 4th.—Though I did not get much sound sleep, it was very pleasant, after so much exertion, to lie still in the cool barn-like room and listen to the splash of the fountain in the street below, and the recurring cry of the watchman as he sing-songed the hour—"*Ave Maria*," ten, eleven, twelve, "*Y Sereno.*" Serene indeed it was, beneath in the quiet village as well as above in the clear starry heavens, and I enjoyed the feeling of repose till I lost the sensation in the more complete reality. Early in the morning I was roused by the shrill notes of a cock, who from his roost just below my bed challenged his rival in the next street, and henceforth sleep was out of the question. Our seven o'clock breakfast over, I went out with Colonel —— to explore the castle; but though we clambered up on both sides of it we could not gain admittance. The magnificent view, however, was a sufficient reward—southwards down the valley to the African mountains, and northwards an apparently endless vision of bare rugged rocks, across which we could trace our onward route to Ronda. I fancy my companion's observations were taken more in a military than in an artistic spirit, and what his conclusions were I know not, but to my unscientific mind it seemed that a score or two of riflemen knowing the country might well hold these passes against almost any invader. As we returned, we passed the village church, where a small congregation was assembled for mass, and observed some wooden life-sized figures, rude imitations of the *Pasos* we had seen at Seville. As we entered, a poor old woman came up, and with an expression of devotion which I had not seen displayed towards the grander ones, first stroked and then kissed the face of that which represented Christ.

At 8.20 our cavalcade again set out with the conviction

that the hottest day we had yet felt was before us. The road was tolerably broad, and had once been paved, but is now in a very dilapidated condition and extremely rough. In many places the paving had been broken away altogether, and it seemed perfectly marvellous that our horses could keep their feet. We wound up and down the sides of the mountains, every hour reaching higher ground, and obtaining grand and varied views; but the country was less wooded than that which we passed through yesterday. Here and there we found fields of barley, and a good many vineyards, but though our guide assured us the grapes would be ripe next month, we saw no appearance of fruit yet, and the plants were quite low on the sticks. As the day advanced, the heat became intense, and we grew silent under our white umbrellas. Some of the party began to knock up, and one and all, we were glad to halt at mid-day at Atajate, where we had some luncheon of eggs—always remarkably good in Spain—and some beef-tea, made by one of ourselves, at a little *posada*, which in England would have been used only as a barn or a blacksmith's shop. The whole population crowded round the doorless entrance, to the exclusion of the little air which there was to be had, and we had much difficulty in persuading them not to come in, so great was their curiosity to see us. To escape the consequent smell of garlic, we walked out of the village, and while the horses were resting, attempted to sketch it. Atajate is a characteristic specimen of the villages in this part of the country—a cluster of white-walled, red-roofed, one-storeyed cottages on the top of a rounded hill, which is itself surrounded by higher mountains. When we again started, the heat grew more intense, and the road worse and worse as we ascended the mountains, and our party got separated into three divisions. I was in the first, and we began to wonder when we should reach Ronda, as ridge after ridge was surmounted, only to find another beyond it. At length we gained the last crest, and a glorious view burst upon us. The bare rocky mountains suddenly sloped down into a vast fertile plain, well cultivated and studded with white houses.

Below us, built on the top of a rocky eminence, curiously cleft by a wonderful chasm, rose Ronda, a far larger town than we had expected to find in so inaccessible a country. The sun was setting as we reached it, bathing the surrounding hills with beautiful effects of golden light. Instead of the small place we had expected, we found ourselves in a large city of good houses and clean, well-paved streets, containing nearly 24,000 inhabitants, say the guide-books. Our appearance excited the greatest attention and delight among the inhabitants, and I heard the women calling out, "Mira a la Señorita Inglese!" We were soon surrounded by a crowd of boys, which increased rapidly as we advanced into the town. We inquired our way several times, but I think my horse would have led us right without any asking, for the poor beast had been there often before, and must have been anxious for food and rest. Through a double city wall we passed under an old Moorish archway, and across a high bridge spanning the chasm by which the town is divided, and at length dismounted at the door of a Casa de Huespedes. Entering the *patio*, I was at once surrounded by three women, whose delight and amusement at the "Señorita Inglese" were so noisy that I could hardly persuade them to attend to my questions and directions about our lodgings. They danced round me, patted me on the back, touched my face, and screeched with amusement. English women had seldom visited Ronda, and fair hair and complexions seemed as much a novelty there as they would be in Central Africa. At last I got them to show me the rooms, a curious set of little bare closets opening one into another, with windows looking into a small court, and I exhausted my small stock of Spanish in explaining the wants and requirements of the party who were following us. It was some time before they arrived, very hot and tired by the long day's ride, and we were all glad to get to bed as soon as possible after we had some food. The only incident worthy of record at dinner was the perfectly startling screeching of the old woman who attended us. She suffered from the delusion I have observed in better-informed people elsewhere; viz., that foreigners suffer from deafness, and on being asked a question, would put her mouth close to the ear of the questioner, and with her hand up to it, give the most appalling scream I ever heard.

Sleepy and tired, I went to bed with great satisfaction, but——

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N.B.—If any of my readers should find themselves in a similar situation, I would advise them to use a great quantity of insect-powder, and to keep a light burning all night.

Sunday, May 3th.—We made this day a day of rest, and sitting in the inn with closed shutters, and without much to do, perhaps felt the heat the more in consequence. At all events, we seemed more oppressed by it, and I have ever since regretted we had not braved the sun, and explored the town earlier in the day. Had we realised how very much there was to see, we certainly should have done so. Those who went out first brought back a glowing account of the picturesque beauty of the place, and the Casa del Rey, an old Moorish palace, surrounding some extraordinary caves which they had visited. After an afternoon dinner we walked out to the Alameda (the public esplanade), which is situated on the top of the cliff, and commands a splendid view of the surrounding mountains. Descending across two old Roman bridges to the bottom of the gorge, we found a large stream rushing from the rock with tremendous force in the narrowest part of the ravine, or Tajo, and peeped into a cavern which is said to extend for two miles into the mountain side. The water was beautifully bright and clear, as it generally is when it flows from the rocky springs of Spain. Reascending by a most rickety old ladder staircase, we walked back through the town, and descended the rocks on the other side of the wonderful modern bridge which spans the chasm, at a height of 600 feet. The bridge itself is but half that height, as its foundations spring from mid-way down the sides of the rock, the stream falling in two grand cascades below it. Little white-walled mills, dating from the days of the industrious Moors, are perched about the cliff, worked by a gurgling sparkling stream, whose sides are thickly fringed with maidenhair fern. Stone steps cut in the rock, or built into it, lead down the precipitous cliffs, and the gaily-dressed peasant women carrying pitchers on their heads, complete a scene which I never saw surpassed in romantic beauty. A fresh element of romance of a less agreeable nature was added, when as the last effects of a splendid sunset were fading from the rocks, our guide warned us to return at once to the town, as "bad people" might be about.

Monday, May 6th.—After breakfast, one of the party being

still unequal to face much fatigue, we agreed that she should be left under charge of the guide, while the rest made an expedition to the Cueva del Gato, escorted by the landlord, Juan del Polo, with a gun slung by his saddle in case of need, and Don Miguel de B——, an English-speaking Spaniard, with whom our gentlemen had made acquaintance on the previous evening. Leaving the town by the northern road, we rode off for some distance up and down hill on the rough mountain-paths till our guides called a halt, and informed us that they were going to take us to the Zumidero. We hardly knew quite what the Zumidero might be, but of course dismounted, and following them a scrambling walk, first through a corn-field, and afterwards over huge rocks and stones, we descended the course of a stream till it suddenly came to a high, narrow cleft in a rocky mountain side; which it entered, and disappeared from sight. It was a strange fantastic freak of nature, and might lead to many interesting geological speculations. We were told no one had ever explored the passage to where it issues from the Cueva del Gato on the other side of the mountain range; but perhaps the attempt has never been seriously made. The Spaniards were amazed at the exertions made by our two Englishmen to explore it, and looked upon them as strange lunatics when they pulled off their boots and attempted to clamber in. They advanced some way, but found it to be impracticable without further preparations, as the water was cold and deep, the sides of precipitous smooth rock, and total darkness reigned within a few feet of the entrance. It is said that a lake may be reached further in. We had a hard



GROUP OF SPANISH MARKET GARDENERS.



GIBRALTAR FROM THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

scramble back up the rocks, and were thankful for the clouds which shielded us from the scorching rays of the sun. When we reached the horses again, we were glad to refresh ourselves with a primitive luncheon of bread and curds, and a draught of cold water, before we remounted and proceeded on our expedition.

Hearing that we were going to the cave whence the same stream issued, we naturally concluded it would not take us long to reach it, and were astonished when we found our guides leading us for hours along an apparently interminable valley. The roads were worse than any we had yet met with in Spain, steep and rough beyond description, and the aspect of the mountains, which appear in some past age to have been uplifted in some great convulsion of nature, and shattered into fragments, is very wild and rugged. There is some cultivation in the valleys, but above a certain height there seems nothing but slopes of shattered rock. Along this wild route we rode, feeling so thoroughly in the hands of our guides that we began to speculate on the probability of Don Miguel and mine host being in league to entice us into the hands of banditti.

Our useful guide-book noted Benajuan as one of the worst places in Spain for smugglers, *i.e.*, brigands; and we had heard that not long since a soldier was killed there by them. Suspiciously enough, just as we approached it, we were told that the horses had cast their shoes (their fore-feet only are shod), and that we must go out of our way to dismount there. It sounded alarming, but we wronged our good friends, for the rough astonished crowd which gathered round us had no evil designs. We were literally mobbed as we halted in the village street, and afterwards found that our friend Don Miguel had deluded the poor people with the information that we were the King and Queen of England and family; but I think simply as fair-haired foreigners we should have caused as much excitement.

The interest they took in us gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing them, and we found them, generally-speaking, a good-looking race of people, and the men in their clean white shirts and bright sashes looked gay and picturesque, however ragged their clothes might otherwise be. Among the crowd, however, was one middle-aged woman, with full whiskers and moustache, and a thick beard that had been clipped close—a sight I never expected to see out of a showman's tent at a fair. The crowd laughed and nodded at the expressions of surprise into which we were startled, and fell back that we might have a good view of her. Don Miguel afterwards told us that there was a lady of some position at Ronda who is similarly endowed by nature, and who is shaved regularly twice a week; but after the specimen we had just had of his veracity, we should have doubted it but for the proof positive which our eyes had given us of the existence of a similar monster. We had observed several women at Seville with decided moustachios, but hitherto nothing so startling as this. To compensate us for her ugliness, an extremely pretty, picturesque girl led us up-stairs to partake of the Arab hospitality of shade and water.

As soon as the horses returned to the door, we left the good folks of Benajuan to enjoy the memory of their royal visitors, and descended by an infamous road into a pretty valley, shaded by walnut and fig-trees overhanging a broad rapid stream, which we followed upwards to its issue from the Cueva del Gato. It was nearly six o'clock before we reached it; but our long ride, rough and tiring as it was, had not been for nothing.

At a considerable height in the rocky mountain-side yawns a wide, arched cavern, which recedes far away into darkness, and through it issues a broad, clear, rushing torrent, which leaps down in a fine cascade into the deep, green pool at the foot of the rock, to flow away in the stream which we had been ascending.

With the assistance of some peasants we managed to scramble up to the mouth of the cave, but found that it was impossible to advance far into it. We again heard of the subterranean lake which is said to be between this and the Zumidero, but apparently it has never been thoroughly explored from either end. Large plants of the *Acanthus*, in flower, grow round the mouth of the cave, and their handsome leaves add beautiful details to a very picturesque scene.

The rays of evening, which were throwing beautiful lights and shadows around us, warned us to return, and again fording the stream, we turned our horses' heads towards Ronda. We had a beautiful ride home, the basin of the Ronda mountains looking grander than ever in the grey light, and we passed numbers of peasants driving trains of laden mules and asses back from their day's work.

We invited our newly-made Spanish friend to dine with us in the evening, and were amused at his account of the way in which the Virgin and saints are alternately prayed to, and threatened about the weather. The spring had been unusually dry, and the crops were perishing for want of water; so to-night had been appointed for carrying the virgin "del Hueloo" out into the country in solemn procession, *in order that she might see how parched the land was.* No woman being allowed even to look out of the windows for fear of distracting the thoughts of the men from their prayers, we ladies went to bed; but the gentlemen afterwards reported to us that the procession consisted of several lanterns, followed by about 3,000 men of the place, walking bareheaded two and two before the figure of the Virgin, which was draped in silver tinsel. The ceremony had been appointed three days previously, and was certainly judiciously timed, for before they reached home again drops of rain had fallen, and it rained hard all night. Unbelieving Don Miguel, however, who seems to have the profoundest contempt for the religion as well as the government of his country, says it was *not* fixed before the barometer had fallen.

Tuesday, May 7th.—After so many weeks of cloudless blue, it was delightful to see the sky broken up with large white clouds the next morning, and the scenery looked more than ever beautiful in the changing lights and shades.

We spent the morning trying to sketch the Tajo, which I shall always recollect as one of the most picturesque places it has been my good fortune to see. Afterwards, we walked about the town, and looked into the Cathedral, an ugly building, containing two banners of "Isabella la Catolica," and paid a visit to a convent, where we had an amusing conversation with an ancient abbess through a double grating. The dialogue was not very fluent, but she seemed much pleased with her visitors, and paid us some outspoken compliments on our fairness, which always seemed to strike Spanish eyes. She said it was impossible to admit us within the convent; but on my asking if they had a chapel, she had us conducted into it, and came herself to talk to us through the bars which divide

the *coro* from the body of the church. She told me that they belonged to the order of Sta. Ana, and that she had spent the whole of her life there. A few women and girls, poorly dressed, also peeped at us through the grating, and our guide informed us that these were the novices whose probation lasts for sixteen years, but I doubt whether his information was quite correct. The old lady seemed strict with these, and would not allow them to show themselves, and the twelve professed nuns who form the sisterhood were kept wholly out of sight.

The severity of their rule, however, did not prevent the Lady Abbess from showing a very decided curiosity as to the mutual relationships of the gentlemen and ladies of our party, and the knowing nods and winks which she gave proved that she was not above weaving an imaginary romance concerning them. Before we parted, she sent a novice to the garden for some flowers, and handed me, with a very affectionate squeeze, a pretty bunch of geranium and syringa through the bars. I have often thought since of the poor old lady and the contrast of the lives which met for a moment at the convent grating.

We then explored the old town, and walked along the river under the old Moorish walls to the Roman bridge, getting rather wet at one place in trying to cross a stream, where the stepping-stones were few and far between. At a bookseller's, where we were not successful in getting the books that we wanted, one of the party happened to admire a handsome specimen of a large moth, which the shopman immediately presented to him, utterly refusing payment for it or for the box in which he placed it. In the streets we were regularly mobbed—the boys crowding round us clamouring for coppers to scramble for; their elders, evidently thinking that five English people were a sight that they could not afford to lose, rushing out to watch us wherever we went.

We took one last glance at the magnificent view from the Alameda, and then were driven in by a sharp shower to prepare for an early start the following morning.

Wednesday, May 8th.—After a breakfast of bread, chocolate, and eggs—the three good articles of food in Spain—our cavalcade left Ronda at seven o'clock. Our plans had been changed in consequence of one of the party being over-tired with the riding, and instead of continuing our ride to Granada we had decided to branch off to Malaga, and there take to the high road. The morning was delightfully fresh and cool, and the great white clouds threw wonderful shadows on the mountains as we rode across the plain, which lies to the east of Ronda, and on which we found some fine ruins of a Roman aqueduct, telling of a civilisation long since passed away.

Then the ascent beginning, gradually became steeper and rougher as we climbed into the mountains, whose rugged sides were covered with beautiful wild flowers. As I was riding on at the head of the party, and had nearly reached the summit of the crest, I was startled by the sudden rise of a huge white and grey vulture within a few yards of my horse—a very different creature certainly to the sickly drowsy specimens which mope in our menageries.

After a climb of several hours a glorious view burst upon us, as we found ourselves on the ridge of a great basin of hills, bare and rocky beyond description, at the bottom of which lay the little town of El Burgo. After a long and steep descent we reached it at twelve o'clock, and were pleased to find shelter in a tidy little *posada*, where we lunched well on eggs and fried meat.

Two very pretty sisters were busy baking down-stairs, and afterwards waited on us above, as we were lucky enough to secure a room where we were free from the staring crowd. The girls examined us with the greatest attention, and I suppose were pleased with us, as one of them volunteered to come back with us to our own country; and shouts of laughter arose when, our meal being over, I bade her pack up her things and wish her friends good-bye. When we went down to remount we found that all the village had collected to see us, and I was much amused at a conversation which I overheard between our hostess and a man who seemed to have travelled sufficiently to have seen English people before. As usual she observed on our fair complexions, and I heard him assure her that they were not painted, but that it was natural to the English to be white. She noticed also the absence of ear-rings, and guessed correctly that two of the party were sisters, asking inquisitive questions about the others. A party of children walked with us till we got outside the town; but all were very civil, and did not annoy us as they had done elsewhere.

The heat now grew intense, and we continued our journey rather slowly, ascending and descending so frequently that I can hardly recall the route very clearly, but have a general impression of riding for several hours through fine mountain scenery and valleys filled with oleanders and pomegranates, till at the summit of the crest one of the finest views I ever saw burst upon us. It was a vast panorama of mountains of every size, shape, hue, and distance, from the snowy peak of the Sierra Nevada in the far horizon to the grey rocks at our feet. In two places we could see the blue line of the Mediterranean, and could distinguish the coast. On our right a most picturesque village lay nestled half-way up the mountain, and several towns were scattered in the plains below. The pink and lilac shades of approaching evening were lovely, and made the distance quite perfect. The only criticism one could make was a want of turf and foliage in the foreground, for which even the abundance of flowers, bright and beautiful as they were, could not entirely compensate.

Long before we reached the plain it became very evident that there was no chance of our catching the 6.30 train for Malaga at La Pizarra, and bitter were the reproaches heaped upon our guide for not hurrying us on earlier in the day. On we toiled, ascending and descending one hill after another, till we began to doubt the possibility of there being a railway station in so hilly a country.

The sun had set magnificently behind the hills which we had just crossed, and evening was fading into starlight night before we reached more level ground and caught sight of a railway station. Of course, the last train had left an hour before, and we were obliged to make up our minds to spend the night in the little *posada* as best we might.

After having looked forward to luxury in a civilised hotel, it was a disappointment to find ourselves driven back on worse quarters than any we had hitherto had—beds, whose comfort and cleanliness were extremely doubtful, and an evident scarcity of food, a serious prospect to tired travellers with appetites sharpened by the mountain air. A mess of stewed rabbit was at last provided, which we ate with appetite if not with relish, and then we all dispersed, with varied fortunes, to rest.

Thursday, May 9th.—The general feeling the next morning was that, though in some respects things were not as bad as we

had expected, we had not had much temptation to linger in our beds. One of the party, indeed, would have found it impossible to do so, as at an early hour of the night his bedstead had broken down under him, and had dropped him headlong on the floor. There was an angry discussion before we left as to the liability of the traveller to pay for the damage done—mine host claiming compensation for the bedstead, and his guest denying his liability on the plea that he had slept on the floor, and had nearly broken his neck into the bargain.

The train arrived at 7.50, and right glad were we to get into it and be carried on to Malaga, reaching it in about an hour and a half, and drove immediately to the Alameda Hotel, which we found good and comfortable.

We shall leave Malaga to be described by those who know it better than we do. We were there only eighteen hours, and memory recalls vaguely the events of an intensely hot afternoon. A bright cheerful town, an almost tropical climate, a visit to a celebrated *botega*, where we saw vast stores of Malaga wine; disappointment with the cathedral and another church, both unremarkable, not to say ugly buildings, and bad shops, in which we could not get any good coloured plaster figures, for which the place used to be celebrated. Such are our principal memories of Malaga itself.

Our guide, however, was wise enough to drive us out of the town, across a broiling sandy plain, and when we had begun to wonder whether what we should see could reward us for what we were suffering, suddenly admitted us into the most beautiful garden I ever saw. It belongs to an American resident, and is cultivated with the greatest care. The passion-flowers and deep blue convolvuluses were splendid, and the palms, bananas, oranges, and other southern trees—especially, I remember, an *Araucaria excelsa*—were growing in perfection. A long arcade, shaded with beautiful creepers, and filled with flowers and seats, ran almost up to the windows of the house. Here we found all the neatness and order of modern gardening combining with the gorgeous profusion of the tropics, and it certainly was the nearest approach to Paradise which my eyes had ever beheld. We had seen a lovely garden in the town, but this far excelled in beauty, and had the advantage of a splendid view over the city to the deep blue sea beyond.



PEOPLE OF THE LOWER ORDERS, SEVILLE.

In the evening we walked out to the Protestant Cemetery, which we found well worth a visit. It is laid out on the slope of a hill overlooking the sea, and the neat graves are prettily arranged among banks of aloes and geraniums. From it one obtains a fine view of the city, backed by mountains and bathed by the sea, and we saw it flooded with glorious sunset light.

It was sad to read the names of so many children and young people on the tombstones, who had sought a fine climate only too late, but one is glad to think their friends have been able to lay them in this beautiful resting-place.

Before I left, the gardener's daughter gave me a beautiful bouquet picked in the cemetery. It was the third I had received that day, any one of which would in England have been considered fit to present to a princess. We were to leave Malaga before sunrise the next morning, and must leave our flowers behind us, but here, where flowers were as plentiful as weeds at home, we could have no scruple in accepting them.

Bearing this in my hand, I returned to the hotel, and was not again disappointed of a good night's rest—that greatest of all blessings to the traveller.

Friday, May 10th.—We slept soundly, but were not allowed to enjoy our luxurious beds for many hours, and five a.m. saw us leaving the hotel door in an omnibus drawn by three mules and a horse. To English ears this sounds a curious combination, but Spanish mules are so large that they are used indiscriminately with horses, and a few hours afterwards our team consisted of three horses and a mule. They were urged along by the shouts and blows of our coachman, who gave us our first experience of Spanish driving. It is not a pleasant process, being based on an apparent belief that animals have a very undeveloped sense of hearing or feeling. They do not seem to have inherited from their Arab ancestors their love for, and knowledge of, horses. When I expostulated on the subject with our guide, he coolly remarked that they were used to it, a fact which was only too apparent in the condition of the poor brutes. When roads were steep and rough, I have often seen the driver running by the side of the team pick up large rough stones, which he threw at them with yells and execrations.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would find plenty to do throughout the whole of Spain, and unless things are much improved of late years, they might well begin their work at Gibraltar, where I remember hearing the English residents deploring the purposeless cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish population on birds and beasts, and which they were powerless to hinder.

For three hours after leaving Malaga, we slowly ascended the mountains, and those who were outside had a delightful view back over the plain, city, and sea, as day dawned upon them, and a lovely sunrise lighted up the distant peaks of the Ronda mountains. All the hill-sides were covered with vineyards, but the vines were scarcely sufficiently grown to give much colour to the foreground, and in this respect the view would be still finer later in the season.

We halted about eight o'clock on the crest of the mountains, and breakfasted outside the small *venta* there, on provisions with which we had come provided, the *venta* itself being far too dirty to enter. It was a lonely place, commanding a fine view of brown and purple mountains, rising range behind range for many miles, and making one wonder where the people lived who cultivated those thousands of acres of vineyard. Then starting again, for the next six hours we continued to traverse the mountains, ascending and descending by long zig-zag roads, sometimes among the bare rocks, sometimes in valleys filled with waving corn, our omnibus all the time swaying disagreeably from side to side. At one place we passed through a regular mountain pass.

At length, soon after three o'clock, we reached Loja, standing picturesquely on a slight eminence at the foot of the mountains, and two miles beyond it we were not sorry to alight at the station, and exchange our rough vehicle for a railway carriage. The dust had been terrible, and the heat very oppressive.

We started at half-past four, and for the next two hours passed through the renowned Vega of Granada. Its beauty and fertility could scarcely be surpassed, and one could not wonder at the energy with which it had been for centuries assailed by the Christians, and defended by the Moors. Far off in the distance rises like one great mountain the snow-capped range of the Sierra Nevada. On a promontory beneath it we could distinguish Granada with the picturesque rude towers of the Alhambra embosomed in trees, and on all points of the horizon ranges of mountains glowing in the afternoon light, and sweeping up to their feet the most fertile plain in Europe, exquisitely blue in the distance, and bright with varied colours in the foreground.

Had one never heard its name before, it was a scene which would have extorted admiration from the most indifferent spectator, but with all the added glory of the most romantic of historical associations, the first sight of Granada was an epoch in one's life.

Driving through the town from the station, we ascended the hill to the Fonda Ortiz (now, I believe, called the Hotel Washington Irving), and dusty, tired, and hungry as we were we thought it best for this evening to do no more than enjoy the feeling of satisfaction that we had at length reached Granada, and were sleeping under the shadow of the Alhambra.

The beauty of Spanish scenery is derived so much more from clear atmosphere, rocky picturesque mountains, and rich foreground colouring, than from trees and foliage, that as we drove to the hotel, we were surprised to find ourselves passing through a considerable plantation of elms, a real wood, reminding one of England. An English hero's name is suitably attached to this English scene. The Duke of Wellington, on whom Spain had bestowed some estates in the Vega, in grudging acknowledgment of his great services during the Peninsular War, had many years ago presented several thousand young elms to the city of Granada for the purpose of planting a public garden under the walls of the Alhambra, and of demonstrating to Spaniards the possibility of cultivating them in their own country. War has cleared away the old forests of Spain, and the depopulation which it has united with persecution and emigration to produce, has prevented them being again planted, and the climate has suffered much from the consequent loss of moisture. These elms are a proof that this need not be so. They are much in need of skilful thinning, but they have grown with a luxuriance which proves that the soil and climate are favourable to them. The cool shade of the trees, and the twittering of the birds among their branches, combined with the luxury of good beds, soon sent us to sleep with more home-like feelings than any we had had since we had been in Spain.

The Australian Land-Telegraph.

In 1862, little more than twenty years after the discovery of the application of electricity to telegraphy, the completion of the Siberian telegraph (since extended to the shores of the Pacific, and to Japan) and of the North American telegraph to San Francisco, gave a great impetus to further undertakings of the same kind; and at present Africa is the only continent which has not yet been traversed with telegraph wires. The pass over the Andes of South America, crossed by the telegraph-line between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres, is 12,500 feet above the sea; and the wires have to be sunk two feet in the earth for some distance, to prevent their being destroyed by the snow. But although the various enterprises which we have mentioned were all surrounded by formidable difficulties, still the founders had the advantage of working on known ground and along beaten roads, with villages and settlements from place to place. It was a much bolder undertaking to traverse Central Australia from south to north with telegraph-posts, where the only route known (and that imperfectly) was the one taken by J. M'Douall Stuart in 1860-62. The engineers were obliged also to be explorers, and to discover watering-places, trees for telegraph-posts, and convenient situations for permanent stations in the boundless wilderness, as they went along. At Mount Margaret, west of Lake Eyre, the pioneers left the last settlement behind them, with no human dwelling, shelter, or aid, to expect till they reached the northern terminus, Palmerston, at Port Darwin; and even this hardly deserved the name of a settlement, for all resources it could provide must be brought by ship from Adelaide. The local business of this telegraph-line will always be unimportant; but its real end and object is to form a chain of communication between the Australian colonies, the commercial centres of East and South Asia, and Europe. The entire series of telegraphs is thus tabulated by an Australian paper:—

Divisions.			Statute Miles.
Adelaide	to	Port Augusta	212
Port Augusta	,,	Port Darwin	1,800
Port Darwin	,,	Bangoewangi (cable)	970
Bangeowangi	,,	Batavia	480
Batavia	,,	Singapore (cable)	560
Singapor	,,	Penang (cable)	381
Penang	,,	Madras (cable)	1,213
Madras	,,	Bombay	600
Bombay	,,	Aden (cable)	1,664
Aden	,,	Suez (cable)	1,308
Suez	,,	Alexandria	224
Alexandria	,,	Malta (cable)	819
Malta	,,	Gibraltar (cable)	981
Gibraltar	,,	Falmouth (cable, *vid* Lisbon)	1,250
		Total	12,462

Of this distance 9,146 miles are submarine. There are already several telegraph-lines in Western Australia, having their centre at Perth.

The value of the great telegraph-line from Australia to Asia and Europe is incalculable to business men, and will soon put an end to rash mercantile speculations, by reducing the issues of large mercantile operations to almost a certainty. The overland line from South Australia to Port Darwin was projected and carried out under the management of Charles Todd, Director of Posts and Telegraphs in South Australia.

The Government of South Australia having decided on constructing the telegraph at the expense of the colony, undertook the middle portion themselves, accepting contracts for the northern and southern sections. Work was commenced in September and October, 1870, in the northern and southern divisions; but work in the northern division was beset with so many difficulties that the contractors withdrew, and the Government were obliged to finish it themselves. The beasts of burden were decimated by disease; the work was frequently much impeded by the tropical rains; and it was not until a depôt had been established at a convenient station on Roper River, that the work could be carried forward more rapidly.

On June 26, 1872, the work was so far completed that the gap still existing between Daly Waters and Tennent's Creek was bridged over by a horse-post; but in consequence of an accident to the cable between Port Darwin and Java, telegraphic communication with the outer world was not fully established till after the completion of the land telegraph on the 22nd of August. But since October 21, 1872, everything has been in perfect order; and Australia now receives news three weeks earlier than the latest brought by the mail steamers. When the work was successfully completed there were great festivities in Australia, for all felt the importance of the occasion.

The communication has twice been interrupted by lightning; but as four officials are regularly attached to each station with all requisites for the repair of accidents, the mischief done has been slight and easily remedied. In the tropical part of the line, the telegraph-posts are liable to be destroyed by the white ants; and Todd therefore proposes gradually to replace the wooden ones with iron ones, which would also be desirable, as a precaution against bush-fires. The natives have only once damaged the communication, and hostile demonstrations on their part are very unfrequent and unimportant.

Nearly all difficulties vanished away as the undertaking proceeded. Wood suitable for posts was found along the greater part of the line; and want of water was only felt in two districts, where they were able to manage by digging wells and making cisterns at the stations. Generally speaking, there is abundance of pasturage and water in the interior; the climate is good, the soil fertile, and the greater part of the country is admirably adapted either for rearing cattle or for growing corn.

A gold-field has also been discovered in the north, 120 miles from Port Darwin; but as the difficulties and expense of transit at this particular point are very great, and the gold chiefly to be obtained by quartz-crushing, which requires very heavy and bulky machinery, the yield has not been large hitherto. A regular overland communication between Adelaide and Port Darwin could, however, easily be established if necessary; and the road is, on the whole, so safe and easy that numbers of enterprising colonists and gold-diggers have already started for the interior, from the south, in small parties of from two to six.

The telegraph-line has been constructed mainly along the route followed by the original explorer, M'Douall Stuart.

Across Siam to Cambodia.—I.

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

It was about the end of the year 1866 that I made the journey from Bankok, the present capital of Siam, overland to the Great Lake and the ancient cities of Cambodia. I had for my companion a gentleman who was attached to the British Consulate in Siam.

Bearing a passport from the late king, we entered upon our journey through the Klong Koot Mie, one of the many canals that form the byways of Bankok and the trade-routes across the plain. Our boat was manned by a sturdy crew of Siamese, who plied their oars to the time of a native song. We halted at a Buddhist temple on the bank of the canal, and at a considerable distance from the capital, where, much to our astonishment, we found a foreign sailor, who had deserted his ship, and had walked through the entangled jungle from the banks of the Menam to this place. The poor fellow was sadly disfigured from exposure, and from insect and leech bites. His clothes were hanging in rags, and he was literally one mass of sores. His left wrist appeared to have been broken, and was much swollen and inflamed. His own story was that he had left his ship to cross the country and obtain medical treatment at Saigon hospital. He expressed surprise and dismay when informed that the distance was about 400 miles, "as the crow flies." He enjoyed a hearty meal on what we could offer him, and my friend reported his case to the district magistrate, who ordered a boat to take him back.

Our journey was a very tedious one, and occupied a month, when it might have been accomplished in a much shorter time. Our constitutions were tried with the constant exposure to a tropical heat, and the noxious atmosphere of jungle and forest, leechy marshes, and sandy wastes; and our tempers were no less put to the test by the grievous delays that fall to the lot of every explorer in Eastern Asia.

The country is not densely populated, and few foreigners had ever set foot in many of the out-of-the-way places through which we had to pass; or, I ought rather to say, through which at times there appeared to be no hope of our ever passing. We had to wake up the officials from their lethargy, and to introduce a new train of ideas into their languid minds. It generally occupied one or two days in leading up to the fact that we were foreigners, armed with the king's letter, and in want of something; moreover, the nature of our wants had then to be made intelligible, and carts, ponies, and men had to be sought for. We had many things to admire and examine on the way.

Thus valuable time was lost, and, to crown our misfortunes, a cart of provisions was upset, during a thunder-storm in one of the forests, when some of our wine and medicine bottles were smashed, and our two Chinese servants threatened to mutiny, as the work was too rough for them. A smart attack of jungle fever prostrated me for a day or two, leaving me so weak as to be almost unable to continue the journey. A full record of our misfortunes would only weary the reader and wake up in the writer painful memories, so I will proceed to the more agreeable task of narrating our pleasing experiences.

The Kabin River, along which part of our route lay, offered many attractions to one accustomed to the busy haunts of men. Its banks were covered with jungle and forest that appeared to have been undisturbed for ages. We seemed to be invading a territory to which man and his works were strangers, and whose sole occupants were to be found in the lower orders of creation. At one or two places the surface of the river was white with pelicans, while groups of tall wading-birds, marshalled along the shallows, paused at their busy occupation of fishing, and gravely watched our approach, till within a few yards of where they stood. It was heartless work shooting them, as they had not yet learned the destructive habits of man, and were living in a little world of their own, noting our intrusion with a profound air of studious surprise.

We passed through one or two settlements of Laos people, who live in captivity in the country, and are remarkable for their industry when compared with the Siamese. Their villages afforded outward evidence of cleanliness and comfort, which enabled us to distinguish them readily from the natives of the country. The Laotians grow good tobacco, and produce silk, which they dye with a variety of fast colours, and weave into *longutis* that are highly prized by the Siamese nobles. They have a variety of musical instruments; the most remarkable is a reed organ, with which they play a pleasing accompaniment to their native airs. The instrument is curious and interesting, as in its long hollow reeds it embodies the primitive idea of our modern organ-pipe, while to some extent it resembles the flute, in so far as each reed is pierced with holes, which, with the aid of the fingers of the player, produce different notes.

We frequently suffered from lack of water before we reached the streams flowing into Tale Sap, the Great Lake of Cambodia, of which I propose to give some account before concluding.

Siamrap is a settlement which takes its name from the district in which it is situated. The site of the old town is surrounded by a strongly-built wall. Many of the dwellings that remain were untenanted and in a state of ruin. The wall also enclosed the residence of the Siamese governor, who not only received us with the greatest kindness, but did everything in his power to aid in our exploration of the ruins, which are scattered throughout the jungle wastes of the province. The Siamese officials entertained us with graphic accounts of the ancient stone temples and palaces, which the majority of them had never seen, although within a two hours' ride of where they resided. They were satisfied with the glowing descriptions given by their servants, who, likewise, had probably never seen them.

Proceeding on our journey, and furnished with a week's provisions, we followed a path through the forest which soon brought us face to face with the first traces of the works of the ancient Cambodians, in blocks of sculptured stone half-buried in the plain, and covered with the underwood.



LAKE TALE SAP.

We could now descry the towers of Nakon Wat, the temple of the capital, and before us lay the ruined steps of its cruciform approach, built of massive blocks of freestone, and guarded by colossal stone lions. The massiveness of the work and the classical beauty of the ornament of this outer approach to the causeway, prepares one, in some measure, for the full view of the stupendous building obtained upon ascending the steps.



BUDDHIST TEMPLE OF NAKON WAT.

The outer causeway crosses a moat over 300 yards wide, and leads to the triple entrance-gate of the temple. This gate is guarded on each side by two huge stone effigies of a hydra-headed snake, and this snake, which has seven heads, forms an oft-repeated ornament throughout the entire building. It is sculptured above the waterways in the roofs, so that its upreared head forms a continuous ornament. It guards the sacred approaches to the interior, and forms one of the chief subjects of the bas-reliefs of the inner galleries. It holds, indeed, a similar place in this temple to that assigned by the Buddhists to the deities of Hindoo mythology, who are used as the guardians of the temple gates, and keepers of the sacred shrines of Buddha. So with the followers of Gotama who reared this temple. They found the snake to be the object of worship in the country, and gave it a subordinate place, making it an ornament to, and the guardian of, this greatest of Buddhist buildings.

The natives have some strange traditions regarding the origin of the walled cities and marvellous stone edifices of Cambodia. Some say that they were reared by a race of giants, who modelled the buildings in soft clay, and raised the blocks, with a strength of muscle unknown in our degenerate times, into their lofty places, pointing with a child-like faith to what they conceive to be the finger-prints of the giants shown in the displaced blocks of stone.

They also affirm that the builders anointed the clay with a liquid that transformed the pliant mass into a stone hard enough to resist the ravages of time. Unfortunately, the secret of this mystic art has been lost, and we of the nineteenth

century have still to hew the hard stones to form the foundations and graceful superstructures of our palaces.

Some say again, that the great stone structures were created in a night, at the fiat of a saintly prince, and by an army of "Tewadah" (angels). Such are the fanciful traditions that have been fostered, through centuries of the darkest ignorance, in the minds of the rude inhabitants of these jungle and forest wastes, who rear their huts of grass and reeds in the deep cool shade of the great buildings whose sculptured stones are fashioned with a massiveness and beauty as mysterious to them as the growth of the forest trees, or bloom of the flowers that environ their dwellings.

As the readers of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS have already been informed regarding the vast extent and general aspect of this temple, in the articles on "French Exploration in Cambodia and Cochin China," I will confine my observations to other matters of interest. I may here mention, that we had the pleasure of meeting the late Captain de Lagrée and his party, who followed us in their visit to the ruins.

The works of the ancient temple-building race of Cambodia are scattered over a much greater area than that included in the present limits of the country. They are found in the north of Siam, and south beyond the great lake Tale Sap. There can be little doubt, however, that the ruined city, Nakon Thom, which stands about five miles north of the great temple, was the ancient capital of the country. The temple appears to have been the last and greatest work of the race. There are some portions of it still unfinished, rough-hewn pillars set up ready for the chisel of the sculptor; some of them display the tracery of half-cut ornaments, where the firm and confident cutting of some skilful hand was arrested at its work. Chinese books contain a few scattered records which cast a faint light on the history of this ancient kingdom or empire of Cambodia; but, as a rule, they are bare and unsatisfactory notices of tribute-bearers from the powerful outer barbarians, who dwelt in the land of Cambodia, which even as late as 1644, was of such importance as to induce the Chinese authorities to have the language, then known as Papih, studied and taught in the Peking translation office.

The Cambodian civilisation and antiquities do not appear to be of very high antiquity. About 56 or 57 B.C. Cambodia appeared to be unknown to the Chinese, while Cochin China —the adjoining country — was under Chinese rule. Two governors were appointed, who taught the natives agriculture, and how to make caps and shoes, and to contract marriages, clearly showing that the people of that part of Eastern Asia were at that time in a savage state. It is mentioned in the history of the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 265 to 419, that Foonan, which became part of Cambodia, was noted for the practice of sculpture. The people of this region had also books, writing, and treasures. It is also stated that the king was a native of India. This was about the time when, according to the Siamese annals, Buddhism was introduced into Cambodia. About A.D. 650 Cambodia annexed many surrounding countries.*

A Chinese traveller gives a tolerably minute account of the city about this time, describing its walls and buildings in such a way as to leave no doubt of its identity with Nakon Thom. He also affirms that snake worship was anciently practised by the Cambodians. It is also shown, that under the wise rule of a Hindoo king of the military caste, Cambodia reached the acme of its power.

It is recorded in the history of the Sung dynasty, that the King of Sambotsi (Cambodia) sent an embassy to China in the year A.D. 1003, to state to the Chinese emperor that he was building a Buddhist monastery to be the means of increasing the age of the reigning sovereign, and with the request that the emperor would grant a name to be inscribed above the gateway. The request was acceded to, and in addition a bell was sent as a present by the emperor. This Buddhist temple is most probably Nakon Wat, which was for some reason left unfinished. Thus the dates of the rise and decline of one of the most remarkable periods of civilisation may be approximately set down from A.D. 200 to A.D. 1300, after which Cambodia was wasted by constant war and invasion, until its cities became desolate, and the halls of its princes the haunts of savage beasts.

* While in Peking and Shanghai I gathered this information from Chinese books, through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Edkins, and Mr. A. Wylie.

Recollections of South Africa.—II.

BY A LATE COLONIST.

WHILE on the Natal coast I joined a fishing-party, when we camped out for several days upon the beach, or rather upon the grass-land which adjoins the sand, as we have no shingle beach upon the Victoria coast, or upon any part of the coast which I have seen. Our object in pitching our tent upon the shore was to follow the amusement of fishing from a range of rocks which, running out into the sea, were partially exposed at low water, and which were much frequented by fish of large size. The rods and tackle were of the roughest and simplest description, consisting merely of long stout bamboos, along which were bound large brass rings at intervals to the top, such as are used for hanging curtains; through these a line of stout cord was passed, a coil of which was kept in the hand, while at the other extremity a stout hook was fastened. The best bait we found to be a strip cut from the first small fish which we could catch among the channels by which the rocks were intersected. The sport is decidedly exciting, and not quite free from danger.

Seizing his long, awkward-looking rod, the fisherman scrambles from rock to rock, now slipping upon the slimy

seaweed, now cutting almost through the leather of his boots among the sharp barnacles, or, perhaps, meeting with a fall which for the moment almost makes him swear that he will abjure this sort of fishing at once and for ever. However, to make up for all difficulties, perhaps after dropping his bait some dozens of times in the foaming water just outside the rocks without success, he will suddenly feel a tremendous tug, followed by a desperate struggle, as a large "rock cod" finds himself firmly hooked, and commences to fight hard for his life. Some skill is required in handling these large fish, as the fisherman's foothold upon the rocks is often very insecure, the fish remarkably strong, and the stress upon a tight line very great; while the fish, unexhausted, is making frantic rushes through the seething water in which it seems almost impossible that he could have existed without being dashed to pieces among the rocks. It is no uncommon circumstance for a fisherman who has hooked a large fish to be compelled to call for the aid of one of his companions before he can land his prize, notwithstanding the strength of the tackle used. As the tide rises the fishermen have of course to retire by degrees until the rocks become so far covered with water as to render fishing impracticable, until next tide. It is an unaccountable fact that it is only upon certain occasions that good sport is to be had from the rocks which are to be found at intervals along the whole of the Natal coast.

Upon certain days the fish will bite ravenously, and a large "take" may be made, while at other occasions the fisherman may go time after time, tide, weather, and everything apparently favourable, and not be rewarded by the capture of a single fish.

During our stay at the beach we met with tolerable success; one day the fish took our baits so well as to tempt us to remain upon the rocks rather longer than was prudent; the good sport blinding us to the inconvenience of standing upon slippery rock varied by patches of slimy seaweed and sharp-shelled barnacles and mussels—a by no means comfortable position, as may be imagined, more especially when the fisherman is frequently drenched by a thick, blinding spray. Our friend R—— was washed from his post by a wave, but fortunately escaped with a few bruises, the water carrying him along one of the channels which intersect the rocks.

"Camping out" for a short time in the fine South African climate, with a good tent and a sufficiency of stores, is thoroughly enjoyable. The only thing which occurred to mar the pleasure of our fishing picnic was the springing up one intensely hot afternoon of a strong wind, which blew down our tent while we were sheltering within from the heat. Notwithstanding what I have said concerning the pleasures of "camping out," I must here remark that tent life has two very decided disadvantages, viz., a tent is a very warm resting-place during hot weather, and an exceedingly chilly one during a cold night.

Returning after three days' stay upon the beach to my friend's house, I found him very glad of the company of a white man, a life among "niggers" being not quite to his taste. Indeed, the life of an Englishman in this colony is peculiarly dull should he have no companions; and I have myself, when living alone upon a bush-farm, often felt almost disposed to pass the evening in the hut where I have heard my Kafirs laughing and talking often until late at night, though of course I well knew that such freedom between a master and South African labourers would have led to loss of respect and authority. No doubt some men can bear the monotony of a life of solitude, either on the plains or in the bush, more contentedly than others. I remember, while travelling up the country, once meeting with a young man who was living entirely alone, seldom seeing a white face or hearing the sound of his mother tongue, and whose whole stock consisted of thirteen or fourteen goats. I could mention many other cases of men living, apparently happily enough, in remote spots, without society, books, or newspapers. Men who, should you visit their houses, will perhaps ask you "what is going on" in whichever colonial town you may have last visited, but who will hardly ask a question as to the latest news from England.

Before leaving my friend's house we enjoyed a day's quail-shooting together, he being possessed of a pointer steady enough to be used for the sport, quail being generally considered, from their running propensities, to render a young dog unsteady. After a considerable amount of fagging we contrived to make a moderate bag before our dog was knocked up.

My next journey, after leaving my friend's hospitable house, was to the lands upon the Zulu border, where the population is thin and scattered, communication with the towns of course more difficult, and the country wilder and better supplied with game—both antelope and winged game—though even here the *feræ naturæ* are not now very abundant. This district, though it contains several small farms, and two or three well-ordered coffee plantations, is inhabited to a great extent by the Zulu trading fraternity; men who erect their houses and cultivate a small patch of land, for which they generally pay a small rent to the owner, on some locality favourable for the pasturage of such cattle as they may bring from Zulu or Amaswazi Land after their trading trips, and by half-castes of several breeds, or rather mixtures, for in some cases it is impossible to tell what has been the combination of races from which they sprung.

As a rule (though not without exception) these mixed breeds are not to be relied on, and the description given by a colonist of his half-caste (or bastard, as they are generally called in the colony) servant would give a tolerable idea of these breeds—one part Dutchman, two parts Kafir, four parts Hottentot, eight parts scoundrel.

Land upon the Zulu border is lower in price than that nearer the large towns, but the difficulty of transporting produce to town is, of course, considerably greater.

The climate is equal to any other part of the coast, and is perfectly healthy in all respects. The difficulty of procuring household stores is greater than in the more populous districts, and there is no such thing as a bakery or butchery in the neighbourhood; fowls, however, are to be purchased at a low price from the natives, and with a good stock of poultry about the house, a few pigs and native sheep or goats, and by shooting a buck occasionally, a colonist may keep his table pretty well supplied

Upon the lands adjoining the banks of the Tugela the houses of Europeans are few and far between, but they are rather more numerous upon the coast than in the up country districts.

Almost every description of colonial and makeshift abode is to be met with on the Zulu border. Good substantial houses of brick or stone (though certainly these are rather the

exception than the rule), comfortable wattle and daub cottages (so well built, in some instances, as hardly to be distinguishable from brickwork), Kafir huts constructed upon a slightly improved principle, and furnished with doors and windows, dens of various shapes and sizes formed of wattles, reeds, and grass, buildings of turf, and hartebeeste houses;* in fact, the dwellings are as varied as the population, which comprises English, Dutch, Kafir, and the various mixed races before mentioned.

Native labour is rather cheaper on the border than in the more thickly populated localities, but the supply here, as throughout the colony, is precarious; in fact the "labour question" is one of the chief colonial difficulties. Travelling up the country, of course the border lands become cooler, and the country changes from bush to open plains. There are two or three ferry boats upon the Tugela River for the purpose of carrying traders and hunters to or from Zulu Land when the river is swollen. This broad boundary river, across which it is possible at certain places to wade, sometimes for months in succession, being converted after heavy rains in the uplands into a large, deep, rapid river.

To cross this river on foot at any time or place when the water is not shallow and clear would be dangerous, as it contains numerous crocodiles. One of the Tugela ferry boats is kept by a negro from the West Indies, a very civil honest fellow, best known by the appellative of "Black Jack," although he insists upon being called "Mr. Hill" by the Kafirs.

Although the border lands of Natal are generally considered a very remote part of the colony, I have passed many pleasant days during my colonial experience, and notwithstanding their drawbacks and disadvantages, shall always retain an agreeable recollection of them.

The country along the coast in the neighbourhood of the river Tugela is undulating, and consists of grass-land varied by clumps of bush and scattered mimosa-trees, with here and there a large *Euphorbia*, making a conspicuous object in the landscape with its long, straight, light-coloured stem, surmounted by a large crown of bright green aloe-like shoots pointing skyward. The summits of the shoots of the *Euphorbia* being firm and steady even during a strong wind, are a favourite resting-place for the various kinds of doves and pigeons, and when these birds are fired at by any "pot-hunting" colonist, streams of white, milky-looking juice will be observed flowing freely from any places where stray shots have struck the tree. This juice is possessed of very powerful blistering properties, and is sometimes used as a blister for horses, though generally considered too violent in its effects. A horse blistered by means of the juice of *Euphorbia* not unfrequently loses the hair, permanently, from the spot to which the blister has been applied.



OLD NATIVE CHIEF, CENTRAL AFRICA.

The most prominent feature of the lower border district is a large hill, called by the natives the Inyatikaz. This hill forms a landmark to the traveller for many miles. I have hailed the sight with much pleasure from a long distance in the Zulu country when returning to civilisation once more, after a long trip among savages.

The Inyatikaz is a hill, or rather a mountain, steep, and troublesome to travel over, and dotted throughout with small clumps of bush and mimosa-trees.

While living upon the border, the fact was remarked by several of the colonists — myself among the number—that on those mornings when the summit of the Inyatikaz and the scattered trees thereon presented a clearly-defined appearance against the horizon, intense heat, often followed by a tremendous thunder-storm, might be expected.

The scenery along the Tugela bank is often very beautiful, varying from steep, cliff-like descents, clothed with bright-leaved trees and shrubs of various shades of green, interspersed with aloes of various kinds, to a gentle descent to the sandy ford or silent deep. Here gaudy-plumaged birds are to be found more abundantly than in most parts of the colony; this is therefore an excellent resort for the collector of specimens.

I have sometimes been amused by watching one of the larger kind of kingfishers, a bird about three times the size of his British brother, murdering a wretched frog previous to devouring it. Seizing the miserable little reptile firmly in his beak he would batter it upon a stone by the river's edge until he had reduced it to a sufficient state of quietude to prevent its struggles inconveniencing him during the eating process.

* A hartebeeste house is simply made by building the framework of a rather steep-pitched roof upon the ground, into which the ends of the rafters are firmly driven, and thatching it with *tambootie*, or some other of the grasses used for thatching. The openings at each end of the tunnel thus formed being either closed by means of a few boards nailed across, or a wall of wattle and daub, an aperture being of course left in one of them for a doorway.

Wanderings in Norway.—IV.

BY FRANK USHER.

ACROSS THE SOGNE FJELD—OPTUN—GAMMEL OST—SKJÖLDEN.

AFTER a rest of half an hour upon the rocky eminence which commanded so magnificent a view of the country to the west of the Sogne Fjeld, we once more tightened the pony's girths, and commenced the descent of the fjeld. Soon we got below the snow-line, and again saw signs of the track, which for the last seven hours had been invisible. This had caused my guide no uneasiness, for, although he declared that he had not traversed those mountains more than thrice before, he seemed at no time to be in doubt as to our route. Perhaps he trusted in the sagacity of the pony, which picked its own way with wonderful instinct, never making a mistake, notwithstanding that the table-land was very broken and covered with snow.

Our track wound downwards through the splendid valley which separates the range of the Sogne Fjeld from that of the Horungerne Fjeld, upon the south. The scenery of this valley, especially towards the south, is of great grandeur, the mountains of the Horungerne being some of the finest in Norway. One of them, Skagstöltind, is 570 feet higher than Sneehætten, and in its outlines is, perhaps, superior to any other mountain of the Scandinavian Peninsula.



FALLS OF THE VORINGS-FOSS.

After passing Skagstöltind, the valley deepened and the

descent became very abrupt. The track, which hitherto had been barely visible, now asserted its existence more positively, and became remarkably bad, so I dismounted, and my guide led the pony down the rough pass, cheering the good little animal with the news that he was "*ikke saa fjernt fra Optun nu*" (not so very far from Optun). The pony seemed to understand him, for it stepped out more briskly, and after another hour's trudge we reached the large *bonde-gaard*, where quarters were to be found.

I was by no means sorry to reach the end of my day's journey, for I had been travelling for twenty hours or more. The journey across the fjeld from Kvandesvold had taken fifteen hours, and the rough, high-pommelled saddle upon which I had ridden, had completely excoriated me. But I was at Optun, so I forgot that misery until a very hard seat reminded me of it. The good people of the farm roused themselves from their slumbers, and did their best to make me comfortable. I cooked my only remaining tin of meat, and on this and a large bowl of *gröd*—into which an extra lump of butter had been put, as a treat—I supped famously. I could not understand a word that my host and his family said, for they spoke the horrible Bergensk dialect, but, aided by the guide, we got on famously together, and our mutual ignorance of each other's language proved an inexhaustible fund of amusement to my kind entertainers. Few households knocked up at two o'clock in the morning by a casual traveller would have taken matters so good-humouredly.

I was awakened from a sound sleep about seven o'clock that morning by the guide, who was anxious to return to Kvandesvold. I paid him four dollars for the pony and himself, whereupon he shook me warmly by the hand, a sure sign that he was well satisfied, and departed on his homeward way rejoicing. My hostess, after a vain attempt to make me understand what she said, spread all her edible resources upon the table, and invited me to fall to. Truly, it was no bad breakfast that she had prepared. There was a large wooden bowl of sour milk, sprinkled appetisingly with brown bread-crumbs; there were piles of *flad-bröd*, and many thicker cakes of rye-meal; a little basket contained half-a-dozen new-laid eggs, boiled to a turn; in a wooden basin there was a small mountain of white butter; upon a plate were thinly-cut slices of cheese; and, to complete the list of dainties, there was a glass dish, carefully covered, containing lumps of many-coloured *gammel ost*.

This *gammel ost* (old cheese) is considered by epicures one of the greatest Norwegian delicacies. To a stranger, however, its appearance is very much against it, nor, to an uneducated nose, is its strong smell a recommendation in its favour. It is made of goat's milk and certain herbs, and is never eaten until in an advanced state of decomposition, when the odour which it emits becomes so powerful that it is almost impossible to remain in the same room with an uncovered dish of it. It is a toothsome dainty, but the taste for it is purely an acquired one. A friend of mine who was staying with me at the Britannia Hotel in Trondhjem, had the greatest horror of this cheese. Peter, the waiter, felt hurt at the slight put upon the national delicacy, and lost no opportunity of pressing it upon the antityrophagist. At unexpected moments Peter would appear at the antityrophagist's shoulder, and, uncovering a dish, would throw it under his nose with the bland inquiry, "*Gammel ost*, sare?" Great was the rage of my friend as the unsavoury perfume assailed his olfactory nerves, and in stern tones he would denounce vengeance upon Peter should the offence be repeated. His vengeance did at last overtake the waiter. One morning at breakfast as he was raising a morsel of delicious *pâté* to his mouth, he heard the detested inquiry and inhaled the abominated odour. Dropping his fork, he clutched a large piece of *gammel ost* from the dish, and sprang from his seat. Away went Peter—away went the antityrophagist after him. Round the table, upsetting empty chairs—through the kitchen, knocking over the asthmatic cook; out into the yard Peter fled, but the antityrophagist was swifter of foot than he, and ran into him in a corner. Then fared it badly with Peter. His face was rubbed with the cheese; his eyes, mouth, and nostrils were filled with the dainty that he loved so well, until, having exacted a full satisfaction, the avenger quitted his victim and hurried off to change his clothes and otherwise purify himself.

Besides the viands before mentioned, my hostess brought forth two reindeer tongues, one of which I ate; the other I pocketed, to the joy of my entertainers, who crowded round me as I was breakfasting. I made an excellent meal, and then, in pantomime, I expressed my desire to proceed on my journey. A pony was soon saddled for me, and having shaken hands with everybody, and pressed three *marks* (about half-a-crown) on my hostess, who evidently thought that sum far too much for my board and lodging, I started upon my way again.

The rugged path wound down the valley, the scenery of which increased in wild beauty as I journeyed on. A ride of half an hour or so brought me to the little village of Fortun, but I made no stay there, as my guide volunteered to go on with me to Skjölden. We were now in the valley of the Eide Elv, which flows into the Lyster Fiord, the most northern branch of the great Sogne Fiord. The path had grown into a well-defined road, and a ride of some four miles along this brought me to Skjölden. Here I determined to rest until the next morning; so, having told my hostess—to whom I succeeded in making myself understood—of my intention, and requested her to have my dinner ready at six o'clock, I set off to explore the beauties of the neighbourhood.

A BONDE-DANDS.

Upon my return to Skjölden in the evening, I found the household in a state of great excitement in consequence of the arrival of a celebrated fiddler at the station. They were going to take advantage of his coming by getting up a dance. To it all the *bönder* of the neighbourhood had been invited. The large, black-raftered kitchen was to be the ball-room. The tables and benches were placed against the wall, and the green shoots, which ordinarily garnished the floor, had been swept away. The lasses had finished their work for the day, and had arrayed themselves in all the glory of coloured petticoats and kerchiefs for the occasion. The lads had likewise devoted more than ordinary care to their appearance, and were splendid in short jackets and silver buttons.

The hostess was bustling about, superintending the preparations for the dance. Not unlike a housewife of Alsace was she, her long light hair braided tightly to her head, and surmounted by a broad black ribbon tied in an enormous bow. Her ornaments were truly gorgeous. A large silver brooch of the cunning filigree workmanship peculiar to Norway, fastened her kerchief to her jacket, and from her ears depended long earrings of the same pattern and material.

All seemed eager for the commencement of festivities. As

I was dining in the guest's chamber, I heard the sound of a fiddle in the old kitchen, and the clatter of heavy boots proclaimed that the dance was in full swing. The worthy hostess, whose dancing days were over, brought me my coffee, and begged me to join the votaries of Terpsichore. This I promised to do, and accordingly, having finished my *tasse*, I walked across to the festive scene. A couple were dancing a jig-like dance to a jig-like tune as I entered the kitchen, and the others were standing or sitting round the room, watching the performance in mute admiration. The performers were pounding away in earnest; evidently they had just commenced, for no traces of fatigue were visible upon either face. To them the dance seemed an affair of gravest importance—it is not every day that one gets the chance of dancing at Skjölden—there was no dallying; they worked away determined to do their duty and maintain their reputation as dancers in the eyes of the assembled critics. Soon they warmed to their work; their eyes sparkled with excitement, and they called upon the fiddler to quicken his time. The fiddler obeyed the call, and adroitly changed his tune to one still livelier. Then excitement pervaded all, and feet began to beat loud time to the bewitching strains. The dancers now evinced symptoms of fatigue. The girl's face grew red and her bosom heaved quickly; perspiration poured from the man's forehead as he whirled his partner round with powerful arm. Still they danced on, encouraged by the admiring exclamations of the spectators. At last, exhausted nature could stand it no longer, and with a masterly pirouette the man whirled himself and his partner on to a vacant bench. Then the music ceased and I discovered myself doing a double shuffle.

To my surprise, a young bonde, standing near me, suddenly addressed me in English, with a twang that could never have been acquired in Norway. He had been in America for three years. He had gone out to America with his father, who had died in the New World, and, upon his father's death, he had realised his effects and returned to Norway. Love of the fatherland is a distinguishing feature in the character of the Norwegian peasant. In many parts of Norway I have met peasants who have been to America and returned to their mountain homes, preferring the simple life of their native land to the more luxurious fare and high wages of other countries. "I had rather be a labourer in *Gamle Norge*, than a millionaire in America," a bonde, who had experience of both countries, told me once. He had been a successful emigrant, so that failure was not the cause of his preference. In the course of five years in the State of New York, he had amassed six hundred dollars. With this sum he returned to Norway and purchased a small farm, upon which he hoped to live all his days, making for himself a little world, far away from that outer world, where avarice and jealousy, fraud and violence are rife. Wise man!

Short breathing time was allowed the fiddler; another couple soon advanced into the arena, and danced until they could dance no more. They were followed by others in quick succession. The indefatigable fiddler played them all out. I achieved popularity by producing a bottle of brandy—alas, that it was my only one!—and administering doses to the dancers and musician. I was voted *saa snill* and *saa artig*, and my hand was shaken by everybody present. The kind hostess who had sat benignly regarding the dancers, then proposed that Jens Vold should dance a spring dance for the Englishman's gratification. Jens Vold was evidently a dancer of great local repute, for the hostess's proposition was clamorously seconded by all present. With the self-depreciation common to most illustrious men, Mr. Vold protested that he was unworthy of the honour, but his protest availed nought with his friends, who seized him and pulled him out into the middle of the room. A great performance was about to commence; a trial of endurance between dancer and musician. The former took off his coat, that he might dance with greater freedom; the latter tightened his strings and resined his bow. "Begin, friend," shouted the great Vold, and, thus adjured, the fiddler struck up a quick tune. I was rather disappointed in the spring dance, for there was nothing very remarkable in it. In all probability it is the most ancient of saltatory performances. Doubtless it was danced in happy Arcadia by the amorous youths who strove with nimble feet against each other for the bright smiles of coquettish shepherdesses. It was danced on the lawns of Italy by the festive swains who celebrated a plenteous harvest, *motibus incompositis*. Its measures are inspired by the genius of the musician. Such dances are to be found in every country, but nowhere are they performed with greater spirit than in Norway. For twenty minutes, at least, Vold danced away. At one time, he seemed to be executing a reel; at another, a jig; occasionally he would give a whoop in the exuberance of his spirits, and turn over on his hands, doing a "Catharine wheel" which a London Arab might have envied. Then he would sober down and galopade round the room. This was unfair upon the fiddler, who was so hard at work, for it enabled the dancer to recover his breath. "Thou art tired, O Vold!" cried the perspiring violinist. "Thou art more tired!" retorted the indomitable Vold. The fiddler's reply was an increase of pace; Vold accepted the challenge right manfully. How long the contest between the two might have lasted, I know not. They must have been at it for half an hour, when, suddenly, pop went a couple of fiddlestrings, and Vold ceased dancing. Neither seemed exhausted and each claimed the victory.

The fiddle having been put to rights again, the musician struck up a soberer tune. As all the couples had displayed their prowess singly, many now danced at the same time. My worthy hostess pressed me, through the medium of the English-speaking bonde, to join in the dance. For some time I held out against her entreaties—I was tired; I knew not their dances; it was greater pleasure to watch the young people enjoying themselves. But my excuses availed me not. A very pretty, fair-haired, large-eyed *pige* was brought to me, and bidden to initiate me into the mysteries of the dance. He who could have resisted her pressing, though unintelligible solicitations, must be possessed of a more obdurate nature than I am blessed with. We danced and got on famously together, and I am prepared to asseverate, in manner most solemn, that I never enjoyed ball more than I enjoyed that evening at Skjölden

THE SOGNE FIORD.

Early the next morning I procured a large boat, manned by four men, a stiff breeze blowing up the fiord, and preventing the employment of a sail, and bade a fond farewell to Skjölden. The scenery upon this northern branch of the Sogne Fiord is wild and gloomy in the extreme. On either side, dark precipices rise from the water to an immense height, and down their sides roar innumerable cascades, many of them of great

volume and beauty. The Sogne Fiord runs a hundred and twenty miles into that land of mountains. The surrounding country is the wildest and most romantic in Norway. To the north lies the region of Justedal, with its snowy ridges and vast glaciers; to the south stretches a wild mountainous country, abounding with splendid waterfalls and sublime scenes. Every mountain and every fiord has its legend. Here the gods who dwelt in Asgard were worshipped long after Olaf had overthrown the greatest of their number in Gudbrandsdal. Here may be seen the remains of the temple of Baldur which Frithiof destroyed. A huge stone still bears the name of the Sun-God. Many a hard-fought battle has been waged in this neighbourhood. The names of the combatants are unrecorded by sacred bards, but records of their fights still exist in the Bauta stones erected by the victors. This was the country of heroes. The inhabitants, whose legends have been handed down from father to son, for centuries, can tell of the exploits of their ancestors in the troubled times of Swerro. They can tell of still more remote ancestors, who followed Sigurd to Jerusalem. According to the historians of Sigurd, valour was adequately rewarded in those days. Gifts of fabulous value were heaped upon the conquering Norwegian champions of the Cross; the Golden Gate of Constantinople was opened to them, and the streets through which the heroes passed were carpeted in their honour. Sigurd was the last monarch of united Norway. In the state of anarchy which followed his death, and in the gloomy days of their national degradation, the Norwegians solaced themselves in their misery by the remembrance of the glory that had been theirs. We can pardon them if they have exaggerated that glory.

A steady pull of four hours, with very few easies, brought us out of the Lyster Fiord. We were now able to avail ourselves of the wind, so the oars were shipped and the large oblong sail hoisted. The captain of the boat sat near the stern, holding the long handle of the rudder in one hand, and the sheet line in the other. The three other men sat in the bows, keeping a sharp look-out upon the wind, which came in gusts over the water. It was well that they did so, for suddenly the distant water grew black, and a dark line flew towards us. With loud exclamations, the men sprang to their feet; down rattled the sail; the boat's head was thrown up and a storm was upon us. The men took to their oars again and pulled away manfully. The waves came in big rollers up the fiord, but the light boat rose to them like a duck, and shipped very little water. I must confess to having felt rather nervous as the wind struck us. I could swim, but swimming would have availed me but little there, as it would have been impossible to find a landing-place on the sheer cliffs that bordered the fiord. Very few Norwegian boatmen and fishermen can swim, the invariable reason assigned by them for not learning this useful art being that a quick death is preferable to a lingering one. The navigation of the Norwegian fiords, with careless boatmen, is an affair of considerable risk, for, without a second's warning, a storm may swoop down upon the water, and then, should the sheet-line be fastened, there is but little chance of escaping an upset. The boatmen should never be permitted to fasten the sheet-line, however steady the wind may seem.



CHURCH AND HOUSE IN NORWAY.

The storm soon blew itself out, and, hoisting the sail again, we quitted the main channel of the fiord, and sailed up the broad arm which leads to Leirdalsören. The scenery still continued very fine, but it had lost the sombre grandeur which imparted such an interest to the Lyster Fiord. We reached

Leirdalsören at eight o'clock in the evening. There is a capital inn at this little place; it has been deservedly recommended as head-quarters for those who wish to explore the beauties of the Sogne district. The only fault that I found with it was one that may be found with most Norwegian inns. My bed was little more than five feet long, and, instead of blanket and counterpane, a large eider down bolster did service as covering. In winter, this bolster must have been invaluable, for, although remarkably light, weighing, perhaps, not more than a pound and a half, it was perfectly air-tight. The Norwegians are too fond of these bolsters in summer. A foreigner might as well try to sleep in the hottest chamber of a Turkish bath as under one of them.

I had hoped to find the weekly steamer from Bergen at Leirdalsören. I was, however, two days too soon for it; so, early the next morning, I resumed my journey by boat. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and my boatmen had to pull the whole way to Gudvangen. The fiord scenery upon this stage is the grandest in the world. There is something positively awful in the aspect of the enormous precipices, rising thousands of feet perpendicularly from the water. As we approach Gudvangen, these precipices contract so closely that the light of day is almost excluded. The dark lane of water winding between the lofty walls of rock seems like the entrance to some other world. Far above us shine the summits of the cliffs, bathed in golden sunlight. At their base, all is black, and cold, and gloomy. The only sound which breaks the mysterious stillness of the scene, is the measured dip of the oars in the glassy water, or the hoarse murmur of the spray, in which the cascades, falling over the tremendous precipices, lose themselves, ere they reach the surface of the fiord. As we proceed, the sombre grandeur of the scene increases, until a winding in the lane of water brings us to the head of the fiord, where lies Gudvangen.



MOUNTAIN BRIDGE, NORWAY.

At Gudvangen, a traveller may find very fair accommodation. I did not test the excellence of their sleeping arrangements, but I did ample justice to the salmon and potatoes that they gave me for dinner. My journey from Leirdalsören had taken nine hours. It was but six o'clock when I finished dinner, so, feeling remarkably fresh, I resolved upon travelling to Bergen overland, instead of waiting for the steamer. The road was said to be good, and, what was the great point, the stations were fast. Accordingly, I ordered a carriole, and started off, determined to travel all night.

FROM THE SOGNE FIORD TO BERGEN.

I have already noticed the engineering skill with which the road from Gudvangen to Stalheim has been constructed. The narrow valley through which it winds is a continuation of the fiord up which I have journeyed. From the summit of this alpine road a splendid view is obtained over the wild district of the Sogne Fiord. Nearer to us, the scenery is of no common order. At our feet lies the Nerodal, through which wind two white streaks, one of them a river, the other our road; on either side of the valley roars a cascade, and, high above us, tower the lofty mountains.

At Stalheim I ran short of small change. The Norwegian bönder are an impecunious class, and can seldom give one change even for so small a sum as a dollar. In consequence one has to carry a good supply of *smaa penge* when travelling through the country. It is amusing to see the reverence with which the peasants sometimes receive a dollar. The delight which some old Irishwomen manifest upon being presented with a silver coin is nothing to theirs. They will kiss the note and talk affectionately to it, and, when hard necessity compels them to part with it, they will write a few simple words upon its back, begging it to return speedily to them. I solved my difficulty at Stalheim by giving the *gjæstgiver* a dollar in payment for the last and next stages, but it was long before I could make the worthy man understand that I was willing to lose a mark or more by doing so. A similar difficulty occurred at Ivinden, and again I had to submit to a loss of many shillings, paying a dollar for two stages. This, however, brought me to Vossevangen, where I was lucky enough to get change for a five-dollar note. The scenery between Stalheim and Vossevangen is exceedingly fine, and the waterfalls pouring into the mountain stream, along which the roads run, are of great beauty.

It was midnight when I reached Vossevangen, where there is a large inn, kept by remarkably civil people. They prepared an excellent supper of beefsteaks for me, and when I left them, made up a parcel of meat and white bread, which they pressed upon me, telling me that nothing eatable

was to be procured between their station and Bergen. I had cause to rejoice that I had not stayed at Gudvangen, for shortly after leaving Vossevangen, I saw a most glorious sunrise—such a sunrise as is only to be seen in northern latitudes, where the rising sun illumines the heavens ere the tints of sunset have faded from the sky. Again the character of surrounding nature had changed. The mountains had lost their bold outlines, and rose with gradual ascent from the valley. The road now skirted a chain of lakes, then followed the course of the fine stream flowing into the Evanger Vand. It was four o'clock when I reached Evanger. The busy fisher-folk were all up and stirring, intent upon the capture of the salmon for which their lake is famous. We sailed swiftly down the lake, rejoicing in the steady breeze which gave assurance of a quick journey to Bergen. At the foot of the lake I landed, and walked across the isthmus intervening between the Evanger Vand and the Bölstad Fiord. At the little station of Bolstadören I procured another boat, manned by two men, who agreed to take me me to Garnæs, a station about thirty English miles from Bergen, for eleven marks (about ten shillings). I embarked and sailed down a narrow lane of water into the heart of the mountains.

The variety of scenery in the wild Bergen's Stift is endless, and my pen tires in attempting to describe the many changes of nature, upon which I gazed with ever-fresh delight. From the valley of the Rundal's Elv, which in its soft pastoral beauty recalled many a scene in our own isle, I plunged into a dreary defile, where the dark fiord wound between sheer, lofty walls of rock, rich in curious colours. In many places the gloomy cliffs hung threateningly over the water. The wind had fallen, and my boatmen took to their oars. As we proceeded, the gorge widened out, and soon we emerged upon the Bergen Fiord. Our course lay towards the south. Upon our right hand was a lofty, barren island, seemingly uninhabited; upon our left was the mainland, rising in a succession of mountains, with here and there a *gaard*, and goats and cattle feeding near it. Again our sail was hoisted, and our boat slipped merrily through the water. Now the fiord made a bend towards the west, and directly ahead of us, was seen the long range of mountains beyond which is Bergen. We reached Garnæs, where I dismissed my boatmen, who, without landing to rest, departed on their homeward route. The ponies were all away up the hills, and I was delayed an hour before I could obtain a carriole, wherein to resume my journey overland. At last, when my patience was well-nigh exhausted, I started from Garnæs. A small, shock-headed herdboy, armed with a straight wooden trumpet, not unlike those upon which cherubs are supposed to perform, ran alongside, making an awful noise, quite heedless of my request that he will *gaae bort*. Doubtless he expected that I should give him shillings. He was preciously mistaken if he did; I never encourage importunity. I asked my *skyds-karl* to rid me of him, and the intelligent *skyds-karl* jumped down and cuffed the herdboy's head. The shock-headed trumpeter fled up the steep bank, relinquishing the pursuit of the *Engelskmand*, and sitting down upon the summit of a rock, tootled to himself in a very minor key.

A Year's Tramp in Colorado.—I.

If the following narrative contains nothing of geographical interest, as might possibly be inferred from the title, it possesses at least the merit of veracity; and in these days of somewhat reckless emigration to the west of America, the practical experience of one who has just returned thence may not be wholly devoid of usefulness.

Early in 1872 I became fully convinced that the British Isles were not large enough for a man of my energy and talent, and that the "Land of the Free" was the only part of the known world where my transcendent genius would be adequately rewarded. In this frame of mind I sought the counsel of an old and much-valued friend, and in an evil hour it was decided that Colorado should be the favoured field of my endeavours, inasmuch as it was the newest and consequently the most rising territory in the Union, as clearly proven by the annual statistics of Denver City, the chief town.

Having completed my arrangements, bidden farewell to my friends, and obtained the promise that letters of introduction should meet me at Denver, I embarked on board the good ship *Franco*, bound from Liverpool to New York. I must confess that, as we steamed out of the Mersey, I became conscious of a sensation similar to that of having a marble in the throat. When a man is starting on a journey of nearly 6,000 miles, his worldly possessions being of the slenderest description, and his plans for the future most delightfully vague, he is apt to ponder upon the chances of his ever seeing home again.

One of the most depressing things on board a ship carrying between 700 and 800 passengers, is the painful attempt at gaiety and light-heartedness manifested by the poorer class of emigrants; and of all the ghastly cheers ever heard, I should say that last, as we passed the Rock Light, was the most painful.

Once out of sight of land, however, there was something else to occupy the mind. At Cork Harbour we took in about 200 Irish emigrants, and also two young engineers, with one of whom, an enthusiastic Irishman, named Roberts, I quickly chummed. We had about seventy in the saloon, amongst whom were of course the usual number of runaway couples; one travelling as brother and sister, and the other—well, I forget their assumed relations to each other; but I know "he" was in my cabin, and that in a very short time I had it all out of him. As to the "brother and sister" dodge, that was most feeble, and was very quickly played out, as by their extreme devotion it was soon manifest that they were "less than kin, and more than kind." About half-a-dozen of us were going out on pure speculation, the remainder being chiefly Americans returning home.

In due time we arrived at New York, and in taking leave of the ship and passengers, I would record an interesting fact. Up to the time of my leaving Colorado, only one of our travelling companions who went out on "spec" had done any good, and he was a being who had invented a patent spring-mattress, so he can hardly be said to have gone on speculation. That this was so, I learned from Roberts, with whom I corresponded, and who told me that the others had either returned to England, or were on their beam-ends.

After staying for a week in New York, I started on my four days' journey to Denver. I shall not weary the reader with a description of the trip to St. Louis and across the Rocky Mountains, for it has been related far more ably than I am capable of doing. By the time I had arrived at my destination, I had become accustomed to the peculiar appearance of the cities of the plains, otherwise I should have experienced rather a "sinking" feeling as I gazed on Denver; I must, however, do the town the justice to say that it is of far more importance than one would be led to expect from the view of it obtained on the arrival by train.

The moment we set foot upon the platform we were greeted by a perfect Babel, every hotel or small boarding-house being represented by a tout, who at the top of his voice yelled the peculiar advantages of his particular establishment; fortunately I had already received instructions upon this head, and straightway repaired to the Hatten House; to find that my letters of introduction had not arrived, and that, like Mr. Cymon Tuggs, I was "alone in a heartless world." This was not exactly a cheerful beginning; but, to my great delight, my friend turned up, *in propriâ personâ*, about a fortnight after my arrival.

During that fortnight I had ample opportunity of making myself tolerably acquainted with the town, which is really a most remarkable place, considering that it has been in existence only eleven years. Denver has the advantage of being a sort of halfway house between New York and San Francisco, and hence its importance; but it suffers from a misfortune common to all these mushroom cities—viz., that of being overstocked. These places gain a reputation so quickly, that the population increases almost too rapidly; and as every inhabitant is engaged in some business (which generally means keeping a store), the supply of every class of commodity rapidly exceeds the demand; and so it is in Denver at the present time.

But I was not destined to settle here for the present, as I received a letter of introduction to a then eminent banker of Central City, which is situated in the mountains, and about forty-three miles from Denver.

There is now a railway running through to "Central," but at the time I speak of it only extended fifteen miles, as far as Golden City, from which place the journey was accomplished by a six-horse coach. The "track" was something awful, as will be gathered from the fact that it took nine hours to accomplish the twenty-seven miles, though we changed horses three times. I arrived at Central City on the 31st of April in a blinding snow-storm, and from the moment I set foot in that never-sufficiently-to-be-execrated town, my troubles began. Of all the detestable holes ever honoured by the name of "city," I may fairly say that this "abomination of desolation" is the worst.

It is placed in a hollow (I can't call it a valley) formed by the surrounding mountains, and consists of two narrow streets running at right angles to each other; the houses are of wood, excepting only the banks, school-house, and the Teller House, which is now the sole hotel, and a very good one it is. As the population increased, the houses have been squeezed up the mountains, there being no room for them below, so that "going home" of a night means groping your way up the side of a dark mountain.

Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevada are all close together, and number about 4,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are engaged in mining, the principal business in connection with the surrounding mines being transacted in Central City through the banks. It was to the manager of one of these establishments that I presented my letter of introduction, which was received with great courtesy and every expression of goodwill. In a few days my banking friend informed me that he was about to open a branch bank at Fairplay, a new mining camp in the South Park, and offered me the charge of the books at a salary of 200 dollars a month, whereat I rejoiced exceedingly, inasmuch as a man connected with a bank in a new mining district has many chances of making money outside the bank. A month elapsed, and I found that a weekly hotel bill of fifteen dollars (£3) was telling its tale; so I retired to a cabin on the side of a mountain, where I "batched," *i.e.*, performed all my own domestic duties, such as cooking, &c.; but at the end of another month I grew seriously uneasy, for by that time my wealth was reduced to three dollars; so I again repaired to the bank, and was ordered to hold myself in readiness to start on the following Monday. This was on Friday. The next day the bank smashed, and I then discovered that the Fairplay branch had been sold for six weeks! This was a bad start, and I was in "a pretty particular fix;" still, there was always the chance of getting ordinary work, and anything was better than idleness under those circumstances. I therefore determined to take the bull by the horns, and started off in the direction of some "gulches" which I knew were being worked, and in a few hours came across some miners, who, having heard my anecdote, covenanted with me for "two dollars a day and my hash." Now, to a man wholly unaccustomed to manual labour, gulch mining is remarkably hard work, as I think the reader will gather from a description of it.

There are two methods of obtaining gold in Colorado, of which the first and more general is through the medium of ore; not quartz, containing the gold in a "free" or natural state, but ore holding the gold in amalgam with other minerals, and which, having been crushed, is subjected to a chemical process; about 75 per cent. of the gold contained is thus saved, and finally reduced to a pure bulk, known as a "retort."

By the second method, viz., "gulch" mining, the gold is obtained free, being merely held by the earth in which it lies. It must not, however, be supposed that the precious metal is visible in the form of nuggets, as is the case in the Australian gold-fields; nuggets are occasionally found in gold dirt, but it is a very rare occurrence; and if in prospecting a man pans out gold as coarse as a very small pin's head, he thinks he has "struck it big."

Having found signs of gold, the first care is to obtain a supply of water sufficient to work your gulch; this is, fortunately, plentiful in the neighbourhood of "Central," a very large aqueduct, known as "Topeka Flume," having been constructed for the express purpose of supplying the neighbouring gulches and mills. Having sunk your gulch (which is another word for a wide, deep ditch), you communicate with the main water-

supply by means of small sunk ditches and wooden troughs, called "flumes;" you then lay about 100 yards of "flume" at the bottom of your gulch, through which you wash the gold dirt; the gold is then attracted to the bottom of the "flume" by the action of quicksilver, placed under small planks bored with holes, called "riffles." The "flume" is cleaned up about once a fortnight, the only process then necessary being to separate the gold from the quicksilver. It may appear at first sight that this process does not entail any great amount of hard work, and yet it is difficult to conceive anything much more laborious. In the first place you are always up to your knees in water, and must continually be working away the ground, and shovelling it down the flume; then the water, as it rushes down the mountain sides, brings with it no small number of rather awkward rocks, which have constantly to be heaved up from the flume lest they clog it, and should also be strenuously avoided by the man at the flume-head, unless he be desirous of a broken limb. There were seven other men at work in the gulch, all of them naturally of the rough and ready persuasion, but kind-hearted men as ever lived; and I shall always feel grateful to them for the patience and consideration they showed to me, pointing out the method of using my tools with the most effect and least trouble (a branch of knowledge which was most valuable to me under the circumstances), and frequently making me knock off work one hour before they did; for it did not take them very long to discover that, though I was as willing to do a hard day's work as any of them, I was not exactly an adept at using a pick and shovel.

After a week I found I could do a very fair day's work without experiencing the painful feeling of exhaustion that afflicted me at first; and though the hours were long, I soon got accustomed to it. We lived very well, and wisely restricted our liquids to tea and water; but the sleeping arrangements were *not* perfect. Three men and myself inhabited a very small and remarkably well-ventilated mud-hut, densely populated by rats; and as we slept on the ground, these lively little animals used to treat us with the utmost familiarity and run over us with the greatest innocence; not that they troubled me much, for I was always so tired that I rarely awoke till roused in the morning.

Well, this interesting state of things continued for some time, when, as if to relieve the monotony of it, another cheering incident occurred.

From constant exposure to the sun above and the wet below, I was stricken with a kind of aguish fever, and then I thought it was all over. I attributed my recovery entirely to the fact of my not having touched spirits while I had been at the gulch. After about a fortnight I was able to go down to Central City, where, like an idiot, I made up my mind to put myself under medical treatment, the result of which was that I had to pay a bill which swallowed up the result of my work at the mine.

On my return to the gulch, I arranged to take a small share in lieu of wages. This settled the fate of the mine; for I had not been at work again forty-eight hours before the snow broke away from the mountains, came down with a rush, and cleaned us completely out.

After that, I concluded that the best thing to do was to return to Central City, and so went off, feeling anything but gay at the prospect before me.

Since I have been home I have frequently had to listen to such observations as, "Oh, well! after all, you saw lots of life, and it must have been very jolly." *Must* it! It is very well obtaining a little practical experience of "roughing," *en amateur*, when you know you can quit it at any moment; but it is a widely different thing when you are obliged to do it, and do not know how long it may last. Jolly! yes, very—to look back upon! under those circumstances.

But I found very soon an entirely new occupation was in store for me, and one upon which, even at this distance of time, I cannot help reflecting without mingled feelings of amusement and disgust.

Central City possesses a theatre; a real theatre, with gallery, pit, and stalls, as also several sets of scenery, and a trap-door, which, however, I never saw work. I need hardly say that this theatre was only open in the event of some company taking the town *en route* for some other destination; and on my coming into Central I discovered by the flaming posters all over the town, that I had arrived on the eve of one of these important occasions. Little did I think as I gazed upon these placards, that within a week my name would be figuring all over the place in the biggest of capital letters. Such, however, was destined to be the case; my introduction to "the boards" being in this wise. On a certain day a grand sensational drama, entitled "Under the Gaslight," was announced for the following evening; but great was the consternation of the manager on discovering that his leading man would not be able to assume the principal *rôle*, by reason of his having bolted. In his anguish he asked me, amongst others, if I knew of any one who could help him out of his dilemma. What possessed me, heaven only knows, but I immediately answered, "I will;" whereupon, without further discussion, I was forthwith dragged up to the theatre, where the company were assembled for rehearsal; the part was handed to me; the "business" of the piece gone through two or three times, and then I retired into solitude to study, having about seven hours in which to master a part of about 800 lines. But being in for it, there was nothing to do but to learn them somehow, which, by dint of twice writing out the part with the cues, I managed to do pretty tolerably.

I have a very indistinct recollection of the plot of this remarkable piece, but I am under the impression that it must be something like "After Dark," inasmuch as (being the villain) I had to lay a man over some rails, with the amiable intention of seeing him cut to pieces by a train, which rushes across the stage (of course half a second too late); and that, in the last scene, being discovered in the act of committing a burglary, I come to immortal grief, to the delight of the audience, and the edification of all virtuous and right-minded people. About this part of the business I cannot remember very much, but I have a very vivid recollection of experiencing the thrilling delight of leading the "star" before the curtain, and receiving the congratulations of the audience.

Having washed the cork off my eyebrows, reduced my nose to its natural colour, and resumed my own attire, I proceeded calmly to reflect in my mind whereunto all this might lead, a question which was speedily answered, for the moment at least, by the announcement that the piece would be repeated on the next evening; for although I had not bargained for this, still I could not see my way to get out of it, and accordingly I was fain to consent to repeat my performance on that night also.

Explorations in Peru.—I.

For many years past the Government of Peru has devoted vast sums of money to the exploration of those little-known portions of their territory which lie to the east of the main ridges of the Andes. The policy which dictated this movement is easily to be understood, when it is considered that all beyond the narrow strip along the Pacific coast, and the first series of Andean valleys, formed a vast *terra incognita*, more than half the area of the republic, the knowledge of which consisted of vague rumours brought by adventurous travellers and cinchona-bark collectors. What was known with any degree of certainty was tantalising to the ardent politicians and patriots of Lima. It was known, for example, that whilst the old-settled Pacific section of the country was a comparatively treeless and arid country, fertile only along the valleys of the short rivers which flowed from the western slopes of the Andes to the ocean, the whole eastern, or interior section, enjoyed a humid climate, and was clothed with magnificent timber; and further, that navigable streams existed, which might possibly afford a means of communication between Peru and Europe, by way of the river Amazons and the Atlantic. The first undertakings ordered by the Government were, therefore, expeditions to explore these rivers, and establish settlements upon them, to serve as bases of operations for the thorough examination of the surrounding regions. Friendly overtures were next addressed to conterminous states, particularly Brazil, with a view to settling definitely their mutual frontiers on the side of the interior, and joint Boundary Commissions were dispatched to the wild regions through which frontier lines had been drawn along the course of almost unknown rivers, with the result, be it said *en passant*, of finding the said rivers taking quite a different course from what had been expected, and making a difference of some hundreds of square miles one way or the other to the respective states. In these various operations a whole flotilla of river steamers have been engaged during the past twelve years, and an immense amount of accurate knowledge obtained of the course and nature of the rivers which flow through Peruvian territory to the Amazons. The vague rumours which prevailed anterior to these undertakings have not been falsified, as regards the navigability of the rivers and the boundless fertility and resources of the regions explored. It is especially the streams which flow from south to north which have proved the most promising: some of them being found navigable to steamers of light draught up to the very bases of the eastern ramparts of the Andes, within a possible railway route of the



"TAMBO" ON THE SAN GAVAN.

capital. This result, as far as regards the Pachitea, a branch of the river Ucayali, has already been chronicled in a former portion of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS; since then, the exploring steamers have pushed their way much further south up the Apurimac and the Vilcamayo to within a moderate distance of the city of Cuzco.

Whilst these successful explorations have been going on in the extreme east, an able and painstaking *savant*, Señor Antonio Raimondi, has been steadily working, in the service of the Government, in the remote valleys between the ranges of the Cordilleras, and at the head-waters of many of the rivers flowing down the eastern slopes towards the great eastern plains. In this work Señor Raimondi has been engaged for about twenty years. His published reports show him to be not a mere technical surveyor; for besides the elaborate maps which he draws up, he shows himself to be an able botanist, geologist, meteorologist, and statician, and his accounts of the wild Indian tribes he meets with, are given with a sobriety which contrasts favourably with the erroneous and highly-coloured descriptions given by other and more superficial travellers.

Recent accounts from Lima contain the gratifying intelligence that the Government of Peru is about to utilise the immense amount of information accumulated by Señor Raimondi, in the most effective manner. He has received a commission to prepare a grand illustrated work on Peru, to contain the narrative of his explorations and the results of his researches in geography, climate, natural history, and so forth. No country in the world offers so magnificent a subject for a work of this nature. It extends over nearly nineteen degrees of latitude, from three degrees to twenty-two degrees south of the equator, and offers the most striking contrasts in its climate, scenes, and productions; in its treble range of Andes, its icy plateaux, and its thousands of valleys, high and low, from the bleak sedgy flats on the borders of the snow, to the sweltering ravine, clothed with rich tropical forest and swarming with toucans and humming-birds. The expenditure authorised by the government, as reported in the Peruvian newspapers, shows the liberal scale on which this work is to be carried out. Señor Raimondi himself is to have a salary of 6,000 Spanish dollars during its execution; he is to have as many fellow-workers as he desires, all remunerated in proportion; two steel-engravers are to be imported from Europe to engrave the illustrations under the eye of the author, and a thousand dollars are granted for the purchase of instruments, books, and other necessary appliances. The publication of this work will be eagerly looked forward to by all who are interested in Peru, and in the hands of Señor Raimondi a conscientious and accurate production may be safely anticipated.

Few parts of the Peruvian territory have escaped Señor Raimondi's examination. About twelve years ago he spent a long time in the department of Maynas, which included the upper or Peruvian portion of the Amazons, and published an elaborate report on the topography and productions of the region. In 1866 we find him working his way down the very difficult passes and narrow valleys leading from Huanta down to the confluence of the river Mantaro with the Apurimac. Previous to that he made a most successful journey down the eastern slopes of the lofty Andean ridges in the province of Caravaya. This journey was of great importance as elucidating the geography of what was really one of the least-known, although most interesting parts of tropical South America. The district lies about 120 miles east-south-east of Cuzco, and a little to the north of that explored by our English traveller, Mr. C. R. Markham, in 1861. For several hundred miles hereabout the easternmost ridge of the Andes, rising above the line of perpetual snow, overlooks the boundless forest-covered plains, stretching hence to the Atlantic; and down their steep slopes flow unnumbered streams, which, uniting lower down, become rivers of considerable magnitude. The streams in descending the slopes have worn for themselves deep gorges, or *quebradas*, down which lie the only roads in use in the country, and which are separated from the neighbouring ravines by ridges so lofty and precipitous that there are no means of getting from one to the other, except by the circuitous course of ascending to the plateau at the head of the ravine. In descending each gorge the traveller passes rapidly from an arctic to a temperate, and thence to a tropical climate, and the naturalist is delighted at the discovery that each deep valley contains numberless species of birds, shells, and insects peculiar to itself, so perfect and so long continued has been the isolation. The interest of the country to the geographer lay in the fact that no one knew whither all these rivers flowed, or to what tributary of the Amazons they eventually joined themselves. In most maps, eight or ten years ago, they were represented as falling into the Purus; but the journey of Mr. Chandless to the sources of the Purus corrected this error, and it is now generally conceded that they fall into the Beni, a river belonging to the system of the Madeira. Señor Raimondi's narrative of his journey into this interesting region runs as follows:—

The province of Caravaya, so famous for its gold-mines, is in the southern part of Peru, in the department of Puno. A great and elevated mountain ridge, covered with snow, forming a portion of the chain of the Andes, traverses the province from east to west, dividing it into two unequal portions; the Andean chain being here for a short distance bent in an east and west direction. South of this great barrier there extends an elevated region, the lowest portion of which is more than 13,500 feet above the level of the sea. To the north many spurs branch off, in which are found deep *quebradas* or narrow valleys, each watered by a river, all of which unite, further down, to form the great river Inambari, which flows through the vast plains, clothed with dense and lofty forest, extending hence along the valley of the Amazons to the Atlantic Ocean.

In the elevated region to the south of the snowy chain lies Crucero, capital of the province, besides the smaller town of Macusani and the village of Ajoyani. In the region to the north of the great chain, and in the upper portion, or as it is called in the country the *cabacera* (or head) of the numerous deep valleys originating there, are found situated the other towns of the province. The town of Crucero has a very cold climate, being situated in an open plain, 13,742 feet above the level of the sea. Its temperature during the day does not exceed 55° 40′ Fahr., and at night in the month of August, one of the coldest, it has been known to descend to 12° 20′ Fahr.

Macusani is the most elevated village in the province of Caravaya, being 14,222 feet above the level of the sea. The other towns of the province, situated to the north of the snowy chain, enjoy a more temperate climate than the capital, and are situated between 6,000 and 11,500 feet of elevation.

Descending by the various ravines at the heads of which the towns are built, the hot valleys are entered, where cocoa, coffee, sugar-cane, and other products of tropical regions are cultivated. In these valleys the temperature gradually increases, in travelling towards the eastern plains, until the river Inambari is reached, which is the lowest part of the province. On the shores of this river in the month of September (the end of winter) the temperature during the day exceeded 80° 60′ Fahr., and during the night was 64° 40′.

The upper portions of these narrow ravines do not offer many difficulties to the traveller, for although the roads are sufficiently bad, they are transitable on horseback; but if the journey is continued downward to the forests, then the difficulties begin, and one is obliged to go on foot by escarped paths, full of *mal pasos* (dangerous spots): finally, if it is desired to penetrate to the river Inambari by the *quebrada* of San Gavan or by the Esquilaya, the expedition is not only very difficult but even perilous, for no path whatever is to be found, and the explorer is exposed to be wounded or killed by the arrows of the Chunchos Indians or other savages who wander about the forests.

On the 16th August I left Crucero to visit, first, the headwaters of the Ayapata and Ollachea, directing my steps towards the town of Macusani, a distance of thirteen leagues northwest by west. The road goes to the right of the river Crucero, along a considerable plain covered with small gramineous plants, in the direction of an elevated mountain called Kenamari. Some three leagues from Crucero the plain is quitted, and, retiring from the river, an ascent is made so as to cross some ramifications of the great snowy chain, from which descends several streams tributary to the river Crucero. The march is continued among mountains until the hamlet of Ajoyani is reached, placed in an open plain at 13,595 feet above the level of the sea. At this place several streams unite and form a small river, which runs also into the Crucero.

From Ajoyani there is a continuous rise, passing near and to the right of the snowy peak of Kenamari, which consists of trachytic rock, and forms part of a transverse chain which unites the eastern and western Cordilleras, forming towards the west the great mountain knot of Vilcanota. The most elevated portion of the road is 15,911 feet above the level of the sea, and serves as the watershed, between the streams that descend to Lake Titicaca, and those that flow towards the Atlantic. From this point a most beautiful and imposing panoramic view is obtained. On the right is seen the vast extent of the elevated Cordillera Nevada, with its immense masses of eternal ice, dominated by the huge mountain known as *Allin-Ceapac*, very little inferior to the famous peaks of Sorata and Illimani, found to be in the continuation of the same chain, and belonging to Bolivia. On the left is observed another chain, projecting here and there in icy peaks; these belong to the already mentioned Vilcanota knot.

Continuing our journey, a descent is made to a plain extending between the two chains of snowy peaks, on both sides of which descend various streams, so as to form the small river that passes by Macusani, which, as we have said, unites with the Corani, and forms the river Ollachea, or San Gavan. Thus all the waters that flow down into the plain of Macusani, cross the Cordillera Nevada to go to the Inambari.

The town of Macusani is on the right bank of the stream, and at an elevation above the sea of 14,223 feet. The business of this town is the preparation of *chalona*,* which is its principal article of commerce with the other towns in the province. It was in this town that the priest Cabrera twenty years ago obtained *mestizos*, or hybrids from vicuñas and alpacas, of which at the present time there may be some seventy in existence. Macusani, although situated at a greater elevation than Crucero, has not a colder climate; this is owing to the circumstance that it lies in the bed of a *quebrada*, and not in an open plain like Crucero.

As there is no road to Ollachea along the banks of the river at the point where this cuts through the Nevada chain, I decided to go from Macusani to Ayapata, so as to visit the source of the river Ayapata, and thence pass to Ollachea, traversing an elevated ramification of the Cordillera which divides the ravines of Ayapata and Ollachea. The town of Ayapata lies nearly north from Macusani, and the road has a general north-north-east direction to the summit of the Cordillera, and from this point to Ayapata north-north-west.

Leaving Macusani, the plain lying between the two chains is crossed; there is then a continual rise straight to the eastern Cordillera, which appears to the observer as a high and impenetrable barrier; but on nearer approach, it is seen that the land is elevated gradually, and only in the highest part is there much inclination.

One and a half league from Macusani two small lakes are passed, and a little further on, at the base of the Nevadas, another lake is skirted, called Socallacocha, the blue waters of which pass to the other lakes to form a small river, which goes to Macusani.

The most elevated portion of the road is distant from Macusani three short leagues, and the pass over the Cordillera is not at a great elevation, because the road passes through an opening between the icy peaks that rise on each side. The altitude of the pass is 15,546 feet above sea-level, being lower than the one on the road from Crucero to Macusani, which connects the ramification of the Cordillera of Vilcanota, the eastern Cordillera forming a sort of knot. Arrived at the culminating point of the road, the track forms a sinuous path, skirting some small lakes, after which the descent soon commences.

There is little or no vegetation on the summit of the Cordillera, it being reduced to such plants as the *Yareta* (*Azorella crenata*, Pers.), which grows among the rocks; the *Geranium sericeum*, Will., and the *Senecio humillimus*, Schultz. But it augments as we descend, when the *Senecio calcitioides*, Schultz, *Senecio Ayapatensis*, Schultz, and the *Bowlesia lobata*, R. and P., appear. A little lower down commences the cultivation of the potato, and a few huts are seen here and there. Vegetation continues to increase, and the following plants are seen growing:—*Plantago sericea*, R. and P.; and *Gnaptalium melanospheroides*, Schultz; *Merope Schultzii*, Wedd.; *Læstadia Lechleri*, Wedd.; and some *Hediotis Oldfersia*, *Calceolaria*, *Chætogastra*, &c.

The road is now a little better, along the edge of a river formed by the streams descending from each side; dwellings become more numerous, cultivated lands are of greater extent, and some trees of *Berberis monosperma*, R. and P., and

* In Peru *chalona* is the name given to mutton that has been salted and dried, or rather to the whole sheep. In Macusani *chalonas* are prepared without the bones; these are called *salpresas*.

Agapatensis, Sechler, with bunches of flowers of a beautiful yellow colour, give some life to the scene. In this quebrada are cultivated the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*, Lin.), and the Tsaño (*Tropæolum tuberosum*, Lin.); the inhabitants manuring the land with the ashes obtained by burning all the branches, sticks, and leaves they can collect.

After having progressed a little more than three leagues from the *Cumbre* (or summit) a river is passed nearly equal in size to the one followed hitherto, and which descends from the Cordillera that divides the towns of Ayapata and Ollachea; then soon commences the ascent to Ayapata, distant about half a league.



A CINCHONA FOREST.

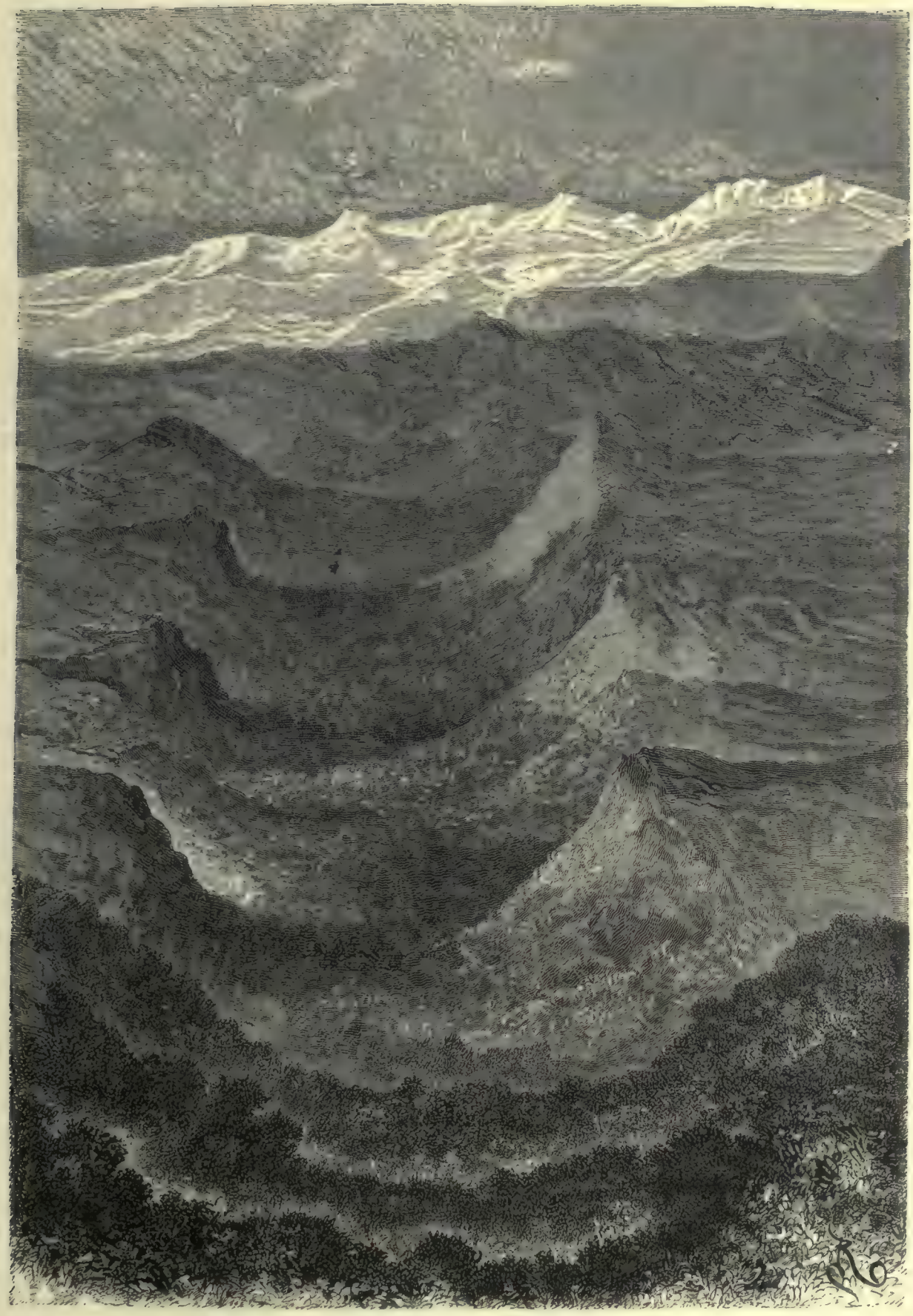
Ayapata is one of the better peopled districts in the province; its population in 1862 being 2,369. The town lies 11,826 feet above the level of the sea; it has a square plaza surrounded by small trees of a species of elder (*Sambucus Peruvianus*, Bonpland). On one side of the plaza there is a large house belonging to Don Agustin Arragon, the owner of an estate in the valley of San Gavan, where sugar-cane is cultivated for the manufacture of *aguardiente*.

The town of Ayapata is subject to *neblina*, or mist, generally towards the evening. It is so dense that objects are not to be distinguished at a few paces off, and it intercepts the light to such an extent, that in the houses artificial light has to be resorted to early in the evening.

Nearly all the towns situated on the eastern slope of the great chain, and between 8,000 and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, have this inconvenient visitation of the *neblinas*.

The phenomenon is owing to the currents of air being in one direction during the day, and in another during the night, thus forming a sort of atmospheric ebb and flow. In the morning the elevated portions are free from mist, and on the contrary, the lower and hot parts are filled with a dense stratum of vapours, which, seen from above, looks like an ocean of cloud at one's feet.

The elevated portions of land being at these hours exposed to the first rays of the sun, are heated, and a current of air from the lower and hot parts is thereby caused. The sun at the same time gradually heating the lower region, and evaporating a large quantity of water, the air becomes charged with vapours, and the aërial current which has been established from below upwards, goes on taking continually new vapours towards the elevated parts, which go on accumulating; but as the sun's action has heated the atmosphere of this region the vapours become dissolved in the air, until the evening, when the atmosphere becomes cold, and then the vapours are in part condensed, and become visible, appearing in the form of *neblina*, or mist, which becomes more and more dense by the accumulation of the vapour that comes from below. Night arrives, the sun's action has ceased, the atmosphere gets colder even in the lower parts, and then begins a counter current, to establish atmospheric equilibrium, filling the void produced by the expansion of the air by the action of the sun



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS THE CORDILLERA.

during the day. Moreover, the aqueous vapours suspended in the atmosphere of the elevated regions, in consequence of the lower temperature of the night, are condensed into water, which falls upon the earth, and the air becomes dry, so that by the morning the elevated parts in the dawn are free from mist. These constant mists cause the climate of Ayapata to be very damp, producing a disagreeable sensation.

At the foot of the town of Ayapata passes the river, which we have already mentioned as originating in several lakes in the Cordillera. At one and a quarter league from this town it receives another small river, called Yungamayo, and one league lower down, from the right, the river Ituata.

On the 20th of August I left Ayapata, directing my steps towards the towns of Ollachea and Corani, so as to discover what rivers were tributary to that of San Gavan. The distance between Ayapata and Ollachea is seven leagues, and the road consists of a long ascent and steep descent. The first portion of this road—that is, from Ayapata to the culminating point of the ramification of the Cordillera separating the two towns—is not very bad, but from thence to Ollachea it is wretched, being a succession of steps descending to the river. Nearly the whole way the direction is easterly. The river of the *quebrada* is passed half a league before arriving at Ayapata, coming from Macusani.

Leaving Ayapata, a journey of one league brings us to a lake half a league in length. A little further on, the road becomes more inclined, and traverses a district of metamorphic slate formation; below, to the left, another lake is visible, the waters of which have a milky appearance. Continuing the route, another lake is skirted, and journeying onwards, the way lies over granitic rock which intervenes across the slate. On ascending, vegetation diminishes, and, at a certain elevation, is reduced to a few clumps of *Gentiana primulifolia* and *sedioides*. Some three leagues from Ayapata the ground becomes more broken, and, passing near to two other lakes, the ascending path lies over layers of slate nearly vertical. The most elevated portion of the road is then reached, 15,043 feet above the level of the sea.

From this spot the descent commences by a narrow gully, over very rocky ground, to the quebrada of Ollachea. Vegetation, which had nearly disappeared, returns little by little, and various bushes appear of the most diversified botanical genera, amongst them *Croton* and *Lobelia*. A little lower down, these plants are replaced by others of larger growth, of *Vallea*, *Mirsine*, *Bocconia*, *Chætogastra*, &c., the luxuriance of which increases until we reach the town of Ollachea, which gives its name to the river.

Ollachea is a small place, built on a tract of level ground elevated a few yards above the river, and 8,938 feet above the level of the sea. It enjoys a temperate and agreeable climate, and is not subjected to the dense mists of Ayapata. Its atmosphere is, nevertheless, rather damp, favouring vegetation very much, so that the public square and streets are covered with a carpet of green, composed principally of a species of *Senebiera*, called Añucarra, and a small *Agrostis*. The river Ollachea, which, lower down, takes the name of San Gavan, issues from a narrow quebrada, which widens a little near the town, and afterwards again becomes narrower, the river continuing its course between rocks.

On the 21st of August I left Ollachea for the hamlets of Chia and Quicho, with the object of discovering the sources of the other rivers that form the San Gavan by their union with the Ollachea. Leaving the town, we ascended the right bank of a stream that comes from the west. Although the track in general is very bad, the attention of the traveller is called away from it by the variety and contrasted colours of the flowers that successively come into view. The road offers to the traveller the most beautiful views. At the highest part are seen immense mountains covered with snow, their white and inaccessible summits piercing the clouds. In this frigid region life is represented only by a few plants, among which are *Culcitium glaciale*, Meyen and Walp., *Perezia nivalis*, Wedd, and some clumps of *Azorella*. The most elevated part of this road is 15,709 feet above the level of the sea.

After journeying a long distance between snowy peaks, a lake is skirted, and, after crossing several times a stream which comes out of this lake, and descending a considerable incline, the *caserio*, or village of Chio, is attained. Many streams descend from both sides into the quebrada, and are crossed on the way.

The river Chia, formed by the union of all these streams two leagues lower down, unites with another coming from Quicho, and then flows onward to the river Ollachea. Chia is a collection of habitations, 11,440 feet above the level of the sea, and consequently in a cold climate. The inhabitants are employed in the breeding of cattle; they grow also the best and largest potatoes in the department. In the vicinity are to be seen the ruins of an ancient town of the times of the Incas, and the *andenes* (or hanging gardens built on the slopes of the mountains by the old Indians) are still used.

From Chia to the hamlet of Quicho is less than three leagues, the road ascending as far as the source of a stream along which it runs, and then descending on the other side to the ravine of Quicho. This valley has a more powerful stream than that of Chia; the two unite three leagues below the hamlet, and flow onward, as before mentioned, to the river Ollachea.

Quicho lies 12,667 feet above the level of the sea, and between two streams, which join near the chapel with another that descends from the heights of Palca. From Quicho to the town of Corani there are seven leagues of road in a south and south-easterly direction. Leaving Quicho, there is an ascent by a small ravine following a stream to its source. Two leagues from Quicho we reach the most elevated point on the road, 15,301 feet above the sea. This point serves as a divisional line, between the waters that flow downwards into the Quicho River and those that go to form the Corani.

From the highest point of the road there is a descent to a plain containing three lakes; the first is very small, the second half a league in length, the third the smallest. These three lakes are the sources of the river Corani, but the road does not lie along its banks, because the stream passes through a very narrow ravine; the path is therefore over the heights, thence descending to the river at a short distance from the town, which is entered passing over a stone bridge of one arch. Corani is a small town on the right side of the river, and at the foot of a formation of trachytic conglomerate. Its climate is rather cold, the place being at an elevation of 13,074 feet above the level of the sea. This plain is very badly supplied, and its inhabitants cultivate only potatoes and rear a few cattle.

The river Corani, at two leagues' distance further down, or

below the town, unites with that which comes from Macusani, and, joining, the two form one river, which runs in a deep ravine, cutting through the Nevada chain; it then passes by the foot of the town of Ollachea, flowing towards the interior, and farther down receives the name of San Gavan.

After having visited the sources of all the rivers which by their union form the Ollachea, I returned to the town, with the intention of travelling down the river as far as possible. From Corani to Ollachea the distance is six leagues, three of which are a continual ascent until perpetual snows are reached; the other three form a descent to the town. On this route is passed the mountain of Ucuntaya, celebrated for its rich silver-mines, discovered at the beginning of the last century. At present they are abandoned, in consequence of the works having fallen in and killed several of the miners.

The river Ollachea runs through a ravine so narrow that in many parts there is no room for a road; consequently, in following the course of the river it is requisite to walk along a very narrow and sloping path, far above the river, continually ascending and descending. Some few leagues further down, the ravine becomes still more precipitous and the path disappears, so that there is no possibility of passing along the course of the stream. At present a distance of four leagues only can be reached, as far as the points known as Tavipira and Chuani.

In descending the narrow valley, vegetation rapidly becomes more luxuriant, and the variety of the flowers would add to the beauty of the best gardens. A short distance from Ollachea the lovely *Amaryllis reginæ* grows wild, besides the elegant *Canna iridifolia*, several beautiful species of *Thibaudia*, *Gay-Lussacia*; *Gualtheria brachibotrys*, Wedd., and *vaccinioides*, Griesb.; *Vaccinium pernettioides*, Griesb.; *Cuphea cordata*, R. and P.; *Serodaphyllum angulatum*, Poiv.; many species of wild pepper, climbing arum-like plants, *Aralia*, *Momina*, &c. Rather more than two leagues from the town the ravine appears as if it were completely closed by a high wall, of more than 200 feet in height, formed by almost vertical layers of limestone, and in a direction transverse to the river. Behind this gigantic natural wall are seen the mountains, covered with forests, and a stream that comes falling from a height forms cascades of white foam, giving life and beauty to the sombre green hues of the forest scene.

At this point the river describes a curve, and runs across the vertical layers of limestone by a sort of narrow pass. Further on, the path becomes narrower, and follows the margin of the river, the water of which ofttimes covers the path, until arrival at a spot where the valley becomes a little more open, and forms the Pampa of Chuani. It then closes in again a little further down, and the road terminates.

Although the river Ollachea, as we have already observed, is the same stream that lower down is called the San Gavan, it is necessary, if we wish to follow the course of the San Gavan, to return to the town of Ayapata and take another road, there being no path below the Pampa of Chuani even when on foot. Thus, after having descended by the quebrada of Ollachea as far as I could, I had to return to Ayapata, and take the road that enters the valley of San Gavan. On the 30th August I left Ayapata for this valley.

Leaving Ayapata, the general course is north-north-west, descending to the river Yungamayo, the waters of which at a little distance join the main stream; that is at about a quarter of a league from the town. An ascent is made on the other side until arriving at a height called Apachecta de Ecaco, one league from Ayapata.

There is next a descent, and subsequent ascent, and many streams are crossed that form a river, which, far in the interior, joins the Ayapata or Esquilaya, under the name of the Quillabamba. The ascent continues as far as an elevated point called Alto de Compoccosi. From this height there is a descent passing two other streams, which, like the former, take their waters to the river Quillabamba. Near the last stream there is a shepherd's hut, and the spot is called the Vaqueria. From this point all the streams we passed flow downwards to the San Gavan. In these elevated regions there is not much vegetation, but the following, among other plants, were noticed:—*Erigeron hieracioides*, W.; *Ranunculus Gusmani*, Humb.; and some *Gentianas*.

From the Vaqueria the track continues, skirting rather undulating country, and descending some two leagues to the ruined *tambo* of Sachapata. Near the tambo a large stream is passed, and continuing on for a few furlongs we come to the tambo of Quitonquiton. In the province of Caravaya the name of *tambo* is given to the thatched or covered resting-places, constructed in the uninhabited regions, which serve to shelter the traveller from the inclemency of the climate, at least during the night.

In nearly all the narrow valleys of the province of Caravaya the first tambo met with descending from the Cordillera to the hot valleys is called *Sachapata*, a Quichua word equivalent to "portal of the forest;" now *sacha* in Quichua means forest, vegetation, a wood, &c., and *pata*, a small and elevated plain, namely, a table-land. This word *Sachapata* indicates the point where the sterile and cold elevation ends, and where vegetation commences. Consequently in all the *quebradas* of that region the place denominated Sachapata indicates the entrance to the luxuriant wooded valleys.

From all the points of Caravaya that have this name, when the atmosphere is clear, the most beautiful views are obtained, and the most enchanting panorama imaginable is presented at the feet of the traveller. A sea of green foliage spreads out before him, embracing a vast extent of country, and extending to the great forest-covered plains in the distance, through which wind the numerous rivers in serpentine courses. But, unfortunately, this magnificent sight can seldom be observed, for dense white vapours cover these immense tracts, and the traveller only sees at his feet a vaporous ocean, out of which here and there are thrust up, like small islands, the summits of mountains covered with vegetation.

The tambo of Quitonquiton is 10,973 feet above the level of the sea, where it is still cold. It is in the form of a large rectangular apartment, with stone walls, and built in an open place, covered with small plants of *Hesperomelas* and of *Vaccinium floribundum*. A few paces from the tambo commences a very steep descent by a narrow cutting, the sides of which are covered with verdure. Ferns and lycopodiums soon make their appearance, followed by clusias, with their fleshy leaves, and the *Macrocnemon corymbosum*, remarkable for its large leathery leaves.

The road as we advanced became very bad, consisting of stone steps, for the most part very unequal, so that long distances had to be travelled on foot. The vegetation continues to wear an alpine appearance; all the trunks of the trees are

covered with mosses and hepaticas, and now and then a small tree of *Cinchona ovata* is noticed.

At a good league's distance from the tambo of Quitonquiton another shelter is reached, called Sachamacara; it lies 9,082 feet above the sea-level. From Sachamacara the road continues by the ridge of a mountain in the midst of tree-ferns, clusias, *Scrodaphyllum*, &c. At the sides of the road numerous mosses and lycopodiums cover the ground, and in the midst of this carpet of cryptogamic plants peep forth shrubs of *Viola acaena*, *Vaccinium*, *Pernettia*, &c.

After about one and a half hour's march from the tambo of Sachamacara we arrive at Cerakunca, whence there is a magnificent view of the great sea of foliage. Another league lower down is the small tambo of Tatanara, situated in a small opening surrounded by thick forests. The climate here is temperate, the place being situated 7,143 feet above the sea-level.

From this place we descend to the tambo of Huayrurokunca, which is 4,431 feet above the sea-level, and in its vicinity are seen many small Cinchona-trees (*Cascarilla magnifolia*, Wedd.). The heat now became more and more felt, the vegetation more luxuriant, and the trees of much larger size. Progressing onwards, the elegant cecropias begin to appear, with their broad leaves like parasols; also heliconias, with their beautiful bunches of tri-coloured flowers, and gigantic bamboos. The land becomes more level, and now some cultivated cocoa patches are seen, and there is presented for the first time to the sight the Rio Grande of San Gavan, at a point called Chacamayo, about a league from the last tambo. From Chacamayo to Sangari is half a league, at which place in other times there was an estate, now abandoned.

Sangari is 2,909 feet above the level of the sea, in a climate where cocoa, sugar-cane, and coffee, can grow. In the vicinity are observed beautiful *Siphocampylus*, *Sidas*, *Amaryllis*, *Cinchona Boliviana*, Wedd., and *C. purpurea*, Pav.; *Laplacea quinoderma*, Wedd.; and a fine *Rubiacea* with rosy bracts, belonging to the genus *Howardia*, recently created by Dr. Weddell in honour of the celebrated English quinologist, Howard.

Our next station was the hacienda, or farm, of S. José de Bellavista, which belongs to Don Agustin Arragon, an enterprising and intelligent man, who at various times has entered these valleys, collecting cinchona bark, at others working lavaderos of gold in the river Piquitiri, or collecting india-rubber. His exertions, however, have not been repaid with much profit. The farm was founded some twenty years ago; sugar-cane is cultivated, from which treacle and rum are prepared, and sent to Ayapata for sale. The rum or *aguardiente* is forwarded in tinned copper vessels, two of which, holding, say fifty pounds' weight, are carried on a mule. On the estate are also cultivated cocoa, coffee, pine-apples, and Indian corn; this last serving as bread for the peones or labourers, and sold to them at about five shillings the twenty-five pounds.

The labourers who work here are Indians from the towns of Ayapata and Ituata, hiring themselves for thirty working days at about two shillings a day. If these labourers are



FARM ON THE SAN GAVAN.



A NIGHT ENCAMPMENT ON THE INAMBARI.

economical, and take their own provisions, at the end of thirty days they receive fifteen dollars, or about £3: on the contrary, if they receive provisions from the farm, which consists of *chalona* or dried mutton (sold at about five shillings the sheep), maize, chuño, &c., the value of these is subtracted from their £3 per month.

The valley in which the farm of Bellavista is situated is called San Gavan, in consequence of a groundless tradition that there existed once in the vicinity a very rich town of this name, teeming with gold, and that it had been destroyed by the Chunchos or savage Indians. Although there have been writers who have even stated the very day on which the invasion of the Chunchos took place, I do not believe such a town ever existed. It is true there once existed a small province named San Gavan, which a long time before 1767 was joined in part to that of Caravaya, in part to the province of Larecaja (now Bolivia), to Azangaro and Lampa; but this does not imply that there existed a town of this name.

There are no grounds for believing in the existence of such a town as San Gavan, but various maps give this name to a river; for example, in a small MS. map in the Museum at Cuzco, the date of which is not known, the name of San Gavan is given to the river Ollachea, as it is at present actually known there. In Carrasco's map of 1801, the river San Gavan is the same as the Huari-huari, the source of the Inambari. In another old map, which belonged to the late cosmographer of Peru, Don Eduardo Carrasco, which I possess, are to be seen marked the old missions, abandoned for many years, and there is observed written "*Valley of San Gavan*," in the region traversed by the rivers Ollachea and Ayapata, but in none of the maps have I seen any fixed point corresponding to the existence of a town. Lastly, in Alcedo's Dictionary, published in the last century, there are even given the boundaries of the province of San Gavan, which do not correspond with the position of the valley of San Gavan placed on the maps.

All these contradictions make me doubt in the existence of a town called San Gavan. I believe that this imaginary town has been confounded with Aporoma, which is proved by documents not only to have existed, but to have been very rich in gold, and to have had a large population. Still this town, as well as that of San Juan del Oro, have not been destroyed by the invasion of savages, but by the slow decay of the mines.

The farm of Bellavista is in a beautiful plain, on the right bank of the river called San Gavan, and 2,442 feet above the level of the sea.

There are here no venomous animals as in other places, jaguars and other beasts of prey also are not found; so that dogs may be kept, which is not the case in the forests of Chachamayo and Huánuco, where dogs find implacable enemies in the wild animals of the feline genus. Sand-flies are not abundant, but there are plenty of mosquitoes. A pest, common to other Peruvian valleys, are the swarms of bats, who suck the blood of man and beast; thus it is found impossible to keep animals for the saddle or for burden, or cattle of any sort, for they become thin in a few days. Each beast will receive two, three, or more bites during the night; besides the blood the bat sucks, a large quantity runs from the puncture, so that the animal loses more blood in a night than it can reproduce by its scanty food.

The absence of cattle and fresh meat renders it difficult for the labourers to exist here for any length of time without falling ill, and it is for this reason they only contract to work for thirty days. In nearly all the forest portions of Peru, and whenever there is a scarcity of fresh meat, the labourers are exposed to contract an illness they call *Opilacion* (chlorosis or obstruction); a species of *anæmia* or want of the plastic matter of the blood, manifesting itself in paleness of the countenance, discoloration of the gums, loss of strength, and at times by general swelling (*anasarca*). The labourer attacked with this disease cannot work at any employment.

The farm of San José is the last civilised settlement before reaching the country peopled by savages in the province of Caravaya, consequently it is exposed to be attacked and destroyed by these barbarous neighbours; indeed, the Chunchos Indians have invaded the farm and killed people. A few years since, a party of savages came and encamped at a small station named Cayapi, half a league from San José, with the intention of assaulting the latter; but a gun casually fired off put them to so rapid a flight that they left their bows and arrows on the road. In 1851, when Don Andres Richerte was administrator, the Chunchos came to San José and killed a woman. In 1862 they made another attack, and killed with an arrow a labourer named Basilio Zarate.

The Indians who descend to work at the hacienda of San José hold the savages in great fear, and suppose every now and then they hear the cries of the Chunchos on the other side of the river, or see the smoke of their fires; indeed, it is with difficulty that labourers are obtained to work on the farm.

Being desirous to ascertain the exact point where the San Gavan entered the river Inambari, I endeavoured to find among the labourers of San José some who had the courage to accompany me. With much difficulty I obtained Indians to convey what was necessary, and a youth named Don Juan de Mata Riquelme, who had been administrator of the hacienda, volunteered to accompany, and share the sufferings of every sort to be encountered in so hazardous an expedition. Those only who have explored the dense forests of Peru, in so broken a country as this of Caravaya, can form an idea of the difficulties that present themselves. In our case was to be added the risk of meeting a party of the savages who live in the neighbourhood.

I left San José on the 7th of September, taking provisions for fifteen days. Marching on foot by a narrow path, which continues only to the little abandoned farm of Cayapi, half a league distant, we passed, on starting, the river Chaquimayo, which had but little water.

The road runs at a short distance from the river, which at this point has a strong current, and forms large waves. Among the trees I observed were the *Cinchona purpurea*, Pav., and the useful *Carludovica palmata*, R. and P., from the tender leaves of which is prepared the material of which the Guayaquil hats are made. This plant has different names, according to where it is found in Peru; in Caravaya it is called *ramo*.

Half a league's distance is Cayapi. There are no residents, but a *cocal*, and a thatched habitation for its owner at the time of the cocoa harvest, which is called the *Mita*. On leaving Cayapi all trace of a route disappears. At a few steps' distance a large stream is crossed, then the shore of the main river is followed. We had not gone many furlongs when a great obstacle presented itself which completely impeded our march;

there was an end to level ground, and the river washed the base of a high *barranco*, or escarped naked rock.

The river being wide and not fordable, it was impossible to cross to the other side, and we had no help but to climb the precipice. Two of the Indians, who were old Peruvian bark-hunters, and accustomed to such obstacles, began to construct a ladder of branches of trees. All laid down their loads and shared in the labour; some cutting with their cutlasses the long pieces for the sides, others the short ones for the steps, while others, again, sought for lianas called *mora*, to serve as ropes to bind the ladder together. In a moment the uprights were placed in position, the first steps were then fixed, and climbing on this the others were tied, one after another, until the ladder was completed. But as the precipice was very high, and the ladder did not reach its summit, it was directed to an overhanging ledge of rock. The Indians climbed the first ladder, taking materials up to make a second, which should reach to the top—a perilous operation. The Indians loaded themselves, and began fearlessly to climb by hands and feet, we followed, and got safely to the top. We then continued our route through the forest, by a declivity so steep that we were in danger of sliding off into the river. We made but one league to-day, passing the night on the shore of the river San Gavan. As a protection from the rains during the night, the Indians constructed a *ramada*, or hut of branches, covering it with any leaves they found at hand, even making it water-tight. It is astonishing to observe the dexterity with which they construct these ramadas; accustomed to deal with nature, they know how to take advantage of everything. The forests afford all they require. They are thatched in Caravaya with the leaves of a palm called *Camo*, a species of *Iriartea*, which they split longitudinally down their leaf-stalks, placing them in such a manner that the ends of some cover the bases of others, like a roof of slates. In nearly all the forests of Peru, they generally use the leaves of the *Phytelephas macrocarpa;* but in Caravaya this palm is not known, so the *Camo* is substituted. The thatch being laid on, the ground is strewed with the same leaves, which serve as a bed, and keep the traveller from the damp earth.

We continued our march, following the course of the river, without diverging much from it; but, as the ground was very broken, we kept as much as possible to the very brink of the river; when, however, any obstacle presented itself, we had to enter the forest, the Indians first with their machetes opening the way. After going half a league, another steep cliff was encountered, and the same system of ladders was resorted to, descending to the river, when our march for a few furlongs was to the north.

The geological formation is slate, in some places visible in nearly vertical layers. Vegetation is exuberant, and the branches of the trees and shrubs so interlaced that they form a thick net-work, requiring the cutlass to clear a path. Many species of *Urostigma* and *Pharmacosycea* throw out roots which, coming down from elevated branches to the ground, throw out other roots, and these become so many trunks; one plant thus at times covers a large space of ground, presenting itself under the most capricious forms. Many species of the same genus, *Urostigma*, are useful; some, known under the name of *layo*, have a strong fibrous bark, which is made into ropes by the Indians; others produce *jebe*, or india-rubber. There are innumerable species of palms, tree-ferns, canes, *Cecropias*, *Erythrinas*, *Cedrelas*, *Olmedias*. They grow so near to each other that the branches interlace and form a compact thatch, difficult for the sun's rays to penetrate; thus, in some places, our march was in darkness.

Next day we arrived on the shores of the river Piquitiri, which in the dry season has but little water, but is unfordable during freshets. The sand of this river is auriferous, and, higher up, works were commenced having for their object to give the water another course, so as to extract gold from the bed with greater facility. Don Agustin Arragon, owner of the farm of San José, having discovered the remains of these works, was induced to continue the search for gold in this river; but, in consequence of the great difficulties that presented themselves and the little profit, the work was discontinued. There is no doubt that the river Piquitiri contains gold; for my followers, having washed some of the sand, took out particles of the metal. We then forded the Piquitiri near to its junction with the San Gavan, which here runs nearly east and west. After a quarter of a league's march we entered land covered with spiny shrubs, so close to each other that they opposed an impenetrable barrier, and it cost us much trouble and time to get through this vegetable wall.

No sooner had we got out of this sort of trap, when a dangerous pass presented itself, where a portion of a mountain had fallen into the river, with all its load of soil and vegetation; the incline by which we had to descend had a layer of yellow mud with stones, which gave way under the pressure of the feet. We felt thankful when we had got over this dangerous spot.

A few steps in advance the ground was deeply cut by a ravine, the stream of which ran into the main river at our feet. The mountain here formed a nearly perpendicular wall, which put a bar to our progress. There was no remedy but to slide down to the shore as well as we could, by the help of ropes, and to lay hold of the roots of small plants that grew out of the crevices of the rocks, suffering from falls and scratches. We continued by the river-side, crossing the stream, but soon saw that we had got from bad to worse. In a few furlongs there was another precipice, at the base of which ran the river with a powerful current. Worn out and disheartened by this day's painful march, the sight of this new obstacle would have induced us to remain had there been space to lay ourselves down. My companions had not the strength or courage to prepare ladders so as to get over the cliff: perceiving, however, that at a short distance in advance the river-shore was satisfactory, we determined to pass the barrier in some way or other, by clinging to the angles of rocks and bushes that grew in crevices.

It was a strange spectacle, a party of weary travellers, loaded with provisions and crawling along the face of a nearly vertical rock, holding on by feet and hands to the smallest object of support. The turbulent river ran below, ready to engulph the unfortunate one, should the fragile support give way. For my own part, perceiving above me many bushes and small trees, I managed to gain them; and then, performing a true arboreal journey, I passed, but not without difficulty, from branch to branch, monkey-like, and in the end got to the level river shore. We continued our journey for about a quarter of a league to a favourable spot, where we rested for the night, having made only two leagues this day.

Next day we arrived at the shores of a rapid river, called

by the *cascarilleros* San Trifon, which gave us some trouble to ford. Once on the other side, our course was towards the east. A little further onward our march was north and north-north-east by the shore of the river. In advance we crossed a small arm of the San Gavan, so as to continue our route on an island, after which we returned to the shore of the river. Here the great river flows through a narrow pass of naked rock, but of the same elevation on either side; a bridge could be easily constructed here—the width of the river is some forty yards. Continuing our route through the forest for some furlongs, we saw in advance a gleam of light through the foliage, and very soon afterwards came suddenly on an open space, where we saw before us a spacious horizon. We had come unexpectedly on a broad quebrada, and at our feet flowed the great river Inambari. A feeling of contentment was experienced by all at finding ourselves so unexpectedly on the banks of this river, which had cost us so much trouble and privation to arrive at.

The river San Gavan at the point of confluence runs from south-south-west to north-north-east, and the Inambari from south-east to north-west. In the angle formed by the two rivers the rock is of slate, which is the dominant formation in the province of Caravaya, but at this point the strata are nearly horizontal.

The water of the river Inambari is muddier than that of the San Gavan, and at the junction the Inambari is more than 200 yards in width. The velocity of the current for some distance above the confluence, at the time I visited it, was two leagues an hour. At the point of junction the rivers are 1,570 feet above the level of the sea. Although the Inambari at this point is not easily navigable, on account of its strong current, nevertheless grave difficulties do not present themselves except a little lower down, where large waves are produced by the meeting of the two currents. Navigation might be established for vessels of light draught.

It is to be presumed that the Inambari, until it unites with the river Madre de Dios of the forests of Cuzco, has no falls, neither a sharp incline; because, at a short distance from the confluence of the rivers San Gavan and Inambari, the mountains become lower, until they nearly disappear further in the interior. The elevation of the same point above the level of the sea, as before stated, being 1,570 feet, and that of the Madre de Dios, according to the observations of Lieutenant Gibbon of the United States Navy, made in 1851, at the point of junction with the Piñipiñi, being 1,377 feet, there results a difference of 193 feet for distance, which, according to my calculations—bearing in mind the numerous bends described by these rivers in their course—cannot be less than twenty-five to thirty leagues, equivalent to a fall of eight feet per league, supposing that the Inambari joins the Madre de Dios at a little distance from the point measured by Lieutenant Gibbon.

All authors, up to the present time, who have written on the Inambari and Madre de Dios, have believed that these rivers form the head-waters of the Purus; but it is now beyond doubt that the river Madre de Dios, united with the Inambari, takes the combined waters into the river Madeira. The solution of this important hydrographical problem we owe to the unfortunate Don Faustino Maldonado, of Tarapoto, in Peru, who sacrificed his life in the hazardous navigation of the Madre de Dios. This fact being probably unknown in Europe, I will give (in the next Part) a short account of Maldonado's voyage, as it is connected with the subject of this memoir.

Fedchenko's Travels in Khokand, and to the Upper Waters of the Jaxartes.

THE great mountain systems of Central Asia possess extreme interest. In other regions we find chains of mountains of great elevation, forming distinct barriers and well-defined watersheds; such is the character of the ranges of Europe, and of most other parts of the world wherever they have been explored. Between the Altai on the north, and the Himalaya on the south, the map of Asia is still far from being complete; enough, however, is known to indicate that the mountain systems do not consist of ranges properly so called, but of raised plateaux of great height, flanked by mountains mostly equalling those of the Himalaya in magnitude; but, strange to say, forming no decided watershed, as the rivers which rise in them flow in opposite directions on the same plateau, within sight of each other, not as an occasional phenomenon, as in other mountain-valleys, nor even in a straight line, but with many turnings and windings, before they finally select a definite direction. This, at least, is the character of the Bolor Tagh, and probably also of the Hindoo Koosh. Among the most important of these steppes north of Thibet are the Pamir Steppe, where the Oxus rises in two or three lakes; and the Alai Steppe, where the Jaxartes finds its origin in the glaciers that descend from the neighbouring mountains. As the Russian traveller, Fedchenko, whose narrative of explorations in this direction we are about to present to our readers, did not penetrate quite so far as the Pamir, we shall preface our remarks with some observations upon that steppe.

The first European who ever visited the Pamir was Marco Polo, who states that this region was said to be the highest in the world; that the plain was a desert of twelve days' journey in extent; and that there existed upon it a lake lying between two mountains, with a fine river flowing out of it. The accounts of later travellers fully confirm these assertions. The elevation of Lake Sisi-kul is estimated by Captain John Wood, who visited it in 1838, as about 15,600 feet.* There is a popular belief current in the neighbourhood that the lake has two outlets, one west, which forms the source of the Oxus; and the other east, into one of the rivers which flow through Kashgar. Yule, in his edition of Marco Polo, remarks that "the story of an eastern outflow from the lake is no doubt legend;" but "from

* The greater part of the Pamir probably lies higher; for 16,000 feet is no unusual height for Tibetan plateaux, and the accounts given of the Pamir imply a greater elevation.

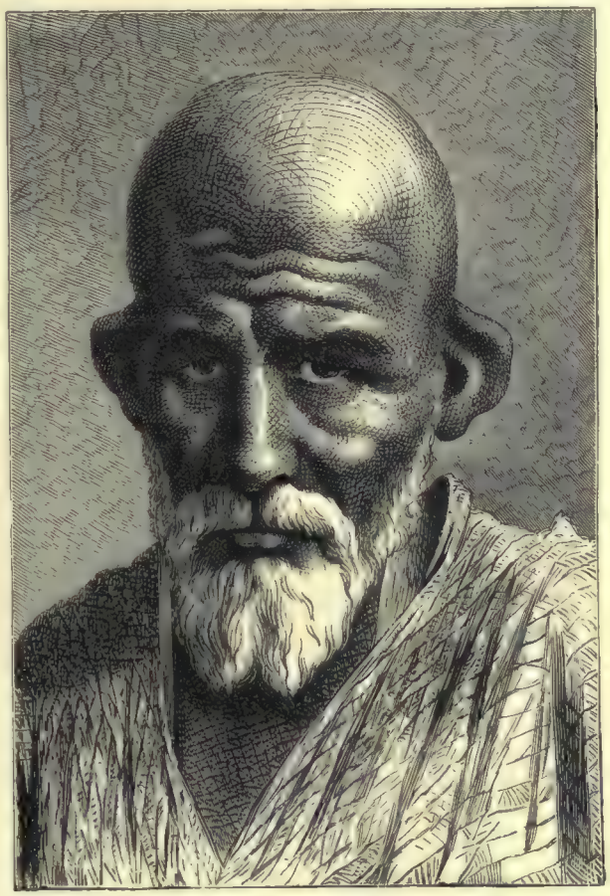
what we now know of the ill-defined watersheds of this region it does not appear to be quite impossible."*

Let us now turn to Fedchenko's explorations, which were undertaken under the auspices of the Moscow Society, called "Die Freunde der Naturkunde." His party consisted of six Russians, inclusive of himself and one lady. They started *viâ* Khojend and Machram to Khokand.

Khojend is described as a most flourishing town, concentrating all the most important branches of industry of the district, silk, cotton, weaving, dyeing, &c. It is situated on the Syr-Daria, or Jaxartes, possesses a fine climate, an industrious population, and coal-fields; and is sufficiently near to the wealthy town of Khokand to make a good use of these advantages.

From Khojend the travellers proceeded to Khokand, where on June 12th, 1871, they were favoured with an audience of the Khan. The travellers visited him in his palace. He simply looked over the official letter which Fedchenko had handed to him, and remarked, "Yakshi" (good), by which he expressed approval of his journey. The Russians were then shown over part of the palace; were presented with dresses of honour, and then returned to their lodgings.

On the following day Fedchenko made inquiries as to their proposed journey. He was told that the Terek-dawan Pass was dangerous, because a Kashgar piquet was stationed on the other side, but he determined to venture in that direction as far as he found practicable.



OLD TAJIK OF KHOKAND

In Khokand and Charku are paper manufactories, which are naturally very infrequent in Central Asia.

The Khan furnished the travellers with an escort of seven Chigits, under a captain, or Kara'-ul Beg, named Abdu-Karim, and gave them also a circular letter addressed to the governors of all the principal towns in his Khanate, commanding that the Russians should be received everywhere as guests, and that no one should be allowed to interfere with them, or allow the nomadic tribes to attack them. To this letter the Khan affixed his own seal.

On the 17th June, the party started on the road to Ispara, and spent the first night at the village of Yaipan, near which is the *rawat* (caravanserai) of Karim Diwan. The view from this point down the valley as far as Ferghana is delightful. Gardens and fields in the most flourishing state of cultivation meet the eye everywhere, as far as Khokand and the Syr Daria. The only uncultivated ground to be seen is a small streak along the foot of the low conglomerate hills. This fertility is due to the abundance of *yarycks* (canals), which are supplied from the mountain-streams.

At the *rawat*, however, the cultivated district ends, and the road turns into the broad ravine of Lakkon-Dagan. Through this, a cart-road leads to Ispara. It is sometimes hemmed in between rocks, but is quite practicable as far as the town; and the travellers met many *arbas* (two-wheeled carts) returning from the bazaar at Ispara. The only disadvantage of the road is that it has no water for a distance of sixteen miles. The hills are composed of conglomerate, tertiary limestone, and gypsum; there are large quarries of alabaster, which is conveyed to Khokand, and millstones are also obtained here. Some inconspicuous salt-springs trickle down from the hills.

Ispara, and the neighbouring villages of Chilgazy, Kuljkent, and Lakkon, are situated in an extensive valley, lying east and west, and already considerably elevated above the Khokand steppe.

Ispara is a place of no great antiquity. The most ancient building consists of the ruins of a large mosque of baked bricks. The inhabitants ascribe this building to Abdul-Khan. The town was formerly called Asferah, and this name was applied to the whole mountain range (Asferah Tagh of Humboldt).

The cart-road ends at Ispara, and the path runs twelve miles farther, through a broad picturesque ravine into a long valley lying east and west, where the villages of Charku and Ssur are situated. Through this ravine, which is intersected by the river Ispara, we arrive at another long valley, and the village of Varuch.

The ground on each side rises in terraces, or long steps, on which the villages lie, and which are separated by rows of bare rocky hills of no great elevation. Some idea of the relative heights of the terraces may be formed by the following estimate: height of the steppe of Khokand, 1,100 feet; of the terraces of Ispara, 2,200 feet; of Charku, 3,500 feet; of Varuch, 4,600 feet.

Varuch is the last Kishlak, or winter village; higher up on the hills are fields belonging to its inhabitants, the Tajiks, and above these are the summer pastures (*yaila*) of the Kirghis. Kipchak Kirghis wander over these hills.

Fedchenko visited Kipchak-Yaila, the summer encampment of a Kipchak *birjen* or chief, named Katta-Ait Mohammed Beg. The road thence leads from Varuch, along the ravine Hoja-Chiburgan to the Jiptyk Pass, 12,000 feet high (barometer 485·2 millim., temperature 62½° Fahr.). The ascent is frightfully

* Shaw was told that there were *two* lakes, both called Kara-kul, one of which discharges east, and the other west, which is the most probable explanation of the native report.

steep, and the Jiptyk flows almost 2,500 feet below your feet.

The Jiptyk is the head-stream of the Ispara, and the excursion to its source was very interesting. It issues from a glacier about five miles from the chief's encampment. This glacier commences in the shape of a vast and somewhat oval circus, which trends away parallel with the main ridge of the snow mountains, and is bounded to the north by masses of rock, which allow a narrow passage (about three-quarters of a verst broad) for the ice-stream. The greatest breadth of the circus, from east to west, is about five miles between the highest points. Its southern extremity is bounded by eight peaks, about 18,000 or 19,000 feet high. The lowest point between them cannot be much under 14,000 feet. From the space between the peaks, vast glaciers, with their side moraines, flow down into the circus. These become intermediate moraines on the main glacier.

Fedchenko crossed the glacier at a point where it is about 12,000 feet high; and seven rows of stones were easily to be counted. The surface of the glacier was here intersected by many little streams, and covered with a thin sheet of rough ice. Beneath lay greenish ice full of little bubbles (true glacier-ice). Numerous stones of all sizes were scattered over the surface of the glacier, which rested on pillars of ice, looking like tubes. Under these were abundance of glacier fleas (*Podurœ*).

Lower down, the moraines lose their regularity, run together, and cover the whole surface of the glacier with stones. The lower extremity of the ice-stream descends as far as 10,000 feet, and formerly extended further. The terminal moraine lies like a semi-circular stone wall, about twenty-five fathoms from the present extremity of the glacier, and on the slopes of the ravine two tiers of moraines rise over the terminal moraine, which indicate the former presence of side moraines. The upper tier lies at a height of thirty fathoms above the bed of the valley. The present glacier is only twelve fathoms broad at its extremity. Stones are almost continually falling from its edges, and adding to the terminal moraine.

It is evident from the abundance of plants which grow among the stones of the moraine that the glacier has long since retreated. The brook is formed of three branches. The middle branch issues from under the glacier; the other two rush from clefts in the glacier two miles above its extremity, forming cascades. They flow from the edges of the glacier, and disappear occasionally under the ice or the side moraines.

Fedchenko named the glacier and the highest peak after M. Schurof, the president of the society for which he was travelling.

Lower down, the Jiptyk receives some small brooks, and takes the name Kere'ushin. Below the town of Varuch it unites with the Kshemish, and the two form the large river Ispara. On the Jiptyk Pass, and near the Schurof glacier, Fedchenko made a rich collection of Alpine plants, at a height of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. He also noticed the Caragana plant, which is very characteristic of the flora of the Narym district, but which is not met with in the valley of Zarafshan.

After returning to Varuch, Fedchenko proceeded to Ssoch. The most interesting part of the journey was the ravine of Karakul, which leads down from the terrace of Varuch to that of Charku. From Ssoch the road runs to Karategin; but in consequence of a recent insurrection of the Kirghis, it was rendered so unsafe that the inhabitants of Ssoch themselves could not venture into the ravine through which the road passes soon after leaving the town.

Independently of political obstacles, the road is very difficult. Eight passes must be crossed, as well as a mountain-lake, where the traveller must pick his way as best he can through the shallows. The Tarak (comb) must also be crossed, which is a great glacier, intersected with numerous cracks. The road leads to the Karategin village of Yarkush, and from thence *viâ* Ssokau and Kalniob, to Garm.

Fedchenko made a day's halt at Kishlak Ssoch. He would not have minded the difficulties of the road, but the hostile attitude of the Kirghis was a bar to further progress, and compelled him to select another route. This was the more difficult as the Khan of Khokand had only protected him from the dangers of the Terek-dawan (Tarik Pass), and had not authorised him to travel in the direction of Karategin. The main difficulty rested with the Karu'ul Beg, Abdu-Karim, who had a superstitious terror of the mountains. While the cavalcade was passing through the Karakul ravine, from Varuch to Ssoch, he was muttering prayers all the time, and looking with terror at the overhanging masses of rock.

In spite of all the warnings of his escort, Fedchenko started from Ssoch to Shahimardan, on the road to the Karakasuk Pass. On the way he met with the Yus-Basha (inspector of roads), in whose company the party succeeded without difficulty in reaching the A'uls at the foot of the pass, and spent the night there.*

The rivers Kara-ssu and Ak-ssu unite at Shahimardan. Thirty versts up the valley of the Ak-ssu, is the Karakasuk Pass. The river is formed of several small alpine streams, the chief of which, the Alaudin, is said by the people to be a glacier stream, and has the colour of one. The pass is at the source of the Karakasuk brook.

Fedchenko climbed up the ravine to a height of 12,000 feet. Its upper end is closed by an old moraine; and from this point the zigzag line of the road can be seen running along the hills to the left, covered with the snow which had fallen during the night. That is the pass. Right and left rise peaks, many of which must be 19,000 or 20,000 feet high. The snowy range does not run exactly from east to west at this point, but trends somewhat towards the south.

During Fedchenko's stay in Utsh Kurgan, he visited the former Beg of Karategin, in hopes of obtaining some geographical information from him concerning the district. Instead of this, however, the Beg began reckoning up his ancestral roll, in order to trace back his descent from Alexander the Great. He stoutly maintained the fact, but was unable to prove it.

On the 30th of July the party reached Osh, after having visited the southern end of the Alai steppe on the borders of Karategin. This steppe is said to be about thirteen miles broad, and forty long. It runs from east-north-east to west-south-west, and is in the west 8,000 feet high, and in the east 12,000 feet. Fedchenko went from Utsh Kurgan to Alai over the pass Isfairam, and returned from Alai to Osh across the so-called Little Alai. The whole excursion, exclusive of a three days' halt in Alai, occupied fourteen days (from July 17th to July 30th), during which time he travelled 147 miles, about 47

* This is perhaps the place afterwards alluded to as Utsh Kurgan.

from Utsh Kurgan to Alai, and about 100 from there to Osh.

The two routes are about equally difficult. The Isfairam ravine is remarkable for its convenient pass, under 12,000 feet, and is covered with smooth Alpine meadows. But the road to it as far as Yaila Tengisbai is unusually stony, running over fallen rocks. The road through the Little Alai is difficult where the small river Ak-bura, which flows at first in a westerly direction, rushes out to the steppe between two parallel ridges. The opening through the last range in the neighbourhood of Osh is so narrow and precipitous, that the road passes over the summit of the hill Kulnart-bel. Besides this pass, there are two others on the same road, the Kawuk and the Kordun. The Kawuk rises gradually to the height of 13,000 feet (barometer height, 470·1 millim.; temperature, 48½° F.) and passes over the mountain range which separates the basins of the Amu-Daria and Syr-Daria. The Kordun-bel is still higher, and forms the watershed between the small rivers Ak-bura (which flows into the Osh) and Isfairam (which runs through Utsh Kurgan). The whole district of Little Alai (*i.e.*, the upper course of the Isfairam and Ak-bura) is very high, and the travellers spent three nights at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

By the name Alai is meant the high plateau watered by the Surshab, the source of the northern branch of the Oxus. The river first receives the name lower down the valley, after its junction with the river Muk, where the district of the Karategin Tajiks begins. In the upper district, where the Kirghis nomads dwell, it is called Kisil-ssu. Its water is coloured red, which shows that it rises in the red loam of the tertiary formation. At Kurgan (where Ismail-Tokssaba, the chief of the Alai Kirghis lives), the point where Fedchenko visited the steppe, it is about ten versts broad, and 8,000 feet high. Towards the east it becomes broader, and as there are no hills in that direction, it appears like an interminable steppe lying between mountains, and growing broader in the distance. It does not lie exactly east and west, but inclines somewhat towards the north.

The Alai plateau is bounded by enormous mountains, very much higher than those of the northern extremity, which Fedchenko calls the Trans-Alai Mountains. Although the snow-line is not under 14,000 feet, the snow region is so extensive that these mountains in summer present the same appearance as those near Tashkent in the month of March. The more moderate heights cannot be reckoned as lower than 18,000 or 19,000 feet; the peaks rise higher, and some of them probably attain to a height of 25,000 feet, or four miles high. The mountains of all Turkistan have nothing to compare with their imposing appearance.

The officious anxiety of the Khokand escort for their lives prevented Fedchenko from penetrating into one of the ravines of these mountains. These ravines, from which flow tributaries of the Kisil-ssu, are not deep; and Altynin-Dara, opposite Kurgan-tokssaba, is the only ravine of considerable length. It is a day's journey (17 to 20 miles long). Salt is found in it (hence the name of the river which runs through it, Tuk-ssu), and it leads to the gold-producing river, Muk-ssu), which already lies within the boundaries of Karategin; and from thence further to Shignan and Darwas.

In the eastern part of this mountain range is a pass, which leads into Sarykol, a province of Kashgar; and still further east is the Taimurun, a pass which leads to Kashgar itself. The other parts of the mountains were represented to Fedchenko as impassable, and he was also told that the three passes were extremely difficult, and only used by fugitives and thieves. Nevertheless, the sources of the river are celebrated for their beautiful willows. There are the summer encampments, where almost the entire Kirghis population of the Alai plateau, and many Kirghis who have their winter stations in the valley of Khokand, congregate. The Alai plateau, where Fedchenko visited it, resembles a winter meadow, or Kstau. As far as vegetable and animal life is concerned, it has a decidedly steppe character. Even such birds as are peculiarly characteristic of the steppes, such as the Ganga (*Pterocles arenarius*) are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Kurgan-tokssaba. The Kirghis sow both barley and wheat, and there are also clover-fields, which are reaped twice in the year. The climate of the Alai cannot, therefore, be very severe. It is said, however, that the winters are very snowy, and that the snow reaches to the waists of the inhabitants. All the fields which Fedchenko saw were flat and irrigated. No trees are planted, and wild trees are very uncommon. The hills are very poor in wood, and the mountain-chains enclosing the Alai plateau seem perfectly without forests. Juniper bushes are met with here and there, but never grow to any great height. This is the more remarkable, as in the ravines of the northern slopes the woody region extends to above 11,000 feet.

Considerable additions to Fedchenko's natural history collections were made at Alai; and in particular, he obtained a small kind of trout in the brook of Kisil-ssu, the first representative of the *Salmonidæ* which has been met with in Turkistan. The excursion has also produced interesting geographical results. It has fixed the position of the watershed between the Jaxartes and Oxus, and has led to the discovery of the northern source of the latter river, and the gigantic Trans-Alai mountains, somewhere behind which must lie the celebrated Pamir steppe. The inhabitants of the Alai call it Pamil, and distinguish between Pamil-kalanj and Pamil-hurd (the Great and the Little Pamir*). They say that the plateau is a very extensive flat plain, and so high that the Alai Kirghis are unable to live there on account of the rarefied air. Fedchenko could not obtain definite information as to the exact direction of Pamil-kalanj, because the inhabitants of Alai have no intercourse with those of Shignan, which is inhabited by "Shiga" (Shiites†) or Alyparasen (heretics). The unexplored district in which Pamir-kalanj must lie is comparatively not very extensive, as the point where Fedchenko visited the Kisil-ssu is only about 160 miles from Wood's Lake, Sarikul (Victoria), which is about the distance between Tashkent and Samarcand.

On the 7th of August Fedchenko's party started from Osh, along the caravan road leading to Gulysha. They were attended by a party of the inhabitants of Osh armed with matchlocks and sabres. There is a road for carts as far as the small settlement of Moda, about seven miles from Osh. On the third day Gulysha was reached, after passing Langar and the small lake of Kuplankul. The road leads over foot-hills, and crosses two passes (about 7,000 feet high). Fedchenko left Gulysha on the 10th of August, and started for Usgent.

* It was the Little Pamir which was visited by Wood.

† A sect of Mohammedans who reverence Ali, Mohammed's cousin, more than Mohammed himself.

He was enabled to ascertain that Gulysha, the road to Terek Dawan, and the pass itself are not in the valley of the Syr-Daria, as was hitherto supposed, but in that of the Kurshab, a small stream which falls into the Syr on the left. The pass is about seven miles further west, and about twenty further north, than it is marked on the maps. The pass of Terek-Dawan can only be used in winter, for it is so stony that it does not become a practicable road till the snow has filled up the holes and smoothed over all the inequalities. In summer, travellers avoid the Terek-Dawan, and go over some other pass to Bash-Alai; the caravans to Kashgar generally choose the Shart-Dawan as the most convenient; they ascend from Alai to the pass Tau-Murum, and soon arrive at Tokai-Basha, in the road which descends from Terek-Dawan.

Fedchenko could see where the Terek-Dawan lies, from the Torp Pass on the road to Usgent. From this point he could plainly see the bend in the huge snowy masses of the mountain range, which divides the basin of the Syr-Daria from that of the Kisil-ssu, the river belonging to the system of the Oxus. The view of this snowy range of mountains, to which the senseless name of Kashgar-Dawan (Kashgar Pass) has been given, was very fine, especially as the mountains to the north looked comparatively low.

Seven miles beyond Usgent, Fedchenko visited the junction of the Tar and Kara-Kulja, the two principal sources of the Syr-Daria. Lower down, the river receives the Yassy on the right and the Kurshab on the left; and none of the other rivers which flow from the mountains on the right hand of the Syr reach it. After receiving these rivers, the main stream flows from the foot-hills on to the steppe, and then first takes the name Syr. The Tar appears to be its principal source, judging from its direction and the quantity of water it contains.

Usgent lies to the east of Andijan, and is only 42 miles from it instead of 82, as marked on the maps; and a considerable district formerly marked as belonging to Khokand actually belongs to the dominions of Yakoob Beg.

From Usgent Fedchenko returned to Tashkent, which he reached on the 21st of August, after passing through Andijar and Naman-gan.

Recollections of Spanish Travel.—II.

BY MRS. F. W. HOLLAND.

GRANADA.

Saturday, May 11th, 1867.—Hotel Ortiz. The noise of the workmen's hammers and saws roused us early this morning to the consciousness of having reached our destination. They were enlarging our comfortable little hotel, and at any other time we might have grudged the rest of which they deprived us, doubly appreciated after so many restless nights. But this morning it was enough to wake in the bright morning light, and realise that we were in Granada. It seemed almost too good to be true. At Cadiz and Gibraltar we had heard rumours of threatened war between England and Spain, which would have put a speedy termination to our travels, and even the letters we received here informed us that the English papers asserted Spain to be on the eve of revolution against Queen Isabella, and implored us not to leave the range of the protection of English guns.

What the truth might be we could not tell. The few Spanish newspapers we had met with contained only odds and ends of intelligence such as one finds in the columns of third-rate English provincial papers, and were filled up with long chapters of some sensational novel. We could not hope to glean from these any trustworthy information, either on foreign or home politics. The revolution, of which every intelligent Spaniard with whom we had conversed had openly spoken of as both necessary and imminent, might have begun, or the country might be in perfect peace. We had proceeded on our way, trusting the event would not occur for a few weeks, and happily for ourselves it did not. Since then half a dozen revolutions have torn that unhappy country, two thrones have been overturned, and as I write (August, 1873), Moderate Republicans, Carlists, and Communists are struggling for the mastery, with revolution and counter revolution, and Granada has had its share. But when I woke that morning, six years and a half ago, these things were still in the future, and their probability open to argument.

Certainly nothing that morning was there to remind one of war, strife, and angry vengeance, of despised profligate tyranny, or the mad ravings of blood-stained mobs.

It was such a lovely morning! The sun so bright, the air so fresh and invigorating, the trees outside so green and shady, and the Alhambra walls close at hand. What pleasure to feel oneself there, a climate and surrounding scenery in which simply to exist is enjoyment, and crowded with the most picturesque of historical associations. I do not envy those to whom history is a dull record of old facts, and who care not to recall the gallant Moors with their picturesque chivalry engrafted on ever-picturesque orientalism. Knights in chain armour, wearing turbans over their helmets, tilting with their Christian rivals under the walls of the beautiful fairy castle, in honour of dark-eyed sultanas, who were not then, as now, shut up in brutalising harems. Sages—not commonplace university dons—but men who artistically combined real learning with the more picturesque elements of astrology and magic. Then fresh actors cross the stage, and one conjures up in memory the Christian army surrounding the beautiful city, the great struggle between the Crescent and the Cross fought out beneath its walls; Ferdinand and Isabella, "los Reyes Catolicos," the wise king with his loved and noble wife, "the most perfect of historical characters," devoting their lives and treasure to the defeat of the infidel, and last,



NORTHERN WALL OF THE ALHAMBRA.

not least. Columbus, with his head filled with the vision of an undiscovered world, starting from the camp on his grand mission.

All these had been at Granada, and the scene of these great events was to be enjoyed by us this day.

After breakfast, when we had a feast of delicious wild strawberries, we started for the Alhambra, and had a pleasant stroll up the shady paths, leading to it through the grove of elms which we had observed yesterday evening. Unluckily, it was past ten o'clock before we reached the gates of the Alhambra, and, to our great disappointment, we found them closed. Eight to ten in the morning, five to seven in the afternoon, were the hours for visitors—could we be so unreasonable as to think that the Spanish custodian would trouble himself to show it when the sun was hot? He must have his *siesta*, and in the afternoon would be able to open the gates again. We turned away disappointed, but happily there is much to see in Granada besides the Alhambra. We descended the hill into the town, and I think all of us were unprepared to find it so large, and apparently thriving a place. The Moorish bazaar or Zacatin, which we visited first, and which retains more relics of the former inhabitants than any other quarter—the Alhambra alone excepted—is very picturesque and oriental-looking. It is a narrow street full of shops, chiefly silversmiths', the fronts of which are decorated with the remains of elaborate arabesques, and still bears a very Eastern aspect. The more Spanish quarters of the town are not so picturesque as Seville, as strong doors are here substituted in all the houses for the open *grilles* which there allow the passer-by to admire the pretty *patios*. We visited the studio of the artist who has devoted himself to the work of producing models of the Alhambra, and found the copies most beautifully executed, and exciting still further our wish to see the original.

Then taking a carriage we drove about half a mile out of the town to visit the Cartuja, the Charter House, or Carthusian monastery of Granada. It is well placed on high ground, and commands a splendid view across the Vega. Gonzalo de Cordova, "el Gran Capitan," whose name is often heard here, granted the site to the order. On the façade is a fine statue of St. Bruno in white marble. Entering it, we found ourselves in some fine cloisters, the walls of which were decorated—if we may use the word—with well-painted but horrible frescoes of the martyrdom of various monks of the order. It is said that when the convent was inhabited, the monks used to take delight in showing these to their English visitors, and when they had elicited sufficient expressions of disgust and abhorrence, informing them that these horrible scenes were true representations of the tortures inflicted by the Protestant Henry VIII., on their sainted fathers, on the suppression of the monastic orders in England.

There were no monks, however, to impose on us. The Cartuja has shared the fate of its branch in England 300 years ago, and now stands deserted and neglected. The Spain of to-day resembles in many respects our own country, as it must have appeared in the years immediately succeeding the Reformation, when our grand abbeys and cathedrals stood deserted, not yet entirely in ruins, but lifeless, and waiting for the slow decay of time, or the ruthless hand of the spoiler.

We passed round the cloisters into the refectory, a fine large room whose size tells the tale of the numbers which once feasted or fasted there. Now it is stripped bare, and the only object of interest in it is a large painted cross at one end of the room, the perspective of which is so good that the guides try to deceive visitors with the idea that it is real. When first painted, tradition says that the birds would try and perch upon it, and that the monks themselves were deceived. In the chapel we found a great deal of elaborate work dating from the days when minute decoration and costly materials were used to make up for the lack of creative genius, and the noble conceptions of true art. Marble, ebony, ivory, tortoise-shell, and agate fill the doors and wardrobes of the large *sacristia*, and in many of the slabs of agate and onyx, the guides love to trace odd likenesses and figures, some of which are very curious. The work is said to have been executed by some of the monks, one of whom was engaged for fifty years on the panels of the wardrobes.

We drove back to the town through the Alameda, a shady walk by the side of the Genil—a stream which at all events at this time of year does not deserve to be called a river—and then across the town through narrow picturesque streets to the gipsies' quarter on the hill behind the Generalife. In the gay clean tents at Seville Fair, we had seen the best aspect of gipsy life. Here we undoubtedly had the very worst. Two thousand human beings are said to live on this hill, burrowing like rabbits in the hill-side. Caves have been hollowed out in the cliff, and the entrance secured by a wall in which sometimes a little square window is cut, and sometimes only lighted by the entrance door. We peeped into some of these (feeling some anxiety in doing even that) and saw the odd mixture of inhabitants which they contained; pigs, rabbits, dogs, cats, poultry, men, women, and children share the shelter of these little dark holes. Of course, by day, they live principally out of doors, and the pigs and the human beings were sunning themselves side by side on the slope of the hill. The scene made one ashamed of one's humanity, especially when one thought of the graceful dainty beauty of the homes of many birds and beasts.

Our visit, of course, produced a great sensation among the inhabitants, who crowded most unpleasantly round us and clamoured to tell our fortunes. One of our companions (who, we must do gipsy lore the credit to say, knew nothing either of Spanish or gipsy *patois*) allowed a horribly ugly old woman to seize his hand and tell his fortune. With eager expressive signs, shrewd glances, and jabbering tongue, she pored over his palm, which he soon gladly withdrew from her dirty grip, but not before she had made a lucky prophecy, which verified itself five months afterwards. Some of the others who *did* understand it, thought it more prudent not to be called on to translate, and beat a hasty retreat down the hill, returning under the walls of the Alhambra to our hotel.

At five o'clock we again ascended through the shady paths to the Gate of Justice, and this time it was not closed upon us. Here in old days it is said the king himself sat in true oriental fashion, dispensing justice to his subjects, and giving audience to all. It is a large square tower, and on the outer side of the horseshoe arch is the fragment of a sculptured arm, on the inner side a key. These two symbols have been variously interpreted—the former as (1) an emblem of hospitality, (2) or by the fingers symbolising the five principal tenets of the Mussulman creed, or (3) as a talisman against the evil eye; the latter as a symbol of power, or of authority, or of know-

ledge. We must leave those versed in oriental lore to decide on this question, but it shows to the most unlearned the first of the many examples of a departure from the rigid observance of Mohammedan law which are exhibited in the Alhambra. The philosopher might sigh as he reflects on the difference which it would have made to Spain, and perhaps to Europe, if the Moors had been gradually converted to Christianity by the gentle influence of time and the bond of a common country, instead of being driven out by fire and sword with all their wealth of genius, science, and industry. But we were not there to moralise, but to make the most of the time before we should be compelled to allow the custodian to return to his siesta, and we entered eagerly, wondering whether we should return with our expectations fulfilled or disappointed. Passing through the narrow winding passage by which the engineers of old used to secure their entrances, we entered upon the Plaza de los Algibes, a large open space, under which are built the cisterns by which the fortress is supplied with water. On our right was the huge unsightly ruined pile, the never-finished palace of Charles V., who to erect it destroyed one half of the Alhambra and all the winter apartments of his Moorish predecessors.

"The barbarian!" one exclaimed, and turning away our eyes from it we entered by a side door—for the barbarous emperor destroyed the real entrance—into the Patio de la Alberca (the Court of the Fishpond). It is about 100 feet by 90 feet, and contains an oblong pool bordered with myrtle hedges, from which it also once took its name. Here one hears of the ruin wrought by the French invaders, and of the suites of gorgeous rooms opening out of it destroyed by them, a vandalism of which Spain might complain with better grace if her own children had not set the example. The pool is said to have served for the ablutions of the royal family before passing onwards to the mosque. We hastened through it, beautiful though it was, to reach at once the far-famed Court of Lions. The beautiful model which all Londoners remember at the Crystal Palace, and now think of with regret, had prepared one for much beauty, but it had not at all spoilt our appreciation of the reality. Its size was perhaps the first thing which surprised us. The Alhambra is no doll's house—no toy palace such as we had seen at Aranjuez, built by babyish princes to amuse their silly leisure, but the splendid residence of luxurious and refined monarchs. An arcade of 124 white marble pillars surrounds the marble patio, in the centre of which stands the celebrated fountain which gives it its name, and above the graceful horseshoe arches we find the most beautiful and elaborate diaper-work, such as Moorish taste alone can design. Señor Contreras—to whom the Alhambra owes so much—has recently restored all this work with the most consummate taste and skill, and here at last we can forget the present, and imagine that the palace has been redecorated for the arrival of a favourite sultana. And this was built in 1377, when Richard II. was on the throne of England, and Windsor Castle was a new—and to our present ideas probably a very rude—residence for royalty. No wonder when Christian poets and troubadours wandered into these regions they returned singing of magic, of enchanted castles, and fairy princesses! At each end are graceful porticoes projecting into the court, and breaking the uniformity of the outlines. All the walls exposed to the weather are uncoloured, and their elaborate designs give the effect of curtains of cream-coloured lace.

If it is true that Gothic architecture owes its origin to the ideas suggested by the grand and impressive glades of the primeval forests of Northern Europe, Moorish architecture may trace its first idea in the tent-curtains of the nomad tribes of Asia. All seems designed for coolness and shade—cold and rain entered not into the calculations of the architect, and the brilliant blue sky overhead gave tenfold effect to the architecture. In order to realise and believe the fact that the palace was once tenanted by mortal owners, by human beings on whom bad weather could produce disagreeable effects, we have to remind ourselves that all at present remaining of the palace is the summer apartments, Charles V.'s monstrous erection being built on the site of the winter palace. But the tradition of human crime recalls one to the melancholy facts of history. The celebrated Fountain of Lions—a magnificent alabaster basin, supported on twelve beasts, whose likeness to any living creature may be supposed to have been always considered too slight to break the Moslem law—is said to have been stained with the blood of all the children of Abu Hasen and Ayeshah (except Boabdil) executed there by their father's orders.

Passing on through a door opposite the fountain in the centre of the southern side of the Court of Lions, we entered the Hall of the Abencerrages, another beautiful scene of murderous tradition, where, it is said, the same bloody tyrant treacherously feasted and then murdered several chiefs of the Abencerrages, the supporters of Ayeshah. Certainly a dark stain on the marble pavement countenances or has given rise to this tradition. The combination of voluptuous refinement and unparalleled luxury with these deeds of unnatural crime recalls the days when in Samaria (2 Kings x. 7) "they took the king's sons, and slew seventy persons, and put their heads in baskets, and sent him [Jehu] them to Jezreel;" or, again (2 Kings xi. 1), "when Athaliah the mother of Ahaziah saw that her sŏn was dead, she arose and destroyed all the seed royal;" or some of the darkest chapters of oriental history, ancient and modern. One feels that it is owing to the influence of Christianity that these cold-blooded deeds have been banished from Western Europe. But we had not much time for moralising, as there was much to see, and the custodian would before lŏng be requiring his evening rest.

Leaving the bloody reminiscences of the Abencerrages, we passed onward to the Sala del Tribunal, or Hall of Justice, which is divided into several compartments, and is rich in graceful architecture and elegant and elaborate design. Here some of the alcoves are roofed with panelled leather, painted with scenes introducing many unorthodox designs of knights and ladies, boar hunts, dogs, and birds, all directly contrary to Moslem law. When these were done, whether in Moorish times by lax Mohammedans, or by captive Christians, or later by victorious and triumphant Christians, is still a matter of dispute and argument. Where so many learned authorities differ we dare not express an opinion, and still less may we venture to enter into the other vexed question of the two camels depicted on the vase which stands in one of the recesses of the same court, and which M. Doré has drawn. Concerning this (which I *must* have seen, since it is recorded in the journal of one of our party) I am forced to make a terrible confession—*I forget it altogether.* Whether from carelessness on my part, or from its being badly placed, or from my mind and eyes being too deeply engrossed with the novel beauty of the palace

as a whole, I must confess to entire oblivion of it, and throw myself on the pity of my reader.

Proceeding on our tour round the Court of Lions we entered the hall on the northern side, opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages. This, which takes its name of the Hall of the Two Sisters (Sala de las Dos Hermanas), from two enormous slabs of white marble in the pavement, is about the most perfect gem of the palace. In fact, throughout this wonderful building one has exhausted the vocabulary of praise long before one has inspected all its charms. This, with its lovely recesses and the adjoining corridor and Mirador de Lindaraja, formed part of the private apartments of the Moorish kings, and certainly mortals were never more daintily lodged. The stalactite roof, composed, it is said, of 5,000 pieces, is marvellously beautiful and elaborate, and on this side of the building a fresh element of beauty appears. Through the graceful windows one can look out upon a garden, and catch picturesque views of the rude red towers which form the exterior of the palace. Whatever the motive of the Moorish architects in building such rude exteriors to their beautiful halls, there is no doubt the contrast as we see it now enhances the beauty of both. "Look attentively at my elegance and thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration," says one of the inscriptions in the Hall of the Two Sisters, which we were not scholars enough to read in Arabic, but which I hope we all had sufficient taste to feel to be true. Like all Orientals, the Moors excelled in tasteful colouring, and Señor Contreras has carefully attempted to restore their work. Red, blue, white, and gold were the only colours used by them, but the combinations of these seem to produce endless variety. All the walls exposed to the open air were unpainted, perhaps for fear of the effects of bad weather upon them, or possibly because the decorators felt that the unclouded blue sky of Andalusia was colouring enough, and all that was needed to throw into relief the effect of the beautiful cream-coloured arabesques which we have described over the arches in the Court of Lions.

Then we passed onwards round the Garden of Lindaraja to the Tocador de la Reyna (the Boudoir of the Queen), from whence one obtains a glorious view over the Vega. The walls of the palace are of great height on this side, and here one appreciates far better than on the other side that the Alhambra is a fortress as well as a sultana's boudoir. The rude strong battlemented walls of picturesque reddish yellow stone, clothed with graceful creepers, here spring from the brow of a steep hill. At our feet lay the city, opposite us the hill crowned by the Generalife, and, stretching out far as the eye could reach, the glorious Vega, bounded by ranges of picturesque hills now flooded with sunset light. The Tocador is decorated with frescoes painted in the days of Charles V., whose name one hears with a shudder, as spoiling everything he touched. Close by is the staircase leading to a tiny chapel used by Ferdinand and Isabella, the romance of whose names compensates in great measure for their lack of due respect for the works of their Moorish predecessors. Here one can imagine Isabella returning thanks to God in her private prayers for the accomplishment of the great work to which she had devoted her whole life. Fatal to Spain as were some of the mistakes committed by her, one likes to recall the humble pride and pious joy which must have filled the heart of the great and good queen when she first knelt in praise and prayer within the walls of the Alhambra.

Then on again to the Hall of the Ambassadors in the fine Tower of Comares, with its deeply recessed windows and roof of ivory and cedar, another splendid specimen of Moorish taste. Then into the Sala de los Baños, with the adjoining Cuarto del Descanso, or Reposing Hall, where the arrangements appear to have been almost identical with those of a modern Turkish bath. Then into the room in which Boabdil was said to have been imprisoned, and from the window of which he escaped by being let down in a basket. Then into the Mezquita or Mosque, which was converted into a chapel by Charles V., to the great detriment of its beauty, but which preserves many traces of its former loveliness. Here the *azulejos*, or tiles, which skirt the walls to a height of about five feet, are very fine; and we should have mentioned them before in many of the other courts, had we not had such a superabundance of objects worthy of praise to describe.

We had now reached the Court of the Fishpond again, and taken the entire tour of all that remains of this beautiful palace, and we would not spoil our impressions of it by a hurried visit to the hideous palace of Charles V., which obtrudes its ugliness on the visitor as he leaves the building.

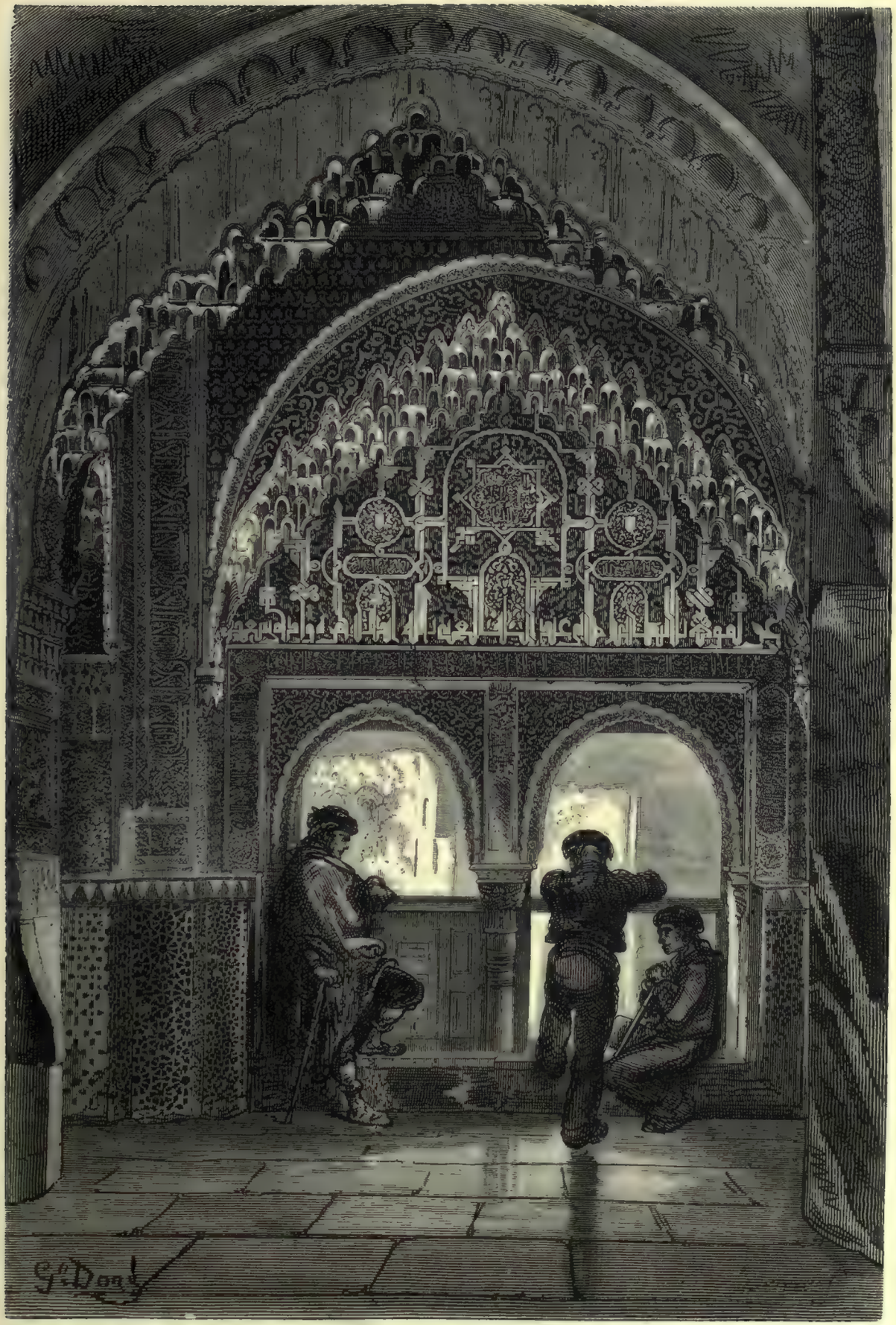
It was now seven o'clock, and we were warned to stay no longer, and found, to our dismay, that we could not renew our visit to-morrow. In a country where bull-fights and fairs always take place on Sundays, one feels inclined to grumble at hearing that one is not allowed the quiet pleasure of wandering about an empty palace. But Spaniards never miss an excuse for doing nothing.

We left the palace by the way we had entered, with impressions of the Alhambra which time can never efface, and returned to the hotel tired of pleasure, and exhausted with enthusiastic admiration.

Sunday, May 12th.—To those who really appreciate the pleasures of travelling, and who can throw into an interesting journey their best energies of mind and body, six days' work in the week is quite sufficient, and the rest of Sunday is not only a duty, but a positive relief and pleasure. The past week had been one of constant strain on mind and body. We had been travelling through a country which none of us expected ever to have the good fortune to visit again. We had had much real physical fatigue, long journeys under a fierce sun, with little rest at night, and working all the time under the pressure of a burning desire to observe everything and to overlook nothing. We had earned our rest, and we enjoyed it thoroughly, though not in entire idleness.

I do not think we were much disappointed at finding that there was no English church to go to at Granada. Experience had taught us to be content with that which our own party could form, and to revive quietly together the reminiscences and the thoughts of Sundays in England. So we remained quietly in our pleasant little hotel for the greater part of the morning, and about noon started for a walk to the Generalife (the Jennatu-l'-arif, or Garden of the Architect), an outlying fortress of the Alhambra, which was used by the Moorish kings as a summer palace. It is said to have been rebuilt or enlarged about the beginning of the fourteenth century, a date which in itself carries one back a long way.

It is now possessed by an absentee owner, the Marquis of Campo-tejar, who is said to be descended from a Christianised Moor, to whom "los Reyes Catolicos" granted it as a reward for the services—valuable to them if treacherous to his own



HALL OF LINDARAJA, ALHAMBRA.

race—which he rendered during the siege. We were obliged to get an order for admittance from the agent who resides in the marquis's town house, in which we found many interesting curiosities. The agent, who was rather a silent old gentleman, at once gave us the necessary permit, and then showed us a very fine antique sword in a richly-inlaid scabbard, which is said to have belonged to Boabdil, and to have been given by "los Reyes" to the marquis's ancestor. I am not one of those to whom relics are utterly uninteresting, and who can look with complete indifference on such things; and, after having seen the gorgeous palace of Boabdil, and the splendid kingdom over which he ruled, I could not help feeling a thrill of emotion on handling this weapon, which was surrendered by him in token of the loss of all. Did he give it up in utter dejection, or in passionate indignation? Did his vacant fingers clutch for it in vain when his cruel mother taunted him at the "Ultimo Sospiro" for his tears?

Then we were shown an interesting room, where the very curious carved woodwork ceiling was enriched with portraits in high relief of Ferdinand and Isabella, and all the most distinguished of their generals at the time of the siege. There were also a good many pictures in the room bearing the names of distinguished artists—Titian, Alonzo Cano, &c.—but none of very striking merit.

We soon left, and walking back past the hotel, and round the walls of the Alhambra, ascended on the opposite side of the ravine the hill which is crowned by the Generalife. We entered the precincts through a pleasant garden, curiously laid out, and found that the house, like the Alhambra, has a rude, unpretending exterior. In an inner garden grow some wonderful cypresses, one of which, called "de la Sultana," is said to have been historically known here for 700 years, and its size is so extraordinary that one cannot despise the tradition. Elsewhere in the gardens they are trained into arches, and fantastically cut into various shapes, giving a quaint character to the whole place. Cool arbours and shady walks, with numbers of fountains and streams splashing refreshingly on all sides, made it a pleasant place for a traveller's Sunday rest. We must not omit to mention also some remarkably large bay-trees.

Having explored the Alhambra so recently, we did not find so much to admire in the Generalife itself as we might otherwise have done. Within there is a long *patio*, ornamented with arabesques, and from which several rooms open; but the whole has fallen into decay, and nearly all the walls have been ruthlessly coated with whitewash. One little room, however, retained its original character, and would make a charming model for a lady's boudoir—in a climate such as that of Granada. In another room hung a collection of portraits named after the various heroes of the days of the conquest, but they do not deserve much notice, either as works of art or as historical memorials. That which goes by the name of Boabdil, for instance, represents so fair-haired a man that one is obliged to doubt that it was even intended as a fancy portrait of the last of the Moors

A Year's Tramp in Colorado.—II.

Upon the production of another terrific piece, entitled "Buffalo Bill," I was again invited to perform. Now this was all very flattering, although unprofitable; but with the distinct understanding that I should not be bothered any more, I allowed my amiability to overcome my avarice, and in due course appeared as one "Frank Starke," a delightful trapper, who does all the lovemaking (oh joy!), and saves everyone's life. At the close of the performance a message was brought to me to the effect that a gentleman wished to see me at the "bar;" said gentleman proving to be a theatrical manager, who was getting up a company to travel for three months with himself and daughters. Having been pleased to approve of my performance, he straightway offered me an engagement, which, after due consideration, I was constrained to accept; for which act I have been severely blamed, as tending to militate against my chances of obtaining more steady employment; but it should be borne in mind that I was in a very "tight place" at the time, and under those circumstances a man must take what he can get; therefore, twenty dollars a week, and the certainty of an improved salary, were not to be despised by a man who at the time had not five dollars in the world.

In about a week the company was pronounced complete, and we were announced to "open" at a place called Georgetown (about eighteen miles from Central City), whither I was dispatched to make some final arrangements; such as having programmes printed, bills posted, &c.

On my arrival at Georgetown, I proceeded to inspect the scene of our future endeavours, which proved to be a large hall, at one end of which was a platform about twice as large as a good-sized dining-table; this was the stage, but not a scrap of scenery could I find, with the exception of four reversible wings; and, worst of all, there was no room to dress in.

This was decidedly awkward, but we were announced for the following evening, and all the seats were sold, so it would be a case of play or have a row. I therefore bought some canvas, and with the help of a house-painter, daubed in two interiors and a wood, to match (?) the sides of the reversible wings; we also constructed a lovely "set" tree, to stand in the middle of the stage in the wood scene; but when it came to the difficulty of the dressing-rooms, even my gigantic ingenuity was baffled; in fact, nothing could be done, but dress in the wings—"ladies first, gentlemen afterwards."

Just a very few words about the company. Old Harker, the manager, and his two daughters, were highly respectable people; he was a very decent actor in certain old men's parts, and the two girls were quite equal to doing all that was required of them; moreover, they were rather nice, and comely withal; but for the remainder—well, I hardly know what to say of them—they were "peculiar." The "low comedy" man could act very fairly when he was sober, and to his wife, who was "first old woman," a very similar remark is likewise applicable. The "heavy man" was a brute: and the "utilities" were muffs,

who could speak their lines and that was all. My own peculiar "line" was "light comedy" and "character," but from time to time I used to play anything, from "first old man" to "low comedy." Of the other "ladies" in the company I can only say that I never spoke to them half a dozen times outside the theatre; not that I am of a haughty or stiff-necked disposition, but there are limits.

We did very well at Georgetown, as the hall was always full, and was capable of holding about 500 people, each of whom, with the exception of the usual "dead heads," paid a dollar. The reader may somewhat naturally imagine that the Georgetown audiences consisted entirely of roughs, miners, and people of the baser sort; but although the rough element was certainly distinctly visible, yet a very great part of the audience used to be composed of ladies and gentlemen who had come to Georgetown on a visit to the mountains. Moreover, if there were any carelessness displayed in the performance, or anything of an objectionable nature contained therein, the weekly paper never omitted to take notice of it.

As already hinted, we were not a large company; I think there were about twelve of us; consequently the amount of "doubling" was something marvellous, frequently resulting in very absurd scenes, two of which I will relate, as I was the delinquent in each case. On one occasion we played "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the three parts of "Tom Loker," "St. Clair," and finally "Sambo," being assigned to me; so that when the curtain dropped to slow music and invisible chorus (why the chorus, I wonder?) upon "St. Clair's" death scene, I was immediately obliged to arise and black up for "Sambo," the nigger slave-driver. Now "Uncle Tom" always draws a house full of negroes, and this occasion proved no exception to the general rule, for I believe every negro in Georgetown was there.

It is hardly necessary to inform anyone who has read Mrs. Stowe's book, that "St. Clair" is a great favourite with the coloured gentry, therefore at the close of the aforementioned scene, both he and "Eva" were summoned before the curtain; but "St. Clair" was in a kind of piebald state, not having quite completed the metamorphosis into "Sambo," and consequently was hardly in a fit condition to present himself; still the demonstration continued, till at length I was rigged and in full plantation costume; but in spite of this utter change of character, old Harker (who was to play "Legree" in the last act) insisted upon my obeying the "call" with "Eva;" so, whispering a few words in the child's ear, I sent her on first, amidst loud acclamations, and then slowly followed her, whereupon a dead silence suddenly ensued, suggestive of "Who called for *you?*" Hardly able to contain myself with laughter, I walked very quietly across the stage, and just when the sounds of sibilations began to reach my ear, I removed my nigger wig, disclosing my own light hair, the child at the same time singing out "Papa! Papa!" The yells of laughter that proceeded from the throats of those negroes could not be surpassed, and I should say not equalled; but the worst of it was that when the action of the piece required "Sambo" on the stage, a lot of them began again, which considerably marred the effect of some of the scenes.

The other occasion of which I spoke was far more disastrous, to me at least, and was as follows:—

Harker took a benefit, and in spite of my entreaties and prayers, the infatuated man selected "Macbeth" as the piece to be produced (fancy "Macbeth" by a company of twelve!); the part of "Malcolm" being assigned to me. Now I had already played four new parts that week, and really wanted rest, so I flatly refused to study the part, as it would have been impossible to master the lines at so short a notice; for it is one thing to play a prose part, where you can substitute one word for another without doing any harm, but it is quite another thing to have to speak blank verse, where if you stick for a word you are done. It was arranged, therefore, that one of the women should play "Malcolm," she having done so before, and that I should "double" some odd parts to fill up. I should rather think I did "fill up," for when my cast was sent to me I found that I had the following characters to represent:—

"Bleeding officer;" "Hecate;" "both murderers" (accomplished by referring to "murderer number two" as "he," and pointing to a dummy in a big cloak, which dummy, by-the-bye, nearly capsized); "first apparition;" "second ditto;" "third ditto;" "soldier on the battlements."

Considering that our space for "changing" was limited, it was no easy task that Mr. Harker had allotted to me. However, I started off on the "bleeding officer," and got through all right, but as the piece progressed I began to get confused, and did not know what I was next, so that by the time I had got my "properties" together, and was ensconced behind the canvas cauldron, ready to come up as "first apparition," I was "considerably mixed;" and when at last I got my cue to pop my head up, I was so convulsed with laughter that for some time I could not get a word out. The situation was truly dreadful; there stood old Harker (who of course was playing "Macbeth"), glaring at me in speechless fury, whilst the audience was in an agony; but they had to wait until I had sufficiently recovered to deliver myself (in a very tremulous voice) of the ghostly speech of apparition number one; after which feat I dodged back to explode as quietly as I could, and prepare for ghost number two.

When the scene closed in, I not unnaturally expected a tremendous wigging, but the old man's revenge was yet to come.

In the last scene I had to do the "soldier on the battlements." Now Harker was a very tall man and a strong. When, therefore, I presented myself upon the "battlements," with the pleasing intelligence that Birnam Wood was walking that way, the old sinner gave me one quick look of triumphant revenge and seized me by the throat; I just heard the words, "Liar and slave!" and the next thing I knew was that I was lying in the wings, not quite sure whether all my ribs were broken or only one or two. After this he was reconciled to me.

At the end of six weeks our "season" at Georgetown terminated, to the intense gratification of the proprietors of the various drinking saloons and gambling hells, for during our stay at Georgetown many men used to spend a dollar in going to the theatre, who would otherwise have been spending their money either in drink or gambling, or both.

Just one word upon the subject of gambling in the West. The "faro" table is a perfect curse to all the mining towns. I have frequently seen a man walk into a gambling saloon with a month's earnings (perhaps amounting to 10,000 or 15,000 dollars) in his pocket, and in a very short space of time leave the place without a cent. And as in nearly all the more prosperous gaming-houses the drink is free, the frequent (and

intended) result is that a man often plays for very high stakes when (to use a Western expression), "he is so drunk that he can't see a hole in a ladder." Still, the actual game itself is fair enough, for were the "banker" detected in cheating, his life would not be worth a minute's purchase.

Of Georgetown itself I shall say very little. It is a very flourishing, and remarkably pretty little place, situated in a well-wooded valley, through which runs an exceedingly pretty stream. It was decidedly the most picturesque town I saw in the mountains, and its boast was that "there was a dollar in Georgetown for every cent in Central City," which I think was not far from being true.

The mining population, and particularly that of the district of "Silver Plume" (the site of the well-known "Colorado Terrible"), is of the roughest description. Every newly-discovered lode is almost sure to result either in a law-suit, or in a downright row, and consequent loss of life; the latter alternative being that most frequently adopted. I remember that in three days there were six or seven men killed, simply over a dispute as to a priority of claim, which might have been settled in the easiest way in the world.

During my stay at Georgetown I had been worked very hard, playing a new part nearly every night, which was not the case with the other members of the company, as most of them had from time to time played in the various pieces which we were in the habit of producing. Rehearsal was called at ten o'clock; this usually lasted till about one. I had to study nearly all the afternoon, and play at eight; at about eleven I had usually finished, and then very frequently used to study again till two or three o'clock in the morning. Still, so far as the mere duties of study and acting were concerned I was content, for I got on very quickly, and really took an interest in my work; but I had so much other business in connection with the theatre to look after; most of the accounts to make up, bills to pay, correspondence to write, &c., that altogether, I never had a moment to myself, and was very glad when we left Georgetown, and had a few days' rest.

We passed through Central City, where, of course, we played for a week or two; we then stayed a short time at Golden City, and finally arrived at Denver in time for the fair; and a very nice time it was. The theatre used to be crammed every night, and sometimes I was obliged to play in three pieces in one evening, for the more people there were the more they expected for their money, especially as nearly the same people used to go night after night. A rare lot of money was made by our worthy manager, and I was now getting thirty dollars a week; but at the end of the three months I determined to give it all up, not so much because I absolutely disliked it, but because I found that my occupation was a thorn in the side of those at home, whose wishes and prejudices I was bound to respect. I am sorry now that I did not stick to it, for I had several very good offers of engagement, notably one to go to St. Louis, and one to Knoxville, Tennessee. However, I did give it up, but before taking leave of this part of my career in Colorado I will mention a little incident, which struck me as irresistibly ridiculous at the time of its occurrence.

We were playing a piece called "Little Barefoot," and in one of the scenes the villagers are beheld disporting themselves in a dance, and poor little Barefoot, wandering about alone, unable to procure a partner. Upon this scene enters one "William" (your humble servant), who, having taken a position "up" the stage, gazes upon the scene, till, perceiving the disconsolate situation of the shoeless damsel, he takes pity on her, et cætera, et cætera, as can be imagined without much difficulty. It so happened that this was on our opening night at Denver, and as I had never been in the theatre before, I was totally unacquainted with the nature of the scenery; so, when I got my cue, I walked on to the stage, took up my position, looking, as I thought, very nice, and leaning against a rock, when, happening to glance at the wings, I saw the stage carpenter making some very extraordinary gesticulations; still, not dreaming that they were meant to attract my attention, I continued surveying the spectacle before me with the utmost complacency; but my friend in the wings grew so exceedingly vehement, that I inclined my ear towards him, to try if by any means I might learn the cause of his excitement; when in a voice of agony he whispered, "Don't lean against that, man, it's a *waterfall!*" Of course, I cannot pretend to say what appearance it presented from the front, but I knew that from my point of vantage it looked as much like a waterfall as it did like a stilton cheese; and I do not fancy that the audience made the discovery, for when, after the performance, I mentioned the circumstance to a man I knew, he assured me that he had utterly failed to detect the presence of water in the piece, from first to last.

Having resolved to cut the stage, the question arose, "what next?" for it was autumn, and the winter sets in very quickly in Colorado.

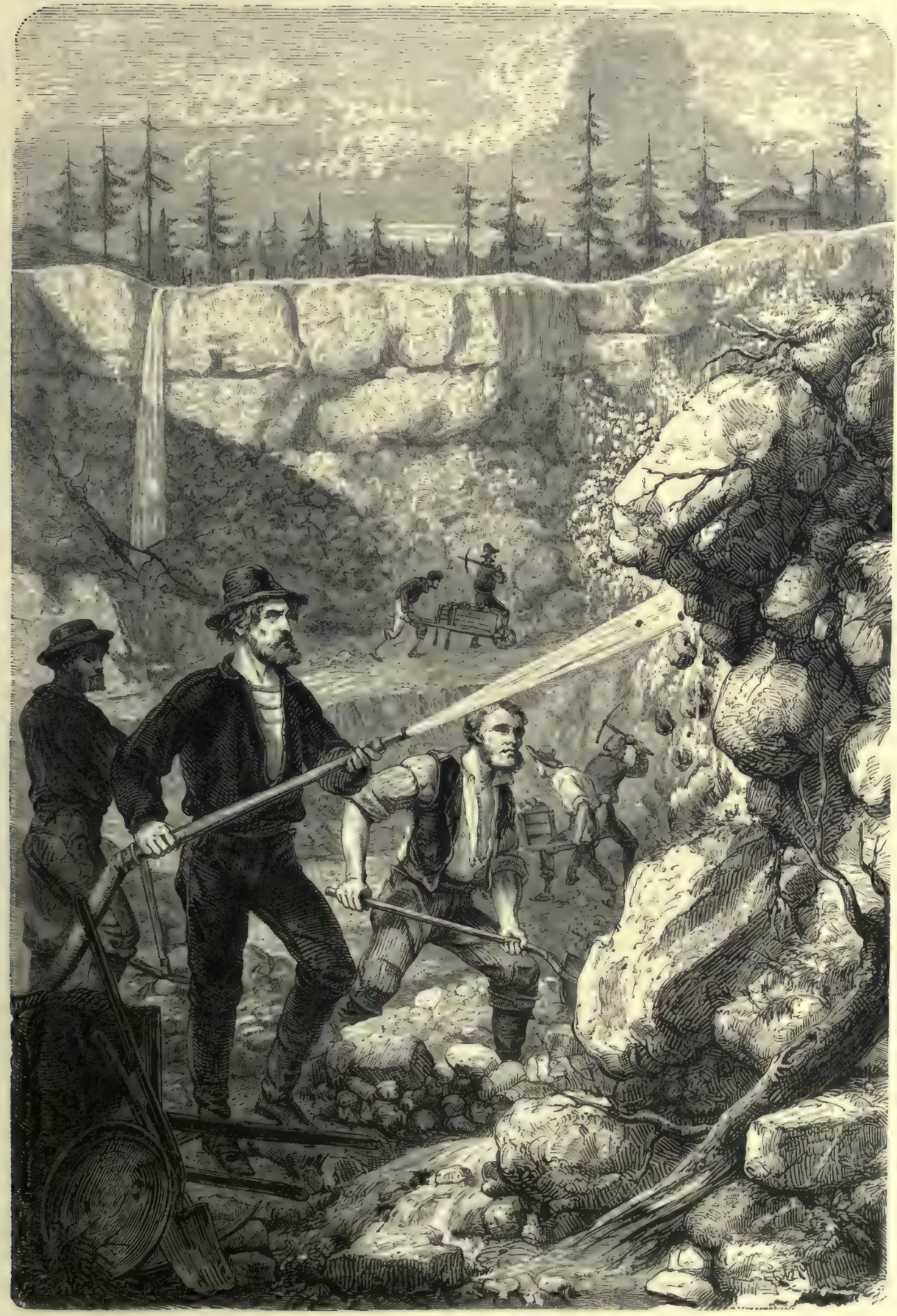
Fortunately I was enabled to settle the point before my engagement was over; and on the morning following my last appearance in public, I was to be seen driving a wagon out on to the prairies, meditating upon the mutability of human affairs.

My destination was a ranche, about thirty miles from Denver, and nearly the same distance from the mountains; it was owned by an Englishman, and, better still, a gentleman. He had been in the English army, and having retired from the service, had gone to Colorado, and invested some capital in a hay and cattle ranche.

As this little narrative relates to myself alone, I do not feel justified in referring personally and by name to any of those Englishmen whom I met in Colorado, some of whom are now in England; I therefore abstain from relating any experiences other than my own; of my near chum, whom I will call Brown, I will only say that he was most kind and considerate to me, and that the somewhat rough and lonely existence on the prairies was materially lightened by his companionship.

Although a ranche is frequently described by emigration agents as a "farm," or sometimes as a "homestead," it presents but few features common to either. I believe our ranche was considered rather "swell," but it consisted merely of a low wooden house, constructed in the simplest possible manner, and a barn for the wagons, the whole standing in an enclosure of bare prairie land.

Brown possessed altogether about 300 acres of land, sixty of which were enclosed and devoted to "raising" hay; the rest of his property being marked out by corner stones; the ranche was close to a stream known as "Running Creek;" but in the summer the water thereof was conspicuous by its absence, our supply coming from a well in front of the house; but the water was so strongly impregnated with sulphur, as to be undrinkable till exposed for several hours to the air, and was then rendered much more palatable by the addition of whisky.



MINING IN COLORADO

We had seven horses, two first-rate wagons, a capital hay-cutting machine, and several farm implements, so that we had all appliances necessary for a hay ranche. The house consisted of a kitchen, store-room, harness-room, and two sleeping-rooms, and was fairly weather-tight. During the time I was on the ranche our sole work consisted in making hay, no easy matter on such ground as ours. How it would surprise an English farmer to cut half a dozen rattlesnakes in two, whilst driving the machine round! and this was constantly happening with us. We certainly lived uncommonly well, fresh provisions being brought in once a fortnight from Denver, one of us taking a wagon for that purpose, and it was when Brown was away with this intent, that I used to experience the peculiar sensation known as the "blues;" seldom seeing any one, except now and then a herdsman, or a pack of "Ute" Indians going out on a hunting expedition. The most unpleasant duty in connection with prairie life is going out on a "cattle-hunt." At certain times of the year, a man sells so many of his cattle, which are wandering up and down the various creeks within a radius of anything from ten to forty miles; and although as a matter of course all cattle bear the brand of the owner, still, as they are ultimately found with beasts belonging to other people, they have to be "cut out"—by no means an easy task; but the most disagreeable part of this business is, that you are very apt to find yourself at night miles from any habitation, in which case, you have to stake out your horse, scratch a place for your rugs, and go to sleep to the lullaby of prairie wolves, a serenade which has anything but a soothing influence, I assure you.

I shall not indulge in a discourse upon life on the prairies; every one has read, *ad nauseam*, of Indians, buffalo-hunting, prairie fires, and all the features of this peculiar existence, for are they not written in the chronicles of the "Scalp Hunters" and many similar works? but with all humility I must record the fact, that my own experience of Indians and of buffalo-hunting does not in the least tally with the highly-interesting accounts I had read of them before my departure from home. I can, of course, only speak of the Colorado Indians; and those I came across, who belonged principally to the tribes of "Utes," "Cheyennes," "Sioux," and "Apachés," were as much like the traditional "noble savage," as they were like the wax figures in Baker Street; the principal features they presented being red paint, dirt, blanket, and smell. As to the "Indian maiden," anything more unromantic or ungraceful in appearance, I never beheld. Touching the costume of these people, it is an odd mixture of any articles of clothing they can lay their hands upon. The first Indian I ever saw was a villainous-looking Ute chief called Colorao, and his dress was a fair sample of that adopted by the "noble savage" in general. A very much battered chimney-pot hat, stuck on the top of a quantity of lank, jet-black hair, a dirty stick-up collar, a ditto flannel shirt, an old naval jacket surmounted by a tarnished gold epaulette, and the usual deerskin leggings and moccasins; the man was, of course, well armed, with knives innumerable, and a big navy revolver. Is it not a strange thing that these men are allowed to come into Denver and purchase rifles, pistols, and every class of ammunition, at a time when "expected Indian outbreaks" form the general theme of conversation? Yet this is so. I have frequently seen the principal gunsmith of Denver sell twenty or thirty rifles, with ammunition, to these Utes; in fact, they never by any chance came into the town without buying fire-arms; and though they now have a treaty with the whites, it is impossible to say, judging from the recent Indian outrages, how long that treaty may be respected. Although the principal guarantee against a Ute outbreak arises from the fact that they are at war with nearly all the neighbouring tribes, still, a combination of enemies against a common foe is no new thing, and should such an event come to pass in Colorado, the Indians would be enabled to muster a vastly different force from that with which the Modocs so long resisted the attacks of the United States' soldiers. But I must not be led into a dissertation upon Indians, though the subject is one which I have somewhat studied, and in which I take a great interest.

As for buffalo hunting, I unhesitatingly pronounce it a delusion and a snare. You simply stalk the bushes, until you are able to conceal yourself behind a mound, or any object offering ambush within shot; you then pot the one nearest to you, whereupon the rest run away; performance repeated *ad lib.*, till you are very tired, and find yourself a long way from camp, with, perhaps, a huge head to drag back with you. I am persuaded that many of the buffalo heads brought home by British sportsmen, are purchased at a certain shop in Denver, at from thirty to forty dollars each; for, like "Bailey Junior" I can say, "I seen 'em do it." The "hunting" which really *does* produce excitement is that after "grizzlies;" there is no mistake about the danger of this sport, as will be speedily discovered by any one who wounds one, and then finds that there is no tree which he can conveniently "swarm up." But I must be getting on with my story.

The winter had set in, and it occurred to me that it would be advisable to put a few dollars into my pocket, for all this time I had been earning nothing; so the next time it was my duty to go into Denver, I stayed there a day or two looking out for a berth, which I was successful in obtaining, and a very sweet berth it was, being nothing less than night policeman at the railway yard, a post which I held under the joint direction of the railway company, and the governing body of Denver, consisting of the usual legal authorities, and the "Vigilance Committee."

This "Vigilance Committee" is such an important institution, that I think it will interest the reader to learn something of its origin and *modus operandi;* for there is little doubt, that but for the energy and determination shown by the "committees" of the various Western settlements, many now flourishing "cities" would be barely habitable.

When these mushroom towns first sprang into existence, their at first scanty populations were of the roughest and rowdiest description, the "sacred majesty of the law" being held in the most supreme contempt; but as the towns increased in size and importance, it was soon manifest, that if the law of the United States could not be put in force to protect the lives and property of the citizens, the citizens must constitute some form of government that would *make* itself respected; for it is impossible to conceive the reckless manner in which life was sacrificed in those early days; it is bad enough now, but at the time I speak of it was simply appalling.

To give an idea of what the state of society must have been in those days, I will mention an incident which occurred only two months before I arrived in Colorado, and which was related to me by an inhabitant of the town in which it took place.

Not very far from Denver—I think about 100 miles—is a town called "Kit Karson," and hither came one night about

half-a-dozen Mexicans, Texans, and half-breeds, travelling with cattle-teams. Naturally, the first thing on arrival was to make a "bee line" for the nearest drinking-bar, where, as a matter of course, they encountered a number of ranchemen, hunters, drovers, *et hoc genus omne.*

Kentucky whisky, taken in large quantities, is the most likely thing I know of to destroy the harmony of such a meeting as this; and as that liquid was imbibed with the utmost possible freedom, it was not very long before a general row ensued, whereupon the bar-tender, a big burly Dutchman, jumped upon the counter with a "six-shooter" in each hand, and with the utmost impartiality treated the company generally to the contents thereof; the Mexicans used their knives (which they can do with terrific effect), and the remainder of the party any weapon they happened to possess; and for about ten minutes it was "cut, rip, slash, bang-bang" all over the place: so that when at length quiet was restored, and the lights (which had, of course, been knocked down) produced, there were nine dead men on the ground.

The preceding is but a sample of what in the earlier days was a matter of constant occurrence; it will therefore be seen with what the order-loving portion of the various communities had to contend. It was consequently resolved that a certain number of the most influential residents should form themselves into a "Vigilance" Committee, for the protection of the citizens and the prompt administration of justice. One of the peculiar features of this committee was, that the members and their agents were bound never to divulge the names of those composing it; this was necessary for several reasons. In the first place, any one known positively to belong to the committee would assuredly have been a marked, and ultimately a doomed man; and again, their method of doing business necessitated secrecy. A man stole a horse, committed a murder, or otherwise made himself objectionable; he would be quietly arrested, brought before the committee, tried, and condemned; and by the next morning would be seen hanging to a tree appointed for the purpose of execution.

The manner of dealing with a "suspected" individual was equally summary and effective. If a man were believed to be in a town for an unlawful purpose, or known to have committed some crime elsewhere, he would be served with a notice, which ran as follows:—

"*Unless you leave this town in twenty-four hours, you are a dead man.*"

No name was attached to the notice, but simply a small red cross at the bottom of the paper.

The next day rarely, if ever, found that man within twenty miles of the town; for it was well known that the notice was no idle threat. I remember that at the time I was finishing my theatrical engagement at Denver, a man in our company, having rendered himself obnoxious to the authorities by endeavouring to elope with the daughter of a highly respectable citizen, was presented one evening with a small slip of paper, containing the caution to which I have referred above. It took him about fifteen minutes to pack up his traps, and "clear out."

The result of this organisation was, that it became a matter of considerable personal risk to shoot a man, steal his cattle, or otherwise misbehave; so that these little eccentricities became of more rare occurrence, and in most cases a proper form of legal government was introduced, the "Vigilance Committees" still continuing their functions, more particularly as regarded suspected and marked individuals.

That this style of administering justice partook strongly of the nature of lynch law, is undeniable; and it was quite possible for rather awkward mistakes to arise, especially as to the identity of a suspected man; still, there is the equally undeniable fact that the effect was most salutary; certainly nine out of ten Western men ascribe the improved state of society to the promptness and decision of the different committees; and now let us return to our muttons.

When I came in from the ranche, the winter, as beforementioned, had set in; and, as was usual at this season of the year, robberies in the town, and more particularly at the railway station, were of constant occurrence; so it was determined to put a man on to protect the property lying in the station "yard;" for these continual robberies were a matter of no small loss to the company, as they were responsible for all goods lying in the cars, whether waiting to be unloaded at Denver, or to be sent farther on. Hearing of this, I applied for the post, which, through the influence of a friend, I obtained; and that same evening I waited upon the superintendent to receive instructions. The conversation which took place was somewhat laconic.

"Well heeled?" (*i.e.*, armed.)

"Yes."

"Six-shooter?"

"Yes."

"Billy?" (a kind of life-preserver.)

"Yes."

"Got the grit?"

"I think so; in case of resistance what am I to do?"

"Shoot."

"Right."

I strongly suspect that had I known what was in store for me, I should have thought twice before undertaking to protect the goods lying in that yard. Picture to yourself being on duty from six in the evening till seven the next morning; about a foot of snow on the ground, the thermometer at from ten to twenty degrees below zero, and having to tramp up and down all night between the lines of trains, with the perfect knowledge that at any moment you might get a crack on the head, which would considerably spoil your chance of again beholding "the old country." I think that you will agree with me, that, as our lively neighbours would express it, *ça manque de charme.*

My pay was two and a half dollars a night, and a gratuity for every man I took to the calaboose—alive; they did not pay for dead men. One other objectionable feature in this state of existence was that, being up all night, I was obliged to sleep during the day, so that my life was virtually one continual round of "watching." I rarely had any serious trouble in the exercise of my duty, as when I found any one in the cars or about the yard I used at once to draw my revolver, commencing my discourse, as per instructions, with, "Stand! or you drop!" but upon one occasion I did have a turn at "active service," and *I never want another.*

The "yard" in which I was placed on duty was little short of a quarter of a mile in length; it was, therefore, simply impossible for one man effectually to protect the property

which was deposited there; for whilst I was at one end of the place I do not see what was to prevent any enterprising person from "going through" the cars at the other, and no doubt this was frequently done, particularly by men in the employment of the company; but upon one occasion I happened by chance to observe an individual walking across the end of the yard, like the hero of "Pilgrim's Progress," with a heavy load on his back, and upon drawing near to him, found that he was one Ropes, a pointsman, and an Englishman, who had been helping himself to the coals lying in the trucks, carrying away a sackful at a time, until altogether he had taken over a ton. This he confessed; but added that he was allowed to take what coals he wanted for his own use, and refused to return the sack to its place. In the morning I reported the circumstance at the office, inquiring as to the truth of the man's statement, which led to my being ordered to keep an eye upon him, as he had long been suspected of not being wholly unconnected with many of the robberies committed.

Now Mr. Ropes was excessively rude to me on the occasion of my first interview with him, calling me several exceedingly offensive names, and intimating that if I again interfered with him, the company would lose their watchman; so I immediately resolved that upon some future occasion Mr. Ropes and I should have a little settlement of accounts. I had reason subsequently to regret that I ever came to that resolution, for the "settlement" was of the most disagreeable description possible, and one the effects of which I felt for several days after it had taken place.



RIVER VIEW IN RAJPOOTANA.

Rajpootana: her Princes and People.—II.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE INDIAN NAVY).

THE most important of the states of Rajpootana is Meywar, and therefore we shall notice it first. This priority is due not only to the antiquity of its reigning family, but to its historical pre-eminence. Among the British agencies in Rajpootana that of Meywar has been considered the most difficult and delicate, and during the years immediately preceding the great mutiny, Sir Henry Lawrence, and his brother George, political agent at Oodeypore between the years 1850 and 1857, had much trouble on their hands owing to the obstinacy and turbulence of the Rana and some of his chief nobles, the Chief of Saloombur in particular, who would not conform to the requirements of the British officers.

Colonel Tod says, in his great work, that the princes of Meywar, who are styled "Ranas," are the elder branch of the Sooryavansi, or, "children of the sun;" and though the titles of many of these are disputed, the Hindoos unanimously acknowledge the Prince of Oodeypore as the legitimate heir to the throne of Rama, and style him *Hindua Sooraj*, or "Sun of the Hindoos." He is universally allowed to be the first of the "thirty-six royal tribes," and though many of these have disappeared, no Hindoo has raised a doubt respecting his purity of descent. The Rana still possesses almost the same territory his ancestors held when the founder of the Ghuznivade dynasty, eight centuries ago—a time nearly coeval with the Norman conquest—passing the mountain barriers that divide Afghanistan from the India of our day, swept through the country and overthrew its ancient government.

Sir James Roe, the ambassador from King James of England to the Mogul Emperor, goes so far as to claim Porus, Alexander's opponent, as the ancestor of the Meywar prince;

but it is enough to say that he is regarded as "*primus in Indis*," though some few years ago the late Jodhpore Rajah placed himself in antagonism to the Indian Government, and refused to attend Lord Mayo's memorable durbar at Ajmere, because he was not placed on an equality with the Oodeypore Rana, for which act of contumacy he was very properly deprived of the salute due to his rank as a sovereign prince, and generally placed on the Viceroy's black books. The title of Rana is, however, of comparatively modern origin, having been assumed in the twelfth century in consequence of the victorious issue of a contest with the Purihara Prince of Mundore, who bore the title of Rana, and surrendered it together with his life and capital to the Prince of Meywar. The latter thereupon substituted it for the more ancient appellation of *Rawul*, but it was not until the following century that he was recognised under that name by the neighbouring princes.

The title of Rawul is still borne by the Prince of Jeysulmeer, and the chiefs of the small states of Banswarra and Doongurpore.

Of the other Rajpoot sovereigns, the Prince of Dholepore alone styles himself Rana; those of Kotah, Ulwur, and Serohie affect the title of Rao; the Mohammedan Prince of Tonk, that of Newaub; and the remainder are entitled Rajahs or Maharajahs.

Among these princes the Rahtore of Marwar, the ruling family at Jodhpore, can boast a pedigree of great antiquity, for his ancestors wielded the sceptre at Canouj long before the foundation of the French monarchy. The extent and unwieldiness of the Canouj kingdom caused its sudden fall in the twelfth century; but the existing dynasty is a renovated scion of this ancient stock. The sovereigns of Jeypore, called formerly Amber, are also of great antiquity, but the other princes of Rajpootana are the descendants of great nobles.



INDIAN NOBLES.

The Ranas of Oodeypore, though they have lost many of their ancient provinces, and have been shorn of their powers by successive invasions, yet maintain their pride and high pretensions. The great Jehangir, the supreme ruler over the twenty-two satrapies of India, who became the commentator of the Sesodia dynasty of Meywar, dwells with proud complacency on this Rajpoot prince having made terms with him, and praises heaven that an enterprise which the founder of his dynasty, Baber, failed to accomplish—as also Humayoon and his illustrious father, Akbar—he carried into execution.

The great banner of Meywar exhibits a golden sun on a

crimson field; those of his chiefs bear a dagger, and that of Jeypore is five-coloured, or "*panchranga*." The use of armorial bearings among these Rajpoot princes can be traced for centuries before the Christian era, for in the Mahabharat, or great war, twelve centuries before that epoch, we find the hero Bheesama exulting over his trophy, the banner of Arjoona, which bore the figure of the Indian *Hunoomaun*, the "monkey-god."* In Europe, as is known, armorial bearings were introdueed about the period of the Crusades, and were copied from the Saracens, for it need scarcely be said that our much-vaunted Richard I. and his barons were mere clowns in comparison with the accomplished Saladin and his chiefs.

Rama, the mythical original founder of the royal race of Meywar, had two sons, Loh and Cush, and from the former the Rana's family claims its descent. He is stated to have built Lahore, the ancient Loh-kote, and the branch from which the Meywar princes descended resided there until Keneksen emigrated to Saurashtra or Dwarica, in Guzerat, about the year A.D. 145. The first change in the name of the family was on their expulsion from thence, about the year 524, and, about two centuries later, for the generic name of Sooryavansi they substituted the appellation of Gehlote. This was changed to Aharya, from Ahar, in the valley of Oodeypore, where they afterwards settled; and again on temporarily transferring the capital to Seesoda, the name of the dynasty was changed to that of Seesodia, which they still retain.

From the establishment of the Gehlote dynasty, A.D. 728, to the present time, fifty-nine princes have sat on the throne of Oodeypore. The founder, Bappa, is said to have successfully encountered the lieutenant of the Caliph Walid in his advance upon Chittore, after the conquest of Scinde.

In the twelfth century, during the reign of Samarsi, the Chohan King of Delhi, Pirthi Raj—who had two years before routed the Mussulman leader, Mohammed Ghor—sued for the help of his brother-in-law, Samarsi, against the same invader. The result of a tremendous battle, fought on the banks of the Caggar, was the subversion of the Hindoo supremacy by the Tartar hordes; Samarsi and his bravest nobles were slain, and Delhi was sacked. A long period of anarchy ensued in Meywar, Chittore maintaining a quasi-independence; but in the year 1303, the city was sacked by the imperial forces, under Alla-o-din.

Hamir, the grandson of the dethroned prince, first recovered the sacred city by stratagem, and then defeated and took prisoner Mahmood, the successor of Alla, who, after a confinement of three months, surrendered as the price of his release, Ajmere and other districts, together with fifty lacs of rupees, and one hundred elephants. Hamir was now the sole Hindoo prince possessing any power in India, all the ancient princes having been crushed, and the rulers of Marwar and Jeypore paid him and his successors tribute for two centuries. The successors of Hamir maintained and added other possessions, which included the greater part of Rajpootana, and the glory of Meywar was at its height. But then came the great Mogul invasion of Baber, who after gaining Agra and Delhi, defeated Sanga, of Chittore, on the 16th of March, 1527, at Kanua, and this prince, under whom Meywar reached the summit of her prosperity, died less than three years later.

Chittore was soon after taken by storm by Bahadoor, the Sultan of Guzerat, when 32,000 Rajpoot warriors are said to have been slain, and 13,000 females were immolated to prevent their capture. The advance of Humayoon, son of Baber, compelled the conqueror to retire towards Guzerat, and, after some changes, the throne of Meywar was in 1542 occupied by Rana Oodey Singh, the youngest son of Rana Sanga. During his reign Chittore, for the third time, suffered all the horrors of assault.

Akbar, son of Humayoon, the greatest of the Mogul emperors, first saw the light at Ameerkote, where his father had fled a fugitive the same year that Oodey Singh, a degenerate scion of a great race, came to the throne. After overawing all his enemies, thanks to his own genius, and that of his general, Byram Khan, Akbar swept through Rajpootana, and Chittore fell, after her sons had performed prodigies of valour. Though the cowardly Oodey Singh fled from the city, the defence was conducted by two noted chiefs, whose names are as household words in Meywar, Jeimul of Bednore, and Putta of Kailwa. But their heroism was all in vain, and at length the fatal *johar* was proclaimed. The gates were thrown open, and 30,000 Rajpoots were slain, while 1,700 females, including the royal princesses, were immolated.

This was the third and last assault of Chittore; henceforth the city was deserted,* and the degenerate Rana founded the city called after him, Oodeypore. Oodey Singh died four years after this event, and his son, Pertap, with the gallantry of his race, in a short campaign, quickly recovered nearly all Meywar.

Jehangir, Akbar's successor, equipped a large army to subjugate Meywar, but his troops were defeated, and a second expedition meeting with little success, the emperor himself took the supreme command at Ajmere, though his son, afterwards Shah Jehan, was the real leader. Rana Umra, the reigning prince, made his submission in 1613, and was magnanimously received by Jehangir. Again the Rajpoots, under Raj Singh, rose against the authority of the Emperor Aurungzebe, but an accommodation was arranged in 1681. With the decay of the Mogul sovereignty, which gave place to the *soubadarries* of Bengal, Oude, and Hyderabad, and the rise of the Mahrattas, commenced the last era in the history of Meywar previous to the appearance on the field of the British, who slowly raised a commercial company to a greater and more unquestioned supremacy than was commanded by an Akbar or an Aurungzebe.

During a civil war, the Mahrattas were called in, and eventually, by the year 1775, Scindia and Holkar had extorted from Meywar 181 lacs of rupees, and territory to the annual value of twenty-eight lacs more. The reign of Bheem Singh, which lasted from 1778 to 1828, witnessed the still further humiliation of Meywar by the Mahrattas, who devastated the entire kingdom; and between 1806 and 1817, by the pusillanimous policy of the successors of the Marquis of Wellesley,

* Tod's "Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han."

* Umra, the son of Pertap, took possession of Chittore, but the city never again rose from its ruins, though Jehangir sought to create a diversion in his favour by placing Sugra there as Rana. The grandeur of the ruined city of Chittore is thus described by the chaplain to the Embassy from James to Jehangir, of which Sir James Roe was the head. "Chittor, an ancient great kingdom, the chief city so called, which standeth upon a mighty hill, flat on the top, walled about at the least ten English miles. There appear to this day about one hundred ruined churches, and divers fair palaces, which are lodged in like manner among their ruins, beside many exquisite pillars of carved stone; and the ruins likewise of 100,000 stone houses, as many English by their observation have guessed. There is but one ascent to it, cut out of a firm rock, to which a man must pass through four (sometime very magnificent) gates. The chief inhabitants at this day are birds and wild beasts."

the country was abandoned to these marauders and Ameer Khan, the Pindarrie chieftain.

Lord Moira, better known as the Marquis of Hastings, in a short and brilliant campaign, freed Rajpootana from Mahratta and Pindarrie depredators, and by the treaty of 1818, signed by Mr. Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe, the independence of Meywar was acknowledged, and her territory guaranteed, the Oodeypore prince agreeing to pay a yearly tribute, and to furnish troops as required. The amount of subsidy was fixed at three lacs, but in 1848 it was reduced to two lacs, or £20,000; and later, a portion of the revenue of Mhairwarra, to the extent of £5,000, was assigned towards the maintenance of the Meywar Bheel Corps, which was first raised in 1841.

Rana Bheem Singh was succeeded by his son, Jowan Singh, who died in 1838, and four years later, on the demise of Surdan Singh, chief of Bangore, his younger and adopted brother, Suroop Singh, ascended the throne. This was the prince who was Rana during the mutiny; and on his death, his son being a minor, power was vested in the hands of a regency of chiefs, who so abused the authority and confidence reposed in them, that the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, on the recommendation of General George Lawrence, and the successive Meywar Agents, Majors Taylor and Eden, placed greater authority in those officers. On the Rana attaining his majority this supervision was reduced to its ordinary limits. The present Rana is one of the Knights Grand Cross of the "Exalted Order of the Star of India."

Oodeypore, the modern capital of Meywar, is situated on a low ridge in a sort of valley or basin, surrounded on all sides by hills, except on the west, where extends a lake five miles in extent.* The valley is of considerable size, being thirty miles in length by about ten in breadth. Besides this larger lake, there is another of inferior size, six miles further west, and there are also numerous *jeels*, or small marshes. Hence Oodeypore is regarded as very unhealthy, and the Meywar political agent resides a great deal at Neemuch. The appearance of the town, when viewed from the east, is striking and pleasing; but like most Eastern cities, a nearer inspection robs it of this fine appearance. Its streets are narrow, and the houses ill-built, and of no architectural pretensions; the palace is, however, a noble pile of marble 100 feet high, situated on the crest of a rocky ridge overlooking the lake, the city, and the valley. This is generally the case in the East, where, if all else is squalor and meanness, the palace, always imposing in extent, boasts the possession of all the luxuries that are considered necessary in the residence of an Oriental potentate.

The modern Ranas of Meywar have evidently failed to profit by the last injunctions of their mighty ancestor, the warrior prince, Pertap. It is related of this prince, who for so many years maintained an unequal struggle with the giant power of Akbar, that when during his wanderings he and his chiefs had constructed a few huts on the site of the present palace of Oodeypore, to protect them from the inclemency of the rains, his son, Prince Umra, displayed a want of resignation at the hardships he was called upon to undergo; upon observing this the high-souled Rajpoot exclaimed in a spirit of prophecy: "These sheds will give way to sumptuous buildings, thus generating the love of ease; and luxury with its concomitants will ensue, to which the independence of Meywar, which we have bled to maintain, will be sacrificed; and you, my chiefs, will follow the pernicious example." They pledged themselves, and became guarantees for the prince, "by the throne of Bappa Rawul," that they would not permit mansions to be raised till Meywar had recovered her independence. The Rana Umra, however, proved himself worthy his father and his race, and after defeating the armies of Jehangir, he was forced to succumb to superior forces, and abdicated in favour of his son Kurrun. It was in his small palace, called the *Nochoki*, that Umra received Sultan Khoorum (better known as Shah Jehan), son of Jehangir, a prince having Rajpoot blood in his veins, as his mother was a princess of Amber or Jeypore. The remains of *Nochoki*, about half a mile without the north city wall, on a cluster of hills, are still in existence.

Oodeypore is indebted for its buildings to Rana Jugguth Singh, who in the year 1628 succeeded his father, the son of Umra, and during his reign of twenty-six years, undisturbed by wars, raised the magnificent palace inhabited by his descendants. This building, called the Jugwenas, covers four acres, and is entirely his own work; and he also made many additions to another palace on an islet in the lake called Jugmunder, the "minster of the world." Tod gives the following description of the buildings. "Nothing but marble enters into their composition; columns, baths, reservoirs, fountains, all are of this material, often inlaid with mosaics, and the uniformity pleasingly diversified by the light passing through glass of every hue. The apartments are decorated with historical paintings in water-colours, almost meriting the term fresco, from their deep absorption in the wall; though the darker tints have blended with, and in part obscured, the more delicate shades, from atmospheric causes. The walls, both here and in the grand palace, contain many medallions, in considerable relief, in gypsum, portraying the principal historical events of the family, from early periods even to the marriage pomp of the present Rana. Parterres of flowers, orange and lemon groves, intervene to dispel the monotony of the buildings, shaded by the wide-spreading tamarind and magnificent ever-green *kheenee*, while the graceful palmyra and cocoa wave their plume-like branches over the dark cypress or cooling plantain. Detached colonnaded refectories are placed on the water's edge for the chiefs, and extensive baths for their use. Here they listened to the tale of the bard, and slept off their noonday opiate amidst the cool breezes of the lake, wafting delicious odours from the myriads of lotus-flowers which covered the surface of the waters; and as the fumes of the potion evaporated, they opened their eyes on a landscape to which not even its inspirations could frame an equal: the broad waters of the Peshola, with its indented and well-wooded margin receding to the terminating point of sight, at which the temple of Brimpoori opened on the pass of the gigantic Aravelli, the field of the exploits of their forefathers. Amid such scenes did the Sesodia princes and chieftains recreate during two generations, exchanging the din of arms for voluptuous inactivity."

The lake, called the Oodey-Sagur, after its maker, is purely artificial, having been formed by a *bund*, or embankment, collecting the water of the stream which feeds it. This dam is

* When Oodey Singh abandoned Chittore he passed to the valley of the Girwo, in the Aravelli range, at the entrance of which, several years before the destruction of his capital, he had formed the lake still called after him "Oodey Sagur," and he now raised a dyke between the mountains, which dammed up another mountain stream. On the cluster of hills adjoining he raised the small palace called "Nochoki," around which edifices soon arose and formed the city to which he gave his own name. The classical designation, according to Tod, is Udya-poora, "the City of the East," from *udya*, "the point of sunrise."

334 yards in length, and at the summit, which is of course much narrower than the base, has a thickness of 110 yards. The height of the dam is 37 feet; its face is of marble, embellished with sculptured figures, small temples, and other buildings.

The number of houses in Oodeypore in its prime is stated at 50,000, and Tod records that in 1818, in consequence of the ravages of war and of the troubles that descended on all the Rajpoot States after our iniquitious abandonment of them to Holkar and the Mahrattas, there were but 3,000 houses inhabited, the remainder being in a condition of ruin. Under the influence of British protection, and the consequent cessation of foreign invasion, the prosperity of Oodeypore has attained an unexampled height, and it is now one of the largest and most populous cities in Rajpootana.

Lake Rajsumund, or "Royal Sea," is a much more considerable national work than the Oodey-Sagur. This lake is situated on the declivity of the plain, about two miles from the base of the Aravelli. A small perennial stream called the *Gomtee*, or Serpentine, flowing from these mountains, was arrested in its course and confined by an immense *bund*, thus forming the Rajsumund, called after the royal projector, Rana Raj Singh. The dam, says Colonel Tod, forms an irregular segment of a circle, embracing an extent of nearly three miles, and encircling the waters on every side, except the space between the north-west and north-east points. This barrier, which confines a sheet of water of great depth, and about twelve miles in circumference, is entirely of white marble, with a flight of steps of the same material throughout this extent, from the summit to the water's edge; the whole buttressed by an enormous rampart of earth, which, had the Rana lived, would, according to his design, have been planted with trees to form a promenade.

On the south side are the town and fortress built by Raj Singh, and called after him Rajnuggur; and upon the embankment stands the Temple of Kunkeraoli, the shrine of one of the seven emanations of Crishna. The whole is ornamented with sculpture, and a genealogical sketch of the founder's family is inscribed in conspicuous characters. It is stated that upon this important work was expended £1,150,000, of which a portion was contributed by the Meywar chiefs, the material for the construction of the *bund* being brought from the neighbouring quarries.

From the native chronicles of the reign of Raj Singh, who ascended the *gadi*—literally "cushion"—in 1661, we gather that this noble national work owed its origin to a terrible visitation of famine, which desolated the Meywar State. It is recorded that "the chief of Meywar, deeply meditating on this extreme distress, determined to raise a monument, by which the wretched might be supported and his own name perpetuated. This was seven years in constructing, and at its commencement and termination all the rights of sacrifice and oblation were observed. The Rana went to implore favour at the Temple of the 'Four-armed.' For want of water the world was in despair, and the people went mad with hunger. Things unknown as food were eaten. The husband abandoned the wife, the wife the husband; parents sold their children. Time increased the evil; it spread far and wide; even the insects died. Thousands of all ages became victims to hunger. Those who procured food to-day ate twice what nature required. Rivers, lakes, and fountains were dried up. Men of wealth meted out the portions of food. The ministers of religion forgot their duties. There was no longer distinction of caste, and the Soodra and Brahmin were indistinguishable. Strength, wisdom, caste, tribe, all were abandoned, and food alone was the object. Fruits, flowers, every vegetable thing, even trees were stripped of their bark to appease the cravings of hunger; nay, man ate man. Cities were depopulated. The seed of families was lost, the fishes were extinct, and the hope of all extinguished."

Close to the borders of Meywar is the British military station of Neemuch, where resides a civil functionary, called the Superintendent, who is partially under the orders of the Oodeypore Political Agent. The British territory here was formerly limited to the site of the cantonments, and was sold very reluctantly by Dowlut Rao Scindia, as the space was required for stationing a force in 1817, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Gwalior, concluded in that year.

During the memorable year 1857, Neemuch was the scene of mutiny. On the night of the 3rd June, the Bengal native garrison, consisting of the 4th troop 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, left wing 1st Light Cavalry, 72nd Regiment Native Infantry, and 7th Regiment Gwalior Contingent, rose against their officers, who were forced to quit the cantonments, which the rebels fired, burning and destroying the houses, sacking the bazaar, and releasing the gaol prisoners. Fortunately all the English escaped with their lives, with the exception of the wife and children of a sergeant-major.

On the 6th June the European officers and ladies returned to the formerly pretty station of Neemuch, which they found a scene of desolation. The fort was occupied and placed in a state of defence, and some months later, had it not been for this place of refuge—in which all the Europeans took shelter when the Mundesore and other rebels advanced to exterminate them—probably the designs of the mutineers would have been carried into effect. The small garrison gallantly resisted every effort of their assailants to carry the place by assault, and held out till the advance of Brigadier Stuart's column, after the defeat of the Dhar mutineers, in October, forced them to retreat. During the rising at Neemuch, and subsequently, the conduct of the Rana and his durbar was most satisfactory, though owing to his troops sympathising with the rebels they rendered no efficient service. Neemuch is one of the healthiest places in this part of India, a circumstance probably due to the nature of the surrounding country, which may be described as a well-drained plain, studded with a few small stony hills. The winter is said to be "mildly cool; the hot wind in the latter part of spring and early part of summer, moderate, as are the periodical rains succeeding them; and the average mortality is by no means considerable." Another writer, Wallich, does not give an equally favourable view, for though he acknowledges that "The climate of Neemuch is unquestionably an agreeable one, as far as sensible qualities are concerned—there exists neither the extreme of heat and cold experienced towards the north-west frontier, and the fall of temperature, following after sunset, is almost always sufficient to insure, relatively speaking, a cool night"—yet he says, "notwithstanding these ostensible advantages, it cannot be deemed a really healthy climate."

Among the state railways projected in India is one from Indore to Ajmere, which will pass through Neemuch, thus connecting this important military station with Bombay on the one hand, and Agra and the line from Delhi at Khera on the other.



VASE IN THE ALHAMBRA.

Recollections of Spanish Travel.—III.

BY MRS. F. W. HOLLAND.

Ascending through the quaint, picturesque garden, we admired the view from the summer-house, or Mirador, and were tempted to climb higher to obtain a still more extensive prospect. The hill, which is called the "Silla del Moro," was once, they say, the site of a palace (the Alijares), in comparison with which the Alhambra itself was insignificant, and which was surrounded by splendid and graceful villas and gardens. Standing as we did on the top of a deserted hill, without a trace of former magnificence, these things were hard to believe, and, as if in sympathy with its associations, a high bleak wind was blowing over the hill-top. The view, however, was grand, and the great plain, rich in colour and vegetation, lay outstretched beneath our feet, encircled with its girdle of distant mountains. It is a landscape that grows upon one, and I admired the Vega more and more every time I caught sight of its bright expanse.

After enjoying the view for some time, we returned to the town along the northern walls of the Alhambra, and attempted to sketch a bit of them on our way. As we have said before, one of its great charms is the variety of its beauty — the wonderful fairylike grace of the interior, and the rough picturesqueness of the outer walls. No feudal castle of the days of the Plantagenets could have ruder, plainer walls, more irregular outlines, or more simple masonry. The tints of many centuries give them now a charm and an interest, which they do not owe to their architect, and the yellow and red walls—weather-stained and cracked by time and war—rise picturesquely among the gardens and trees which surround them.

We returned to the hotel to dine, and afterwards, with one of my companions, I prowled about the palace walls once more in the evening light. We were lucky enough to find one of the gates open, and to persuade the men who were on duty to allow us to enter for a few minutes. It was but a very short visit, but it was a relief to be permitted to be there alone, instead of being shown through the courts with a mixed party of tourists of various nations, whose observations are not always in harmony with one's own feelings. We looked into some of the courts and chambers, and explored Charles V.'s strange palace, which seems to increase in ugliness the more one looks at it. It is very curious, and unlike any other building intended for a residence that I have ever seen. We can speak of it as "intended for a residence," for it was never used, and was never completed, and stands as a monument of bad taste and unfeeling triumph. It is a square of 220 feet, three sides of which have elaborate decorations of a debased classical style. The interior, however, is the most curious part of the building, as it is built in the form of a circular patio, which must have been designed with a view to bull-fights, tournaments, or, perhaps, *autos-da-fé*—certainly not with any idea of increasing either the comfort or the luxury of the palace, as its shape must spoil every room which adjoins it. One feels some satisfaction in thinking it never was finished; but oh! that it had never been begun, and if we could wander instead through the winter apartments of the Moorish palace which were destroyed to make way for it!

One cannot help wondering if those who have passed away from earth are permitted to know the criticisms of posterity on their works. It would often be punishment enough. How would the "Most Catholic King," for instance, feel if he knew that the palace which he had planned in stolid pride and triumph, as a memorial of the conquest of the heathen Moors, was now condemned by all cultivated Europeans as the work of a tasteless man, who could not even appreciate properly the beauty which he had the power to destroy but not the genius to rival?

Monday, May 13th.—We went to the Alhambra again at seven o'clock, and for fear our readers may think us victims of our own enthusiasm, and delirious with Moorish romance, we will at once confess to some drawbacks to our perfect enjoyment. Many a wise saw and proverb teaches us that there is a worm in every bud, a bitter drop in every cup; and, of course, beautiful as Granada is, it is still an earthly paradise, in which there is something to wish for, and something to grumble at.

We have hinted that its guardian angels—otherwise the extremely indolent custodians—might curtail the fair proportions of their leisure, and allow the gates to be more frequently open; but that is not our only complaint. The sternness of the guardian angels perhaps only makes one the more humbly crave admittance to the Garden of Eden. But besides, there are—tourists! English, French, German, Russian, American—both of South and North; they now infest every quarter of picturesque Europe, those odious tourists.

That one is oneself a tourist—despised, hated, and avoided by others, is a fact that no traveller ever fully realises. "Nice people must travel by night!" we have heard said. "One knows they go abroad;" but those one meets are "not nice." That there are fewer tourists in Spain than elsewhere is one of the great charms of travelling there. But some do visit Granada, and one is obliged to take the round of the Alhambra in their company. But we were now sufficiently well known in the palace to be a little trusted by the guards, and though they cast many furtive glances at us, they began to do us justice and not to suspect us of any evil designs on the building. They had not found us trying to immortalise ourselves by scratching our illustrious names on the alabaster columns, or enriching our collections at home by knocking off the ears of the lions round the fountain, or portions of the arabesques from the walls. So, though they probably considered us as lunatics, they seemed to conclude we were harmless, and began to relax a little towards our party.

The courts were looking lovely in the morning light, and we were longing to carry off—not a relic or a fragment, O ye guardian angels!—but a sketch from the Hall of the Ambassadors. We were given a hint that we might do so while the "tourists" were going round, and loitered behind for awhile to let our natural enemies pass on. Out came our sketch-books and pencils, and just as we began to realise more than ever—in the vain attempt to copy it—the wonderful intricacy and ingenuity of the decoration, back came the "tourists" in

indignant remonstrance. We remember German and English was spoken, but beyond this we forgot our foes personally, though we do not forget the injury they did us. It seemed a grievance to them that we should be trusted to remain behind—not that they should be obliged to move on—and as the Alhambra could scarcely be sketched in the middle of an angry quarrel, we were obliged to carry off nothing but a clumsy outline of a graceful double arch, with its slender marble pillar framing a lovely view of brilliant morning clouds, distant mountains, and picturesque city. The episode did not make us think more tenderly of our fellow-tourists, or cause us to enjoy their company the more during the tour of inspection, and for the first time we did not so much regret leaving the palace.

After returning home to breakfast, for we had been sufficiently long in Spain to have accommodated ourselves to the national habits, and no longer struggled for an English meal before starting early, we went out again, bound for the cathedral and the tomb of "los Reyes." As we have said, there are associations of more than one class at Granada. The voluptuous beauty of the Moorish architecture, the refinement of taste displayed in their peculiar decorative talent, and the picturesqueness of their lives and manners, charm the imagination without touching the heart. There can be no true sympathy without individual knowledge. The Moors cross the stage as artistically draped figures. We do not feel—excepting, perhaps, in the case of Boabdil, whose tears give that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin"—personal interest in them.

But it is otherwise with "los Reyes." Who that has read of them at all has not tried to picture them to himself, and especially to picture the noble Queen Isabella the Catholic, in all her struggles, trials, and difficulties? And here at Granada they lie side by side, life's long toil over, challenging the verdict of posterity. We were told the late queen, Isabella II., once came and shed tears of regret and repentance over the coffin of her great namesake, whose throne she has now lost, and whose royal dignity she has for ever sullied. Well, indeed, might she weep in the presence of the silent rebuke of that honoured coffin, which the great queen had desired should repose for ever at Granada.

On reaching the cathedral, we went at once into the Chapel Royal, or Capilla de los Reyes, which is divided from the body of the church by a splendid wrought iron grating (or *reja*), dating from the sixteenth century. It is a large and handsome chapel, and much pains and treasure have been bestowed on its decoration. The altar is ascended by several steps, and the walls are adorned with interesting bas-reliefs of scenes connected with the conquest of the city. In modern times artists have thought it necessary to idealise our great men in Roman togas, or Middle Age armour, or in drapery with which no nineteenth century Englishman ever encumbered himself, and the confusion of ideas concerning our every-day life with which we are preparing to puzzle posterity, is very amusing to contemplate. Four hundred years ago, however, men and women had sufficient genius to invent a costume which could be at once convenient and becoming, and were not ashamed of posterity knowing what it was. These bas-reliefs are said to be accurate views of the scenes they represent, as also are the kneeling figures of Ferdinand and Isabella on each side of the altar, which are recorded as being exact likenesses, not only in form and feature, but in every detail of costume, accurate as photographs, and far more durable.

But the attention of the visitor is at once directed towards the chief object of his pilgrimage—the splendid alabaster tombs of the two royal pairs—Ferdinand and Isabella reposing on the one, their unfortunate daughter, Mad Juana, and her adored husband, Philip, on the other. Differently as history ranks them, they have received almost equal sepulchral honours, and the four lie side by side on their alabaster tombs in equal magnificence. It would take hours fully to do justice to the beauty and richness of the carving on these wonderful monuments. Figures, foliage, and architectural designs are wrought together with every delicacy of detail into so harmonious a whole, that one scarcely knows what to admire most in the work. I have never seen anything to equal it, except in the still more elaborate tomb of Juan II. and his queen—the parents of Isabella the Catholic, which we visited in the Church of Miraflores, near Burgos. The recumbent figures which surmount them are very fine, and striking as portraits.

Having closely inspected the tombs, we were led down through a small trap-door opening close to them into the vault below. The glimmer of a few tapers showed us five plain common coffins, the last containing the ashes of an elder brother of Charles V., who died young. The vault was very unlike the stately chamber at the Escorial, in which the bones of all their royal descendants repose in marble sarcophagi. *There*, regal tombs contrast with despised and unhonoured names; *here*, rough coffins hold the dust of those whose memory history will not willingly let die. An initial cut on the lid alone distinguished the coffins, and one could touch the narrow bed where rests all that can perish of "los Reyes." The coffin of their handsome worthless son-in-law, Philip le Bel, is interesting from the memory of his mad wife's touching devotion to it. History records how night and day she watched by his embalmed body, till her weak brain gave way, and she deserved the name of Juana la Loca. At Madrid we had seen in the royal stables the old carriage in which she used to drive out with his coffin, which now we saw resting at last by her side in the vault.

Returning into the church above, we were shown in the sacristy a great many interesting relics—Isabella's crown, sword, and sceptre, Cardinal Mendoza's vestments, embroidered by the queen herself, and his beautifully-illuminated missal, and a picture which had hung in the royal camp chapel. We were told that a case was being made for these treasures, but apparently it has taken more than 350 years in preparation, and when we were there the treasures were pulled out of a strong closet for us to see and handle. It was interesting to hold Isabella's crown and sceptre in one's hand—well worn as they had been in both senses of the word, but disgraceful to see that they had not always been duly respected by the "tourists." But, perhaps, the most interesting of all the relics was the jewel casket, which the great queen sold, with all its contents, to defray the expenses of Columbus's expedition, and which was afterwards presented by the purchaser to the queen.

In the cathedral itself there is not much to be seen. In my own humble judgment the style is frightful—the Corinthian pillars of the nave having huge blocks above and below them, as if to make up for a deficiency of length in the shaft, and the building is only redeemed by its really good proportions from utter ugliness.



COURT IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The rest of the day was spent in shopping, and riding about the environs of Granada. We again visited the gipsy quarter, and passing through it ascended the old portion of the town, called the Albaycide, to the Church of San Miguel, from whence we obtained a splendid view of sierra, Vega, and city. We saw it, too, under a new aspect, as heavy storms alternated to-day with brilliant gleams of sunlight, and gave a new charm to the landscape. The spot is well worth a visit, but should be made (especially by ladies) on horseback, as the road up the hill is extremely bad, and so filthy, that it would be very disagreeable on foot. We were quite mobbed by a crowd of dirty boys and beggars, some of whom began throwing stones, and we were not sorry to escape from them. Bad as the beggars are everywhere in Spain, they are worst of all at Granada, and the dirt of the old quarter of the city passes belief.

In the evening there was some gipsy dancing at the hotel, and a man called "the gipsy king" played uncommonly well on the guitar, and sang several songs with much spirit. Also a boy executed a wonderful dance with a bottle on his head—an acrobatic feat which was more curious than graceful. Since we had seen these dances in the open air at Gaucin, we had become critical, and thought that the deafening noise of the stamping of feet and clapping of castanets made the pleasure of witnessing them a doubtful one in the house.

Tuesday, May 14th.—It was with feelings of unmixed sorrow that we felt this was our last day at Granada. In leaving other interesting places up to this time we had felt there was more still before us; but now our steps had to be turned northwards, and our tour was fast coming to a close.

It is always sad leaving a place which has interested one deeply, without any expectation of visiting it again. For a few more hours the picturesque city and palace were to be realities to us, which for the remainder of our lives would probably never be anything again but sunny memories. We made the most of the day—sketched the walls of the Alhambra in the early morning light, and then paid the interior a farewell visit. Fortunately there were not so many "tourists" as on the previous day to jar on our feelings, and curtail our freedom, and we were able to enjoy it better. We were foolish enough to attempt, by comparison, to decide which of the halls or courts are the most beautiful, and found it extremely difficult to come to any decision at all; but we observed we wandered back most frequently to the beautiful Hall of Lindaraja, opening out of the "Dos Hermanas," and from the graceful window of which one gets a fine view of the rude old towers and walls and distant Vega. We tried to imprint the beauties of the place on our memories, and then thought that the details of what had impressed us so much could never be obliterated from the mind. Alas! that this has not been the case. Time has blurred many of the lines of memory's pictures, and the description we can now give falls very short of the beauty of the reality. If when these sad troubles in Spain are over, Granada still remains standing, let our readers go there for themselves, and we have no fear but that when they return they will only blame us for omitting to mention half the beauties and half the associations of this most picturesque of places.

We thought we could not do better than take our last view of Granada from the same place as Boabdil did; and in the afternoon our party drove and rode out to the Ultimo Sospiro del Moro, a small hill about seven miles off, whence, tradition says, he wept his last as he turned away into perpetual exile. Every hill in this beautiful neighbourhood commands an exquisite and extensive view, and it is hard to say that one is more beautiful than another; but we could sympathise with the grief of a prince who had held and lost such a kingdom, as we stood upon the hill and, like him, viewed the fair landscape for the last time. We felt that his cruel mother's taunt: "You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!" was a very unnecessary torture. What must not self-reproach have suggested as he looked his last through tears of bitter regret?

We looked our last, too, but without bitterness, only with a feeling of content that we had stored our memories with "things of beauty" which would be to us "a joy for ever," and of which nothing would ever be able to rob us.

Before daybreak the next morning a party of travellers, forgotten by their omnibus, might have been heard hurrying down through the dark avenues and scarcely lighter streets leading from the "Washington Irving" to the city to join the diligence, which left at 4.30 a.m., bound for Jaen and Valencia, and we were far away on our journey ere day dawned. We had looked our last on Granada.

A Year's Tramp in Colorado.—III.

One night, about a week after the little episode of the coals, finding that Ropes was again on night duty, I determined, if possible, to catch him *flagrante delicto*. For this purpose I left open the door of a car which he would have to pass on his return home after the arrival of the last train; I then stepped inside, awaiting the result of my manœuvre. After a considerable lapse of time I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and also of some one trying the locks as he came down the train. I immediately suspected this to be the erring one, but somehow did not experience that sensation of calm delight which usually attends the expected success of one's plans.

Upon arriving opposite my car, which contained a quantity of portable goods, and cases of spirits, the individual came to a standstill, and presently a hand appeared inside the car; this resulted in the disappearance of a parcel of dry goods, and I now felt that the moment for action had arrived; but when I put my hand behind me to draw my revolver from the holster, I discovered, to my horror, that it was not there. I then remembered that after strapping it on I had taken it out to look once more to the "fixings," and must have laid it down and then forgotten it. In nine cases out of ten the difference in the weight upon my hips would have betrayed its absence, but I suppose I had strapped it on more tightly than usual,

and so did not notice the difference. But whatever the cause might have been, there was the unpleasant fact, that it was not there. Still I had my billy and the handcuffs, and if the worst came to the worst, I could always make a fight of it; and I determined, therefore, if possible, to impress the unknown with the fact that I was ready at any moment to draw and shoot. So when he had abstracted a case of spirits, and was stooping to put it on the ground, I made a rush and jumped on him, a performance which brought us both to earth; upon rising from which I found myself face to face with Ropes. I immediately put my hand behind me as if to draw, while Ropes, who was clearly considerably disturbed in his mind, kept silence, and also a respectful distance. But upon my ordering him to walk on in front of me, he began to discourse with great eloquence upon the highly dishonourable conduct of getting a fellow-countryman into trouble, &c., and proposed settling the whole matter over a drink. All this time I was wondering how on earth I could get the man to the Calaboose, for he was rather powerfully built, and a thorough ruffian; as, therefore, it was my object to gain time for reflection, I consented to adjourn to a neighbouring bar, and thither we repaired, I with my hand behind me, and he about three or four feet in front.

Upon our arrival at the "saloon," I found it occupied only by the bar-keeper, which was so far fortunate, that, had any of his friends been there, they would very likely have made short work of me. Having "received our poison," we drank it, an operation which was repeated for, I should think, half an hour, till Ropes, Esq., began to wax friendly and jovial, whilst I was quite cool, having taken the precaution to empty my glass upon the floor "unbeknown." At length, happening to catch sight of the invariable dice-box (which is always to be found in an American drinking saloon), I was struck with an idea which I at once proceeded to put into execution. I proposed that we should shake dice to decide who should pay the score. Having thrown first myself, I handed the box to Ropes, and the moment he put his hand upon the counter I managed to get a little behind him, and slip one handcuff on to him, holding the other in my hand. As a rule you can break a man's wrist by the leverage obtained in this manner, and I had taken several lessons in the way of doing this from one of the town police; but Ropes was too quick, and jerked it from me before I had fairly hold of it, and then—oh! it makes me ache to think of it—he laid about him with that handcuff in a manner doubtless edifying to behold, but positively awful to experience. As to the bar-tender, he seemed to think it rather funny than otherwise—a view which I did not share with him in the most remote degree, for I was being terribly knocked about, and felt that I was gradually growing weaker; moreover, I was afraid to loose my hold on the man in order to reach my "billy." When, just as I thought it was all over, he gave me a chance, and I whipped it out. The next moment Mr. Ropes was perfectly harmless, to my intense satisfaction, for I think another minute would have finished me. I still have that little weapon, and shall always regard it with feelings of the greatest affection.

I had nothing to do now but to put on the other handcuff, an easy task, as the man was rendered unconscious from a rather nasty blow on the head; indeed, my first fear was that I had used more force than was necessary, and had killed him; but fortunately, a copious application of cold water had the desired effect. So, having refreshed him with another "cocktail," and bound up his head with a handkerchief, I escorted him to the Calaboose, where we parted company.

The yard had to take care of itself for the remainder of that night, as I had had quite enough for one evening's entertainment.

It can well be imagined that my people at home did not go into ecstacies upon hearing of the intellectual and cheerful occupation adopted by the "hope of the family;" and when I wrote them an account "of a very small fuss I had got into—not worth mentioning," they became firmly convinced that if I only continued to be watchman long enough, I should assuredly end my days in a tragic manner. This view was partly correct; but then it was not my purpose to continue to be a night policeman, and my great object in taking the post was to become connected in some way with the railway company, as an introduction to a better position in the service. The President of the Kansas Pacific Railway commenced his acquaintance with the company in the character of a "breaksman" to a goods train.

But my plans were not destined to be carried out, for one morning as I was coming off duty, I was met by a young Englishman, who accosted me with—"Run like mad, old man; there's a wire from England for you." I did run, and upon arriving at the telegraph-office, found a message from home ordering my instant return, and so worded as to make me believe that something special required my presence, or I should certainly not have gone. Still I was heartily sick of the life I was leading, and was not altogether sorry that the onus of my return should rest upon the paternal shoulders; for though my career in Colorado had not been a long one, it had been very hard while it lasted. I therefore repaired to the office, showed my telegram, received my discharge, drew my pay, and was once more a free man. But when I came to square up all my accounts, I found that I had only between thirty and forty dollars to get home with, which opened a very wide field for speculation as to how the journey was to be accomplished; but "must is a hard nut to crack," and it was a case of "must" with me; so, as I could get a pass as far as Kansas City, in consideration of my having been in the service of the railway company, I thought it best to make a start, and see afterwards what could be done.

During this part of my journey I made friends with the conductor of the train, and on arrival at Kansas City, was passed on to the next conductor, and put to work in the baggage-van; thus, working first in one capacity and then in another, I got right through to New York.

But there was the "Herring-pond" to get over yet, and at first I did not quite see my way to overcoming this difficulty, as there was not a ship sailing for four or five days after my arrival, and staying in New York entailed considerable expense, so that at the end of those few days the funds were remarkably low.

After a great deal of trouble I engaged to work my passage home on board the *Baltic*. This was a somewhat different manner of crossing from that in which I had come to New York, but it had this advantage, that whereas at the end of my voyage out, my troubles had all to come, I knew that the end of this voyage would finish them, and therefore I cared very little how I got home, so long as I did.

When on the outward-bound vessel, I used to wonder how all those people could exist in the steerage, and what on

earth they wanted with those tin pots and cans. I was about to find all this out on board the *Baltic*, for I was appointed assistant steerage-steward. Ugh! I should infinitely have preferred going before the mast, but I had no choice. Oh dear, what a time I had of it! It was ten thousand times worse than anything I had endured in Colorado. It was very bad weather when we started, and many of the steamers had been disabled in the voyage out, so that the *Baltic* and the *Egypt* were the only two vessels that were able to sail for Liverpool as advertised. The consequence of this was that we carried passengers who should have gone in the Inman and Cunard steamers, and not expecting above 150 steerage passengers, the accommodation was very limited, and they were packed like herrings in a barrel.

Fortunately I was sent forward among the "single men," of whom we had, I think, about two hundred, most of them returning from America rather worse off than when they went; and I was not surprised at it, for they were the most miserable, dirty crowd I ever saw, always ready with some grievance, real or imaginary; and though everything was done to preserve cleanliness, comfort, and order (this is not an advertisement), still they were always making a row about something, until I used to get so wild, that I occasionally helped one or two of them to something to cry out about. But oh, the "last night on board!" not a bit like that similar occasion on the ship in which I went out—cleaning out scuppers, and disinfecting the whole steerage, that was the way I passed my last night on board the *Baltic*. But in the morning, when I saw the coast of England, it was little I thought of all these nuisances. I think, in my delight, I could have embraced the ship's cook if he had asked me to do so, for it was no ordinary pleasure that I felt at the prospect of again leading a civilised life.

When I arrived at the paternal abode, I found, after paying for the cab, that the fruit of my labours in the United States of America was one pound fifteen shillings and twopence. Gorgeous result!

I fear that I am hardly sufficiently unprejudiced rightly to point out the lessons to be drawn from my short but peculiar career in Colorado; but, before bidding farewell to the reader, I would fain offer one or two remarks which have suggested themselves to me. Clearly it does not follow because I met with such want of success, that therefore Colorado is to be abhorred of all Englishmen intending to emigrate to the West—far from it. Colorado is a young and rising country, where a great amount of money will yet be made by Englishmen; but the question which suggests itself to my mind is, whether I was the right man for the place, and also whether I am not one of a large class of Englishmen, the very men of all others most likely to be tempted to try their luck in such a country as Colorado. Doubtless a somewhat restless disposition had much to do with my "pillar to post" kind of existence; but what I wish to demonstrate is, that it is utter folly for a gentleman with neither trade, profession, nor capital, to go to such a country as this, with a Micawber-like idea that "something will turn up." I know several Englishmen now in Colorado who went there very much as I did—*i.e.*, with no definite object, and I can honestly say that not one has done any good. Some are out on ranches, only just making a living, others, having taken wives unto their respective bosoms, are finding themselves vainly endeavouring to solve the problem how to exist with comfort on an income which falls considerably short of expenditure. Again, many men in the position in which I found myself would perhaps be incapable of getting a living by such means as those I adopted, and who could not stand the racket of such a life as I was compelled to lead. Still, there are men who would do well in Colorado, such as skilled artisans, cabinet-makers, carpenters, stone-masons, or, in fact, any one master of a good trade or craft. Again, a man with capital can do well, provided he have judgment also; for, unfortunately, a man known to have money is pounced upon, and introduced to as many rotten concerns as there are stars in the firmament; it is, therefore, advisable to keep the knowledge of possessing capital to yourself, until you have gained some experience.

A practical miner is the right man for Colorado. Very large sums of money have been made by our Cornish miners, and were I a member of their fraternity, Georgetown would see me in a month. I am well aware that at the present time the mines of Colorado are not regarded with favour by the British capitalist; but with all deference I would submit that the British capitalist is in a great measure himself to blame for the vast amount of English capital sunk and lost in the mines of Colorado

The ridiculous prices paid for some of these mines would swamp the finest undertaking in the country. Given a mine fairly worth a million dollars sold for a million pounds, and the inevitable result must be ruin; yet this is no exaggerated example. Another cause for the unenviable reputation enjoyed by the Colorado mines, is the reckless manner in which they were bought by Americans at the commencement of the civil war. When this fratricidal struggle first broke out, almost every one possessing United States' securities sold them; and as the Colorado mines were then coming into notice, they put their money into everything that could be called a mine, without reference to situation, facilities for treating ore, or any of those considerations so important in buying mining property; and as many of these so-called mines were placed under the management of incompetent and unprincipled individuals, a fearful amount of capital was sacrificed, and it became unjustly rumoured that "Colorado is a swindle!"

One word about the people of the West. Though I was not successful in my endeavours, it must not be supposed that I was a year in Colorado without making friends; I had many, especially in Central City; and since my return from America I have been forcibly struck by the great contrast between many of the horribly narrow prejudices of "society" in England, and the broad, liberal, and to my mind, more enlightened views of those who constitute the "society" of the West. During the first part of my sojourn in Central, I was looked upon as connected with the principal bank of the place, and was consequently introduced to what would here be called the best "set." When the bank came to grief, and I was obliged to work in a ditch, my position was not injured in the slightest degree; and when I came down from the mine in my rough working clothes, I was received with the same cordiality as before.

One last word to anyone who may have made up their mind to try their luck in the West. You will always find friends innumerable, who will tell you that you are "a real good sort," and are "bound to get on," and that they will "do all they can for you." Do not trust to promises, but mark out a line for yourself and follow it up. Had half the promises made to me been fulfilled, I should now be a rich man.

Explorations in Peru.—II.

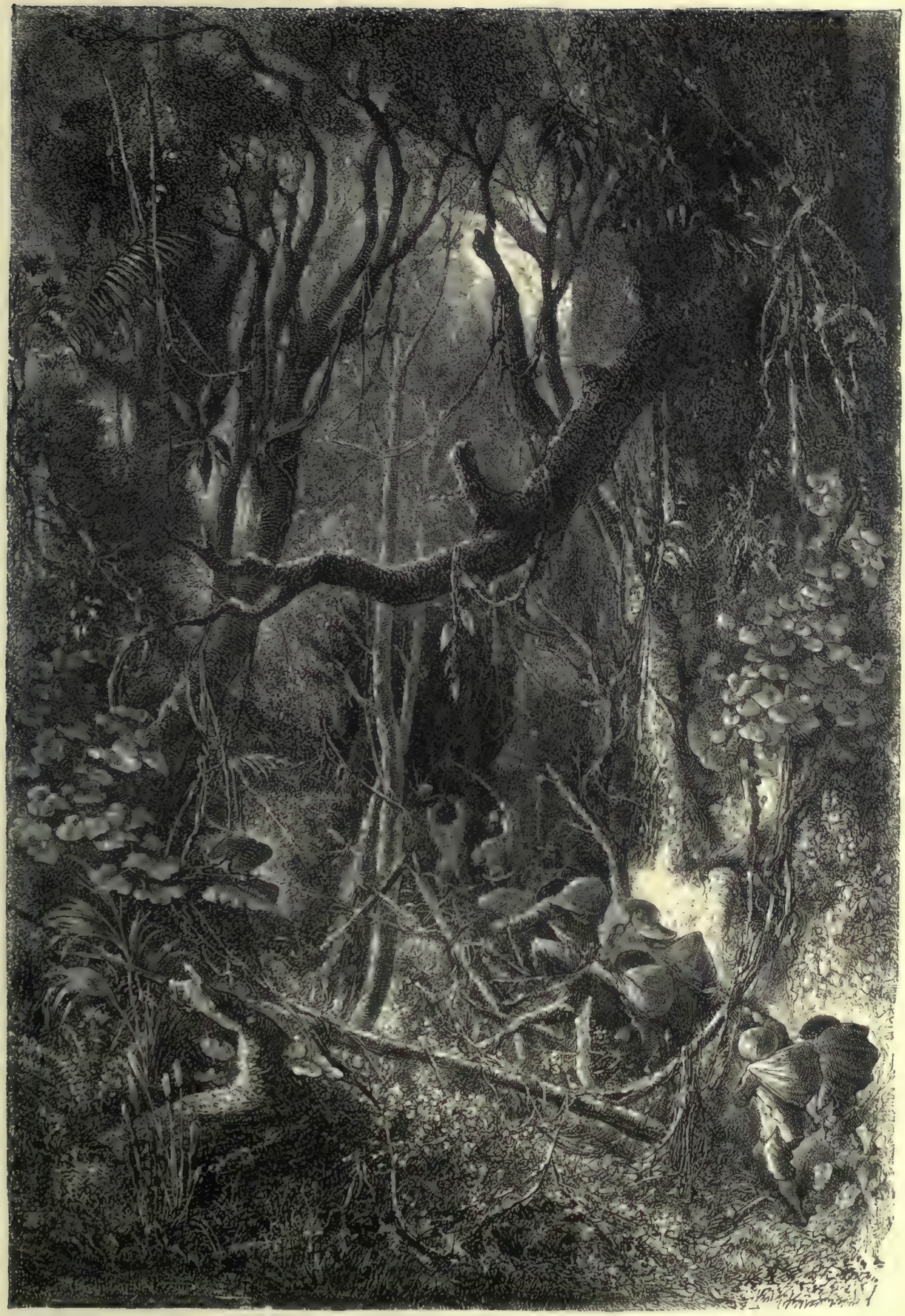
On the 5th of February, 1861, Maldonado, with seven companions, after having constructed a raft, abandoned themselves, with little or no provisions, to the current of the Madre de Dios, embarking at the confluence of the rivers Piñipiñi and Tono. On the 5th March, after having passed the mouths of many rivers which enter on both sides, principally from the right, they came to a place where the river had a most impetuous current; this obliged them to disembark and go a distance overland, building afterwards another raft to continue the voyage. On the 8th they again embarked, and at a short distance were surprised to find themselves in the river Mamoré, of Bolivia, entering it from the right at a point inhabited by the Chunchos, or Savage Caripunas. On the 18th they were wrecked at a dangerous rapid, which appears to have been the spot known as Calderaõ do Infierno, or Devil's Caldron, where Maldonado, with three of his companions, lost their lives. The remaining four continued the navigation, and, passing by the village of Crato and the town of Borba, passed from the mouth of the Madeira into the Amazons. In the city of Manaos, or Barra of the Rio Neg o, they obtained a certificate from the Brazilian authorities; they then ascended the Amazons and the Huallaga, returning to their native place, Tarapoto.

In the beginning of 1862 the four companions of the unfortunate Maldonado again ascended the Ucayali and reached Cuzco, where they exhibited these certificates concerning their dangerous voyage. Neither Maldonado nor his companions knew the names of the rivers they passed; and as, according to Gibbon's account of his exploration of the Madeira, in the region inhabited by the Caripunas no great river enters except the Beni, I believe that Maldonado's party entered the Madeira by this river. It results, therefore, that the Madre de Dios, after uniting with the Inambari, joins the Beni, which afterwards combines with the Mamoré to form the Madeira. What confirms me the more in this opinion is, that the account of Maldonado's voyage is in conformity with the particulars of the exploration from the mouth of the Beni, made, not many years since, by a Señor Palacios, by order of the Bolivian Government, which made known that the river Beni, at a little distance from its junction, had one fall—the same that was found by Maldonado on the 5th, when he was obliged to go overland for some distance.

On the other hand, the entry of the river Madre de Dios into the Madeira agrees with the important results of the recent exploration of the Purus made by Mr. Chandless, who



PERUVIAN TRAVELLERS FORDING A STREAM.



TRAVELLING THROUGH THE FORESTS OF THE INAMBARI.

has proved that the origin of the Purus is not the Madre de Dios.

Having proved that the Ollachea, or San Gavan, united directly with the Inambari before joining the river Marcapata, as stated by M. Marcoy, in his "Scènes des Andes," I was now desirous of following the river upwards by the shores of the Inambari as far as the junction of the Esquilaya, which, as I have before stated, is the river that passes by Ayapata; I then intended to return to that town, following the ravine through which this river flows.

Now that I had been fortunate enough not to meet with any of the Chunchos Indians, I allowed my followers to have a day's rest, whilst I made the observations I have above recorded, and collected some plants and animals in the neighbouring woods. Near the Inambari cinchona-trees are not observed; they do not grow in so hot a region. The only representative is the *Cascarilla magnifolia*, Wedd., which is able to withstand the range from temperate to hot; for this plant, called in Caravaya *huiñapo*, is also found near the confluence of the river San Gavan. The commonest animals of this region are the tapir, peccary, porcupine, and capybara. Birds were in great numbers and diversity, but I will only mention here that we met with several species of curassow-birds and *Penelope*, which yielded us good eating.

"On the 12th we were again on the march, skirting, as well as we were able, the river Inambari in a direction varying from south-east to south-south-east. We soon passed a great stream, after which we entered the forest; at a quarter of a league we found ourselves on a sandy beach, where many palms, of the genus *Iriartea*, grew. In another quarter of a league, after having passed two streams, we travelled east and north-east, and at a short distance observed a river entering the Inambari from the opposite side, to which my followers gave the name of Chuncho-mayo; for they thought they had seen some Chunchos, or savages, on its banks. After passing more small streams, we reached a river having very little water, to which was given the name of Rio Blanco; this we crossed and descended to a beach, where we passed the night.

On the 13th we moved in a south-south-east direction over very broken country and through thick woods for half a league, then descending to the bank of the river we progressed by a branch which was nearly dry, excepting during freshets. This spot is much frequented by tapirs. Not far off was a small river, which entered the Inambari by the other side. The ground was a little more even, with luxuriant vegetation; among the plants still rare in Europe was the beautiful *Calatea Veitchiana*, (Hook,) which I had first seen on the banks of the Huallaga.

Passing a rivulet, and then, at a quarter of a league's distance, another, we arrived on the banks of a river divided into various arms, which my men called Charari; this we forded at no small risk, for the current was strong. Nearly in front of the mouth of the Charari, on the opposite side, another river comes in direct from the north.

Continuing our march in a general direction of north-north-west and south-south-east, at half a league's distance from the river Charari, a stream was found; and in another half league we crossed a narrow and dark ravine watered by a small stream, which my men named the river Calabozo. On the track several beautiful birds were seen, including the wonderful Umbrella-bird (*Cephalopterus ornatus*), with its elegant parasol of feathers over its head; the Motmot (*Prionites momota*), the *Procnia ventralis*, &c. In front of the little river Calabozo another small stream enters the Inambari from the opposite side. Continuing our march, with the Inambari on our left at a short distance, our direction was changed towards north-west and south-east, and we travelled nearly a league over land full of shrubs and tangled plants, making our march painful. As it threatened rain, we halted early, so as to have time to protect ourselves from the downfall. The night turned out miserably wet.

On the 14th we did not start till late, and, after going half a league, we had the pleasure of finding ourselves at the river Esquilaya, which flows by the town of Ayapata. We knew it at once, for we were satisfied there was no other stream between it and San Gavan which could furnish so large a quantity of water. This spot was 1,833 feet above the level of the sea. At the point of junction of the two rivers, the Inambari comes from south-east, and its waters are muddy; the Esquilaya comes from the south, and its waters are transparent. As these two rivers meet at an acute angle, their waters run side by side for a good distance without mixing, forming two bands of distinct colours. At the point where they join, there is an extensive sandy beach, which, during the freshets, is doubtlessly covered with water.

Here we left the shores of the Inambari, to enter the ravine of Esquilaya, travelling along its left bank, first in a south-south-east direction, and afterwards south and south-east. We soon had to take to the woods, and open a track over very rough country; it became late, and we were obliged to halt on a small sandy beach of the river Esquilaya, after having progressed only one league from the junction of the Esquilaya and Inambari.

On the 15th we left the beach where we had slept, and entered the forest, not being able to march by the river-side; but we had not walked a league when serious obstacles presented themselves. Slate-rocks arose on all sides, and the mountains continued so precipitous that it was almost impossible to open a route. At this point the river Esquilaya runs in a narrow opening of rock, scarcely twenty-five yards wide. We had now to consider what was best to be done. If we continued on this side for a short distance, we calculated we should come upon the river Quillabamba, the head-waters of which, being on the heights of the road of Ayapata and San Gavan, receives so great a number of streams in its long course, that, when it enters the Esquilaya, it has too great a volume of water to be fordable. In the doubt, therefore, of finding a ford, we dared not continue this route. Some of the men were certain that at a short distance, on the other side of the river Esquilaya, we ought to come upon a small coca-plantation, belonging to the Indians of Ayapata; so we decided to throw a bridge across the river, and continue our march on the other side. We were on the steep slope of a hill, and some fifty yards above the river; so we decided to cut down a tree of sufficient length to reach, when it fell, to the other side of the river. We soon found a tree to suit our purpose; the axe went to work on one side of it, it began to creak, and soon fell with a great noise, taking with it several smaller trees: unfortunately, however, instead of falling across the river, it fell obliquely, and the upper part not reaching to the other side, it was carried away by the stream. We sought at once

for another tree, and, having taken better precautions, in an hour the last cut of the axe caused the tree to bend over and fall right across the river, at 100 feet above it. We had now the means of communication with the other side. Still we had some difficulties in crossing our slippery and uneven bridge; but we succeeded at last in getting across, and continued our journey.

I had never in the course of my wanderings experienced so rough and painful a route. The slopes of the mountains along which we walked were so steep that we had the greatest difficulty to keep ourselves from falling headlong into the river. It was necessary to hold, at every step, by the small trees that grew out of the crevices of the rocks; and, to our sorrow, the trees were partially rotten and broke away from our grasp, causing us to make false steps. The spines and thorns of the bushes tore our hands, and caused them to be covered with blood. It was, indeed, a day of trouble and incessant labour, and when night came, we had no better prospect than that of sleeping on the banks of a stream which fell over the bare rock. In the hope of finding a better spot, we continued our march, until night came upon us, without our having met with a level space sufficiently large to spread our beds upon; we had finally to sleep almost on the branches of trees, in continual danger of rolling down the slope into the river.

On the 16th, after having passed a most unpleasant night, we ascended a slope in a southerly direction for some furlongs. We then continued skirting the mountains to the south-south-west and south-west, until we came suddenly upon some pine-plants and coca-bushes. One of my men told me that this was the last cultivated spot in the quebrada of Esquilaya towards Inambari, and was called Huallasa.

When we started from San José, we carried provisions for fifteen days; but my Indians, to lighten their loads, had consumed more than the allotted quantity, so that even before ten days had passed, our provisions were nearly at an end. Indians, when they accompany travellers on such expeditions, do not go with a very good will, and adopt all methods to secure a return to their homes as quickly as possible; for this object, as they are pretty sure that they will not perish of hunger themselves, if they have a little coca and chuno, they bring the traveller to a standstill by consuming his provisions, thus obliging him to return, saying that they cannot go on without food. The Indians who accompanied me did not speculate on returning by the quebrada of Esquilaya, and had eaten up the greater portion of the provisions before we got to the Inambari; so, independently of suffering from the great fatigue of the exploration, we had hunger staring us in the face.

In Huallasa there were no inhabitants. The owner of the place was an Indian of Ayapata, who only came occasionally to collect his little harvest of coca, for the locality was frequently visited by savage Indians, or Chunchos, as they are called. From this place we descended a quarter of a league towards the south-west to a level tract covered with wood; then marching south-south-west some furlongs, we arrived at a river called Negromayo, which had a good supply of water. We forded this, and travelled south a short distance, on our way to another river called La Comunidad. Fording La Comunidad, we continued our route through the forest, and, after half a league's march came to another coca-plantation, near which was an abandoned hut. This place was known as Huerta Pampa, belonging to an Indian of Ayapata. In front of Huerta Pampa is seen the river Quillabamba, which joins the Esquilaya; but it has a little less water than the latter.

As we found no provisions in Huerta Pampa, we continued our route a few furlongs, and reached another cultivated place, called La Hacienda, where we put up for the night. Here we found only a few coca-plants and banana-trees without fruit; there were a few pine-apples and other fruit, all unripe. The habitation here was in a miserable and abandoned condition. We were now in a state of starvation.

Leaving this spot, our course was southerly along a slight incline, with a fair route. At a quarter of a league, we passed a stream called Lucullamayo, and continued on the other side towards the south-south-west for a few furlongs, so as to arrive at a small cocal, where we had the good fortune to fall in with some ripe bananas. My men, who had been fasting for two days, and were almost exhausted, fell foul of the beautiful bunches of golden fruit; unsubstantial as such a meal may appear, they were soon strong enough to resume the march. We continued in a southward direction, passing a stream, and, after walking a quarter of a league, fell in with another coca-plantation and a house. This place was named Pucara, and nearly in its front was the river Puypullani. Continuing our march to the south-south-east, we came to the river Tunquimayo, so called because in its vicinity abounded the beautiful bird of an orange colour, the Cock of the Rock, known to the Indians as the Tunqui (*Rupicola Peruviana*). We crossed this stream by a bridge formed of three boughs, and afterwards two others, descending a little afterwards, and arriving at the bridge over the Esquilaya.

The bridge of Esquilaya, being the work of Indians, deserves a brief notice. The river is here some forty yards in width, and as there are no trees in the neighbourhood long enough to span it, the Indians have had recourse to a contrivance not wanting in originality. They have excavated on either side three deep oblique holes and inserted in them solid trunks of trees, which by the slanting shape of the holes have an inclined position, so that the interval between the two sides of the river is considerably diminished. Three horizontal boughs have been laid on the extremities of these trunks, and upon this structure are bound other sticks transversely, like a ladder, but nearer to each other. These sticks are annually renewed, but the large pieces of trees used in the framework being more durable, have remained the same for about twenty years. The bridge of Esquilaya is 2,298 feet above the level of the sea.

Crossing the bridge, we ascended by a zigzag track in a direction to south-south-west. We crossed a large stream, called Churomayo, and continued ascending to the tambo of Esquilaya, distant from the bridge half a league. This tambo, or travellers' shed, takes the name of Esquilaya, because the bridge is considered the door of entry to the hot valleys below, where the coca is cultivated, and it is consequently the point of rendezvous for the Indians, who have their little plantations in the Esquilaya valley, and is much frequented at harvest time. At this tambo lives an *alcalde*, attended by another Indian, who acts as alguazil, and carries out his orders. It is always an Indian who fills this post; but he does not understand one word of Spanish—his language being Quichua.

The tambo of Esquilaya is the only inhabited spot in the whole valley, and the other places being peopled only during the coca harvest, the people during the rest of the year all live in the town of Ayapata. The Indian owners of these small coca plantations, when they return for the season to Ayapata, leave their provisions, sheep-skins used as bedding, cooking-pots, working clothes, &c., tied up in bundles, with the alcalde, who takes care of the property, hung to the thatch of his house, until the following year. It is not unusual to see more than a hundred of these bundles, each hanging by a cord from the rafters of the thatch; and it is curious that the Indians should, after many months, each know his own bundle, as they are all so much alike.

It is only a few years since that the Indians used to leave their working instruments, consisting of cutlasses, called *ychuma*, and hatchets; but since 1859 they have ceased to do so, for on the 4th of May of that year the savage Indians came as far as the tambo of Esquilaya, killed the alcalde, and took away 800 cutlasses and 300 hoes. It is not the first time that the Chunchos have attacked Esquilaya. When the bridge was being constructed they killed by arrows an Indian who was boring the rock. The Chunchos are continually prowling about the valley, and lose no opportunity of being troublesome. My followers looked upon themselves as most fortunate in having made so considerable a journey in the Chuncho country without having fallen in with a party of them.

The principal cultivation in the valley of Esquilaya consists of coca and Indian corn; still some little coffee, together with bananas, papaw-trees (*Carica papaya*, Linn.), guava (*Psidium pyriferum*, Linn.), and yuca (*Manihot aipi*, Pohl.). are planted.

The tambo of Esquilaya lies 4,300 feet above the level of the sea, so that its climate is rather temperate. There is a road hence to the town of Ayapata, a distance of eleven leagues. We left on the 20th. The path does not lie along the ravine, on account of its being so closed in by rocks. Leaving the tambo there is a continuous ascent for nearly a league; the road henceforward lies along a ridge which divides the river Ayapata from the Ecaco, or upper waters of the Quillabamba.

Next day we passed the river Yungamayo and ascended to Ayapata, after a journey of fourteen days, in which we had undergone all sorts of difficulties and privations. We had, however, the satisfaction of having accomplished something towards elucidating the geography of this little-known region We had proved that the rivers Ollachea and Ayapata enter directly into the river Inambari, without previously forming a junction with each other, or with the Marcapata of the forests of Cuzco, as was erroneously laid down in many maps.

Persia: her Cities and People.—I.

THE recent visit of the Shah of Persia to this country, which excited much curiosity among all classes, has, as is usual with the British public, acted as a stimulus to the acquirement, however superficial, of some smattering of Persian history and antiquities. As a rule, the average Englishman, who will discourse learnedly on the Darwinian theory of the origin of man, or, according to his predilections, on some abstruse point of metaphysics which never can be brought from the domain of speculation to the touchstone of proof; such an one will be unable to answer off-hand whether a Mahratta is a Hindoo or a Mohammedan, or who was the first sovereign of the Mogul dynasty in India. An amusing instance of this ignorance was recently displayed in the Court of Common Council, when the mover of the proposal that the Corporation of London should offer a public reception to the Shah, proposed that he should be addressed as "Commander of the Faithful," a title which is alone applicable to the Sultan of Turkey, who is universally recognised as the head of the Mohammedan religion.* It need scarcely be stated that, speaking generally, the Turks and Arabs are Soonnees, or orthodox followers of the Prophet—that is, if we are to take Gibbon's definition of heresy, as the religion of the less numerous—and that the inhabitants of Persia are Sheeahs,* literally "sectaries," who regard Hassan and Hossein, sons of Ali, nephew of the Prophet, by Fatima, his daughter, as the true representatives of the founder of Islamism, while the three Caliphs who succeeded the Prophet, Aboubeker, Omar, and Osman, they look upon as usurpers and murderers. A proposal to hail a King of Persia as "Commander of the Faithful," would have aroused religious fanaticism throughout India, where the Soonnees greatly preponderate; though such considerations can scarcely be supposed to have much weight in the civic breast yearning to pay court to the "successor of Darius and Xerxes," as it became the fashion of penny-a-liners, and other sciolists, to dub a prince whose dynasty does not yet boast the antiquity of a century, while the empire which, under those monarchs, was the mightiest in the world, has become relatively one of the weakest kingdoms in Asia, and could scarcely hope to stay the advance, throughout its length and breadth, of one division of the army, which, under General Kaufmann, recently made such short work of the chivalry of the "Khan Huzurut," or "Supreme Lord of Khiva."

* In the sixteenth century, Mohammed XII., the last Caliph of the race of Abbas, being a sojourner, with titular pretensions, in Grand Cairo, demised his spiritual supremacy, as "Successor of the Prophet," to the reigning Turkish Sultan, Selim I.

* Among the seven Turkish tribes which had chiefly promoted the great victories of Shah Ismail, the first of the Suffavean monarchs, who was born in 1484, was the Kujjur, to which the present reigning family belongs. These tribes wore a red cap, and thence received the Turkish name of Kuzzilbâsh, or "red heads," by which name their Persian descendants, who settled in Cabul, were known during our occupation of Afghanistan, in 1839–42. Ismail is called, in Persian history, "Shah Shean," or the "King of the Sheahs," as the founder of the national religion.



TOMB OF NADIR SHAH

The death of Khurreem Khan, in 1779, was the signal for a civil war, which ended in the accession of Aga Mohammed, chief of the Kujjurs, a Turkish tribe from Syria established at Asterabad. This prince dismantled Shiraz and Ispahan, the ancient capitals of Persia, and, in 1794, finally established the seat of his government at Teheran, in the northern portion of his kingdom.

It was in the reign of Aga Mohammed's nephew and successor, Futteh Ali Shah, that Sir John Malcolm, in 1800 and again in 1809, conducted the missions to the Persian Court, which he so graphically describes in "Sketches of Persia," a work than which we know none more eminently readable and interesting, and which we would commend to the perusal of all those who wish to learn as much of the habits and customs and general social condition of a people, as can be acquired from books. What chiefly rendered the present Shah, Nusser-ood-deen, an object of popular curiosity, was the fact that the coat he wore on state occasions was covered with diamonds and other jewels, while he was generally credited with having stored at his palace at Teheran other stones of fabulous value and historical renown. When the great Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, gave the *coup de grâce* to the already tottering power of the Mogul dynasty by the capture of Delhi, it was said that he carried back with him some of these famous jewels, and stored them at Meshed, his capital. Aga Mohammed, on attaining supreme power, removed them to Teheran, where they have been seen by Europeans, among others by Mr. Edward B. Eastwick, M.P., and member of the Council of India, an accomplished oriental scholar and statesman, who has described them in the second volume of the "Journal of a Diplomat" (p. 115). The finest of them, which Sir John Malcolm (who also saw the collection) mentions as weighing 186 carats, is called the Deria-i-Noor, or "Sea of Light," and is, according to Persian tradition, the sister jewel to the Koh-i-Noor, "Mountain of Light," which, after many vicissitudes, passed from the keeping of our ill-starred ally, Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, of the evil days of the Afghan War, into the clutches of his covetous host, Runjeet Singh, whence it ultimately was presented by the British army, whose prize it was, to the British Crown. Not less curious was the history of the Deria-i-Noor, which was once set in the hilt of the sword of Afrasiâb. Timoor, the Tartar conqueror, carried it away from Persia, whither it had been brought by Roostum,* and Nadir restored it. This jewel alone, according to Mr. Eastwick, is valued at two millions. Another jewel, called the Taj-i-Mah, or "Crown of the Moon," is also a splendid diamond weighing 146 carats. Sir John Malcolm values these two which are set in a pair of bracelets, at "near one million," while others set in the crown, he describes as of great size and brilliancy.

Like all the princes of his line, the present Shah is very much addicted to field sports, and, in particular, hawking is a favourite pastime. The following is the method of killing the game described by Malcolm, which differs from that practised in other countries, as in Persia the antelope is chased by the greyhounds and hawks in combination.

* According to Persian history, about 3000 years before the Christian era, Siyavesh, son of Ky-Kaoos, King of Persia, fled into Tartary, and took refuge with Afrasiâb, king of that country, who first gave him his beautiful daughter Feringhees in marriage, and then put him to death. To avenge the murdered prince, whose widow and infant son (the celebrated Ky-Khoosroo – the Cyrus of the Greeks) Afrasiâb treated with great tyranny, the Persian hero, Roostum, engaged in battle the King of Tartary, whom he defeated with great slaughter.

The huntsmen, all mounted, proceed to a large plain, or rather desert, with hawks and greyhounds; the former are carried, in the usual manner, on the hand of the huntsman, and the latter are led in a leash by a horseman. When the antelope is seen, the huntsmen endeavour to approach as near as possible, but the animal, the moment it espies them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen, having slipped the dogs, are instantly in full chase. If it is a single deer they at the same time fly the hawks; but if the quarry is a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed on a particular animal. The hawks, skimming along near the ground, soon reach the deer, at whose heads they dart in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks the antelope over, though invariably they succeed in confusing it so much as to lessen its speed so that the dogs can come up. In an instant men, horses, dogs, and hawks, surround the unfortunate deer, which is borne to the ground and quickly put out of its misery.

Of course to ensure the dogs and hawks acting thus together requires long and careful training. Though no quadruped can compete with an antelope in speed, the run seldom exceeds three or four miles in the case of a doe; the hunters are often disinclined to fly their hawks at a buck, as, in swooping down upon their heads, these fine birds frequently impale themselves on the sharp horns. The hawks used for this amusement are peculiar to the country; the breed, which is called "cherkh," though not large, is of great beauty and symmetry.

There is also another mode of running down the antelope, which was the favourite method of the first Kujjur sovereign, Aga Mohammed Khan, and is probably that adopted by the present Shah.

Persons of the highest rank lead their own greyhounds in a long silken leash, which passes through the collar, and is ready to slip when the huntsman chooses. The well-trained dog goes alongside the horse, and keeps clear of him when at full speed. On sighting a herd of antelope a consultation is held, and the most experienced determine the point towards which they are to be driven. The field then disperse, and while some drive the herd in the desired direction, those with the dogs take their post on the same line, with an interval of about a mile between each other. One of the worst dogs is then slipped at the herd, and from the moment he singles out an antelope, the whole body is in motion. The object of the horsemen who have greyhounds is to intercept its course, and to slip fresh dogs in succession at the fatigued animal. In rare instances, the second dog kills, though generally the deer falls to the third or fourth, and occasionally, when the quarry is strong and the ground favourable, it escapes.

Hawks are also used to hunt the *hubara*, a species of bustard. Two kinds are employed in this sport—the "cherkh," which attacks them on the ground, but will not follow them on the wing, and the "bhyree," a hawk well known in India.

The most celebrated cities of modern Persia are Meshed, Shiraz, Ispahan, and Teheran; each of these has in turn been the abode of royalty and seat of government. There are also the cities of Resht and Tabreez, the former, situated on the Caspian, having a population of 20,000 souls, whilst the latter is the most populous city in Persia. "Resht," says Sir Frederick Goldsmid in his paper recently read before the British Association, "is famous for its raw silk and embroideries, and the province in which it is situated supplies Astrakhan with cotton.

Its olives also are in great repute." The scenery between Resht and Kasvin is very varied, and the latter town boasts the possession of such European adjuncts of civilisation as a telegraph and post-office; in other respects the place is without life, though it contains interesting remains. The post-road from Kasvin to Teheran, a distance of ninety miles, is along a high plain at the foot of the Elbourz Mountains.

Nothing can exceed in beauty and fertility the country around the ancient capital, Ispahan, and the first distant view presented to the eye of the traveller is imposing in the highest degree. A nearer inspection, however, dispels the illusion, though there is much picturesqueness and beauty in the river, bordered with gardens shaded with lofty sycamores, and filled with sweet-smelling flowers and abundant fruits. The city, which is situated on a vast plain, is very extensive, with a population of about 60,000 souls, and boasts some really magnificent mosques, medresses (colleges), and palaces, though the latter have long since been given up to decay.

"At Ispahan," says Malcolm, "almost every man above the very lowest order can read and write, and artisans and shopkeepers are almost as familiar as the higher ranks of society with the works of their favourite poets. This love of learning seems to degenerate almost into disease among a portion of the youth of the city, who will neglect all other labour in order that they may congregate round the gates and within the walls of the colleges, and there recite poems or discuss obscure religious dogmas. Nevertheless the Ispahanees are an active, industrious people, and are regarded as the best manufacturers and worst soldiers in the country. The merchants, though generally very wealthy, are very penurious, and hoard up their treasures. A story is related typical of this trait of character. An Ispahanee merchant was so great a niggard that for many years before his death he only allowed himself and his son, a young boy, a dry crust of coarse bread. One day, however, owing to the glowing description of a friend, he was tempted to buy a small piece of cheese; but before he reached home he began to reproach himself with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese, he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged his child to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination.

"On one occasion he returned home later than usual, and found his son eating the crust, and rubbing it against the door of the cupboard containing the rare morsel.

"'What are you about, you fool?' was his exclamation.

"'It is dinner-time, father,' said the boy; 'you have the key, so I could not open the door. I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get to the bottle.'

"'Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? You'll never be rich!' called out the miser, as he kicked the wretched boy for not denying himself the ideal gratification"

According to Major Rennell, the eminent Oriental geographer, Ispahan is one of the places to which the Jews were carried in their first captivity, when the ten tribes were removed to Nineveh; for tradition says, that during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, many Jews settled in the quarter called, to the present time, Yahoudia. Abulfeda also says that Nebuchadnezzar, when he destroyed Jerusalem, sent the Jews here, and that Gajjong, as the ruined quarter on the north-west of the more modern city within the walls is called, gradually decayed, while Yahoudia flourished and retained its name, notwithstanding the accession to its population of Mohammedan tribes. This quarter is now also in a state of dilapidation and ruin, though it contains some fine mosques and bazaars. The handsomest portion of Ispahan is the Maidan Shah, a magnificent open space of an oblong shape, surrounded by palatial buildings and mosques. On one side is a portion of the palace of Tamasp Shah, or, as some say, of his successor Shah Abbas, having a lofty gallery, supported by pillars, forming a sort of upper portico, on which the monarchs usually sat when they received embassies, whose retinues would assemble in the Maidan below. Opposite this, in the centre of the eastern side, is the small but elegant mosque of Lootf Ali Khan, a square building, over which is raised a flattened dome, and without pillars, arched vaults, or aisles. The gilding, enamel, and painting of the walls, and the ceiling of the dome, are very bright, and the exterior front, the portals, and arches of the door, as well as the outer surface of the dome, are all coated with painted and enamelled tiles, and, like the whole of the building, covered with inscriptions. At the southern end of the square is the great mosque, called Musjid Shah, or Royal Mosque, a building of noble proportions, and magnificently decorated. Buckingham, who visited it, thus describes the Musjid Shah: "The lofty gate which forms the outer entrance, and faces the centre of the public square, has on each side a minaret with open galleries at the top; but though in any other situation these would be considered large, they look diminutive here, from the noble size and elevation of the gateway which they guard."

This gateway leads to an inner court, in which are fountains for ablutions, and large circular vases of close-grained stone, filled with water for drinking. The last ring like metal at the stroke of the nail, and are finely sculptured over with devices and inscriptions in bold relief. The outer pair of folding doors, which are scarcely less than sixty or seventy feet in height, and of a proportionate breadth, are cased with silver, and covered also with inscriptions, holy sentences, and characteristic ornaments in relief; and at the cistern, which meets the passenger on entering it, are silver cups fastened by silver chains to the marble, all of the most finished workmanship.

"Around the court of the mosque are close vaults, for the devotions of the infirm or delicate during the winter, as the temple itself is almost an open building. Nothing can surpass the rich yet solemn state of the interior of this royal mosque. Pavements and surbasements of the fine diaphanous marble of Tabreez, carved mouldings of arches, finely-carved pilasters, and other portions of the same material, give an appearance of simple and solid beauty to the foundations of the edifice; while the lofty domes and spacious aisles have a grandeur not to be surpassed; and the rich decorations of the walls and roofs of every part, present one blaze of laboured magnificence, which would be too splendid but for the architectural majesty of the edifice it adorns." The same traveller expresses his opinion that the Royal Mosque of Ispahan exceeded in grandeur and extent all those he had seen at Cairo, as well as the mosque of Omar, on the site of the old Jewish temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and the chief mosques of Damascus, Diabekr, Baghdad, and Aleppo. Mr. Buckingham had, however, probably not seen the great Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which, like that at Damascus, was originally a Christian church.

Shah Abbas, to whom Persia owes several of her most

important public works, was the founder of many of the medresses, or colleges, which still remain to attest the beneficence and sagacity of this truly great monarch. These colleges are constructed like caravanserais, consisting of ranges of chambers around the interior of an open square court, which is laid out with fountains and canals, bordered by avenues of trees, and divided by beds of flowers. The palaces of Ispahan are no less magnificent than the mosques, and are described by Sir John Chardin and Buckingham. One, called the Palace of the Chehl Seetoon, or "Forty Pillars,"—forty, both in India and Persia, is used to express an indefinite number or quantity,—is surrounded with beautiful gardens, laid out with the taste and regularity of European grounds, though of course the designs are different. The palace is a monument of the luxury and splendour of the age in which it was erected. In front is an open portico, in which are ranged octagonal pillars in three or four rows, supporting a flat roof or canopy; the pillars, which are about fifty feet in height, are made of one solid trunk of sycamore wood, and, together with carved capitals, are covered with silvered glass, either enamelled with flowers or other devices, or wound round with spiral fittings. The ceiling of the roof is also covered with devices in blue and gold, while the back part of the portico, in the centre of which is a fountain, is described as "one entire sheet of gold and mirrors, splendid as a whole, and containing many beauties in its minute details." The hall into which this portico leads is a magnificent apartment of vast dimensions, having on its walls paintings, some of historic interest, and portraits of the celebrated men of the court of the founder, Shah Abbas the Great, who is himself represented as receiving in audience an Indian monarch.

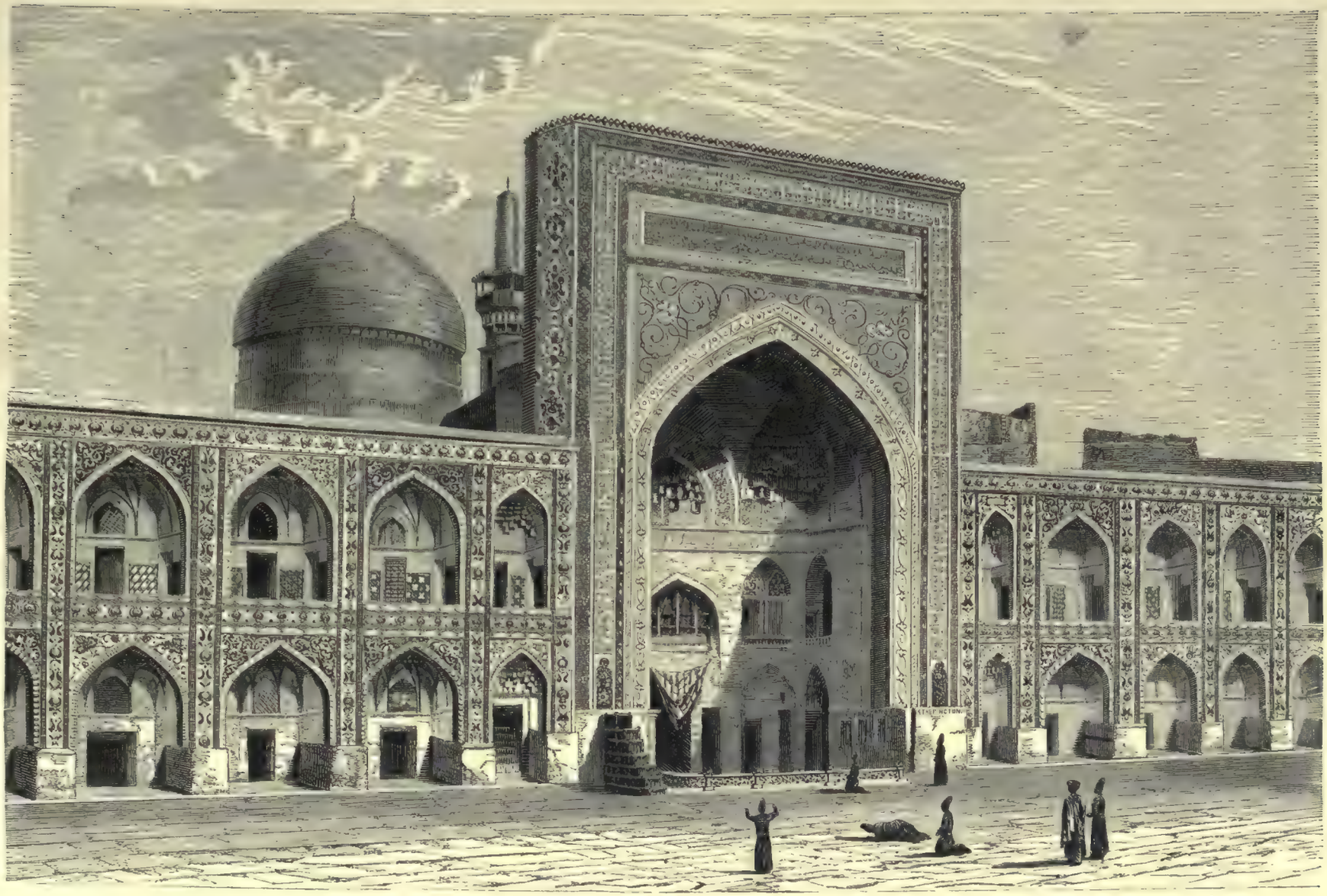


PERSIAN FALCONER.

Other buildings of great architectural or decorative fame are the Royal Harems—called from their number the *Huft Dest*, or "Eight Divisions"—which are situated on the banks of the Zeinderood, and possess handsomely decorated apartments, situated in a beautiful garden with fountains and pleasant walks. There are also other palaces too numerous to describe, all of which have fallen into a state of decay, and gardens which, owing to the removal of the royal court to Teheran, are no longer kept in good order.

The fine bridges over the Zeinderood, on the northern branch of which river the city is situated, are not kept in very good repair, though the principal of them, the work of Abbas, with its thirty-three arches, its four round towers, and covered gallery on each side, is a noble structure. "A great causeway and avenue," writes the historian of Persia, "3,000 paces in length, seventy in breadth, and planted with a double row of lofty plane-trees, approaches both ends of this bridge with a gentle declivity. It is called the 'Char Bagh' (Four Gardens), and is ornamented with a number of royal palaces and gardens on the right and left. On one side of the avenue to the south of the river stands the beautiful suburb of Abbasabad; on the other, that of Julfa, the residence of an Armenian colony." All the chief markets of Ispahan are covered with arched roofs, and while ample room is left upon an elevated space on each side for the display of goods, there is a road in the centre for passengers. The principal caravanserais and the public baths are likewise of great size, and the latter are often paved with marble.

One of the oldest and best accounts of Ispahan, soon after the period of the reign of Shah Abbas, is from the pen of Sir Thomas Herbert, who visited the country in 1627, and describes, in the quaint language of his day, all that struck him as noteworthy. He says of Ispahan, "The boasting Persians named her for her bigness, 'Half the World.' To say truth, she is beautiful and ancient; her circuit may be nine miles, and in that the better half is gardens. The city is round, like Paris; her inhabitants 300,000 souls at most. The chief ornaments of the city are the Mydan, or great market; the Hummums, or hothouses; the mosques; the king's palaces; and the gardens



INNER COURT OF A PERSIAN MOSQUE.

The Mydan is in the heart of the city, and, to say truth, all the bravery, concourse, wealth, and trade are comprised in her. It is built in the form of our Royal Exchange, with four aisles and a court within, called the Hippodrome. It is stored with all merchandises, chiefly drugs; and to this place daily resort most nations, as English, Dutch, Portugals, Arabians, Turks, Jews, Armenians, Moscovians, and Indians. The Hummums here are round, spacious, and costly; one of which, built by this king, cost £15,000 sterling ere it was finished. The men go in the afternoon, the women at morn, guided by the eunuchs. The mosques or churches are large and handsome; that at the west side of the Mydan is most beautiful. It is round, built with good white marble five yards high from the sole; the rest is dried brick, covered over with posies of Arabic, and like work. The king's prime house is within the Mydan, yet no way entrenching further than the other houses; it is two stories high, gilded and wrought in antique works and posies to the outward view; within, the rooms are covered with rich carpets, the roof embossed and wrought with gold and blue, terraced above."

Sir Thomas Herbert then describes in detail the gardens, and the bridge, "arched and supported with thirty-five pillars, under which is a stream of water sometimes so broad as the Thames at London, but other sometimes near dried up."

During the present century the Shahs of Persia have occasionally resided at Ispahan, whose climate, situation, and productions contrast favourably with Teheran, but a regard for their personal safety is said to have induced them to make the latter city the capital, for in spite of the bad air and bad water of Teheran, it is nearer the tribe of Kujjurs to which the present dynasty belongs. This security, together with the nature of the country around the capital, must be welcome to potentates as autocratic and ruthless as have been the sovereigns of the reigning line. The founder, Aga Mohammed, who put to death all who were likely to dispute the succession, had, to use his own words, "raised a royal palace, and cemented it with blood, that the boy Bâbâ Khan" (the name he gave to his nephew and successor, Futteh Ali Shah) "might sleep within its walls in peace."

When Sir John Malcolm, during his first mission, sought on one occasion to explain what the liberty of the subject meant in England, and also the position and functions of the King of England, Futteh Ali Shah had some difficulty in comprehending what appeared to him an incomprehensible political problem. At length he observed to the British envoy—

"Your king is, I see, only the first magistrate of the country."

"Your Majesty," said Malcolm, "has exactly defined his situation."

"Such a condition of power," said the monarch, smiling, "has permanence, but it has no enjoyment: mine has enjoyment. There you see Suliman Khan Kujjur, and several others of the first chiefs of the kingdom. I can cut all their heads off.—Can I not?" added he, addressing the nobles indicated.

"Assuredly, 'Point of Adoration of the World,' if it is your pleasure."

"That is real power," said the king, turning to the envoy, "but then it has no permanence."

Probably, much the same views animated Nusser-ood-deen, when, after partaking of the hospitalities of the noble owner of Stafford House, the day after his arrival in the metropolis, he gravely informed the Prince of Wales that were the wealthy and powerful duke a subject of his, he would take off his head.

Teheran, the modern capital of Persia, is a city that cannot compare in extent or beauty of situation with Ispahan, while it has few buildings of note beyond the Royal Palace, which covers a vast area, and encloses within its high walls a great number of buildings, gardens, and courts. Though destitute of all architectural pretensions, it is luxuriously furnished, and the interior embellishments possess much gaudy magnificence. The houses of Teheran are mean, and there are large spaces, as in almost every Persian town of note, covered with unsightly ruins. It has greatly increased in population within recent years, and the city now certainly shelters between 80,000 and 100,000 souls.

Shiraz, which is the capital of the province of Fars, like Ispahan, is a city whose glory has departed. Besides its ancient mosques and palaces, mostly more or less in a state of decay, there are in the neighbourhood the tombs of the Persian poets, Saadi and Hafiz, which are regarded by the *literati* of the East with almost as much veneration as the mausoleum of Imaum Hossein, at Kerbela.

Saadi was said to have attained the age of 120 years; of these the first thirty were passed in study, at Shiraz, the following sixty were spent in travelling, on foot, over India, and the countries to the eastward, in the character of a dervish, and the last thirty were passed in retirement in the valley where he lies, either writing his odes, or giving lectures in philosophy to his disciples. His tomb is a plain brick building, formed of three large recesses, or vaulted apartments, with a small garden in front. The recess on the left contains the body of the poet, which is encased in a marble coffin, with little raised posts at the upper corners; the inscriptions are in Arabic and Cufic, but the letters are of so old a style, and so much run into each other, as to be nearly illegible. This tomb was raised over Saadi at the time of his death, about the year 1290, though it was either restored or re-built by Khurreem Khan in the 18th century; and the walls of the outer enclosure are covered with verses and inscriptions of native visitors.

Only a mile from this spot is the tomb of Hafiz, which is placed in the centre of a burying-ground containing about 100 graves. That of Hafiz, which is scarcely distinguishable from the rest, is formed of an oblong case of marble, twelve spans in length by four in breadth, standing on a basement of stone, elevated about one foot from the ground. The sides and ends of this case are perfectly plain, while on the slab on the top is beautifully executed, in high relief, an ode of Hafiz, which occupies the whole surface except a small border formed by a succession of sentences and sayings of the poet. The upper stone is of white marble, while those on the sides and ends are streaked by slightly waving veins of a cloudy yellowness. The original tomb of Hafiz, who flourished almost a century later than Saadi, was the work of one of his contemporaries, but Nadir Shah, on the occasion of his visit to Shiraz, having inspected it, and opened the copy of the poet's works kept here,* found a passage so applicable to his own case, that he embellished the whole place, and restored the tomb, which was fast falling to decay. The present structure is, however, a still more

* From the time of this prince, it has been the custom for every visitor to make trial of the prophetic power with which the poet has been popularly credited, by opening this book at random, and finding in the first page that catches the eye, a passage suited to his condition.

recent work, and, like Saadi's tomb, is ascribed to the munificence of Khurreem Khan, the founder of the short-lived Zend dynasty. The original copy of the poet's works, written by his own hand, was kept here chained to the tomb, until about a century and a half since, when Ashraff, King of the Afghans, took Ispahan and Shiraz, and the book of Hafiz was removed by the conqueror to Candahar.*

Shiraz possesses some decayed medresses, or colleges, though, like the mosques and other buildings of this city, they are inferior in size and architectural pretensions to those of Ispahan. It is noted for the famous Shiraz wine, which the writer of these notes, who has often partaken of it while in the country, would compare in flavour to the Cape of Good Hope vintages.

The road from Shiraz to Ispahan abounds with remains of the former greatness of Persia; of these, the most interesting ruins are the remains of Persepolis of the Greeks—the Elemais of the Hebrews, and the Istakhar † of the Persians.

Monsieur Bailly, in his "Letters on Ancient Astronomy," says, "that the Persian Empire, and the foundation of Persepolis, ascend to 3209 years before Christ. Dreinschid, who built that city, entered it, and there established his empire, the very day when the sun passes into the constellation of the Ram. This day was made to begin the year, and it became the epoch of a period, which includes the knowledge of the solar year of 365 days and six hours. Here then we again find astronomy coeval with the origin of this empire."

Quintus Curtius describes the fate that befell this famous city at the hands of Alexander the Great. "On approaching this city, Alexander is said to have assembled his chiefs, and to have observed to them, that there had never been any city more hostile to the Greeks than Persepolis, the ancient residence of the Kings of Persia, and the capital of their empire; that it was from thence came those immense armies which over-ran Greece, and from thence that Darius and Xerxes had brought them to desolate Europe with their wars; and that therefore it was necessary to revenge all those evils upon this city, as the source of them."

The Persians having already abandoned it, the army of Alexander entered it without opposition, and found there immense treasures, surpassing all their former spoils. It was at a feast succeeding the pillage of the city, that Thais, a courtezan of Greece, in the midst of the entertainment, exclaimed to the king, "There never can be an occasion more favourable than the present to acquire and deserve the gratitude of the Greeks, by giving to the flames the royal palace of the Persian kings. The nations, whose cities the barbarians have abolished, will expect from Alexander such an act of justice." "This," says the historian, "was the advice of a courtezan, and of one who was intoxicated; nevertheless, it was no sooner given, than the king arose, and was followed by his guests, who, still heated with wine, exclaimed, 'Revenge for Greece! Destruction to Persepolis!' The king was the first to throw his torch, his officers followed, and the concubines. The palace was built chiefly of cedar, and the destruction was so complete, that but for the Araxes, which ran near it, pointing out its site, not a vestige of it could be found, and that to this time, it had never been restored."*

Quintus Curtius, however, says that Alexander spared the citadel, and left there a garrison of 3,000 Macedonians under a satrap; and Diodorus Siculus describes a grand sacrifice held there by Pencestes the governor. It is also mentioned in the second book of the Maccabees, as it is there said that 160 years after Alexander's time, Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, formed the design of pillaging the city and temple.† The natives of the country call the magnificent ruins Chehl-Menaar (forty pillars) and Tukht-i-Jemsheed (throne of Jemsheed), but whether they are the remains of a palace or temple, travellers and writers have never been able to agree. According to Buckingham the ruins have neither the appearance of a palace nor a castle, and there are no signs of fire having been the agency employed to effect their destruction. This traveller says there are appearances of five different buildings united in one, and each apparently of a different age. Le Brun counted 1,300 figures of men and animals, half of which were life-size, without including those on the tombs; and he counted the fragments of no less than 205 columns.

Diodorus states that the building of Persepolis‡ was the work of Cambyses, son of Cyrus, the conqueror of Egypt, who sent to Persia the treasures of the temples he pillaged, and also Egyptian workmen and architects, who built the famous palaces of Persepolis and Susa, which would account for the striking resemblance to the architecture of the country of the Pharaohs. However this may be, the final ruin and desertion of Persepolis is said not to have happened until the year 982; the desolation is now complete, and the columns of this ancient capital of Darius, son of Hystaspes, and the mighty Xerxes, form a striking feature of the landscape, and offer a solemn example of the fickle and transitory glory of the most powerful sovereigns and dynasties of the earth. The ruins of Persepolis are not less remarkable than those of Babylon, of Palmyra, Thebes, or Baalbek, and their origin and destruction have employed the pens of some of the most learned *savants* of Europe, as Comte, Caylus, De la Croix, Sir John Chardin, Le Clerc, Vincent, and others.

In the vicinity of this ruined city, which is about twenty-five miles from Shiraz, are the famous rocks called the Sculptures of Roostum, a Persian hero whose life and fabled adventures bear a curious resemblance to the Greek Hercules. As the latter hero performed his twelve labours, so his Iranian prototype accomplished the "Huft Khan" or "Seven Stages," which are

* Buckingham's "Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia."

† "The hill fort of Istakhar," says the historian of Persia, "was used as a place of confinement to so late a period as A.D. 1492, when Sultan Ali and his brothers, in the disputes to succession among the early Suffavean devotees, were imprisoned there for upwards of four years. Here also were interred the remains of Yezdijird, the last of the Sassanian kings."

* Rooke, in his translation of Arrian, repeating the statement that Alexander burned the royal palace at the instigation of Thais, but against the advice of Parmeneo, says, "Curtius is guilty of a gross error in saying that the city of Persepolis was so far from being rebuilt, that unless the river Araxes ran near it, there are not left the least signs to guess where it stood." Yet neither Arrian, nor Strabo, nor even Diodorus, whom Curtius commonly copies, acquaint us with the burning of anything but the royal palace.

† In Vincent's "Commerce of the Ancients," a very learned work, it is said that Antiochus plundered this temple, and here lost his life. (Vol. I., p. 416.)

‡ The Persians believe that Persepolis was built by Jemsheed, whose history is involved in the obscurity of fabled times. He was, however, a great reformer, and the Persians credit him with the invention of many useful arts. At length his impious conduct in proclaiming himself the Deity drew down upon him the revenge of Zohauk, who usurped the throne. To this day the ruins of Persepolis are called Tukht-i-Jemsheed (Throne of Jemsheed).

related in full in the famous poem by Firdousee called the "Shah-Nameh" (Book of Kings), a work which has well merited its name, from the popularity it has enjoyed with the sovereigns of Persia, and, though apocryphal in many of its details, forms the only record we have of the ancient history of Persia.

These "Seven Stages," or labours of Roostum, were undertaken to free his sovereign, Ky-Kkoos, King of Persia, who, against the advice of his ministers, went to war with the Prince of Mazanderan (the ancient Hyrcania), who defeated him in a great battle and cast him prisoner into a strong fortress under the guard of 100 Deevs or demons. The last and greatest of the labours of Roostum was the destruction of the Deev-e-Suffeed, or the White Demon, their renowned chief, who, ignorant of the successes of the Persian hero, slumbered in the recesses of a cavern, until, aroused by the noise of the approach of his enemy, he emerged from its gloomy portals, clothed in complete armour. "His appearance was terrible; but Roostum, recommending his soul to God, struck a desperate blow which separated the leg of the Deev from his body. Irritated to madness by the loss of a limb, the monster seized his enemy in his arms, and endeavoured to throw him down. The struggle was for some time doubtful; but Roostum, collecting all his strength, by a wonderful effort dashed his foe to the ground, and seizing him by one of the horns, unsheathed his dagger, and stabbed him to the heart. The Deev-e-Suffeed instantly expired; and Roostum, on looking round to the entrance of the cavern, from whence the moment before he had seen numberless Deevs issuing to the aid of their lord, perceived they were all dead."

Shiraz was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, which twenty years ago laid a great part of the city in ruins. Like Teheran, it possesses six gates, and mud walls flanked by towers, which, though in a ruined state, would be capable of resisting an inroad of troops, unaccompanied by a train of artillery; and even then much would depend on the spirit of its defenders, for our abortive siege of Bhurtpore in 1804 shows that mud walls, when of sufficient thickness, afford almost as good a defence against the effects of round shot as walls constructed of granite.

The principal gate opens on the great bazaar, one of the largest and most handsome in Persia, which is the work of Khurreem Khan. Beyond the governor's palace and a few of the mosques, of which there are no less than thirty, the buildings of Shiraz are mean and unpretentious. As there are few gardens and no avenues within its walls, Shiraz has the appearance from a distance of a ruined city; its environs have always been famed for their beauty, and the gardens of the palace of Jehân Nemah, as well as the gardens at the tombs of Hafiz and Saadi are places of public resort.

Shiraz was at the height of its prosperity in the reign of one of the greatest of the sovereigns of Persia—not even, perhaps, excluding Abbas the Great—Khurreem Khan, who ruled that country for twenty-six years, during the last twenty of which he had no rival, and who died in 1779, at the age of nearly eighty. This prince had served as a common soldier in the armies of Nadir Shah, but though he raised himself by his valour to supreme power, he governed only for the welfare of his people. Khurreen Khan raised or restored the tombs over the remains of Hafiz and Saadi, and improved and ornamented the city of Shiraz with magnificent buildings and beautiful gardens. From its situation between Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, and Ispahan, Shiraz enjoys a considerable trade, of which there will probably be a great increase, when the proposed lines of railway join it with the Caspian Sea and the capital on the north, and the Persian Gulf, which will bring it into closer trading relations with Bombay, from which already a line of steamers runs to Bushire.

Tabreez is also a considerable city, with a large trade, and is the residence of a British consul-general. A large portion of the population, which numbers about 80,000, lives without the walls, and the surrounding country is covered with gardens producing the finest fruits in great abundance. The walls are of sun-dried bricks, with seven or eight gates, and the citadel, a lofty edifice, is a conspicuous building, having an antiquity of six centuries; it was originally a mosque, and though much damaged by earthquakes, is still a noble structure.

Tabreez, like Teheran, possesses a foundry for the casting of cannon. In common with every city in Persia, it has declined in commercial importance, as well as in population, which was said by former travellers, though doubtless with the exaggeration they are generally credited with, to have exceeded half a million.

Meshed is also an important city, situated in the north-eastern corner of Persia, in the province of Khorassan. It is surrounded by walls, enclosing a large space, but has a desolate, half-ruined appearance. In this city was born the celebrated poet, Firdousee, to whose noble epic poem, the "Shah Nameh," we are indebted for all we know of the history of ancient Persia. It is related that when the great conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni—to whose love of literature the world owes the existence of the "Book of Kings"—on the completion of the poem, offered its author a smaller reward than that promised him, the latter spurned the present, and, after adding to his poem a bitter satire on the king's illiberality, retired to his native city, then called Toos. Some time elapsed before Mahmoud saw the verses, when, sensible of his error, he tried to retrieve his fame by sending an immense sum to the poet; but the rich present reached the gates of Toos as the body of Firdousee was being carried to its grave, and it was rejected by his daughter.*

Through the principal street of Meshed, which is spacious and handsome, passes an aqueduct, the banks of which are shaded with trees, while at its extremity are seen the splendid cupola and gilded minaret of the shrine of Ali Reza, which, as the tomb of the eighth Imaum, renders the city sacred in the eyes of Mohammedans, though this fact did not prevent Abdul Mohmeen Khan, chief of the Ozbegs, in the reign of Shah Abbas, from putting all its inhabitants to the sword. The mosque of Ali Reza, says a writer, is about 160 yards in length by 75 broad, encrusted with mosaic work of painted and glazed tiles, arranged in showy and elegant patterns, and is entered by four lofty and magnificent gateways. The shrine itself is entered by a silver gate, the gift of Nadir Shah; it has a very gorgeous interior, a vast hall like the central nave of a cathedral, rising loftily into a central dome, ornamented with the richest colours, and a profusion of gold and azure. Within the same enclosure, and connected with the shrine by a broad passage, is the mosque of Gohur Shah, considered one of the most beautiful in Persia. There are also in Meshed some handsome colleges, a fine bazaar, and a

* There is a prose abridgment of the "Shah Nameh," called the "Shemsheer-Khanee," into which are introduced some of the finest passages of Firdousee's poetry.

palace of inferior merit to those in Ispahan and Teheran. The city is famous for the manufacture of velvets and sword blades, while the cutting of the turquoise, of which there are extensive mines in the vicinity, employ many of the inhabitants. The situation of Meshed on the great caravan routes between Khiva, Herat, Bokhara, and other quarters, renders it a considerable *entrepôt* for the trade of the country. Its population is estimated at 40,000 souls.

During the latter years of his life, Nadir Shah made Meshed the capital of his empire, which extended from the Oxus to the north, to the Indus on the east. At this time this extraordinary man had subdued the two Afghan princes, Ashraff and Hossein Mohammed Shah; the Mogul Emperor, whose capital, Delhi, he captured in 1738, putting 8,000 inhabitants to the sword; Abool Fyze, King of Bokhara, and Ilburz, ruler of Khiva (then known as Khaurism), whom he defeated and put to death, together with twenty of his principal officers, for carrying his depredations into Persian territory in a manner similar to that which drew down upon his successors the chastisement of the Russian Czar. Some distance to the north of Shiraz is the strong fort of Khelât—situated on a very high hill, accessible only by two paths—in which Nadir stored all the vast treasures gained by his conquests, and to which place he continued, from his earliest years, to be very strongly attached, residing here when not occupied with his schemes of aggrandisement.

McDonald Kinnier, in his "Memoirs of Persia," describes Khelât as situated in a very mountainous country, the inhabitants of which live in tents. "After an ascent of about seven miles, you reach a fine plain, nearly twelve miles in circuit, watered by a multitude of little streams, and producing corn and rice in great abundance. The only buildings in this delightful valley are two towers, and a small marble edifice, erected by Nadir. The towers were intended for the defence of the paths, and the house for the use of his Majesty. On quitting the valley, you continue to ascend; and after travelling about fifteen miles, gain the summit of the mountain, on which is another plain, not so large, but equal in fertility to the former. Here are also two small towers, which command the approaches, and are the only fortifications on the castle of Khelât, the strength of which consists in the steepness of the rock, and in the difficulty of access to it. A single stone hurled from the top is sufficient to stop the advance, if not to effect the destruction of an army."

When Aga Mohammed removed the capital from Asterabad, which had long been the residence of the Kujjur chiefs, to Teheran, he dismantled the fortifications, not only of Ispahan and Shiraz, but also of Kerman, which, when the European factories had been established at Gombroon or Bunder Abbas, became the emporium of trade between Europe and India, and the countries of Persia, Afghanistan and Tartary. When in 1795 Aga Mohammed Khan captured Kerman, the last stronghold of that gallant young prince, Lootf Ali Khan, the Kujjur chief, incensed at the escape of his rival, wreaked his revenge on the unfortunate inhabitants; 20,000 women and children were given as slaves to his soldiers, and all the males were either put to death or deprived of sight. Thus it was that this monster, who early in life had been emasculated, waded his way through a sea of blood to the throne of Persia.

The city of Hamadan, so famous under its ancient name of Ecbatana, has little to merit attention, though here is a tomb which is said to be that of Mordecai and Esther; this is situated under a small dome, and forms an object of veneration to the Jews.

At midday, during the hot weather, the streets of Persian cities present an aspect of desolation that would induce a European traveller, if suddenly placed among them for the first time, to fancy that he was in a city of the dead. This arises from the fact that, like all Asiatic houses, the private dwellings present to the street only a dead wall without any aperture beyond a large gate or doorway. In the interior of the building there is a court, and this, if large, is laid out in walks, the sides of which are planted thickly with flowers and refreshed by fountains. Into this court open all the principal apartments of the mansion which are inhabited by the men, while the inner rooms set apart for the use of the females, are grouped round a smaller court, adjoining, but distinct from, the other.

Ventilation is maintained in summer in these houses by means of a high triangular building termed *Baudgeer* (wind-catcher), which, rising above the terraced roof, is open at the top; in winter these ventilators are warmed by stoves fed with burning charcoal.

Persia, on the whole, may be said to enjoy a very fine climate. That about Shiraz and in the province of Fars, is pleasant, and even in the hottest days of summer the temperature seldom rises above 94° Fahrenheit. The climate of Ispahan is still more delightful, and its salubrity has passed into a proverb among its inhabitants. The Persians tell an anecdote illustrative of this. An Ispahan merchant who had travelled much, was residing at Delhi, and on being asked by the Mogul emperor which he thought the best spot in the world, replied—

"My own house."

"Your own house!" replied the monarch, disappointed at not receiving the flattery he had anticipated.

"Yes, please your Majesty," was the reply, "and I trust I shall prove it to your satisfaction. You will allow that the fourth climate* is the finest in the world."

"I do," said the emperor.

"Irak is admitted, I believe, to be the finest province in that climate, and Ispahan is the first city in Irak. Now Saadut-abad is undoubtedly superior to every ward in Ispahan, and my house is the best in Saadut-abad."

The northern cities of Irak do not enjoy so favourable a climate, and Teheran, which lies immediately under the range of mountains that divides this province from Mazanderan, is both insalubrious and exposed to great changes of temperature. Nevertheless, political considerations have over-ridden all others, and the kings of the Kujjur dynasty are, doubtless, most safe under the protection and in the vicinity of their tribe. The cruel and wily Aga Mohammed, though without a rival, showed how he feared a successful revolt, not only by destroying all his enemies, but by digging up the bones of Nadir Shah and Khurreem Khan, and interring them at his palace gates, so that he might daily trample over the graves of predecessors whose achievements in war in the one case, and successes in the arts of peace in the other, he could not hope to rival.

* By the geography of the ancients, the only system known in Persia, the earth is divided into seven climates

Rajpootana: her Princes and People.—III.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE INDIAN NAVY).

THE two most important States in Rajpootana after Meywar are Jeypore and Jodhpore. The former, anciently called Amber, is about 150 miles in length by a breadth of 140 miles, and has an area of 15,000 square miles. It may be generally described as an extensive plain, with some peaks in the north and north-west portions. A great extent is employed in grazing, and cattle are very numerous; but many parts of Jeypore are irreclaimably barren. The devastating wars which afflicted this, as well as other provinces of Rajpootana, during the century preceding British supremacy, have left their traces behind, and a long period of tranquillity will be necessary to restore the ancient prosperity of the land. The periodical rains are light, and there are few perennial springs, but water may be obtained by digging in the beds of streams, and is found generally near the surface. From the naked, arid nature of the soil, the temperature during the prevalence of the hot winds is described as insupportable, the thermometer frequently rising to 130 degrees in the shade, and proving fatal to man and beast. The population is of various races, of which the Meenas, supposed by Tod to be the aboriginal possessors of the country, are the most numerous. Next in numbers come the Jâts, but the ruling class are the Rajpoots, who claim descent, like their compatriots of Meywar, from a son of Rama, named Cush, and are supposed to have come from Mount Aboo. Under the treaty of April, 1818, Jeypore became tributary to the East India Company. For the first year no payment was exacted; for the second, four lacs* was to be paid; for the third, five lacs; for the fourth, six lacs; and for the fifth, seven lacs. Thenceforward eight lacs was to be paid, which was to be increased according to circumstances. However, in 1842, the arrears amounted to no less than forty-two lacs, which the East India Company generously remitted, fixing the annual tribute at four lacs.

Juggut Singh, the prince who signed the treaty of 1818, died the same year, and was succeeded by a posthumous infant, when the government fell into the hands of the mother, who exercised it until her death in 1831. Throughout this period the most scandalous corruption prevailed, and shortly after the Ranee's death the British Government moved a force into the capital. Captain (the late General) A. H. E. Boileau, an officer of the Bengal Engineers employed with this column, who gives an admirable account of the States he traversed in his "Tour in Rajwarra," describes the Jeypore territory as exhibiting at this time "an empty treasury, desolate palaces, stagnating commerce, a ferocious populace, and a rabble army."

As usually happens in Indian States during a minority or when the government is administered by a feeble sovereign, the "thakoors," or great landed nobles, were each almost supreme in his own territory, and exercised their freedom in waging an internecine war. At length the British Government intervened, and—after the murder of the reigning prince by his chief minister, a monster who expiated his offences by passing the remainder of his days in the fortress of Chunar—a strong regency was formed under the influence and supervision of that able and high-minded British officer, Colonel Sutherland, who in his despatch, dated 1st November, 1843, reported that "a visible improvement has taken place in the condition of the fine and modern city of Jeypore itself, and generally throughout the country; while everywhere there is a sense of security and the prevalence of order, which, the people say, have been unknown during either of the two last reigns, and which they compare with what existed in the days of Jey Singh, the founder of the city of Jeypore." The government, which was involved in debt, in a few years cleared off all encumbrances, and in 1845-46 the income exceeded the expenditure by over £50,000.

The present sovereign, Maharajah Ram Singh, who was born in 1833, having been thus initiated into the conduct of affairs, was permitted to assume the reins of government in 1851, and during the mutiny, he and his durbar were unswerving in their fidelity to the supreme Government, and placed the Jeypore troops at the disposal of Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, though they were of little more real utility than the rest of the Rajpoot soldiery.

The capital of Jeypore, bearing the same name, was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, by the celebrated Jey Singh, who removed hither his government from the neighbouring city of Amber, which is now in ruins. Jeypore is situated in a small plain, or rather basin, conjectured by Bishop Heber in his "Journal," to be the bed of a dried-up lake, surrounded on three sides by barren, stony hills, crowned in many places with forts. "On the north side," says Boileau, "the hill rises above the town several hundred feet, and on this is built the citadel, which has a very bold appearance when viewed from the town, the south face of the rocks being very precipitous, and totally inaccessible." The town of Jeypore, which is about two miles in length from east to west, by about one in breadth, "is entirely surrounded," says the same author, "by a wall of masonry, with lofty towers, and well-protected gateways; but the ramparts are too thin to offer an effectual resistance even to field artillery, and they are so low that the shifting sands have in some places drifted against the outside of the wall nearly as high as the parapet, totally obliterating the ditch, if ever there was one."

There are seven gateways, in no manner differing from each other. Outside the ramparts, another wall runs parallel to it, embattled at the top, and having numerous loop-holes for musketry. A main street, two miles in length, and forty yards in breadth, extends from east to west, and is intersected by several streets of the same width, while at each point of intersection is a *chauk*, or market-place. The cross-streets are, in their turn, intersected at right angles by narrower streets, and the latter are again subdivided in a similar manner by lanes, which are aligned with equal accuracy; so that nearly the whole city is portioned out into rectangular blocks. The palace gardens and royal premises occupy the whole of the central block, being half a mile long. The front of the royal residence is extremely

* A lac is equal to £10,000.

high, having seven or eight storeys, and is flanked at each extremity by a lofty tower, surmounted by a cupola. Within are two spacious courts, and several of smaller dimensions, surrounded by cloisters with stone pillars. The garden, which is surrounded by a high embattled wall, terraced at top, and cloistered below, is, says Bishop Heber, "extremely beautiful, full of fountains, cypresses, palms, and flowering shrubs, with a succession of terraces and olives, none of them, singly taken, in good taste, but, all together, extremely rich and striking." Jacquemont states, in his "Voyages," that there are in this vast edifice fully a dozen palaces, communicating either by galleries or gardens. The most remarkable apartment is the Diwani Khas, or "Hall of Audience," a splendid oblong room, entirely built of white marble, which material is also profusely employed throughout in the construction of the palaces. There are numerous mosques and temples boasting considerable architectural pretensions, and the houses in the principal streets are generally built of stone. The city may therefore be considered the most regular of any built by the natives of India. Jeypore may also be credited with the possession of an edifice dedicated to science, almost unknown in native courts. This is the observatory, erected by Jey Singh, who was himself no mean astronomer. Boileau says of its instruments, "besides the huge dials, azimuth circles, altitude pillars, and such other bulky instruments of masonry, there are some brazen altitude circles of enormous size and great weight. The present rajah has rendered himself remarkable for the readiness with which he has adopted many European customs hitherto considered beneath the dignity of a Rajpoot prince. Thus his highness has astonished and scandalised the conservative princes and people of the country by dancing a quadrille, in white kid gloves, with all the *aplomb* of a London dandy. He is a recipient of the highest class of the order of the Star of India; and in 1870, the able and enlightened prime minister, Newaub Mohammed Faiz Ali Khan Bahadoor, received, in recognition of his services, the decoration of the second class of the same order, at the hands of the Maharajah, to whom the pleasing duty was deputed by the late Lord Mayo.

Jeypore is also remarkable among cities under purely native government in possessing numerous dispensaries for the treatment of the sick poor, all established during the reign of the present occupant of the throne; the antipathy of the people to these dispensaries and to vaccination is gradually disappearing, with excellent results as to the improved sanitary condition of the city. There is also a college, the number of pupils in which have increased from 389 to 432, during the last year of which we have received statistics, and there is also a school of art, which is described in the Government report as "flourishing," while "the organisation of the gaol is excellent."

Jodhpore, or Marwar, is the largest of all the States in Rajpootana, being about 330 miles in length by 160 in breadth, with an area of 36,672 square miles. The greater part of this territory is a desert extending to the Run of Cutch on the west; the remainder is fertilised by the river Lonee, which, rising on the eastern frontier near Pokur, takes a south-westerly course, nearly bisecting the territory.

On the eastern frontier, the country rises upwards to the Aravelli range, having an elevation of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and the southern part exhibits a succession of rocky hills.*

* Thornton's "Gazetteer of India."

The climate is very hot in summer, and cold during the remainder of the year; but may be considered as healthy, owing to its dryness and the absence of marshy ground, except near the capital during the rains.

The chief export is salt, which is extracted in large quantities from the Sambhur Lake, about twelve miles long by five broad; there are also fine white marble quarries at Mukrana, and Boileau considers the numerous rocky hills contain valuable mineral products.

Camels and horses are bred in great numbers, and large herds of sheep also graze in the wilder tracts. The capital is famous for ivory turning, and for the manufacture of matchlocks, swords, and other warlike weapons.

The Jauts, who are probably the aboriginal inhabitants of Marwar, according to Tod, still constitute five-eighths of the population, two-eighths being Rajpoots, the remainder Brahmins, or Jains; these latter are mostly bankers and commercial men, and their thrift and industry have made Pali a noted emporium of this part of India.

Suttee used to be practised in Marwar to a frightful extent, and in 1728, on the death of Maharajah Ajit Singh, six princesses, and fifty-eight other women were sacrificed on his dead body. On the accession of the late Maharajah Tukht Singh, six lives were sacrificed at the funeral pile of his deceased predecessor. Tukht Singh, who came to the throne in the year 1844, was not a Marwari by birth, but came from Guzerat, and was elected by the majority of Thakoors; and there being no lineal descendant of the late prince, was confirmed by the British Government. The present force of the Jodhpore Legion is about 1,200 of the three arms, and the local army consists of some 8,000 soldiers of all ranks. The State pays a tribute to the Imperial Government of £10,800, and an additional contribution towards the expenses of the Legion of £11,500. These sums are regulated according to the provisions of the treaty of 1818, which is of a similar character to that concluded with Meywar, Jeypore, and other States of Rajpootana. The Rajpoot dynasty of Jodhpore is supposed by Tod to have been established about the year 1212 by Seoji, or Sivaji, son of the last Hindoo King of Cannouj, who perished in 1194 in the conquest of his capital by Mohammed Ghor, the subverter of the Ghiznivade empire in India. In 1569, Akbar conquered the greater part of Jodhpore, but conferred the government on the son of the previous Maharajah, whose sister he married. The capital and all the chief towns of Jodhpore were sacked, and the Hindoo shrines desecrated or destroyed by Aurungzebe, the most intolerant and remorseless of the Mogul dynasty. The British Government had occasion to interfere in the internal management of the State in 1829, and ten years later Colonel Sutherland was compelled to move a body of troops towards the capital to enforce his demands of a reform in the conduct of affairs.

The city of Jodhpore* is of considerable extent, having a population, according to Prichard, who resided there, of 70,000 souls. It is commanded by a strong and almost impregnable fort, built on the summit of a hill, the first of a chain of volcanic elevations, rocky and barren, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of 300 or 400 feet. Boileau speaks with admiration of the bird's-eye view of the city from the citadel,

* In 1459, Jodha, then Maharajah of Marwar, removed the seat of Government from the ancient capital Mundore, distant about five miles, to the present capital, which he had built, and called after his own name.

which he says was "really magnificent," and "formed a scene that will not soon be forgotten."

On a closer inspection, however, he found the streets were irregular and ill-laid out, the houses meanly and badly constructed, and though containing some fine temples, much inferior, architecturally, to the other capitals of Rajpootana. Tod speaks in more favourable terms of the city, and says the streets are "very regular, and adorned with many handsome houses of freestone." There are several large tanks within its walls, which, however, all fail in times of long-continued drought, except the Rani Sagur, which is constructed at the foot of the western entrance to the citadel, with which it is connected by low outworks, and is reserved for the exclusive use of the garrison. The city also contains about thirty wells, to which access is obtained by means of steps. There is one of great antiquity cut in the solid rock, with much carving, almost obliterated by time; the depth from the mouth to the surface of the water exceeds ninety feet, the water being of a similar depth. It is of a square shape; on three sides steps lead down to the water, the fourth being perpendicular, to allow the working of a Persian wheel, by which means the water is raised. The wall surrounding the city, which is of stone, has 101 bastions and 70 gates, and in places where the rock intervenes, the face of it is scarped to a height of over 100 feet. The citadel, according to Boileau, is about 500 yards long, and half that breadth; the royal palace and buildings occupy two-fifths of the area, and the magazines and granaries an equal space, the remainder being empty. It contains also five reservoirs of water.

The state apartments of the palace are not of great magnificence; but there is a vast audience chamber, the ceiling of which is supported by a great number of massive—but not lofty—columns, arranged in parallel rows about twelve feet apart.

Outside the city walls is a suburb deriving its name of Mahamandir, or "The Great Temple," from a building it contains. This town, which has about 1,000 houses, is surrounded by a weak, quadrangular wall, having a gateway at each face. The temple, from its spire, is a conspicuous object, and the interior is richly decorated. Five miles north of Jodhpore are the ruins of the ancient capital, Mundore, and surrounding it, at a distance of a few miles, are two or three immense tanks, or lakes; that known as the Sur-Sagur, which is now dried up, having on its embankment the Moti Mahul, or Pearl Palace, a beautiful structure of white marble, formerly used as the rajah's country seat. This palace now forms the palatial residence of the British political agent, and the road from it to the city leads between ruined walls, temples, houses, and gardens. It has a large garden laid out in native fashion, and full of splendid trees, surrounded by a high brick wall with a tower at each angle; while, on the other side, and separated from the house by an orchard well supplied with reservoirs, is an open kind of alcove, from the window of which you can survey a valley covered most of the year with grass and clumps of trees, and having a stream meandering through it.

The following letter from an Indian gentleman describes the ceremonies that accompanied the cremation of the late Maharajah of Marwar, Tukht Singh, G.C.S.I., who died on the 13th February last, at the age of fifty-two, after an inglorious reign of twenty-eight and a half years.

"Immediately after his death, preparations were made for performing the ceremony of cremation. Early in the morning his corpse was dressed in the royal robes of brocaded cloth, and decked out with jewellery to the value of one lac and 50,000 rupees (£15,000). Placed in a sedan chair in a sitting posture, the deceased rajah was then carried out to the appointed spot, followed by the usual cavalcade and band of musicians. In the front of the procession were two elephants laden with gold and silver coins to the amount of one lac and 25,000 rupees (£12,500), which were scattered at every hundred paces among the spectators. In such a dense crowd as was there assembled, the struggle to obtain possession of the scrambled coins was something terrible to witness. At a distance of six miles from the capital, the corpse was brought to the rajah's ancestral place of cremation, where every preparation had been made to receive it. A large funeral pile had been constructed of sandal-wood, and quantities of combustible materials, and upon this the corpse, fully attired with all the jewellery, and wrapped in Cashmere shawls, was reverently laid. Precisely at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the Brahmins, reciting their *mantras* (prayers), set fire to the pile; and as the flames darted up in the air, such a deafening wail was uttered by the surrounding crowd, that for a moment I was fairly stunned. After a short time I tried to make my way near the pile, but the heat was so terrific that it was impossible to approach within a thousand yards of it. In the course of a few hours the corpse was entirely consumed, not the slightest trace of it remaining. The embers were left for two days to cool, after which the ashes were brought back to the palace with great pomp and ostentation, and will in due time be carefully sent to the holy places, as Hurdwar, Benares, &c., with large sums for distribution among the Brahmins, and other religious mendicants.

"From the day on which his highness died to the present time, 5,000 Brahmins have regularly received food and a largess of a rupee each at the palace gates. By way of expressing their grief, and as a sign of mourning, all the inhabitants, from the prince to the lowest caste Hindoo, have cleanly shaved off their beards, moustachios, and the hair of their heads.

"The deceased rajah had a considerable number of wives and concubines, many of whom expressed a strong desire to become suttees, and immolate themselves on the funeral pile of their late lord; some because they were really grieved at his loss, and others, no doubt, because it was considered respectable. Thanks, however, to the influence of the British rule, and the interference of the Governor-General's agent, it was not practicable to revive the barbarous custom of human sacrifice.

"The successor to the throne, Rajah Jeswunt Singh Bahadoor, boldly refused to countenance any return to such an inhuman rite, and has solemnly sworn to inflict condign punishment on any one who encourages the practice. His highness appears to be a most worthy and accomplished prince, and there seems every prospect of his rule being an enlightened and prosperous one."

The space at our disposal does not permit of our describing the other States of Rajpootana, of which the most important are Bikaneer, Ulwur, Dholepore, and Tonk. The condition of all the Rajpoot principalities is detailed in the report on the "Moral and Material Progress of India," annually presented to Parliament.



MENDICANT DERVISHES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



DRIVING GAME.

"Trekking" and Hunting in South Africa.

PROBABLY there is no portion of the world which can hold out stronger inducements to the traveller and sportsman than Southern Africa: the pleasures of travelling through and exploring the wide extent of land, almost, or often utterly, untrodden by the foot of the white man; the varying and often beautiful scenery; the wild and sometimes formidable nature of the game pursued by the hunter; and a climate, in the healthful districts, unexceptionally lovely, almost invariably tend to create most pleasant recollections in the minds of those men who have enjoyed either a hunting or a travelling trip in the wilder regions of South Africa, and nothing is more common than to hear the ex-settler, hunter, or traveller expressing a strong wish to again visit the sunny land he has left, and facing a heat, no doubt at times unpleasantly intense, to enjoy once more a life untrammelled by many of the strict requirements of the civilisation of our crowded English towns.

A traveller or sportsman, of course, sets forth upon an expedition with the full knowledge that he will have many hardships, privations, and difficulties to endure and battle with; various ailments may attack and destroy, or for a long time incapacitate for work the oxen which draw the wagon that forms his house, his store-house, his armoury, and magazine; these same patient, much-enduring oxen (South African camels, as I have heard them not inaptly called) are sometimes given to wandering away on their own devices, perhaps starting off during the still hours of the night, when all hands in camp are overcome by sleep. The deadly South African horse-sickness may carry off, frequently almost without premonitory symptoms, the horses which the sportsman has so carefully selected, and which he has relied upon to play so important a part in his hunting adventures, in a district where the purchase of fresh animals, even of the most inferior description, is an impossibility, should the traveller be compelled to "trek" through the "fly country." During certain seasons of the year he runs much

risk of losing his whole span of oxen, as also his horses, by the virulent bite of an inoffensive-looking little insect not much exceeding the common house-fly in dimensions, the dreaded "tsetse fly." All these contingencies may arise during a long trek, to say nothing of troubles and inconveniences, such as being detained for days together upon the banks of a swollen river, or several days of travelling over a country trying to the cattle, and where the gun cannot be made to provide meat for the dogs, much less to keep the larder properly furnished, and the exposure to all kinds of weather, with no other place of refuge than a wagon, a tent, or at best a Kafir hut.

But, notwithstanding all its drawbacks and inconveniences, there are few men who have been in South Africa, but who will admit that the free open-air life of the hunter has many charms, and that, perhaps, after all, few pleasures can exceed or even equal the travelling freely over a country unknown, except from books or by hearsay. To the larger number of Europeans, the various hunting adventures—including the careful stalking, and frequent wild gallops after some of the noble game to be found in the more remote parts of the country, the uncertainty of success from day to day, and the occasional risks—add zest to a sport sufficiently wild and attractive.

Then, again, how pleasant are those few hours after sunset, when three or four kindred spirits, after a wholesome and abundant, though roughly-cooked meal, stretch their wearied limbs around the blazing and crackling log-fire, though the steaming coffee is probably handed about in a huge iron kettle, and imbibed from tin pannikins, inconveniently retentive of heat, or the "hollands," reserved for special occasions, is produced in the awkward-looking flat-sided flask, or "square-rigger," in which it left the distillery in the country whose name it bears. Pipes are lighted, songs are sung, "the laugh and jest prevail," and—though the conversation generally turns much upon hunting matters, and the troublesome nature and many shortcomings of "niggers" in general, and of those accompanying the party in particular—a great deal is often said about the old country, so many thousands of miles away, and of those sojourning in it.

But I can hardly give a better idea of what an African hunting trip really is, than by giving a short sketch gathered from notes made in, and recollections of a country, which, until recently, I had learned to look upon as the land of my adoption.

Towards the close of the summer or wet season, that being some time in the month of March, Y—— and I started upon our long-projected hunting-trip. A well-built wagon, already seasoned and tested by one rather long trek, was procured, and a span of fourteen good oxen (of the somewhat diminutive, but sturdy and active Zulu breed, generally considered the best adapted for standing all kinds of climate) neither too young nor too old for hard fagging work, and thoroughly inoculated, were after some little inquiry found and purchased, when nothing remained to be done, but to load up the wagon with such stores, arms, and ammunition as would be requisite for the trip, not forgetting a certain quantity of goods by way of presents, for the purpose of propitiating such of the native chiefs as held sway over districts favourable for hunting.

The commissariat stores, of course, were not allowed to be in such excess as to take up much of the valuable space in a wagon, which—as well as being a vehicle for the transport of all impedimenta for a long journey—was destined to afford a sleeping apartment for the two travellers, who hoped to supply the wants of themselves and followers with an abundant supply of fresh meat throughout the greater part of the trip. The guns taken were stout double-barrelled smooth-bores, old and tried favourites with their owners, and a couple of short-barrelled breech-loading rifles, convenient to carry on horseback, and loaded in a moment, after a little practice, even when upon a horse going at a tolerably smart pace.

The presents for the Kafir chiefs and Kafir headmen (*ndunas*) of districts, consisted of a number of gaudy-coloured woollen blankets, and a few large sheath-knives of a tawdry description.

Powder, shot, lead, and tin for casting bullets, were of course packed in sufficient quantities, and the wagon, after the usual delays—caused chiefly by the getting together of the most trifling matters, which seem to be almost invariable occurrences when people are starting upon a journey of any kind—was at length started upon its heavy lumbering way. With our escort of chattering Kafirs, we were off to the inland border of the Zulu country, it having been determined to trek through the salubrious up-country portion of the territory of the Amazulu, before traversing the fine hunting-grounds of the far less healthy territory of the Amatonga tribe.

A couple of good, fast, serviceable riding-horses, with an extra horse, which had been bought at a price that his appearance would have hardly warranted—but whose value was much enhanced by the fact of his having been at one period of his life attacked by the virulent South African horse-sickness, which he contrived to survive, and was consequently considered to enjoy an immunity from that fell disease for the remaining term of his life—completed the stud.

Four or five dogs, not by any means remarkable for their handsome appearance, good dogs not being always to be procured in South Africa, accompanied the wagon. Some days after the wagon had set forth, Y—— and I saddled up and started for the border, where the river Tugela, though so far distant from the sea, is still a fine broad stream. Riding easily, and taking their meals, and sleeping at such hotels or houses as came in their way, the evening of the third day of our journeying found them encamped with their wagon upon the river bank, and before the sun had climbed to any considerable height, they were trekking through the rugged, upland domains of King Umpanda.*

At the first spot selected for an "outspanning," one of the Kafirs, having been to the river to fill the kettle, returns with the information that he has seen *inyoka inculu* (a great snake), stretching out his arms and drawling out the word signifying great (*in-cu-lu*), to convey an idea of the reptile's enormous dimensions. Being asked what kind of snake he had seen, he replies *inhluti* (python). Upon this news, both Y—— and I and all the Kafirs immediately take up guns, assegais, and knobkerries, and hasten to the spot, where we find a python coiled among a quantity of rough rock and long grass, his head resting upon a large flat stone, his forked tongue darting in and out as

* Umpanda, the chief or king of the Zulu tribe, has recently died, and his son Cetywayo has, as was anticipated, been crowned king in his stead.

it basks in the hot sunlight, unconscious of the approach of its enemies. A knobkerrie is immediately hurled, and, whistling through the air, comes down upon the stone, missing the reptile's head by about an inch, and striking the stone with a crash which would have shivered the missile to fragments, had it not been made of the toughest wood to be found in the African bush. The python upon this commenced a series of movements, evidently endeavouring to conceal himself among the rank grass and rocks; but, though he contrived to keep his head out of view, a portion of his lengthy body was frequently to be seen undulating among the herbage, and through one of these coils an assegai was soon thrust. The serpent immediately raised its head, with extended jaws, and the Kafir who has transfixed him makes a tremendous leap from the spot. The white men were unwilling to fire, not wishing to damage, more than could be avoided, the handsome skin of the reptile in the manner in which a heavy charge of buckshot, fired at close quarters, must have done. An assegai was therefore hurled by a Kafir, which, passing through the neck of the python, caused him, after some hard struggling, to sink his head to earth, when, by repeated blows along the spine, he was reduced to a state of quiescence, though, even when the fiery looks had died out from the eyes, and the animal was apparently lifeless, the strong muscular contractions of the long body caused the serpent to coil about among the naked limbs of the Kafirs, who were engaged in depriving him of his skin, in a manner anything but pleasant to behold. The skin was afterwards well rubbed on the fleshy side with a few handfuls of ashes from the camp fire, and stretched in the sun to dry, previous to being rolled up and stowed away in the wagon.

In the open country of the Zulus we found, with the exception of a few large bustards (*pauw*) and a few small antelopes (*duyker*, *reitbok*, and *rheybok*), but little trace of any kind of game, until, having arrived at a district stated by our Kafir servants to be well stocked with game, and having, by means of presents, somewhat heavily "tipped" the petty chief thereof, we obtained his consent to hunt among some heavily-timbered hills and valleys, where the marks of buffaloes were abundant. The country here was of such a nature as to render any attempt at driving the game hopeless. We therefore started at early dawn with a number of natives for the purpose of "spooring" or tracking the buffaloes into the recesses of the bush, where they would probably be found resting during the heat of the day, and where it was intended to endeavour to stalk them.

After a ride of some miles from the chief's kraal, we dismounted, and, consigning our horses to the care of a Kafir, with directions to bring them to the same spot by sunset, at once commenced, in company with the natives, our toilsome way through the bush, scrambling through valleys and over hills, among rough rock, dense woodland, full of creeping plants armed with sharp, hook-shaped thorns, occasionally coming upon open spaces and tracks, made by the large game, until the first footprints of the buffalo were discovered. On the "spoor" being taken up, both white men and natives had to proceed with the greatest caution. Avoiding, as much as possible, the sounds caused by our footfall or the breaking of twigs, in fact, almost holding our breath lest the wary quarry, hearing their approach, should start off at a pace which would, in such a rugged spot, soon leave any human hunters hopelessly in their wake. Suddenly, while working our way through a portion of the bush almost darkened by the overshadowing trees, sounds of heavy bodies moving on all sides were heard, as a troop of buffaloes, in the midst of which, quite unexpectedly, Y —— and myself found ourselves (though the Kafirs had stated their opinion that the game were in the immediate vicinity), rose from their resting-places and commenced a general stampede, crashing through the forest with much noise. Y—— fired into the first animal he caught a glimpse of, a buffalo calf, smashing its shoulder-blade, and bringing it to the ground immediately, also bringing the buffalo cow, infuriated by the bellowing of her offspring, down upon himself in a headlong charge, which he had barely time to avoid by springing on one side among some of the heavy timber. The buffalo, finding that she had missed her intended victim, halted, and turning herself, stood tossing her head and wrinkling up her nostrils as she snorted and snuffed the air, endeavouring to ascertain the whereabouts of the destroyers of her progeny, until a ball striking her in the shoulder, without breaking a bone, brought her again, charging madly, to the spot from whence the flash of the gun had appeared. The flesh-wound she had received, and the frequent bellowing of her young, appeared to have perfectly maddened her, and she showed so much activity, and crashed through such obstacles—slight to her tremendous strength and strong hide—as thick undergrowth and tangled thorny plants with so much ease as to render the position of both white men and Kafirs perilous in the extreme. The slightest movement gave her notice of our whereabouts, and was the signal for a charge; when at last a ball, entering behind the shoulder, pierced her vitals, and caused her to bite the dust, the countenances of some of the Kafirs were observed to have assumed a peculiarly livid hue, and it was some moments before they regained their usual brown or ebony tint.*

The young buffalo, an animal about half-grown, was, of course, very easily disposed of, after which some of the natives were left to skin the game and carry the meat to the kraal, near which the wagon had been "outspanned."

The rest of the day was consumed in a fruitless endeavour to come up again with the herd of buffaloes, and both ourselves and the Kafirs returned to camp thoroughly knocked up, but after a supper of beef, cut from the carcase of the young buffalo, which proved excellent, we were soon wrapped in deep slumber. A stay of several days was made in the neighbourhood of this buffalo-haunted bush, and after tremendous fagging, and by means of most careful spooring and stalking, two more buffaloes (bulls) were bagged, but were killed with much less danger to the hunters than the infuriated maternal animal had been, for, when wounded, their chief efforts were directed to keeping with the rapidly-retreating herd to which they belonged, though one of them, after being brought to a standstill by several bullets, made a terrific charge upon an adventurous Kafir who approached him, assegai in hand, laughing and crying out that the buffalo was *bani gula* (very sick). However, though the old bull came at his foe at a great pace, with tail erect, and nose to the ground, it was his last effort, for almost as soon as he had passed the Kafir, who nimbly leapt aside, his legs gave way under him, and he fell with a force which seemed to make the ground reverberate. Unable to rise, he remained groaning heavily, and bleeding from mouth and nostrils until he received the *coup de grâce*. While trekking

* Kafirs, of the same race even, vary considerably in colour, some individuals being much darker than others.

through the open country, the hunters contrived to bag several of the large bustards which were found feeding upon the grass lands. The plan adopted for stalking these birds, which are very shy and wary, was to dismount from the saddle, and the sportsman, sheltering himself behind his horse, caused him to describe a number of circles, gradually decreasing in circumference, around the spot where the birds were seeking their food, until they were brought within range.

After some weeks of slow trekking, and many erratic wanderings in search of game, during which time many of the smaller antelopes fell to the hunters' guns, we found ourselves in the region of the Amatonga tribe.

of stalking him, hanging the bridle of the horse over the limb of a tree: "Mainstay" being apt, when left to his own devices, to start off for a gallop on his own account. Y——, who had to make a considerable détour in order to approach the game unseen, found upon emerging from a deep gully that the rhinoceros was trotting off briskly in the direction of the spot where his horse was tethered, and, by dint of hard running, arrived barely in time to stop the furious onslaught of the rhinoceros—who charged the horse without a moment's hesitation, immediately upon seeing him—by a lucky shot, which took effect in the neck. "Mainstay" reared and plunged until the bridle slipped, when it started off at a racing pace, and was not



A FAVOURITE IN DANGER.

The climate of Amatonga-land certainly cannot be considered a healthy one, though the abundance of game holds out a strong inducement to the sportsman. The Amatongas are not a warlike tribe, and keep no cattle, fearful of exciting the cupidity of their more powerful neighbours. The women of this race are not remarkable for the strict chastity which distinguishes those of the Zulu people. The huts of the Amatongas are rather more comfortably built than those of the Zulus, and the maize bread is more carefully prepared, but these are really the only particulars in which the Amatongas can claim the slightest superiority over the Zulus, who invariably speak of them as "dogs."

In this wild land, Y—— very nearly lost his favourite horse "Mainstay." Early one morning, Y——, having discovered a rhinoceros feeding upon the plain, dismounted for the purpose

recovered until nightfall. The rhinoceros, which appeared to be quite stupefied by the bullet lodged in his neck, and which had perhaps struck upon the vertebræ, was easily dispatched.

In many parts of the bush the horns and bones of large game were noticed, the remains, no doubt of animals which had died from wounds, either inflicted by hunters or perhaps received in conflicts with their own kind, and whose relics had been dragged hither and thither by the hungry hyænas and jackals.

Much of the scenery in the land of the Amatonga tribe is very beautiful, and the vegetation often luxuriant, as it generally is in unhealthy tropical or sub-tropical countries. I have heard the natives assert that the water of the Amatonga rivers is unwholesome; but the limpid, briskly-flowing streams would appear to belie this statement, and I believe that climate

and miasma are the enemies which sometimes hasten travellers in this land to their graves.

Continuing our journey towards the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, we fell in with several trading and some hunting parties. The traders were engaged in bartering their goods for skins. Delagoa Bay is a small town inhabited by Portuguese, Amatongas, and mixed breeds; many of the Portuguese are almost as black as the Kafirs, it seeming to be a peculiarity of the Portuguese bred in tropical climates to become darker through each successive generation. While Y—— and I were in this neighbourhood, a large hunting party was organised, and several head of large game were slain, including a couple of elands, which appeared almost too fat to run, and were shot down without much difficulty or the slightest resistance. Two specimens of the light-coloured rhinoceros (generally spoken of as the white rhinoceros) also allowed themselves to be driven down to the very spot where the gunners were posted, when one of them fell, but not before many a bullet had penetrated his thick hide, the remaining one escaping, though wounded heavily, into some dense bush.



D'JALLONKÉ. SORI IBRAHIMA. PURE-BLOODED FOULAH.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

TRAVELLERS IN SENEGAMBIA AND THE NEIGHBOURING NATIVE STATES.

THE interest awakened by the warlike operations in which we are engaged against the Ashantees, is calculated to draw public attention, not only to the Gold Coast, the immediate scene of action, but to the other portions of the West Coast of Africa, and more particuiarly to those in which the military experiences of other European nations may afford some insight into the difficulties peculiarly incidental to hostilities undertaken against the martial and savage races inhabiting this interesting, but little known portion of the globe. Especially is this true of the "little wars" undertaken by the French, during the past fifteen years, against the African tribes whose territories are adjacent to their settlements in Senegambia.

Before proceeding to give an account of these operations, which is compiled from purely French sources,* it is necessary, in order to make the narrative quite intelligible, and the references to places somewhat more suggestive than a mere jumble of proper names, that we should give a résumé of the history of the French colonial possessions in Senegambia, together with a general description of these settlements and of the African tribes whose territories have formed the arena of conflict.

Senegal (or Saint Louis) situated on an island of the same name, being the principal town of the French settlements on the West Coast,* the chief civil officer and commandant takes the title of governor from that city, the second most important fortress being Goree, which has also played a somewhat prominent part during the wars of the last century, between ourselves and its present possessors.

* *Revue Maritime et Coloniales* for the years 1861-70; *Revue Algérienne et Coloniale*, 1859; *Notice sur la Colonie du Sénégal et sur les Pays qui sont en Relation avec elle*, par M. L. Faidherbe, colonel du génie, gouverneur du Sénégal, 1859.

* Senegal was captured by a British force under Commodore Keppel, in 1758, but was retaken by its former possessors in 1779. Once more it fell into our hands in 1809, when we held it for eight years, but, soon after the Restoration, the British Government restored it to France. The *Medusa*, of which the wreck has so sad a notoriety, carried to Senegal, in 1817, the functionaries and troops, to whom was delivered the charge of the island and its dependencies.

There are also several forts along the banks of the river Senegal, and the French claim the coast-line as far as the Salum or Saloum River; as also Casamance or Casamanza, at the mouth of the river of the same name to the south of Bathurst, the British settlement on the Gambia, a fort at the mouth of the Rio Nunez, and other places of less importance.

As the name implies, Senegambia is the district embraced between the rivers Senegal and Gambia, though the French apply the term to the entire country, from the former river to Sierra Leone. British geographers, however, consider the boundaries of Senegambia to be limited to the province under the rule of our neighbours, and the adjacent parts of the interior, which, though more or less under French influence, only acknowledge the rule of independent African kings.

The chief rivers of Senegambia, in the more extended sense of the term, are the Senegal, Gambia, Casamanza, Geba, Rio Grande, Rio Nunez, and Pongo. The region thus defined has a length of about 400 miles, with a breadth of 300, though the eastern limits of Senegambia are uncertain, as the upper course of the Bafing or Black River, which is considered the main branch of the Senegal, is known only at a few points.

One of the first to explore Senegambia was M. Adanson, whose researches extended between the year 1749-54. On his return to France, he gave to the world an interesting account of his travels; and his contribution to our stock of knowledge regarding the natural history of the country is especially valuable, and has been acknowledged by botanists. The French Academy also marked their sense of the value of his labours by expressing their high approbation of the work which he gave to the world on his return to France; and a copy of their decree —dated 4th December, 1756—appears in the preface to the book signed by "Grand Jean de Fouchy, perpetual Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences."

M. Adanson describes the island of Senegal as "a bank of sand, about 1,150 fathoms in length, and 150 or 200 at the most in breadth, and almost level with the surface of the water. It divides the river into two branches, one of which, to the eastward, is about 300 fathoms broad, and the other, westward, near 200, with a considerable depth. This island, notwithstanding its sterility, was inhabited by upwards of 3,000 negroes, invited thither by the generosity of the whites, into whose service most of them had entered. Here they have erected houses or huts which occupy above one-half of the ground." The houses he describes are made of reeds fastened close together, and supported by stakes driven into the ground. These stakes are from five to six feet high, and have a round covering of straw of the same height, and terminating in a point. Thus, each hut has only a ground floor, and is from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. "They have," he says, "but one square door, very low, and many of them with a threshold raised a foot above the ground; so that, in going in, they must incline their bodies, and lift a leg up very high, an attitude not only ridiculous but disagreeable. One or two beds are frequently sufficient for a whole family, including domestics, who lie pell-mell along with their masters and children. There is a hurdle laid across pieces of wood, and supported by small forks, a foot above the ground; over this they throw a mat, which serves them for a mattress and bedclothes; as to pillows, they have none. Their furniture is not very cumbersome, for it consists of only a few earthen pots, a few calabashes or gourd-bottles, with wooden bowls, and the like utensils. All the huts belonging to the same person are enclosed within a wall or palisade of reeds, about six feet high, to which they give the name of "tapade." Though the negroes observe very little symmetry in the situation of their houses, yet the French of the island of Senegal have taught them to follow a certain uniformity in the size of the tapade, which they have regulated in such a manner as to form a small town, with several streets drawn in a direct line. These streets are not paved, and luckily there is no occasion for it, since they would be very much at a loss to find the smallest pebble upwards of thirty leagues all round. The inhabitants find a greater convenience in their sandy soil; for, as it is very deep and soft, it serves them to sit upon, and is also their couch and bed."

The negroes of Senegal M. Adanson describes as "the likeliest men in all Negro-land. They are generally about middle size, well-shaped, and well-limbed. They are strong, robust, and of a proper temperament for bearing fatigue. Their hair is black, curly, downy, and extremely fine. Their eyes are large and well-cut. They have very little beard; their features agreeable enough, and their skin the deepest black. Their usual dress consists of a small piece of linen, which passes between their thighs, and the two ends being lifted up and folded, form a sort of drawers, which are tied with a fillet in front. They have likewise a 'paan,' that is, a piece of calico made in the form of a large napkin, which they throw carelessly over their shoulders, letting one end of it dangle against their knees. The women are much about the same size and make as the men. Their skin is surprisingly delicate and soft, their mouth and lips are small, and their features very regular. They have a great share of vivacity, and a vast deal of freedom and ease, which renders them extremely agreeable. For their clothing they make use of two paans, one of which goes round their waist, hangs down to the knee, and supplies the place of an under petticoat; the other covers both their shoulders, and sometimes the head."

Proceeding up the Senegal, M. Adanson visited an encampment of Moors. The tents, he says, "are all round in the form of a cone, and made of goat's and camel's hair, impenetrable to the rain. They were ranged near to one another in a circular form, each supported by a pole in the middle, and fixed all round with a thong of ox-skin fastened to stakes about a foot from the ground. The inside of them was hung with several rows of mats." These Moors lead a wandering pastoral life, never remaining long fixed to one spot; their flocks, in which consist their chief wealth, oblige them to change quarters according as the season and the extent and nature of the pasturage require. All over the country in the neighbourhood of the encampment were flocks of oxen, sheep, and camels, which ranged about in full liberty. The oxen he describes as larger and longer legged than French cattle, though their chief peculiarity was a hump, which rose a foot high between the shoulders. While the men looked after the cattle, the women were confined to their tents, where they were employed in churning butter, spinning, and attending to their children and domestic concerns. He describes them as "of an olive complexion, with very regular features, and large sparkling eyes; their hair is long and plaited; some have it hanging down, and others tied up. They seemed to be well-made, though small, and a great deal more reserved than the negro women. The men

are not much taller than the negroes, but they differ in their colour, which is red or a reddish-brown; in their hair, which is of a middling length, curled and much thicker; and especially in their muscles, which appear more under their skin. They have also a more meagre face, with less flesh, and their skin is not so smooth. The dress of both men and women consists of a long shirt of black linen, and a paan, with which the women cover their head and shoulders; the men sometimes roll it about their bodies like a waist-band, and sometimes round their heads, in imitation of a turban. The paan is not always black and made of cotton; there are a great many who wear it of white wool, and oftentimes edged with red. Their ordinary food is milk, either of cows, camels, goats, or sheep, with millet;* and often milk and gum is their sole repast, and serves them for meat and drink."

Among the products of the vegetable kingdom observed on the banks of the Senegal, this eminent botanist speaks of "gum-trees, a prodigious quantity of tamarisks, the shrub *sesban*, and a large species of sensitive plant, which the negroes call *gueraekiao*, that is, 'good morrow,' because, say they, when you touch it, or draw near to speak to it, the plant immediately inclines its leaves to wish you, as it were, a good morrow, and to show that it is sensitive of the politeness done. Among herbs I took notice of the *Jussiæa*, chickweed, of a great many sorts of grass, of the *Coldenia*, and a small sensitive plant, infinitely more delicate than any species I know." Of the mangroves he says, "The largest of these trees are generally no more than fifty feet high; they grow only in the water, and on the banks of rivers where the tide goes up twice a day. They preserve the verdure of their leaves throughout the year, which may be said also of most of the trees of this country; but what renders them more remarkable, is the long roots, which, issuing out of their lowest branches, hang down to the water, and penetrate into the earth. Then they resemble so many arcades, from five to ten feet high, which serve to support the body of the tree, and even to advance it daily into the bed of the river. These arcades are so close and intertwisted, that they form a kind of natural and transparent terrace, raised with such solidity over the water, that we might walk upon them, were it not that the branches are too much encumbered with leaves."

M. Adanson proceeded up the Senegal to Podor, a factory belonging to the French East India Company, distant about 180 miles from Saint Louis. The river he describes as navigable throughout, having a depth at the lowest ebb of from twenty to thirty feet. "The sea water," he says, "which flows generally no higher than about fifteen leagues from the mouth of the river, had reached upwards of double that distance. The tide is, however, observable at Podor, where it is visible by the rising of the fresh water, which is subject to the same vicissitudes of tide, but at less equal periods." He says, "the highest flood which I measured on the banks of the sea near the island of Senegal is but two and a half feet in the great equinoctial tides. It seems, therefore, that the river from Podor to the sea, that is, in a course of sixty leagues, has not an inclination of above two feet and a half; so that there is reason to believe that this entire tract of land, excepting the sand-hills scattered here and there, forms a plain exceedingly low and flat, and of such a level that if the sea were to rise everywhere alike, from twenty to thirty feet, the whole country would be overflowed." In the neighbourhood of the fort of Podor there are groves of beautiful tamarisks, red gum-trees, and several other species of thorny acacia, the wood of which is extremely hard, and of great beauty. He also speaks of a tree called *khoss*, of a fine yellow texture, and so soft as to be preferable for joiner's work to any other species. But what most struck the botanist was a calabash-tree, or baobab, of a vast girth, which he saw in the island of Sor, near Senegal.

He says, "there was nothing extraordinary in its height, which was only about sixty feet, but its trunk was of prodigious thickness. I extended my arms as wide as I possibly could, thirteen times, before I embraced its circumference, and for greater exactness I measured it afterwards with packthread, and found it to be sixty-five feet, consequently the diameter was nearly twenty-two feet. I do not believe that the like was ever seen in any other part of the world, and I am persuaded that if our ancient geographers had been acquainted with this tree they would have added some surprising circumstances to its description. It is very extraordinary that this tree should be entirely forgotten by those who have given us the history of Senegal, especially as there is hardly any other so common in this country. Out of the trunk I have been describing, of twenty-two feet in diameter, and from eight to twelve feet high, there issued forth several branches, some of which extended themselves horizontally, so that the ends of them reached the ground; these, being the largest, were from forty-five to fifty-five feet in length. Each of those branches would have made one of the largest trees in Europe; in short, the whole of this calabash-tree seemed to form a forest in itself. This was not all: the negro, my guide, léd me to a second, which was sixty-three feet in circumference, that is, twenty-one in diameter, and one of its roots, which had been for the most part laid bare by a neighbouring river, was 110 feet in length, without reckoning the part that lay hid under the water, and which I could not uncover. The same negro showed me a third, not very far from thence, and moreover added that without going out of the island, I might see a great many more, not at all inferior to those in magnitude."* But the powers of astonishment of the naturalist were exhausted, and he adds, "My surprise was then at an end, and, satisfied with seeing three, I got ready for the chase."

M. Adanson recrossed to Senegal in one of the native boats or canoes, which he describes as "made all of one piece of wood, that is, of the trunk of a tree cut into a hollow vessel, and very light. They are from ten to thirty feet long, from one to two feet in breadth and depth, and both ends terminate in a point. Mine was one of the largest. As soon as I got into it, my two negroes placed themselves at both extremities, one at the prow and the other at the stern. For my part I put myself in the middle, where I had no other seat but a piece of wood laid across, which was fastened at both ends into the sides of the canoe. My negroes had each a paddle in their hands; these are small flat boards laid across one another and fixed to the end of a stick, which they make use of for rowing. The negro at the prow was standing, and beating the water behind him with his paddle, the other was seated, and steered with his. As soon as we reached the opposite shore, they drew the canoe ashore."

* The stalks of this millet are about eight feet high, and when sucked give out a sweet juice.

* Later on, he speaks of seeing two baobab-trees near Cape Verde, measuring respectively seventy-four and seventy-seven feet in circumference.

From Senegal M. Adanson proceeded to the island of Goree, which he describes as consisting "of a low, narrow piece of land, and a small but very steep mountain, the whole about half a mile in length. Notwithstanding its confined extent, the situation renders it a very agreeable place; towards the south you enjoy a prospect terminated only by the sea, and northward you discern, at a distance, Cape Verde and neighbouring promontories. Though it is in the torrid zone, yet they breathe a cool, temperate air almost the whole year round, which is owing to the equality of days and nights, and its being continually refreshed by alternate breezes from the land and sea."

From Goree, M. Adanson sailed to Portudal, situated about nine leagues to the southward, where he was struck by the variety of birds of beautiful plumage with which the country abounded. While at Portudal the traveller witnessed the funeral of a woman who had died within two hours after being bitten by a snake. "The first shriek was made, according to custom, by one of the female relatives of the deceased, before her door, which was very near to mine. At this signal all the women in the village came out, and, setting up a most terrible howl, they flocked about the place whence the first noise had issued. This shocking noise lasted some hours, that is, till break of day; then the relations of the deceased, coming into the hut, took hold of the hand of the corpse, and asked her several questions, which were followed by offers of advice, but finding that there was no response, they withdrew, saying, 'Alas! she is dead.' Her friends did the same, after which they interred her body in the ground, and on each side they put an earthen pot, one full of water and the other of food, so that she might have nourishment in the event of her requiring it.

"When the burial was over, the cries and lamentations ceased, and that same evening all was changed from a scene of sorrow into one of mirth. For three nights all the young people of the village gathered together in a large area, in the middle of which they lighted a great fire. The spectators formed on each side, and at both ends were ranged the dancers, who performed to the sound of two tambourines, keeping time also with a song, in which the spectators joined."

M. Adanson witnessed a flight of locusts, a curious spectacle, which those who have once seen will not soon forget; and in his narrative he expresses astonishment at the natives making this singular-looking insect an article of diet. He says, "Some pound them and boil them with milk, others only broil them on the coals, and think them excellent food." The locusts made their appearance like "a thick cloud, which darkened the air and deprived us of the rays of the sun." They flew about 150 feet above the ground, covering an extent of several leagues, and these voracious insects devoured everything green upon which they alighted. He describes them as of "a brown colour, of the breadth and length of one's finger, and armed with two strong jaw-bones, dented like a saw. Their wings were much longer than those of any locusts I had ever seen before."

In one of his journeys, he came across and examined those singular, mound-like dwellings of the ants, which, he says, he mistook "at a distance for an assemblage of negro huts, or a considerable village." He describes them as "round pyramids, from eight to ten feet high, upon nearly the same base, with a smooth surface of rich clay, exceedingly hard and well-built. The inside is a labyrinth of little galleries, interwoven one with the other, and answering to a small opening which gives ingress and egress to the insects that inhabit it."



THE FAN PALM.

M. Adanson accompanied the directors of the two French settlements at Senegal and Goree on a mission having for its object the re-establishment of the French factory of Albreda, situated on the Gambia, about fifty miles to the southward of Goree. The expedition—which consisted of three vessels—entered the Gambia on the 20th February, 1750. While at Albreda they lived chiefly on fish, among them being "soles, monstrous large rock-fish, and a great many tree-oysters, which abound in that river. Here they have everything requisite for their sustenance; the banks of the river being lined with mangroves, they fasten to the roots thereof; and the sea-water never loseth its saltness in this spot. What is very extraordinary, everywhere else oysters are loosened from rocks, here they are gathered upon trees. At low water they are left bare and seen hanging at their roots. This is what made some voyagers, who had seen the like in America, affirm that they perched upon trees.

"The negroes have not as much difficulty as one would imagine in gathering them; they need only to cut off the branch to which the oysters are fastened. A single root bears sometimes upwards of 200, and if it has several branches, it forms a cluster which one man would find difficult to carry. The shells of these oysters differ from those of Europe, being longer, narrower, and thinner, but as to the delicacy and relish of the meat, connoisseurs know no difference." The huts of the people inhabiting the country along the Gambia, who are called Mandingoes, are better built than those of the Senegal natives. "The walls are made of binding clay, which soon hardens. They are all thatched with straw, which hangs down to another little wall, breast-high, and this makes a small gallery round the hut, where they are sheltered from the rays of the



PORTRAIT OF THE ALMAMY OUMAR.

sun. The hut where I lodged was large and commodious, but as dark as a subterraneous cavern, even at noonday, because it had no other opening but a door pierced at each end. A great number of our European swallows resorted hither every evening, and passed the night upon the rafters, for they do not build nests in this country, but only come to spend the winter."

As his chief intention of going up the Gambia was to prosecute his studies in natural history, of which he was an enthusiastic and accomplished professor, M. Adanson constructed, under the foliage of a tamarind-tree in the middle of his garden, an enclosure of straw, which became, he says, "a real cabinet of natural philosophy; and I question whether so rural a one was ever seen before. For my part, the memory thereof is still dear to me, because of the knowledge I thereby acquired of the infinite multitude of new and curious plants, the growth of this country." Of the fertility and productions of the country, he says, "The soil is rich and deep, and amazingly fertile; it produces spontaneously, and almost without cultivation, all the necessaries of life, as grain, legumes, and roots. On the high and somewhat drier ground, you see guavas, two sorts of papaws, with orange and citron-trees of exquisite beauty; I measured some myself that were twenty-five feet high, and the trunk a foot and a half in diameter. The black and moist clays are taken up with forests of bananas, at the feet of which both pepper and ginger grow. Everything matures to perfection, and is excellent in its kind. They likewise make a great deal of date wine, which is very delicious. The pepper of this place is not the same as that of the Indies. It is a round berry, about the bigness of hemp-seed, which ripens to a red colour, and has a sweetish taste. It contains a seed of the shape and size of a grain of cabbage, but very hard, and in taste like aromatic pepper, which has an agreeable poignancy. This fruit grows in small bunches on a shrub three or four feet high, whose thin supple branches are furnished with oval leaves pointed at the end."

Of forest-trees he says, "The *benten* surpasses all the trees of Senegal in height, as the calabash-tree surpasses them in thickness. There are some, 110 and even 120 feet high, the trunk being at most only from 8 to 10 feet in diameter, and extremely erect; between the root and branches it measures in height 50 or 60 feet, and oftentimes more. The 'chamferings,'* or kind of small wings, which sometimes grow the whole length of the trunk, do not in the least diminish the beauty of its white bark, nor the boldness with which it carries its round, spreading top. It is of this tree the negroes make their canoes, the wood being very soft, dense, and extremely light. They have some canoes 40 to 50 feet long, from 4 to 5 in breadth, and somewhat less in depth. The *farobier* is another large tree, as common as the *benten*, but put to a different use, owing to the hardness and weight of the wood. The negroes are very fond of its fruit, which has a husk like that of a French bean, but over a foot in length, containing a black flat seed, like large lentils, enveloped in a yellow farinaceous substance. The fruit frequently serves the natives in place of every other sustenance, especially when travelling."

M. Adanson speaks, with the enthusiasm of a botanist, of the beauty of the palm-trees, particularly of the oil-bearing palm, which is the loftiest of the genera. He saw many from 60 to 80 feet in the stalk, without any branches; the trunk is black in colour, and from one to two feet in diameter, throughout its entire length. The head, which is loaded with leaves, bears a round fruit, covered with a yellow pulp, from which the palm-oil is extracted.

A wild fig-tree, of extraordinary size and shape, also attracted his attention. It was not very high; but its trunk was cut with so many *chamferings* that it seemed to be composed of several trees, whose trunks joined to each other, most of them spreading chiefly more towards the roots, where they formed a kind of buttress. This trunk, which was only fifteen feet high, was divided into several large branches, well covered with leaves, affording an agreeable shade. Here the inhabitants had built a public hall; the floor was raised two or three feet above the earth, and composed of several forked shoots, planted near one another, over which cross-shoots were laid. The whole was covered with hurdles put close together, and some mats over them. Here the villagers held their assemblies, and here they met to smoke and converse.

Among other forest-trees described by M. Adanson, are two species of *Tabernæ montana*, remarkable for the beauty of their foliage, which is of a bright green. There was likewise a new species of *Bignonia*, remarkable for the bulk of its flowers, and the singularity of its fruit, which hung like large cucumbers at the end of its branches. Also several species of *anonas* or pine apples, most of them loaded with excellent fruit.

In 1796, nearly half a century after the time of M. Adanson, our great countryman, Mungo Park, traversed Senegambia, and the narrative of his labours forms one of the most interesting records of travel to be found in the language. Among other travellers who have journeyed through the regions between the Senegal and Gambia, may be enumerated, Dochard in 1820, De Beaufort in 1824, Caillie four years later, also Dr. Barth, and Raffenel; but their itineraries, as regards the position of places they visited, are singularly at variance with each other, and with those of Mungo Park, the father of African research.

One of the best works of travel into the interior of the states bordering on the French possessions, is from the pen of M. Mollien, who, in the year 1818, traversed the country of Bondou and Fouta D'jallon, and explored the sources of the rivers Gambia, Rio Grande, and Senegal.

This gallant and enterprising young Frenchman, filled with ardour and youthful enthusiasm, penetrated the mountainous districts from whence these great rivers of Senegambia take their rise, and thus inaugurated the series of discoveries which have since been prosecuted with such success by his countrymen, chiefly officers of that navy which has produced such names as La Perouse, Bellot, and other ardent votaries of science, conducting his researches at the imminent risk of his life, it is marvellous how much M. Mollien accomplished; and succeeding travellers have paid a tribute of respect to his abilities and the sufferings he cheerfully encountered in the cause of geographical research. The country he traversed was, forty-two years later, thoroughly explored by M. Lambert, a lieutenant of marines, and this officer pays a graceful tribute to his adventurous countryman, and laments that the recent death of M. Mollien robbed him of the gratification he must have derived from the knowledge that his labours and sufferings had received in M. Lambert's official report the recognition that was their due. The latter officer recounts, in graphic terms, the hardships he encountered, almost in an equal degree with his predecessors:—

"The long marches under a burning sun, or under torrents

* "Chamferings," or gutters, like flutings on a column.

of rain, while fever racked his frame; the fords of the rivers swelled by the rains and rendered almost impassable; deserts without shelter and without food; the attacks of armed robbers, and the horrors of famines." All these miseries, which had also overtaken M. Mollien on the banks of the Rio Grande, aggravated by the suspicions of the natives, who, says M. Lambert, firmly believed that white men were cannibals, pursued his enterprising successor in the exploration of Bondou and Fouta D'jallon, which were the scenes of his labours.*

In the year 1817, a countryman of ours, Captain Campbell, made an attempt to penetrate to the Niger through Fouta D'jallon, but was obliged to abandon the undertaking, after losing all his horses and beasts of burden. More successful was M. Hecquard, who, between the years 1849–52, visited successively the country watered by the Gaboon, Casamance, Albreda on the Gambia, and also Fouta D'jallon; and his researches, which were published in 1853, are embodied in a volume entitled, "Voyage sur la Côte et dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique occidentale," and may also be found in Volumes VIII. and IX. of the *Revue Coloniale* (Second Series). M. Lambert, whom we have already mentioned, was next in the field. He quitted Senegal (Saint Louis) on the 20th February, 1860, for the purpose of exploring the Fouta D'jallon, and accomplished his task most satisfactorily.

The country of the Fouta D'jallon, of which a race called the Djalonkés were the inhabitants, was conquered by the Foulahs, who are most austere Mohammedans. It was ruled at this time by two *almamys*, or chiefs (whose authority is spiritual as well as temporal), named Sori-Ibrahima and Oumar, the latter of whom was particularly recommended to M. Lambert by Colonel Faidherbe as a person whose alliance was to be courted by the French officer, as his sympathies were with France. The Foulahs, who are now masters of Fouta D'jallon, had lived in the country as tributaries under their hereditary chiefs. About a century ago, some of these chieftains acknowledged as their king one of their number, named Seri, who was settled near Faucoumba. Seri permitted his brother Seidi to take the title of *alpha*, or supreme chief, on the condition that the *alphas* should always be elected by the inhabitants of Faucoumba. On Seri's death, without heirs, Seidi transmitted to his son, Kikala, his title and his power. Malic and Noutrou, the two sons of the latter, bore the title of *alpha* in succession, and lived in peace with the Djalonkés; but Ibrahima, the son of the former, was the first to commence that system of conquest and conversion to Islamism which characterises Mohammedans in other countries. Gradually the number of his subjects, Foulahs and converts, increased, and he commenced the conquest of Fouta D'jallon, which occupied him the remainder of his life; for he not only had to subjugate the Djalonkés, but to repel the attacks of the idolaters who came from the banks of the Niger to their assistance. He was victor in 100 battles, and killed, it is said, 164 of the kings and chiefs who were opposed to him. Having vanquished the pagans of the east, Ibrahima turned his arms against those of the north, and forced Maka, king of Bondou, to embrace Islamism and take the title of *almamy;* then passing the Falémé and the Senegal, he advanced in his career of victory as far as Kounikari, in the heart of Kaarta, nearly 500 miles from Timbo. The rapidity of his movements gained him the title of Sori, or the "morning." At length this great warrior resigned all power into the hands of his son, called Alpha Sétif. There was peace during Ibrahima's life; but, on his decease, after a glorious reign of thirty-three years, a period of anarchy supervened, and eventually the kingdom of Fouta D'jallon was divided into two states, ruled by Oumar, and a descendant who assumed the name of Sori Ibrahima. Between the death of the founder of the race and the accession of Oumar, there was a period of twenty-eight years of anarchy; and in 1860, at the time of M. Lambert's mission, Oumar had reigned fourteen years.

Disembarking at the mouth of the Rio Nunez, M. Lambert started for the interior on the 8th of March. Passing through the basin of the Kakriman, he visited Assanquere, belonging to Oumar, and Faucoumba, the holy city of Fouta D'jallon, regarded as the cradle of Mohammedanism in these parts. This sacred city has the privilege of nominating the almamys; ostensibly the right is vested in the elders of the city, but the most influential men of the entire country assemble to take part in the deliberations, and often blood is spilt by the adherents of the respective aspirants for the throne. At Faucoumba, M. Lambert had an audience of the Almamy Sori Ibrahima, the same powerful chief of whom M. Hecquard had so much cause to complain. At this time he was about forty-five years of age, and is described by M. Lambert as an almost pure-blooded Foulah, with a reddish complexion resembling that of an Egyptian statue; his expression was stern, and his figure obese for one of his race, owing to the sedentary life he led. At the audience, M. Lambert delivered to the almamy a letter from Colonel Faidherbe,* Governor of Senegal, and the reception accorded to him was very gracious. From Faucoumba, M. Lambert proceeded to Timbo, a town of the same size, and containing about 3,000 inhabitants. Timbo is the capital of the Almamy Oumar, between whom and his coadjutor in the government of Fouta D'jallon there exists a great rivalry. Oumar offered, in M. Lambert's opinion, a very favourable contrast to his rival at Faucoumba; of much the same age, and exhibiting a similar tendency to obesity, he was more gentle, while displaying greater energy of character and a more princely dignity of demeanour. Oumar was very dark, owing to his mother and grandmother being of Djalonké blood.

After interviews with Oumar, and being present at the meetings of the senate, which he describes at length, M. Lambert took his departure from Timbo, but was unable to penetrate to Labé, the chief city of the Fouta D'jallon, having a population of 10,000 souls. He says, "two motives hindered me from entering Labé; one was the animosity of the reigning chiefs, and the other a custom by which it appears Europeans are debarred from entering the city. Neither M. Hecquard nor M. Mollien was able to penetrate within the walls. The inhabitants, they both say, entertain in respect of the river which flows through the city—and which having its source in Mount Kolima, flows into the Falémé under the name of Doumbélé—a superstition which induces them to keep it sacred from the gaze of any white man." After receiving the waters of the Doumbélé, the Féné or Falémé flows through the Bondou country until it is merged in the Senegal. Near Labé is Mount Tontourou, from which issues the two rivers, Kakriman and Gambia, and a little to the south, in the

* *Voyage dans le Fouta D'jallon*, February to June, 1860. *Revue Maritime et Coloniale*, Vol. II. (1861)

* This was the same officer who commanded with such distinction the French forces opposed to General Manteuffel during the hopeless struggle waged by the Government of National Defence after the disaster of Sedan.

country of Timbo, the Falémé and the Senegal take their rise. In the same chain, due north of Labé, is Mount Pellat and another lofty peak, from which take their rise many of the affluents of the Gambia and Rio Grande, so that this region, though limited in extent, is the source of all the rivers of Senegambia.

The following are the positions of the principal sources of these streams as laid down by M. Lambert:—

	Latitude.	Longitude.	flowing to the
Senegal	10° 50′	13° 40′	N.E.
Falémé	10° 48′	14° 0′	,, ,, N.E.
Gambia	11° 27′	13° 43′	,, ,, N.
Rio Grande ...	11° 28′	13° 45′	,, ,, W.
Kakriman, or Kissi-Kissi	11° 25′	13° 42′	,, ,, S.S.W.

Between the months of June and October, 1860, M. Bourrel, *enseigne de vaisseau* in the French navy, accomplished the exploration* of the country of the Moors of Brakna, situated between the territories of the Moors of Trarza and the Douaich Moors, which had been already explored by M. Mage in a voyage undertaken some years before his great journey into the Western Soudan. Of this journey of exploration, undertaken between the years 1863-66, we will now give a brief record.

Lieutenant Mage, of the French navy, accompanied by Dr. Quintin, a naval surgeon, was engaged in this undertaking, under the auspices of General Faidherbe, who had returned to the colony of Senegal for his second term of office as governor. The following letter of instructions to Lieutenant Mage from that officer, indicates the nature of the mission on which he proceeded:—

"Your mission is to explore the line which connects our settlements on the Upper Senegal with the Upper Niger, especially with Bamakoo, which seems to be the nearest point at which the Niger is likely to present no serious obstacles to navigation, as far as the Falls of Boussa.

"The main object in view is to be prepared, as soon as the French Government shall think fit to give the order, to form a line of posts, at intervals of about thirty leagues, between Medina and Bamakoo, or any other place on the Upper Niger which seems more favourable as a commercial centre on this river.

"It would probably be necessary to establish three intermediate posts between Bafoolabé and Bamakoo.

"If by means of these posts, which would serve as warehouses for merchandise and natural products, and would afford protection to the caravans, we could form a commercial highway between Senegal and the Upper Niger, may we not hope by this means to supplant the commerce of Morocco with the Soudan?

"The merchandise going from Soueyra to supply the Soudan has to be conveyed four hundred leagues on the backs of beasts of burden, across a desert, without provision and without water, before arriving at the Niger. For every eight or ten hundredweight there must be five camels, and at least one guide, travelling for at least three months.

"The commerce of Morocco with the Soudan is now chiefly profitable to England, and it encourages slavery in Morocco. We should then have a double advantage in suppressing it.

"To carry out this project it will be necessary to secure the friendship of a great chief, such as El Hadj Omar is now, in the central Soudan. This Marabout, who formerly put so many obstacles in our way, might in future bring about changes the most advantageous to the Soudan and to ourselves, if only he would enter into our views. And for himself, he might realise great profits from this trade on the Upper Niger.

"I send you there as ambassador to El Hadj Omar. It seems certain that lately this chief was master of Kaarta, of Ségou, and its tributary provinces, including Timbuctoo, that is to say, master of the whole course of the Upper Niger, between Fouta D'jallon and Timbuctoo. It is now reported by some that he is dead; by others that he is all-powerful in Macina. If you find on your arrival that he is dead, you will address yourself, in my name, to his successor, or if his empire is dismembered, to the chiefs of the countries through which you will pass. I will give you all the necessary letters.

"Your mission with regard to the posts to be established between Bafoolabé and Bamakoo, and the proposals to be made to El Hadj Omar, or his successors, being accomplished, you may either descend the Niger to its mouth, or proceed to Algeria, Morocco, or Tripoli."

On the 13th October, 1863, Lieutenant Mage and his companion started from St. Louis in a gunboat, and, after inspecting the different posts on the left bank of the Senegal—the Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, and others—landed on the 19th at Bakel, where he received the final verbal instructions of General Faidherbe. On the 26th he started for Medina,* the last French station, situated on the banks of the Senegal, where he arrived four days later. From hence he made some explorations of the river above the falls of Felou, and on the 3rd November, 1863, finally took his departure and plunged into the unexplored country, which, as well as Kaarta, Ségou, and other cities, he has described in his travels.†

M. Mage having traversed the country between the Senegal and the Niger, proceeded down that river until he reached the city of Ségou-Sikoro.‡

The army of Ahmadou, son of El Hadj,§ took part in the military operations against the Bambaras and other tribes. M. Mage was present at the battle of Toghou, the storming of Dina, and the siege of Sansandig, all of which the French officer describes in his interesting work. Ahmadou's army, seized with one of those unaccountable panics to which undisciplined

* The narrative of this expedition may be found in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* for 1861, Vol. II., p. 511.

* This fort was besieged by El Hadj Omar in 1857, and was relieved on 18th July by Colonel Faidherbe, Governor of Senegal between 1857 and 1860, and again in 1863, when he was succeeded by M. Laprade, also a Colonel of Engineers.

† The full narrative of M. Mage's travels from the Senegal to the Niger has been published, and a translation appeared in Vol. II. (1870) of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

‡ Mungo Park, in his travels, speaks of four cities of the name of Ségou, two on each side of the river Niger. "The probability," says Mage, "is that he supposed that Ségou-Bougou, or 'village of gardens of Ségou,' and Ségou-Coro, the 'old Coro,' opposite, had but one name and formed but one place. That he made this mistake seems the more likely, as he speaks of the high towers of the king's palace, the ruins of which I saw at Ségou-Sikoro, which, according to him, was the only two-storeyed building in existence there at the time of the conquest, and belonged to Ali. At Ségou-Coro there must have been two palaces, as the ruins of them are still to be seen; and some portions of the high wall which have remained standing show that they were not ordinary dwelling-houses. I tried to reconcile Mungo Park's description of the towns as they were in his time with what I saw, but the result was scarcely satisfactory."

§ Hadj or Haji means "pilgrim," a distinctive appellation affixed to their names by all Mohammedans who have made the pilgrimage to the holy shrine of the Prophet at Mecca.

troops are so much liable, suddenly broke up their camp, "and if," says Mage, "fifty horsemen had just sallied forth from the gates of Sansandig, Ahmadou and his great army would have been powerless to resist them. Thus ended the siege of Sansandig."

"I reached Ségou," he adds, "I scarcely know how, and very nearly fell a victim to a long and dangerous attack of marsh fever, one of the most distressing and dangerous symptoms of which is violent nose-bleeding. I owed my recovery to the unremitting and devoted care of Dr. Quintin, and also in great measure to the joy occasioned by the long-wished-for return of my messengers from St. Louis, with news from Europe and letters from my family and friends. They brought me also exact instructions from the governor how to deal with Ahmadou, and a fresh supply of presents for him, by which means I succeeded at last in coming to some definite understanding with him, and in obtaining from him the ratification of a treaty, consisting of seven articles, by which French subjects were permitted to travel, 'not only in all the countries then under Ahmadou's dominion, but also in those which he may hereafter acquire.

This treaty was concluded on 26th of February, 1866, but Ahmadou, by one pretext or another, delayed ratifying it for some months, and M. Mage found his departure from Ségou indefinitely delayed. At length, on the 2nd of May, seven months after the affair of Sansandig, Ahmadou summoned the French officers to his palace, and after an interchange of presents, they were dismissed with many expressions of regard.

"The most important result of my mission," says M. Mage, "will doubtless be the enabling the Duilas of Kaarta to come and buy merchandise in our settlements, and carry it, in times of peace, to Ségou in exchange for gold and slaves.

"The only way for France to acquire any political influence or position in Soudan would be, I think, by sending an expedition up the Niger in boats, which might either be taken up the rapids at Boussa, or carried thither in pieces, and put together above them. Once in the district of the Upper Niger, with even a small number of well-manned gunboats, almost anything might be done. Dr. Barth, writing on the same subject, said, 'I believe that the way to improve the condition of Africa would be to establish colonial settlements on the principal rivers, which would form so many centres of civilisation and industry.'"



M. MAGE.

A Visit to the Borders of Ashantee.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLY.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of April, 1871, the brig *Astarte*, in which I had taken a passage from England, dropped her anchor off the town of Assinee on the Gold Coast, after a tedious passage of thirty-five days from the Lizard Point. From the roadstead there is nothing very striking in the appearance of this, the longest town on the West Coast; the red-tiled roof of the French Factory, the glaring corrugated iron structure of Messrs. Swanzy's house, and the clump of high trees called Draco Grove (with the white stone marking the grave of an unlucky Frenchman, standing out in striking contrast to the sombre olive of the woods), being the salient features of the scene.

Along the bright orange-sandy beach the heavy surf was beating with ceaseless fury, each breaker gleaming white in the sunshine as it curled over and dashed itself in impotent rage against the shore.

A straggling line of huts, some presenting their gables, and others their sides to the roadstead, stretched for a mile along the narrow spit of sand which separates the waters of the Assinee River from those of the ocean; while on the farther side of the stream the roofs of the houses, and the curious dove-cot turret of the French settlement at Blokoos, were visible through occasional rifts in the trees.

The next morning Captain Haynes and I prepared for our landing, which here, as indeed everywhere along this surf-bound coast, is an unpleasant if not dangerous proceeding. Although we were down in the cabin, we could hear the approach of the surf-boat, here called canoe, urged along by the powerful strokes of her crew of thirteen Elmina men, who kept time in their strokes by a peculiar hissing snort, something like the technical sound made by English grooms when rubbing down a horse. On going on deck we were met by the "bos'n," who with the customary "maunin capt'n" delivered a something to Captain Haynes, which upon investigation proved to be a note, or "book" as he called it, but so saturated with water as to be almost reconverted into its pristine pulp.

Adopting the vernacular, I asked the "bos'n" if "the sea live good." "He be not too good for true, but not too full yet." "You fit put cap'n and I for beach?" "We fit s'pose you go one time."

The note brought by the canoemen informed us that if we intended landing we must do so by the first boat, otherwise the breakers would be too high for a dry, if a safe, passage through them.

The captain and I therefore took our seats in the bow of the surf-boat, and the crew seating themselves in pairs on the gunwales, plied their palmate-shaped paddles, while the "bos'n," standing erect in the stern-sheets, steered his craft by means of a long oar. We were scarcely a hundred yards from the vessel ere one of the crew struck up an extempore ditty, the subject of which was most probably ourselves, to judge by the frequent looks in our direction, and the bursts of laughter as some allusion emanated from the singer.

As we neared the line of outer breakers, the long heaving swell grew higher and more sudden, and our boat—a Bristol-built surf-boat, shaped very similarly to a life-boat—now rose upon the summit of one of the watery hills, and then sank in one of the valleys, hiding ship and beach from our view.

The tug of war now commenced in earnest, and the monotonous chant of the canoemen was hushed as the roar of the surf beat audibly upon our ears, and we could see the tossing, leaping surf along the shore. Our boat's crew were well trained in their dangerous avocation, and the "bos'n" was well known as a lucky one. Nevertheless, as his crew ceased paddling, and his piercing eye scanned each roller as it came along, gathering strength in its course until it toppled over in its mad race towards the shore, it was evident that it was an anxious time, and that his skill was about to be put to a severe test. Landing on the western coast of Africa is always a dangerous undertaking, and our passage through the surf at Assinee may be taken as a specimen of the welcome a traveller must expect on his arrival on its unhealthy shores.

As the boat is kept poised by the dexterous strokes of the canoemen, roller after roller slips under us until the skilful eye of the "bos'n" detects one of less imposing aspect, and we prepare to go in upon it. The canoe is urged forward by a few strokes, and instead of the roller passing under us, we are carried along upon its watery back. The excitement now becomes intense as we near the point where the upper portion of the wave, unimpeded by the friction of the bottom, gains so far upon the base as to convert the moving hill into an advancing canopy of olive-hued water, and at length a gleam of snowy foam shoots along the summit, as with a crash and a roar the breaker topples over. In heavy surf the breakers will present a wall of water eighteen feet high, and a breaker of ten feet drop is of everyday occurrence.

As we were hurried along, the canoemen excitedly shouted directions out to each other to paddle a backwater, and at length we saw the olive hue of the breaker just before us assume, first a pea green, and then a snowy white, and then we knew the crisis was at hand. With a crash and roar the huge breaker seemed to disappear beneath us, and a seething chaos of foam to take its place. On rushed our boat, borne on the headlong torrent, with her bows deeply immersed, and her stern high up on the foamy fragments of the breaker; all the skill of the "bos'n" was now required to keep us before it, while the frantic cries of the canoemen, as they madly plied their paddles to keep pace with the rush of waters, showed their excitement. Nor were their efforts altogether efficacious in preventing mishap, for our canoe swerved to the left, and heeling over at a fearful angle, threw me on the top of the captain, while the foaming waters rushed into the boat and well nigh swamped us. By a vigorous stroke of the stern oar, combined with the rapid paddlings of the boatmen, we, however, once again presented our sharp stern to the succeeding breaker, which came tumbling over a few yards behind us, like a miniature Niagara, and catching us in its powerful embrace, again hurried us

towards the beach. The view of the oncoming breaker was magnificent. A solid wall of olive-hued water would rise up and up, until it seemed as if it would overwhelm us, when, with a graceful curl its head would shoot into a foamy line, and, with a rush and a roar, would dash itself into fragments upon the shoal water in front of it.

Should a boat be too far advanced upon the breaker when it thus breaks, it is violently hurled over the dangerous precipice, while, if not sufficiently forward, it will be caught by the succeeding breaker and either buried at once beneath its overhanging head, or rolled over and over, helpless as a straw, by its furious torrent.

After passing over two other breakers, each smaller than the preceding one, we were carried at railway speed upon the back of the third, and stranded high up on the sloping beach; and the canoemen, joyfully throwing their paddles overboard, to be carried ashore by the surf, leaped out and dragged the lightened boat out of the reach of the succeeding wave, assisted by a crowd of labourers, who tailed on to a long painter and soon had the canoe out of harm's reach.

No sooner had the boats touched the sand, than the captain and I were carried off in the arms of a couple of stout negroes and thus spared a further wetting. Assinee is one of the principal trading ports of the Ashantee nation. These latter rarely come to the coast to trade for themselves, since the coast-line is in the possession of various tribes who act as brokers between the Ashantees and the Europeans. They receive the gold-dust from the Ashantees on their northern frontier, and purchase the required goods at the factories on the coast, charging a by no means moderate commission for their trouble. We cannot, therefore, be surprised at the Ashantees wishing to have a coast-line of their own, when they have to obtain all their supplies at the hands of such extortionate brokers.

A factory on the coast of Africa is very different from what we know by that name in England. We will describe the one before us as a specimen.

A long shed, built of the stalks of the bamboo-tree (*Raphia vinifera*) planted closely together and thatched with grass, is the usual form of building. Within it is a broad counter extending right across the shed, behind which the various wares are exposed for sale, far out of reach of any of the nimble-fingered gentry. Hanging from pegs we see strings and bunches of beads of every possible shape, hue, and size, from the diminutive seed-beads no larger than dust-shot, through all gradations to fancifully-patterned affairs, each as large as a walnut.

Looking glasses for the sable Venuses and Adonises to examine their charms; razors, knives, scissors, needles, combs (like miniature garden-rakes), bottles of scent and pomatum, gaudy cricketing-belts, and a hundred other articles are displayed. Ranged on shelves are textile fabrics of every description. Chintzes, prints, calicoes, domestics, romals, and a host of other kinds of every conceivable pattern. Here is one which might be adopted as a morning dress by any English lady, so delicate is the pattern, while close by and in great demand, is a roll of "pineapple cloth," a bright blue fabric with gaudy life-sized pineapples of bright orange by way of relief. Crimean shirts, straw hats to protect skulls upon which you might flatten nails with impunity; umbrellas to prevent any dandy from spoiling his complexion, white pants and shoes, chairs, workboxes, desks for people who cannot write, and a host of other knick-knacks. Nor is the inner man forgotten, for hard by we see a hogshead of rum being rapidly emptied, as it is doled out by pint, quart, or gallon; stuff that would turn any civilised stomach by its very smell.

For those who can afford it, there are gaily-coloured liqueurs of every description, gorgeous to the eye and poisonous to the stomach. Guns of all descriptions, from brass blunderbusses, and good old Tower muskets, down to scarlet-butted buccaneers with seven-foot barrels, so that if a man has pulled the trigger and wishes to shoot a different object to that at which he had previously aimed, he will have opportunity of so doing ere the shot leaves the barrel.

Behind the counter the head trader and his assistants are busily engaged in supplying the wants of their customers, who are by no means behind Europeans in the mysteries and delights of shopping. A negro matron with a child straddling on her left hip, and a short black pipe in her mouth, will take as much time in buying a few yards of print, braid, or a few beads, as any of her more civilised sisters; while the purchase of a gun is always a serious matter. A hunter or warrior wishes to buy a gun. One is handed him over the counter from a long case containing perhaps a score. He cocks it and snaps the flint, "No good, it does not talk," *i.e.*, strike fire. Another is handed over to him with a like result, and in this manner the purchaser would go over every gun in the factory if he were permitted. But when the second gun is handed to him, the first is usually taken away, and when the second is pronounced a bad talker, the first is again handed back, and this exchange goes on until the purchaser finds one to his liking.

But, it will be asked, What do the people bring in exchange for these articles? Along the Gold Coast gold-dust is the principal article of exchange, with a small quantity of palm-oil and kernels. The gold-dust is the product of the washings of the streams and ancient river-beds in the hilly country in the interior, notably in Ashantee, which is by far the richest gold-producing country in Africa. Thousands of slaves are there employed in washing the precious metal from its grosser matrix, and the dust, and often nuggets, are partly exchanged for European commodities and partly for the products of the markets of the Semiticised races to the north of the Kong Mountains.

Nor is roguery wanting in this trade. To say nothing of gold-dust made in Brummagem and sold by unprincipled traders to customers as bad as themselves, the Ashantees are expert in the art of gilding and plating silver or baser metals with gold. Many an acute trader has been woefully taken in who has relied upon the powers of aquafortis and the touch-stone for the detection of the spurious from the real.

Each factory has a regularly organised staff of gold-takers, whose sole duty is to assay each sample of gold brought to the factory, and who, or their masters, are responsible for any bad metal which has passed through their hands.

Outside the factory at Assinee is a little shed, with a noisy crowd around it. This is the office of the gold-takers, and we will enter and look on.

The officer, a Fantee, naked from the waist, sits behind a low table upon which are several touchstones, a pair of small scales, a magnet, and several copper vessels called blow-pans, shaped not unlike bankers' scoops, but without any handles. These, together with a few small feathers, are the assaying implements of the professional gold-taker.

Let us watch his movements. Here comes a stalwart fellow, with as much clothing upon him as would make a

moderate-sized duster. His hair is elaborately decorated with minute corkscrew curls, and a few of the scarlet feathers of the grey parrot. His beard is also artistically dressed in ringlets, each being ended off by a string of a few beads, threaded on the hair. Carefully untying a knot in one corner of his scanty cloth, he produces a small package about the size of a cherry, neatly wrapped up in paper within an envelope of leaves, and the whole carefully tied up with raw cotton. This he lays before the gold-taker, and then, fumbling in the intricate mazes of his woolly head, produces a second package. Daintily opening each, he shakes the gold-dust into one of the blow-pans, carefully smoothing each crumple, lest an atom of the precious metal should be left behind, and then stands looking with eager eyes while the gold is "blown." Taking the pan in his left hand, the gold-taker, by a few dexterous movements, brings the smaller particles to one end of the pan. He then stirs his magnet among the auriferous particles a few times. No result. Then, holding the pan slightly inclined, he puffs a few times into the small atoms. A few fly off; these are specks of mica thus selected by the wonderfully adjusted breath of the gold-taker. He then takes up one of the feather tips, and carefully goes over each particle of the gold-dust; now testing a suspicious-looking piece by the touchstone or by the taste, selecting those which he suspects to be mixed with earthy matter, and breaking them and finally weighing the blown gold, and giving the owner a "book" of the amount of good gold. This docket he takes to the trader, and obtains goods to its amount. In some instances, where the purchaser is well known, credit is given, but it is always with considerable risk.

Outside the factory is an amusing scene. The buyers and those who have purchased are having a brisk argument over any and everything. Here a devotee of Bacchus is busily engaged in absorbing immense quantities of Brazilian caxaça, just purchased with the fruits of six months' toil. Close by, is a sable Venus robing herself in a brand new chintz, emblazoned with half the animals in Noah's ark "proper." Here again is a hunter trying his powder. The gun is loaded with a handful of loose powder, and discharged, reckless of thatched roofs and open powder-kegs, to say nothing of singed wool and scorched cheeks. Then, again, groups are eagerly discussing the various merits of sundry bottles of villainous perfumes and semi-rancid pomatum, all with pipes in their mouths. Urchins of both sexes, dressed in a string of beads, caper madly about, and revel in the loose sand like pigs out for a frolic, while shouts of laughter, interlarded with violent gesticulations and talking at the very top of their voices, add to the hubbub.

Besides the regular traders, there are often half-a-dozen of the wives of the dependants of the factory doing a brisk trade on their own account. Bottles of liqueurs, packets of needles, or even single ones, tape, thread, cloves for perfuming purposes, buttons, and similar small ware, are their principal articles of sale. Gold-dust is here also the medium of exchange, but instead of the *akies* and *tokoes*, corresponding to eighths of an ounce, as used in the larger purchases, the smaller fractions of an ounce are here used. The gold-dust is put in one scale, and a bead, or red berry something like a holly-berry, or other small article of previously-ascertained weight, determines the amount of gold to be given for the article. In this way the weight of a red berry is equal to fourpence-halfpenny of gold-dust, and a small seed-bead is equal in value to three-halfpence when counterpoised by gold-dust. Nor is the amount of gold obtained in these small pinches in a single day inconsiderable, for when trade is brisk, one of these costermongers, as they may be called, will take two ounces of dust, while in the factories 300 ounces per diem have been taken.

There had been a palaver between the Ashantees and



ASHANTEE BELLES.

Amakie, the king of Apollonia, resulting in the discomfiture of the latter. A few days after our arrival we saw several large canoes coming down the river, one of which contained the umbrellas of four Ashantee chiefs. The following morning a messenger arrived at the factory to inform us that the Ashantee general was about to call upon us to pay his respects. Rum, bottles of beer, and other liquors were prepared for the reception, and we waited anxiously for the approach of the high official. Presently a noise as if the utensils in a kitchen were having a fight, mingled with loud braying of horns, announced the approach of the cortége. Soon a body of twenty-six stalwart warriors made their appearance, dressed in cotton tunics, heavily fringed and ornamented with beads, and confined round the waist by a broad sash, in which a short dagger was stuck. Several strings of beads, to which various charms were attached, depended from their necks, while beads, bunches of feathers, fetiche twigs, and other mysterious relics, were profusely tied among their woolly locks. All wore armlets and anklets, and carried highly-polished muskets, with covers for the muzzles and locks formed of cowhide. They performed a series of corybantic dances as they advanced towards the factory, whirling themselves round on one leg, gesticulating violently, and twisting their guns about as if they were broom-handles.

Next came the band, composed of players on the *gong-gong*, or African cymbal; horn-blowers, whose instruments were small *scrivellos*, or elephants' tusks, with a hole at the smaller end through which they blew, while the hand closed the wide end more or less, and thus regulated the note. Drums of several kinds, from tree-trunks borne on a man's head, and played with a couple of crooked sticks by a drummer following, to curious affairs shaped like hour-glasses, with a most flat, unpleasing note. Besides these, there were castanets played by the thumb and forefinger, and tambourines of calabash-ware. The noise was effective, but the music questionable.

The sword-bearers of the chief followed, carrying these emblems of rank swathed in white calico, with the hilts of solid gold exposed to the public gaze. The stool-bearers of the great man succeeded, carrying curiously carved stools about ten inches high, shaped somewhat like a beaver hat set upon its crown. These were richly inlaid with gold, and, like the swords, each had its covering of white calico. Then came the shield-bearers, carrying large oval shields like those in use among the Kafirs, richly studded with gold; and last came the executioner and doctor, or medicine-man, of the chief.

The first of these is always known by his whitened face and cap of monkey-skin, with the head in front. He carried an immense circinal-ended sword, with a blade fretted like a fish-slice, and evidently capable of decapitating a person at a single blow, a very different affair to the miserable little knifelets in use in Dahomey for a similar purpose. The office of executioner is by no means a sinecure in Ashantee, and the servant is not unfrequently required to exercise his office upon his master. As might be expected, there is a peculiar respect shown to the Ashantee Calcrafts.

The chief was shaded from the sun by a magnificent umbrella of bright scarlet silk, with blue, green, and yellow devices sewn on the wide lappets. He was dressed in a striped tunic of native manufacture, and ornamented with nuggets of pure gold sewn on it. On his breast a large plate of gold, shaped like a star, was suspended from a string of coral, while a dozen heavy bead necklaces testified to their wearer's rank and importance. A turkey-red sash supported a gold-hilted dagger, and a walking-stick with a ponderous head of the same precious metal was carried before him. On his fingers and thumbs he wore several rings of various native patterns, one in particular, which must have weighed an ounce, representing two cannons attached to a hoop. Nuggets of gold were attached to his hair and beard, and altogether at least a pound of this metal must have been fixed about his person.

The chief saluted us and shook hands with us, Ashantee fashion, grasping hands and filliping the middle fingers together. The rum, ale, and other liquors were then dealt out, the doctor first tasting the glass of the chief, to prevent poisoning, and then pouring out a small libation to the manes of his ancestors, ere the great functionary deigned to touch the coveted fluid.

Meanwhile guns were fired, songs yelled rather than sung, and the wildest dances performed, in which he who raised the densest cloud of dust seemed to be the best dancer.

These Ashantees were fine tall fellows, in the full vigour of manhood, whose athletic forms contrasted favourably with those of the coast tribes. Cruel, bloodthirsty, superstitious, and treacherous as they are known to be, yet there are traces of a higher standard of civilisation than among the negro coast tribes. They are by far the most formidable tribe on the western coast, the Dahomans included; and it is only a matter of surprise that they have not long ere this made themselves masters of the whole coast-line between Grand Bassam and the River Volta.

In 1807 they advanced in their victorious career to forts on the coast occupied by the Dutch. They attacked the fort of Anamaboe, and after killing half the inhabitants and reducing the defenders of the fort to eight persons, the governor (Meredith) utterly beaten, made a treaty with the king, by which he acknowledged his sovereignty over all the coast tribes, including Cape Coast Castle, Accra, and Elmina.

After this treaty, the Ashantees withdrew their troops, and nothing more of importance transpired until 1816, when they appeared before Cape Coast Castle, and reduced the English governor to the last extremity. They were at length bought off by a large sum in gold-dust, which they demanded as arrears of tribute due to the Fantees.

In 1822, Governor McCarthy refused to pay tribute as had been hitherto paid by the former governors, and thereupon the Ashantees, calling the English "treaty-breakers," overran the Fantee country. The governor, woefully underrating the valour of the Ashantees, took the field against them, but was totally defeated on the banks of the Prah on January 21st, 1823, the governor and all the other officers, with two exceptions, being either killed or taken prisoners. Peace was again obtained by the payment of tribute, but the war again broke out, until the Ashantees were at last defeated near Accra.

In 1864 the Ashantees again took up arms, because the English refused to deliver up two captives claimed by them. Twelve hundred men, chiefly natives, officered by Englishmen, marched against them, and, as might be expected, literally withered away before the combined effects of fever and wounds. A mere handful returned to Cape Coast Castle.

The present war originated on the handing over of the Dutch fortress of Elmina to the English, which the Ashantee monarch declared should never have been done with his consent until all arrears were paid. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

The Government Expedition Round the World.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

In a previous volume of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, a brief account was given of the object and preparation of an expedition then about to leave England on a voyage of scientific discovery to various parts of the world; and, as H.M.S. *Challenger* has now completed what may be termed the first section of her voyage, having surveyed the North Atlantic, and passed into the South Atlantic, an outline of her work so far accomplished will doubtless prove interesting.

The *Challenger* left Sheerness on the 7th December, 1872, and Portsmouth on the 21st. Previous to sailing, the Council and Committee of the Royal Society, at the invitation of the Lords of the Admiralty, visited the ship, and inspected all the fittings and appliances furnished for carrying out the objects of the voyage; and as everything asked for had been given, the arrangements, fittings, and supplies were found most perfect; indeed, so complete was the outfit, that to this time nothing has been found wanting, excepting material to replace that used, and some slight modification in appliances suggested from experience as improvements.

On her voyage down the English Channel and across the Bay of Biscay, the *Challenger* experienced such stormy weather as to preclude taking deep soundings; but as the track over which she passed had been previously sounded by other ships, it was not considered a loss of time. But more favourable latitudes were soon reached, and on the 30th, when to the south-west of Cape Finisterre, the first deep sounding was taken in 1,125 fathoms, and the first haul of the dredge made. The former was successfully made, but the latter proved abortive by the dredge emerging bottom up. A second cast proved more successful, and a specimen of the *Gonstryx*, with some star-fishes, rewarded the naturalists and set them to work. Another sounding was taken in nearly 2,000 fathoms; but in the attempt to dredge, the dredge fouled or got entangled in some rocks; and after every endeavour made, the rope broke and the dredge was lost.

The *Challenger* entered the Tagus on the 3rd January, and anchored off Lisbon. A few days afterwards the King of Portugal visited the ship, and expressed himself greatly interested in the voyage.

The picturesque beauties of the neighbourhood of Lisbon were a source of much pleasure to the gentlemen of the expedition, and various places were visited, of which Professor Wyville Thomson has sent interesting accounts home, and which have appeared in a contemporary periodical. After a delay of some days from stress of weather, the expedition left the river on the 12th for Gibraltar. In 600 fathoms, near Cape St. Vincent, a fifteen feet beam-trawl was let down, and proved very successful; for, in addition to a number of star-fishes, several fishes were brought to the surface. These presented a most singular appearance. Unlike star-fishes, they are unable to accommodate themselves to the various degrees of pressure; and on being relieved from the amount they had been accustomed to, the expanded air caused them to swell to bursting, whilst the eyes protruded from the head in globular projections.

When twelve miles off Cape St. Vincent, the dredge was let down in 525 fathoms; but, with a short drift, the depth increased to 900 fathoms, so steep was the incline at that distance from the shore. The dredging and trawling proved most successful, and Gibraltar was reached on the 18th.

Eight days were spent at Gibraltar, in which time a new survey was made of the mole, and a measurement of the meridian between that place and Malta, made by means of the electric telegraph. On the 26th of January, the *Challenger* left Gibraltar, pursuing a westerly course to get on the direct line between Lisbon and Madeira. The soundings on the way out were most interesting, as by far the deepest water was found nearer the shore than at the extreme of the westerly course, and previous soundings still further west are shoaler still, leading to the hypothesis that another, but submarine basin, similar to that of the Black Sea and Mediterranean exists, with its outlet between the Canary Islands and Madeira. Such a basin, could the surface of the ocean subside to present it as such, would be most grand, with Madeira as a mountain of 13,000 to 20,000 feet above the surrounding land on the north, and Teneriffe rivalling the loftiest range of the Himalayas to the south, imagination could scarcely depict a more wonderful subject, and the Gibraltar promontory, with the headlands and mountains we now so much admire, would dwarf into insignificance.

Specimens of the beautiful *Euplectella*, or the "Venus's flower-basket" of the Philippine Islands, and which is the siliceous skeleton of a sponge, were brought up in the trawl, in a living state, from 1,090 fathoms; some fine sea-urchins were also brought to light, and in another haul, from 2,125 fathoms, many star-fishes and holothurids were obtained.

On the 3rd of February the expedition reached Madeira, and greatly were the beauties of this almost tropical island enjoyed. Attention has, of late years, been turned to the growth of the sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar, and with some success, for two factories are kept in constant work, but the want of roads through the island is a great drawback to the prosperity of the people; indeed, the communication is so bad, that the inhabitants on the north side of the island are necessitated to place their produce in water-tight casks and float them off through the surf to small vessels to take round to Funchal for exportation; a little energy and outlay would greatly add to the material prosperity of the island. After coaling, the *Challenger* proceeded to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and a party of naturalists landed for the purpose of ascending the peak; they succeeded in getting beyond the snow-line, about three parts of the way up, but the guides then refused to proceed further, and no inducement would make them alter their determination, so the party were obliged, of necessity, to relinquish the task.

On the 14th, the ship left Santa Cruz to commence the real work in sounding across the Atlantic to Sombrero, and sounding, trawling, and dredging, became the daily labour. Observations were also commenced for ascertaining the tem-

perature of the ocean at various depths, a work of much labour, as the line had to be hauled in and let out again very often, the observations generally consisting of 15 at every station, the temperature being obtained at every 100 fathoms to 1,500, and very often, in particular localities, these fifteen observations were supplemented by many more intermediate ones.

As might be expected in the vicinity of a volcanic island, the bottom was found uneven, with steep acclivities and depressions, but, at the same time, prolific in objects of interest; some fine specimens of sponge, having much the appearance of the tinder-fungus, and other interesting objects, were brought up, and soon after, a new species of crustacea was found in the tangles of the dredge, or brought up from 1,900 fathoms; this specimen was remarkable for possessing no organs of vision, indeed, no eye-stalks; it was in shape similar to the lobster or prawn, nearly five inches long, having ten legs of most delicate form, edged with a close fringe of yellowish colour. Professor Wyville Thomson gave the name of *Deidamia leptodactyla* to this remarkable animal.

The deepest water of the section, 3,150 fathoms, was obtained on the tropic in longitude 35° 11′ W. The dredge brought up scarcely any trace of organic matter; the bottom consisted of smooth impalpable clay of a reddish or dark chocolate colour, which, in water, was held in suspense for some time. This nature of bottom extended over a distance of from 700 to 800 miles; and it is noticeable on this section that wherever the water exceeded a depth of about 2,700 fathoms, this red clay was found, but within that depth it consisted of the usual globigerina ooze of the Atlantic. In one of the soundings, that taken on the 21st, in 2,740 fathoms, the sounding-rod, when it came up, was found to be entangled in the first 100 fathoms of line, that quantity having been paid out after the weights were down; this proves that the deep-sea water at that time must have been perfectly still, and that the rod must have been sticking upright in the mud at the bottom.

It must not be understood that the work of the expedition consisted only in sounding; whenever opportunity occurred, and the sea was smooth enough, boats were lowered, and the naturalists were away with tow and drift nets catching everything, however small, that dared to float on the waters, or come up for breath, and this gave more employment in selecting, examining, and describing the animals found; when anything remarkable was obtained, it was placed in the aquarium to be watched, and notes were taken of its actions. The serial temperatures also occupied much time, so that the observations of the day frequently occupied twelve hours, and the sorting, arranging, and tabulating ran into the small hours of the night, and frequently, hours were expended in sifting and examining the mud brought up, with no adequate return for the labour. Water also was brought up from great depths to ascertain the specific gravity, and for analytical examination.

On the 16th of March, the *Challenger* anchored at St. Thomas's, and immediately commenced refitting, which the wear and tear of the work (which is very great), necessitated. Observations were obtained for magnetism and longitude, and the chart of the harbour corrected.

The harbour, one of the finest in the world, still presents a sad spectacle from the effects of the terrific cyclone of 1867. A number of wrecks being still to be seen, and many small houses, partly built of timbers and bulkheads of ships, present melancholy evidence of the destruction to shipping in the hurricane months. A curious instance of the creation of a rock was found, which, but for the explanation given, would cause some speculation. This artificial rock is in the bay west of Cairn Hill, and is about two feet above high water; a cargo of cement was deposited there from a wreck, and has become as solid as concrete.

Yellow fever invests this fine harbour with very ill repute, and it is a saying on the island that when the anchor is let go, you should "go down and make your will." The authorities have done much to remedy the spread of this dreadful scourge, and have established a coaling depôt, from which fever-stricken ships can obtain supplies without communicating with the shore.

Before quitting St. Thomas's, the *Challenger's* officers and crew were called upon to perform a pleasant duty, in extricating some fellow-sailors from a dilemma. A dismasted English ship had anchored in the channel between St. Thomas's and St. John's Islands, and was in want of assistance, which was willingly rendered by towing her safely into harbour. She turned out to be the iron ship *Verona*, which, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, had been thrown on her beam-ends in a violent squall, and the captain was obliged to cut away her main and mizen masts to right her. In this condition she was found by the ship *Rowantree*, Captain Barry, who proceeded to render assistance by taking the crew on board his vessel, but, on examination, Captain Barry did not consider the *Verona's* case hopeless, and tried to persuade the officers and men to return to their ship, but as they determinedly refused, he permitted his own mate and a volunteer crew to go on board, and the gallant fellows, after a passage of fifty-seven days, during which they suffered very many hardships and privations, succeeded in getting her in safety to St. Thomas's.

On the 24th March, the *Challenger* left St. Thomas's, and passing to the southward of Saba Island, commenced sounding and dredging in the shallow water near the islands. The dredging proved most successful in star-fishes, shells, and sponges, but, unfortunately, a boy was so seriously injured by the splitting of a block, caused by the dredge fouling the bottom, that he died the same afternoon. This accident caused a gloom throughout the ship, as the lad was much liked. Proceeding on her voyage, when at a distance of only eighty miles from the land, the deepest water ever gauged by the line and plummet was found, the circumstances of wind and weather being favourable, the sounding, in 3,875 fathoms, was successfully taken. This enormous length of line, nearly four miles and a half, with three hundredweight of sinkers, ran out uninterruptedly to the bottom of the "mighty deep," taking nearly one hour and a quarter in doing so; the last hundred fathoms taking two minutes thirty-six seconds to run out. Above two hours were occupied in heaving the line in, the weights of course, being left on the bottom. The two thermometers that were attached to the line near the sinkers were both broken, and, although they had been tested to a pressure equal to nearly three tons to the square inch, they were unable to bear the enormous pressure of 730 atmospheres, or nearly 11,000 pounds (four tons and three-quarters) to the square inch. The dredge was lowered with four hundredweight of iron attached, to cause it to sink quickly, and 4,400 fathoms (five miles) of rope reeved out; but the result was not commensurate with the labour and time used for the purpose, as

the dredge brought up only a small quantity of mud. The remains of the lad killed the day before were consigned to this deepest of watery graves.

The next day, soundings were obtained in 2,800 fathoms, and, with but little alteration, the depth remained the same to Bermuda, at which island the *Challenger* arrived on the 4th April. This interesting group of islands has generally been classed with the coral islands of the Pacific, but, from the observations made by the *Challenger*, this classification will cease. The islands of the Bermuda group are certainly coral, but there is no certainty or probability that the mountain or peak which forms the base of the islands ever was above water, and the magnetic disturbance of the needle observed by Commander Maclear at various stations on the group, is sufficiently conclusive that there has been no subsidence. As a depth of upwards of 2,000 fathoms is found at a short distance round the group, the islands must have been formed on the summit of a peak similar to, and about the same height as that of Teneriffe. Other peaks of the same character exist in the North Atlantic, such as the Sainthill Bank with 100 fathoms on it, and the Milne Bank with eighty-one; but as the limit at which the living polyp is found is said not to exceed thirty fathoms, there is sufficient cause why islands do not crown their summits, and could a small shaft be sunk on Bermuda at the spot where the greatest magnetic disturbance is found, it would probably not proceed far before the volcanic rock was struck.

After refitting and filling up with coal, the *Challenger* proceeded on her voyage, and, after sounding and dredging near the island, stood to the north-west towards New York. When forty-five miles west from Bermuda, and the dredge at the bottom, a boat was anchored to it, and the current, or motion of the water, tested at various depths, it was found twice as strong at fifty fathoms' depth as at the surface, and evidences of the existence of sub-currents were found as far down as 500 fathoms, but running in diverse directions.

On passing the edge of the Gulf-stream, the temperature of the surface water suddenly became seven degrees warmer, and this temperature increased three degrees more to the centre of the stream. Great efforts were made in this most interesting position to obtain a sounding, but the strength of the current being so great (between three and four miles an hour), the ship was set away at once from the sinkers, and all efforts to keep her "over the line" were unavailing; when 2,600 fathoms had run out it was supposed that the sinkers had reached the bottom, but on heaving the line in, the weights were found attached, and no indication on the rod of its having reached the bottom; a second trial was equally unsuccessful, and Captain Nares was reluctantly obliged to relinquish the task; he, however, took all the observations in sea temperatures and currents that were possible, and from these the deduction has been reached that the Gulf-stream is at this point nearly sixty miles wide and about 100 fathoms deep, the strength of the stream at the strongest being about three and a half to four miles an hour.

The depths found on this section averaged about 2,600 fathoms to the southward of the Gulf-stream, and from 1,700 to 1,300 northward of it to the edge of the bank, 120 miles south of Long Island. The course was then changed for Halifax, where the ship arrived on the 9th of May, leaving again on a return direct course to Bermuda. A sounding of 2,800 was obtained in the Gulf-stream on this passage, where, of course, the set of the current was not so strong. After this, the soundings were similar to those obtained to the westward, viz., 2,650 fathoms.

From Bermuda the *Challenger* retraced her course across the Atlantic direct for the Azores, not regretting to leave Bermuda, as the weather was setting in uncomfortably warm. On the afternoon of leaving, soundings were obtained in 1,500 fathoms, and the next day, 14th of June, in 2,360 fathoms. The following day being Sunday, no soundings were taken; indeed, whenever it could be avoided, the daily toil of sounding, dredging, &c., was not pursued on Sunday, and, setting apart the fact of it being the sabbath, it is always found that sailors, as well as others, work the better for their day of rest, and the work of the week is cheered by the knowledge of the coming Sunday.

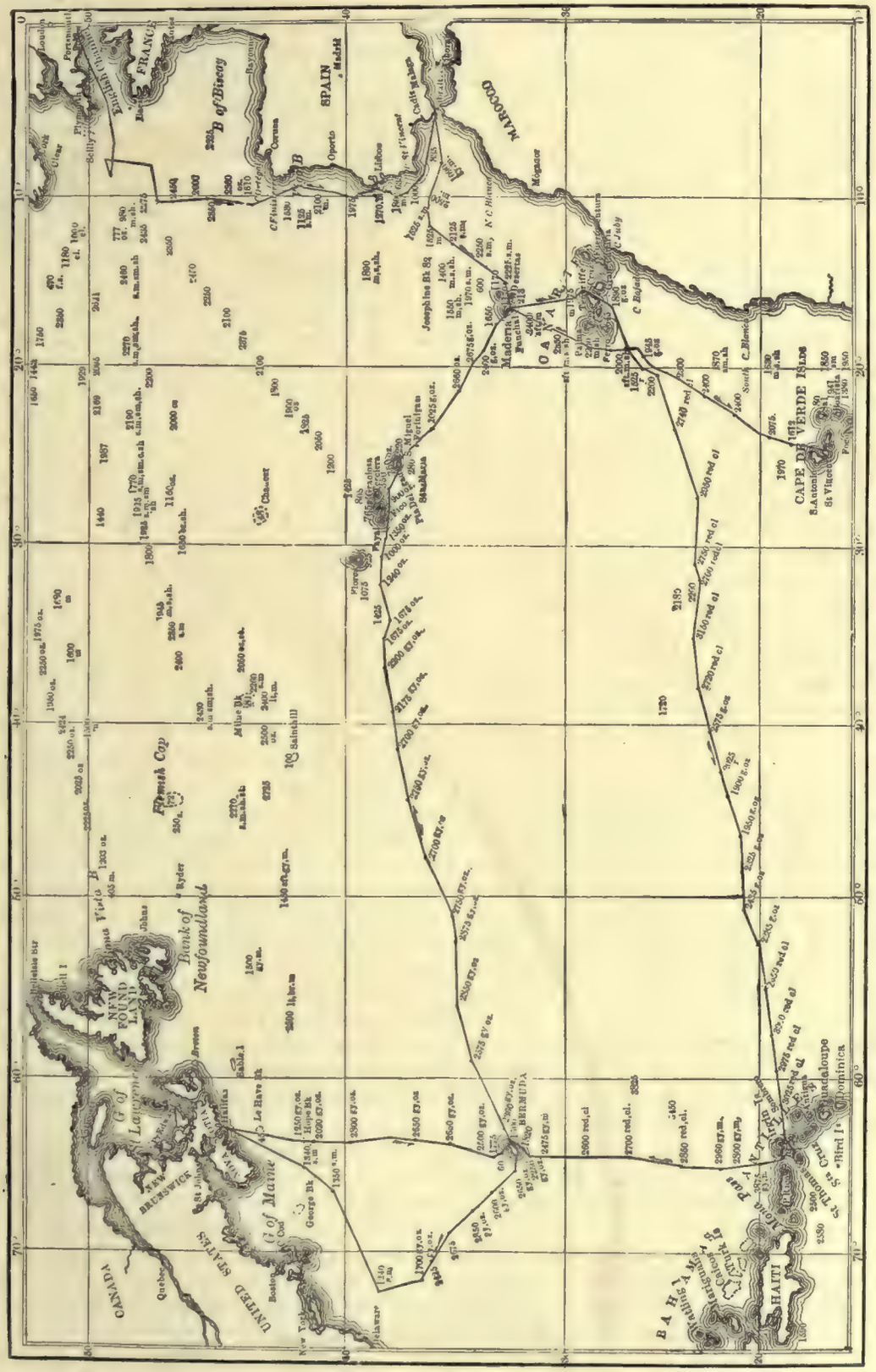
On the 17th, in 2,850 fathoms, the trawl was let down with 3,120 fathoms of rope, and this enormous depth was swept with the trawl, bringing up numerous star-fishes, some sea-slugs and worms, and one or two stones. The depth did not vary much until the 24th, when it commenced shoaling, and on the 25th, from 2,200 fathoms, a remarkable crimson prawn was brought up, together with one or two other specimens, and the next day a small turtle was captured on the surface of the water: it had evidently got out of its latitude, and was covered with small crabs and barnacles. At daylight on the 30th, the peak of Pico was seen, and the same day the *Challenger* anchored in Horta Bay, but, much to the disappointment of all, particularly the naturalists, who were prepared to bag every new thing on the island, they found small-pox prevailing, and it was deemed prudent not to communicate, but to beat a retreat, which was done, the ship going to San Miguel, where, no contagious disease being found, they were enabled to land on the island.

A party was formed, more for the ride than exploration, to the Val das Furnas, a valley containing hot springs or *caldeiros*, much frequented by the gentlemen of the island, some of whom possess villas near them. Much did the party enjoy the ride along the road that skirts the coast to the eastward, and the exquisite scenery that surrounded them or opened out at every turn of the road. At Villa Franca the carriages had to be dispensed with, and donkeys were brought into requisition to mount the steep sides of Pico Cedros, causing no little merriment among the party. At a sudden turn near the summit they came in full view of the valley, with its lake below and the white villas studding the side of the hills, near the springs. All were enchanted with the magnificence of the scenery, and could scarcely credit that the island, being within such an easy distance from England, should not be more visited and better known than it is. The party remained a day at the Val, examining the caldeiros and thoroughly enjoying the beauties of nature.

The expedition left San Miguel on the 9th for Madeira, sounding by the way, the depth being about 2,000 fathoms, with 2,600 midway between the islands. Again, to the disappointment of the voyagers, they found the same dread disease prevalent at Fayal, at Madeira, which shut off all communication, excepting to receive their letters, and they at once proceeded to Cape Verde Islands, the soundings between which do not possess much interest. The *Challenger* reached St. Vincent on the 27th July.

That a very faint idea can be conveyed, in a short paper, of the results of the seven months' voyaging of the *Challenger*, can

readily be imagined, and a still fainter conception can be had of the labour in attaining those results. As a summary, it may be stated that four soundings were taken which exceeded 3,000 fathoms in depth, 56 between 3,000 and 2,000, and 48 between 2,000 and 1,000, whilst those below the latter depth were not counted. At about sixty stations, the trawl or dredge was let down, and the rope paid out for this often exceeded by one-fourth the actual depth of water. At upwards of fifty stations, serial temperatures were observed, generally at every 100 fathoms down to 1,500 (the work of the nautical department alone): it was only on the completion of each of these operations that the natural history department commenced.


B of Biscay
SPAIN
Madrid
Oporto
Lisbon
MADEIRA
Funchal
CANARY Is.
Las Palmas
CAPE DE VERDE Is.
Praia
Fernando Noronha
Pernambuco
Bahia
Rio de Janeiro
Montevideo
Buenos Ayres
Falkland Is.
Port Stanley
Tristan da Cunha
Gough I.
Inaccessible I.
Nightingale Is.
Kerguelen I.
Heard I.
Crozet Is.
Prince Edward Is.
Marion I.
Possession I.
Penguin I.
Melbourne
Sydney
Hobart
Tasmania
Auckland Is.
Campbell I.
Macquarie I.
Bounty Is.
Chatham Is.
Wellington
Lyttelton
Dunedin
Challenger Deep
Admiralty Is.
Hong Kong
Yokohama
Japan
Kobe
Nagasaki
Shanghai
Yellow Sea
Gulf of Pechili
Tientsin
Peking
Chefoo
Taku
Woosung
Formosa
Manila
Luzon
Philippine Is.
Celebes
Sandakan
Singapore
Penang
Malacca
Java
Batavia
Sumatra
Nicobar Is.
Andaman Is.
Calcutta
Madras
Ceylon
Colombo
Maldive Is.
Mauritius
Port Louis
Rodriguez
Seychelles
Amirante Is.
Aldabra I.
Zanzibar
Mozambique
Delagoa Bay
Natal
Durban
Cape Town
St Helena
Ascension I.
Sierra Leone
Freetown
Gambia
Bathurst
Cape Coast Castle
Accra
Lagos
Fernando Po
Gaboon
Loanda
Benguela
Walfish Bay
Angra Pequena
Cape Frio
Rio de Janeiro
Abrolhos
Trinidad I.
Martin Vaz I.
Fernando Noronha
Pernambuco
Rocas
St Paul's Rocks
Sombrero
Anegada
Virgin Is.
Tortola
St Thomas
Porto Rico
Mona Pass
Dominica
Guadeloupe
Antigua
Barbados
Grenada
Tobago
Trinidad
Venezuela
Caracas
La Guayra
Curaçoa
Aruba
Jamaica
Kingston
Port Royal
Cuba
Havana
Matanzas
Cape Maysi
Haiti
Port au Prince
Bahama Is.
Nassau
Abaco
Florida
Key West
Tortugas
Gulf of Mexico
Mississippi
New Orleans
Mobile
Pensacola
Galveston
Texas
Vera Cruz
Tampico
Mexico
Acapulco
Panama
Aspinwall
Chagres
Colon
Jamaica
Kingston
Cape Horn
Magellan Str.
Sandy Point
Port Famine
Tierra del Fuego
Staten I.
Le Maire Str.
Terra del Fuego
Falkland Is.
Port Stanley
Patagonia
Rio Negro
Bahia Blanca
Buenos Ayres
Montevideo
Rio de la Plata
Rio Grande
Santos
Rio de Janeiro
Victoria
Abrolhos
Bahia
Pernambuco
Fernando Noronha
Rocas
St Paul's Rocks
Trinidad I.
Martin Vaz I.
Ascension I.
St Helena

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.

BY "MONTA."

FUJI-SAN.

FUJI-SAN, or Fuji-no-yama, the peerless mountain of Japan (incorrectly spelt Fusiyama by most foreigners), is a special object of reverence to the natives. Its ascent is made every summer by many scores of pilgrims, who may be seen wending their way in white garments along the highroads leading to its base. But the numbers here, as elsewhere in Japan, are not so numerous as formerly. The events of the last fifteen years, from the period of the opening of the treaty ports to foreigners —such as the civil war which broke out at the beginning of 1868, and which resulted at once in the overthrow of the "last of the Tycoons," and the restoration of the governing power into the hands of that mysterious sovereign, who till then had been almost a myth, residing within the walls of his palace at the *Kioto*, or capital; the astounding changes which have followed in quick—alas! too quick—succession, ending in the downfall of the feudal system, in the abolition of the Daimios, their numerous retinues, and their lordly state; the governmental raid against Buddhism, which was the more popular and more widely spread of the two forms of religion—all this has changed the nature of things, and may well have damped the ardour of devotion in many, and disturbed their faith.

But though religions are changed and customs alter, Fuji remains immutable, and is, and ever will be, a grand mountain, standing out as it does high above all surroundings, whether in winter, when its huge cone is wholly covered with snow, or in summer, when the hot sun has melted the snow, and laid bare its rocky sides.

I have gazed on it at all seasons, and from many points—from the time I perceived its summit peering out of the mist sixty or eighty miles off, as we neared the coast by sea, till I left again, one summer's day, when from the Bay of Yokohama it revealed itself from head to foot in majestic repose. I have approached it from several sides, have lingered about its base in spring, and again in midwinter, and, studying it under different aspects, under the varying circumstances of atmosphere and place, have learnt to feel for it much of the reverence of a native.

The ascent has been several times described—I never attempted it. There are three points from which travellers can start: Murayama on the sea side, Subashiri and Yoshida on the land side. Yoshida seems to be the most favourite point of departure. I once walked, in the month of March, with an English friend, from Murayama to Gotemba, not far from Subashiri, and here is the substance of some of my jottings by the way.

Besides our two selves, the party consisted of two native guards belonging to the Bette-gumi, a body of two-sworded men, specially appointed to accompany and to protect foreigners, a learned scribe called Shiraki, an amateur from Satsuma, who slouched along in black trousers, which but too plainly showed his bandy legs, and my little two-sworded valet, Shôtarô.

We had slept the night before at Yoshiwara, a post-town on the Tôkaidô, one of the principal high-roads between Yedo and Kioto, and from there the ascent of Fuji properly commences.

It was an easy day's march through Omiya up to Murayama, and when there, we held a council as to our future route. The native map was brought out, and, squatting on the mats, we peered over it, to find some new road which could be traversed, instead of retracing our steps along the Tôkaidô. We soon discovered a track leading round the base of the mountain, and we intimated to Shiraki that this should be our road. The learned man, a true Japanese, immediately raised difficulties; it was not a regular post-road, and how could we get coolies for the luggage? We persisted; whereupon Shiraki rose, and disappeared to make inquiries of the people in the inn. On his return he looked more aghast than ever, and said that there was only one house in ten or twelve miles, and then but a poor village, and how were they (the natives) to procure food for themselves? We, of course, had taken much provisions with us. Upon this, knowing the nature of the men, I contented myself with pointing out upon the map the place to which I intended to go, and with remarking that if we could not travel round the mountain, we must ascend to the top, and descend on the other side. This, in the month of March, was enough to freeze the natives with horror. And then we two Englishmen went out for a walk, and to admire the sunset, which cast flames of burnished gold over the precipitous sides of the mountain.

When we returned, everything was settled. Shiraki had made the wonderful discovery that they could take food from Murayama, a great idea, which solved the difficulty. So we had our supper, and after seeing one of the guards execute a characteristic posture dance, arrayed in a lovely silk shirt of many colours, we went early to bed.

The next morning was cloudless, and the view down upon the plain lovely in the early light. We started at half-past seven, not, however, before Shiraki had again mentioned the wonderful fact that there was *only one house* between Murayama and Jiurigi, the village where we were to partake of our midday meal.

The cavalcade consisted of ourselves, all walking except young Shôtarô, who, being lame, was conveyed in the common basket, *kago*, of the country; three coolies to carry the Japanese-made boxes containing the luggage of my friend and myself, and two pack-horses laden with the food and the remainder of the luggage.

We wound gradually up the brown moorland, where there was little vegetation, except a species of straw-grass, much used in thatching; every now and then we flushed a pheasant, which flew rapidly away, and anon we heard the sweet notes of the *uguisu*, and the thrilling song of the lark. There were no trees; the dried torrents full of lava, and the lava-stones strewn all over the ground, giving ample reason for this lack. As we gradually reached higher ground, and the view became more extensive, snowy tops of mountains, far away in the province of Shinshiu, came in sight, the white forming a beautiful fringe to the lower range. We gradually approached the peaks of Ashidakayama, the neighbour of Fuji, and eventually reached *the one house*, tenanted by a hunter and his family. It was but a small hut. There were two dogs, and a strange shrivelled

looking cat; some awful instruments in the way of guns, a spotted deer-skin, and bits of flesh of wild animals hanging up inside. It was a lone spot, but the hut was not without its mats, the only sign of comfort.

After a short halt, we continued along the path, and passing close to the foot of Ashidakayama, at a quarter-past eleven reached Jiurigi, a miserable hamlet in a sheltered hole. Here we took our meal, and then strolled leisurely along a dreadfully dirty road, thawed into mud by the sun after the previous night's frost. Then through a wood of mountain maple, some yew, and different kinds of pine, and, emerging from this, we came upon two consecutive views—one of the eastern side of Fuji, mostly covered with snow—the other of a broad valley at our feet, the intervening space being filled up with gently sloping land, covered with the straw grass already mentioned. In front, the valley was partly backed by the high mountains of Hakoné.

It was past four when we reached the little village of Inno (say seven miles), where we put up at the house of the principal man, and found ourselves once more amongst habitations and human beings.

Some three-quarters of an hour before sunset, we strolled up into an adjacent wood, where we witnessed the most lovely effect on Fuji. We were standing in a clearing, the mountain filling up the background, and being, as it were, set in a frame by two trees of the *arbor vitæ* species. Beyond them, the middle distance was cleared ground, and then a line of dark firs, and other trees. The mountain itself, mostly covered with snow, was of a colour resembling pearl-grey, and where, here and there, the rock was bare, it had, owing to the peculiar inflection of the sun's rays, assumed a light colour, which recalled the appearance of a pond where snow has fallen and frozen on the ice. But the whole cone thus harmoniously blended, resembled a pearl of enormous size rising up into the clear blue sky. Clouds there were, here and there, but while the top of the mountain, and sometimes the whole mass that was visible, was perfectly clear, ever and anon there flitted across its surface light fleecy clouds, which, tipped with fire from the setting sun, contrasted vividly with the colour on Fuji, and heightened the singular beauty of the scene. The jagged peaks of Ashidakayama, which we had passed in the afternoon, were bathed in glowing red, and opposite to Fuji the whole range, with the Hakoné peaks towering aloft, warmed up in response. It was a lovely sight indeed!

Next morning we had a two hours' walk down into the valley to Gotemba, famed for having been the resting-place of the great warrior Yoritomo, when he came a hunting in these wild parts, nearly 700 years ago. From there we proceeded across the Utô-togé to the Baths of Miyanoshita, the route described by Baron Hübner in his work, "Promenade autour du Monde." It was a long day's march of some twenty miles.

Another point from which there is an excellent view of Fuji and the surrounding range, is from the heights in the temple grounds of Katasé, a little village much frequented by foreigners, who come to visit the sacred island of Enoshima. At Katasé was the execution ground for Kamakura, when the latter was the capital of the Shoguns, and the name of the spot was Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or the Dragon's Mouth.

We tarried several days on this trip in one of the two little inns of the village, detained partly by bad weather, partly by good company, and one morning, whilst inspecting the adjacent temple, called Riyôkôji, or Jakkôzan, we discovered a curious old picture, dilapidated in appearance, and hanging up in the worst of lights. It represents a man squatting on the ground, waiting in all resignation for the executioner's sword, which is raised on high, to sever his head from his body. But the sword was not destined to fall. It was stayed by the rain and fire to be seen descending from heaven. So I told Shiraki to go to the priests, and buy a copy of the legend, and when we had some idle time, I made a free translation of it with the learned man, and found that it was written by one of the Buddhist sect of Nichiren. Here it is, and the reader will be struck by its similarity to the legends which abound in early Christian history:—

"Now the temple of Riyôkôji contains the holy image of Saint Nichiren, founder of the Buddhist sect of that name.

"In olden times, in the summer of the year which corresponds to A.D. 1271, there was a great drought throughout the land, and all the people were lamenting sorely. Whereupon the minister Hôjô Tokimuné called on his reverence Riyôkwan, of the temple Gokurakuji, to offer up prayers for rain. At this the priests of that temple were greatly rejoiced, and two amongst them, Irisawa and Suwô by name, thinking to spread abroad the virtues of Riyôkwan, went to our founder, and recounted what had happened. Our founder having listened to them, answered:—

"'I, Nichiren, have been studying the sacred books, and I know the origin of calamity. Now, inasmuch as in Japan men are scoffing at the religion of Buddha, the seven calamities are surely coming upon us. This is a matter which men do not understand. It is as if you were to treat a man for a disease, without knowing its cause. You would simply increase the disease gradually.'

"Now his reverence Riyôkwan had been raising his voice to heaven for full fourteen days, and had done his utmost. But, pray as he would, not a drop would fall, so there was nothing for it but to leave the altar and return home.

"Then our founder on his side lifted up his prayer, and lo! the rain fell heavily. And the people seeing this, marvelled.

"But Riyôkwan harboured ever-increasing resentment against Nichiren, and wishing to compass his death, brought many false charges against him to the ears of the Minister Tokimuné, who was deceived thereby, and, not distinguishing the right from the wrong, ordered Nichiren to be beheaded.

"Whereupon, on the 12th day of the 9th month of the same year, a body of several hundred soldiers, armed *cap-à-pie*, forced their way into Matsubagayatsu, in Kamakura, seized our founder, placed him on a horse, and led him about the city. Between twelve and two in the night they arrived at Tatsu-no-Kuchi, and there they seated him (as was the custom when a criminal was to be beheaded) upon a carpet made of skins.

"Then a devoted Samurai, who followed our founder's teaching, knelt before him, and having already determined to share his fate, and to be his attendant to the Mountain of Spirits, he waited in readiness for what might happen.

"At this time our founder, joining his hands as in prayer, lifted up his voice, saying:—

"'Now the end of the world draweth nigh. Even though the good gods are leaving our country, they will dwell in the heads of honest men. So says the proverb. I, Nichiren, am the exponent of true doctrine. It cannot be that the many

gods of our country, whether of heaven, or of earth, will break the covenant of the Mountain of Spirits, and withhold their protection from me.'

"Before he had ended, the executioner had raised his long sword aloft, when lo! a miracle. Suddenly the earth quaked, the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed—the sword of the executioner was broken in three pieces, and he could stir neither hand nor foot.

"Thus was fulfilled what is written in the sacred books: 'The sword of a fathom long shall be broken in pieces.'

"In the land of Nippon is the province of Sagami; in the province of Sagami is Katasé; and in Katasé is Tatsu-no-Kuchi. There Nichiren's life was stayed by the divine grace of Hokké Kiyô, and hence the place shall also be called Jakkôdô.

"Bearing this in mind, his reverence Nippo carved a holy image of our founder, and begged for the privilege of setting it up in Tatsu-no-Kuchi. Our founder shed tears for joy, and said,

"'Forasmuch as this is the spot where Nichiren's life was stayed, our soul shall stay in this image.'



PILGRIMS TO FUJI-NO-YAMA.

"Now had this miracle not taken place, the revelation of the Deity Shôgiyô, as it is written at the close of the sacred books, would have been falsified.

"In the whole heaven it thundered and lightened out of reason, meteors were seen in the sky, and a voice proceeding from space resounded in the palace, saying, 'Should Nichiren be killed, the land of Nippon will be destroyed.' Whereat every soul in the palace, from Tokimuné downwards, was amazed. 'Nichiren must be pardoned at once!' they cried. 'A messenger on a swift horse must forthwith be dispatched with a letter of full pardon.'

"This is what is found in the sacred books: 'His heart was transformed, and he forthwith sent off a man.'

"Verily, every tittle of his holy sufferings accords with what is written in the sacred books.

"At this time many converts were made, and it is thus recorded:

"And the holy image was consecrated. After that, it was set up in this temple, and became renowned for its divine efficacy in healing.

"As it is said in the Books: 'Blessed are all they who retain merciful feelings in their hearts.' Bearing this text in mind, all worshippers who will come and pay their devotions with the feeling that they are worshipping his holy face in the flesh, will not only be proof against sword-wounds, but will escape calamities of all kinds. They will, without doubt, by divine grace, enjoy happiness in the world, and save their souls hereafter.

"These things are to be seen written in detail in the holy biography of the founder."

My companion on this and many other trips was an artist, well known to all foreigners, and to many natives, in Japan. A more cheery and accommodating fellow I never met. Nothing came amiss to him; he was equally at home.



CROSSING A RIVER.

whether in "gilded saloons," or squatting on the mats in a wayside inn, cheroot in mouth, talking Japanese with much fluency, and sipping diminutive cups of light-coloured tea; equally happy on the one side with the best of European food, eaten with knife and fork, and washed down with Bordeaux; and on the other with fish-soup, rice (conveyed into his mouth with chopsticks), and warm *saké;* a polyglot, with inexhaustible good nature, and much appreciation of humour. He was always sketching; and it was curious to see, when he had brought his paint-box out, sat down, and commenced a sketch, how the natives began to gather around; and how, when gradually there appeared upon his canvas a likeness of their sacred mountain, as they had been accustomed to view it from early childhood, full-grown men and women, let alone the children, whose number was legion, stared with wonder and delight at the seeming miracle.

One evening, as we rested at the Baths of Miyanoshita, after a lazy day, our natives made merry and had a feast, and towards the close, Shiraki came across to us, and, making the usual low bow to the very mats, he raised his head, bent forward on his outstretched palms, and respectfully asked if we would not honour them with our august presence. So we went with him and joined the party, and whilst the *saké* cup went round, and we pledged each other, song followed song, and posture dance; and all at once the Satsuma man raised his voice and poured forth a harsh, monotonous screech from the *répertoire* of his own province; and then he finished up with a wild dance, such as, he said, was the fashion of the inhabitants of the Liukiu Islands. It was a queer performance, applauded by us out of politeness, but not encored.

And all the time there was a certain degree of respect plainly shown in the manner of these men towards us; respect which was much more to be noticed in former years than now when—alas!—with European customs and dress, a Japanese but too often puts on what he perhaps thinks are European manners, and thereby loses that quiet dignity and perfect ease for which he was really distinguished. But even now, if a foreigner will treat his guards well, and after the custom of the natives; if he understands how to travel like a Japanese of rank, and to blend that happy mixture of familiarity and dignity which characterised the lord in his intercourse with his retainers, he will find, or I am much mistaken, great civility and a proper amount of deference on the part of his guards. They are, after all, men of gentle blood, of the military class, and they have, at least till lately, preserved in much the old traditions. But the feudal system is gone, never to return; and the ancient relation of lord and vassal, of *daimiô* and *kerai*, has received a rude shock, from which it can never recover.

We left our natives to finish their revelry, and sing, and talk, and smoke their wee pipes; and we found our beds ready. They were, of course, made on the mats. A Japanese mattress—or rather two or three, for they are thin—being laid on the mats, my own sheets were placed on top—I never travelled without them and my pillow—and a warm Japanese quilt upon the sheets; we always crept in early, and though sometimes the bed was a little hard, sleep came pretty readily to the tired travellers.

We used to find it best to take our bath of an evening, before sitting down to dinner. About the first order given was to light the fire which warmed the water, and we took it very hot; not, however, anything like as hot as the Japanese, who, through constant use, could sit calmly in water which would have scalded us. I am sure that this constant use of almost boiling water is very deleterious to the natives, and that it is one chief cause why the women lose that firmness of flesh which is noticed so early. Even before they are twenty years old they have become soft and flabby. It has been somewhat the custom to describe the Japanese as a very cleanly race. I am sorry to be obliged to dispel this notion, but I cannot admit a man to be cleanly, although he boils himself in hot water every day, if he puts on the same clothes afterwards for weeks together. Would an Englishman who wore the same underclothing for six weeks be accounted cleanly, even if he "tubbed" every day during that period? It is sad to have to undeceive the public in their pleasant notions; but is it not better to tell the honest truth about a country: better, indeed, in the ultimate interest of the natives themselves? Many of these Japanese, who take their daily bath, are devoured by that dreadful malady, the very name of which can hardly be penned; well, it must out—"the itch." And why? Often because the vermin have stuck to their clothes, and they have worn the same clothes day after day, and month after month. I used to keep a pot of sulphur ointment for the use of my household.

I had wandered about Fuji in spring, and had approached it in summer, and it now remained to make a journey to its base in mid-winter. So one cold January, a friend and I started off from Yedo with our usual retinue, our guards and retainers, and our Japanese cook, and following the Kôshiu-kaidô, much of which has been described by Baron Hübner and others, we made our way to Yoshida, already mentioned as one of the starting-points for the ascent. I cannot well express my feelings as to the magnificence of this mountain scenery in the winter time; when the weather is once settled, there is often a period of about six weeks, during which each day is bright and almost cloudless, and, from the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere, distances are diminished, and everything stands out sharp and well-defined before one's eyes. The cold was great from evening to morning, and always in the shade, but during the day in the sunshine it was pleasantly warm, and even hot. As we neared our goal, on the loveliest morning that could be conceived, with not a cloud in the sky, the glorious cone of the sacred mountain rose high, motionless, and white into the air, a giant spectre of exceeding beauty. That morning quite compensated us for any inconvenience we suffered from the cold, and every traveller who can spare the time should follow our example, and he will be rewarded.

From Yoshida we proceeded round the base about seven miles to the little village of Yamanonaka, situated in a hole close to a frozen lake, the snow lying several inches deep. Here it was bitterly cold, and I never shall forget the next morning, when I opened the little ink-bottle by the side of my bed, and dipped my pen in, to find the fluid completely frozen, so that to record the events of the previous day, I had first to thaw each pen-ful over the brazier of charcoal just brought in by the attendant.

The route from Yoshida homewards as far as the well-known hamlet of Miagasé leads through wild alpine scenery, which should be missed by no traveller in Japan. The mountains abound in game. But more descriptions here would only weary. From Miagasé we returned to the eastern capital, the snow falling very heavily during our last day's march.

An Australian Search Party.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

In a former narrative, published in the preceding volume of the Illustrated Travels, I gave an account of a terrible cyclone which visited the north-eastern coast of Queensland in the autumn of 1866, nearly destroying the small settlements of Cardwell and Townsville, and doing an infinity of damage by uprooting heavy timber, blocking up the bush roads, &c. Amongst other calamities attendant on this visitation was the loss of a small coasting schooner, named the *Eva*, bound from Cleveland to Rockingham Bay, with cargo and passengers. Only those who have visited Australia can picture to themselves the full horror of a captivity amongst the degraded blacks with whom this unexplored district abounds; and a report of white men having been seen amongst the wild tribes in the neighbourhood of the Herbert River induced the inhabitants of Cardwell to institute a search party to rescue the crew of the unhappy schooner, should they still be alive; or to gain some certain clue to their fate, should they have perished.

In my former narrative I described our exploration of the Herbert River, lying at the south end of Rockingham Channel, with its fruitless issue; and I now take up the thread of my story from that point, thinking it can hardly fail to be of interest to the reader, not only as regards the wild nature of the country traversed, but also as showing the anxiety manifested by the inhabitants of these remote districts to clear up the fate of their unhappy brethren. I may also here mention, for the information of such of my readers as may not have read the preceding portions of the narrative, that Cardwell is the name of a small township situated on the shores of Rockingham Bay; and that Townville is a settlement some hundred miles further south, known also as Cleveland Bay.

HOW WE EXPLORED GOULD AND GARDEN ISLANDS.

We were all much pleased at a piece of intelligence brought up by the *Daylight*, to the effect that a party of volunteers had been assembled at Cleveland Bay, and intended coming up in a small steamer to the south end of Hinchinbrook, to assist in the search for the missing crew. As it would be of the utmost importance that both parties should co-operate, I sent my boat down to the mouth of the channel, with a note to the leader of the expedition announcing our intention of landing on the north end of the island and working towards the centre; and requesting them to scour their end, and then push northward, when we should most probably meet in the middle of the island. The boat had orders to wait at the bar until the arrival of the steamer, and then to return with all speed. In the meanwhile, the *Daylight* was discharging her cargo, and we were making preparations for what we well knew would prove a most arduous undertaking; the sequel will show that we did not overrate the difficulties before us.

At the risk of being tedious, I must explain to the reader some of the peculiarities of Hinchinbrook Island. Its length is a little short of forty miles, and its shape a rude triangle, the apex of which is at the south, and the north side forming the southern portion of Rockingham Bay. Now this north side is by no means straight, but is curved out into two or three bays of considerable extent, and in one of them stand two islands named Gould and Garden Islands. The latter of these was our favourite resort for picnics, for the dense foliage afforded good shade, and, when the tide was low, we were enabled to gather most delicious oysters from some detached rocks. Gould Island is considerably larger; but, rising in a pyramid from the sea, and being covered with loose boulders, it was most tedious climbing. From the township we could, with our glasses, see canoes constantly passing and repassing between these two islands; and as the *Daylight* had a particularly heavy cargo this trip, and would not be clear for the next two days, we made up our minds to search the islands, and drive the blacks on to Hinchinbrook, so that one of our parties must stumble across them when we swept it. This may seem to the reader unnecessary trouble, but most of our party were conversant with the habits of the blacks and their limited method of reasoning; and we judged it probable that the Herbert River gins would have at once acquainted the Hinchinbrook blacks with our unceremonious visit, and warned them that we should probably soon look them up also. Now on the receipt of this unwelcome intelligence, the first thing that would strike the blacks would be the facilities for concealment afforded by Gould or Garden Islands, more particularly had they any captives; and they would say to themselves that we should certainly overlook these two out-of-the-way little spots; and when we were busy on Hinchinbrook, they could easily paddle themselves and their prisoners to some of the more distant chain of islands, where they could lie by until all fear of pursuit was past. Such was the opinion both of the troopers and of the experienced bushmen; and as we were fully resolved to leave them no loophole for escape, we jumped into our boat and pulled gently over to Garden Island.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we started, six strong—four whites, and Cato, and Ferdinand—well armed, and with a good supply of provisions. The sun was already very hot, and the water smooth as glass, save where the prow of the boat broke the still surface into a tiny ripple, which continued plainly visible half a mile astern. I find it difficult to bring before the reader the thousand curious objects that met us on our way. The sullen crocodile basking in the sun, sank noiselessly; a splash would be heard, and a four feet albicore would fling himself madly into the air, striving vainly to elude the ominous black triangle that cut the water like a knife close in his rear. Small chance for the poor fugitive, with the ravenous shark following silent and inexorable. We lay on our oars and watched the result. The hunted fish doubles, springs aloft, and dives down, but all in vain; the black fin is not to be thrown off, double as he may. Anon the springs become more feeble, the pursuer's tail partly appears as he pushes forward with redoubled vigour, a faint splash is heard, the waters curl into an eddy, and the monster sinks noiselessly to enjoy his breakfast in the cooler depths beneath. And now we come to a sand

bank running out some miles or so into the bay, and on which the water is less than three fathoms. Here the surface is broken by huge black objects, coming clumsily to the top, shooting out a jet of spray, and again disappearing. We let the boat glide gently along until she rests motionless above the bank, and stooping over the side with our faces close to the water, and sheltered by our hands, we can peer down into the placid depths, and see the huge animals grazing on the submarine vegetation with which their favourite feeding-place is thickly overgrown. But what animal is he talking about? the reader will ask. It is the dugong (*Halicore Australis*), or sea-cow, from whence is extracted an oil equal to the cod-liver as regards its medicinal qualities, and far superior to it in one great essential, for instead of a nauseous disagreeable flavour, it tastes quite pleasantly. It frequents the whole of the north-eastern coast of Australia, and when the qualities of the oil first became known, it was eagerly sought after by invalids who could not overcome their repugnance to the cod-liver nastiness. The fishermen, however, spoilt their own market, for greed induced them to adulterate the new medicine with shark oil, and all kinds of other abominations, so that the faculty were never quite certain what they were pouring down the throats of their unhappy patients. Thus the oil lost its good name, though I am convinced from personal observation that fresh, pure dugong is quite equal, if not superior, in nourishing qualities to cod-liver oil, and do not doubt that a time will come when it will enter largely into the Pharmacopœia. The animal itself is so peculiar, that a brief description of it may not be here amiss. Its favourite haunts are bays into which streams empty themselves, and where the water is from two to five fathoms in depth, feeding on the *Algæ* of the submerged banks, for which purpose the upper lip is very large, thick, and as it turns down suddenly at right angles with the head, it much resembles an elephant's trunk shorn off at the mouth. Its length averages from eight to fourteen feet; there is no dorsal fin, and the tail is horizontal; colour blue, and white beneath. Its means of propulsion are two paddles, with which it also crawls along the bottom, and beneath which are situated the udders, with teats exactly like a cow's. Its flesh is far from bad, resembling lean beef in appearance, though hardly so good to the taste, and the skin can be manufactured into gelatine. I have often wondered that this most useful animal was not oftener captured. A fishing establishment with a good boat, a trained crew, and proper appliances for extracting the oil, could not fail to return a large profit to the proprietors, and every now and then they could kill a whale, one or more of which could be frequently seen disporting themselves in the waters of the bay.

By ten o'clock we had reached Garden Island, and beached the boat on a long sandy spit that stretched into the sea. Leaving one man as boat-keeper, we spread ourselves into line, and regularly beat the little island from end to end, but without finding a single black; we could, however, see their smoke-signals arising from Gould Island, and observed several heavily-laden canoes making the best of their way towards Hinchinbrook. Our search having been unsuccessful, we hurried down to the boat, with the intention of cutting the fugitives off, but found to our disgust that the tide had fallen so low during our absence that our united strength was insufficient to move the boat, so we were perforce compelled to remain until the return of the water. This did not in reality so much signify, indeed, some of the party were rather averse to our plan of intercepting the canoes, arguing that if closely pressed, the blacks might make an end of their captives. However this might be, there was no help for it, we were stuck fast until the afternoon, so had to summon such philosophy as we possessed, and while away the time as best we could. The boat's sail, spread under the shade of a tree, kept the intense heat a little at bay until after dinner, and this most essential part of the day's programme have been done ample justice to, and the pipes lighted and smoked out, we wandered about the long space left bare by the tide, amusing ourselves by collecting oysters, cowrie shells, and periwinkles.

The way we captured the two latter was by turning over the



BAY ON HINCHINBROOK ISLAND, WITH NATIVES.

rocks, to the under sides of which we found them adhering in great numbers, sticking on like snails to a garden wall. Some of the cowries were very beautiful, particularly those of a deep brown colour approaching to black. This kind, however, were rather rare, and the lucky finder of a large one excited some envy. These beautiful little shells are of all sizes, from half an inch to two inches in length. When the stone is first turned over, the fish is almost out of its home, and the bright colour of the shell is hidden by a fleshy integument, but a few seconds suffice for it to withdraw within doors, and then the mottled pattern is seen in its full beauty. The best way to get the shell without injury to its gloss, is to keep the fish alive in a bucket of salt water, until you reach home, and then to dig a hole a couple of feet deep, and bury them. In a month or so, they may be taken up, and will be found quite clean, free from smell, and as bright in hue as during life. I have tried boiling them, heaping them in the sun, and various other methods, but this is undoubtedly the best.

Should it ever fall to the lot of any of my readers to have to cook periwinkles—and there are many worse things, when you are certain of their freshness—let them remember that they should be boiled in *salt water*. This is to give them toughness; if fresh water is used, however expert the operator may be with his pin, he will fail to extract more than a moiety of the curly delicacy. These little facts, though extraneous to our subject, are always worth knowing.

At one end of Garden Island, and distant from it about 200 yards, stands a very singular rock, of a whitish hue, and when struck at a certain angle by the sun, so much resembling the canvas of a vessel, that it was named the "Sail Rock." At low tide this could be reached by wading, the water being little more than knee-deep. Its base was literally covered with oysters of the finest quality. The mere task of getting there was one of considerable difficulty, for the rock was as slippery as glass, and whenever you got a fall—which happened on an average every five minutes—bleeding hands and jagged knees bore testimony to a couch of growing bivalves being anything but as soft as a feather bed; also the oysters cling so fast that they might be taken for component parts of the rock, and only a cold chisel and mallet will induce them to relinquish their firm embrace. Three or four of the party had ventured out, and we had secured a large sackful, after which we all retired to the tent, except one of our number, who, having a lady-love in Cardwell with an inordinate affection for shell-fish, lingered to fill a havresac for his *inamorata*. We were comfortably smoking our pipes and watching with satisfaction the tide rising higher and higher, when a faint "coo-eh" from the direction of the rock reached us, followed by another and another and another, each one more shrill than the last.



SATIN BOWER-BIRDS

"By Jove, Wordsworth's in some trouble!" exclaimed one of our party, and, snatching up our carbines, we hurried to the end of the island at which stood the Sail Rock. The tide had now risen considerably, and the water between the rock and ourselves was over four feet deep, and increasing in depth each moment. We saw poor Wordsworth clinging on to the slippery wall, as high up as the smooth mass afforded hand-hold.

"Come along, old fellow!" we shouted; "it's not up to your neck yet."

He turned his head over his shoulder—even at the distance we were, its pallor was quite visible—and slowly and cautiously releasing one hand, he pointed to the water between himself and the island.

"By Jove!" cried the pilot, "he's bailed up by a shark, look at his sprit-sail!" and following his finger we saw an enormous black fin sailing gently to and fro, as regularly and methodically as a veteran sentry paces the limits of his post.

"Stick tight, old man! we'll bring the boat," and leaving the pilot to keep up a fusillade at the monster with the carbines,

we darted back. I shall never forget the efforts we made to launch the boat, but she was immovable, and every moment the tide was rising, the little ripples expending themselves in bubbly foam against the thirsty sand. We strained, we tugged, we prised with levers, but unavailingly, the boat seemed as if she had taken root there and would not budge an inch. A happy thought struck me all of a sudden, as a reminiscence of a similar case that I had seen in years gone by came back in full vigour

"Give me a tomahawk," I said.

One was produced in a minute from under the stern-sheets. Meanwhile I had got out a couple of the oars.

"Now, Jim, you're the best axeman, off with them here!"

Half a dozen strokes to each, and the blades were severed from the looms.

"Now boys, lay aft and lift her stern."

It was done, and one of the oars placed under as a roller.

"Now, launch together."

"Heave with a will."

"She's moving!"

"Again so. Keep her going."

"Hurrah!" and a loud cheer broke forth, as, through the medium of the friendly rollers, the heavy boat trundled into the water.

The pull was long, at least it seemed to us long, for we had to round the sandy spit before we could head towards the rock, and nearly got on shore in trying to make too close a shave. We could hear the crack of the pilot's carbine every few minutes, borne down to us by the freshening breeze, and the agonising "coo-ehs" of poor Wordsworth, whose ankles were already hidden by the advancing waters; added to this, we had only two oars, and the wind, now pretty strong, was dead in our teeth. I was steering, and Jim was standing up in the bows with his carbine for a shot, if the shark offered such an opportunity. As we neared the rock we could distinctly see the black fin within six feet of the narrow ledge on which the poor fellow was standing, and only when we approached to within a couple of boats' lengths, did the ferocious brute sail sullenly out to sea, pursued by a harmless bullet from Jim's rifle. Poor Wordsworth dropped into the boat fainting from terror, exhaustion, and loss of blood, for, although he was unconscious of it all the time, in his convulsive grip, the sharp oyster-shells had cut his hands to the very bone. A good glass of grog and some hot tea—the bushman's infallible remedy—soon brought him round, but the scars on his hands and knees will accompany him to his grave. He afterwards described the glances that the shark threw at him as perfectly diabolical, and confessed that had it not been for the cheery hails of the pilot, he should most certainly have relinquished his hold, and met with a death too horrible to contemplate.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the boat being launched, we resolved to reach Gould Island before dark. The tent was soon struck, the provisions stowed away, the priming of the carbines looked to afresh, and in a few minutes we were sweeping across the small belt of water that separated the two islands. We approached the shore with caution, for, as I mentioned before, the sides of Gould Island are everywhere very steep, and hostile blacks, by simply dislodging some of the loose masses of rock, could easily have smashed the boat and its crew to pieces without exposing themselves to the slightest danger. Noiselessly, and with every faculty painfully alert, we closed the land, sprang on to the rocks, and at once set about the tedious task of breasting the hill. Hill climbing, under the vertical sun of North Australia, is by no means an enjoyable undertaking, more particularly when the loose shale and rock gives way at every stride, bringing down an avalanche of rubbish on the heads of the rearmost of the party. Encumbered with our carbines, we made but slow progress, and it was nearly six o'clock before we attained the summit, from whence we saw several canoes making their way with full speed towards Hinchinbrook.

"So far then, so good," we said; "we have made certain that none of the rascals are lurking about the two islands, and we are sure to get them now, when we sweep Hinchinbrook."

We had now done everything that was possible until the *Daylight* had finished unloading, and so spread ourselves out about the island to see if the blacks had left any of their curious implements behind them. We were in no hurry to get back to the township, so purposed having supper where we were, and pulling back in the cool of the evening, by the light of the moon, which was just then in full glory. We found plenty of traces of the blacks, the embers of their fires even still glowing, but they had carried off everything with them, and no trophies crowned our search of Gould Island; and yet I am wrong, for I got one memento, which I have by me still, and which is so curious to lovers of natural history that I am tempted to describe it. In rummaging about, I came to a place strewed with old bones, shells, parrots' feathers, &c., close to which stood a platform of interwoven sticks. I was terribly puzzled at first to account for the presence of this miniature rag and bone depôt, and my astonishment culminated when Ferdinand informed me that—

"Bird been make it that fellow; plenty d——d thief that fellow, steal like it pipe, like it anything."

It then flashed across me that I had fallen in with the "run" of the bower-bird, of which I had so often heard, and had so often sought for without success.

The satin bower-bird (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericus*) belongs to the family of starlings, and though tolerably common in New South Wales, is but a rare visitor to the hotter climate of Northern Queensland. The plumage of the adult male is of a glossy satin-like purple, appearing almost black, whilst the females and the young are all of an olive-greenish colour. The peculiarity for which this bird is generally known, is its habit of constructing a sort of arbour of dry twigs, to act as a playground. These bowers are usually made in some secluded place in the bush—not infrequently under the shady boughs of a large tree—and vary considerably in size, according to the number of birds resorting to them, for they seem to be joint-stock affairs, and are not limited to one pair. The bower itself is somewhat difficult to describe, and a better idea can be formed from the engraving, or by visiting the British Museum, where several are shown, than I can ever hope to set before the reader in words. A number of sticks, most artistically woven together, form the base, from the centre of which the walls of the structure arise. These walls are made of lighter twigs, and considerable pains must be taken in their selection, for they all have an inward curve, which in some "runs" cause the sides almost to meet at the top. The degree of forethought that these self-taught architects possess is strikingly exemplified in the fact that, whilst building the walls, any forks or inequalities are turned *outwards*, so as to offer no

impediment to their free passage when skylarking (if it is not an Irishism, using such an expression with regard to a starling) and chasing each other through and through the bower, to which innocent recreations, according to the testimony of Messrs. Cato and Ferdinand, they devote the major part of their time. Their love of finery and gaudy colours is also most remarkable. Interwoven amongst the twigs of which the bower is composed, and scattered about the ground in its vicinity, are found bleached bones, broken oyster, snail, and cowrie shells, and not unfrequently, in the more civilised districts, pieces of coloured rag, and fragments of ribbon pilfered from some neighbouring station, for, in search of attractive objects to decorate his playground, the bower-bird entirely ignores the eighth commandment, and, I fear, justifies the somewhat strong expression of "d——d thief" which Ferdinand bestowed on him. Indeed, so well are his filching propensities known to the natives, that they make a practice of searching the runs whenever any small article of value is missing, and often succeed in recovering the lost object.

I find that I have been using the pronoun *he* hitherto, whilst describing this insatiable love of finery, but on reflection I cannot but think that I am utterly wrong, and that when more is known of the domestic arrangements of the bower-bird, it will be found that the lady alone is responsible for this meretricious taste, and that the poor *he*, whom I have so unblushingly accused, is in reality gathering berries and fruit for the little ones, guiltless of the slightest inclination towards picking and stealing.

These birds live and thrive in confinement, and busy themselves immensely in the construction of runs, but they never multiply whilst captive. Indeed, the place and manner of their breeding is as yet a mystery, for, so skilful are they in concealment, that even the lynx-eyed blacks have failed to discover their nest.

We found the descent to the boat incomparably preferable to the tedious climb of two hours previous, and, thanks to the promise of a "nobbler of rum each," Cato and Ferdinand transported my precious "run" in safety to the stern-sheets; the sun having then sunk in crimson beauty behind the coast-range, and the breeze having fallen to the faintest whisper, we shoved off, and pulled leisurely over the calm bay to Cardwell, arriving about ten o'clock, to hear the welcome news that the *Daylight* would be ready for us on the following afternoon.

HOW WE EXPLORED HINCHINBROOK ISLAND.

The sun was just showing above the distant sea-line, and the bay was lying motionless as a mirror, with a rosy hue thrown across its placid surface, when I awoke on the following morning, stiff from the clamber of the preceding day. The short half-hour before the rays of the sun have attained an unpleasant fierceness is most enjoyable in Australia, particularly in a wild region such as Cardwell, where birds, beasts, and fishes pursue their daily avocations, heedless of the presence of man. My house was situated at the extreme north end of the township, and far apart from the nearest dwelling—so much so, in fact, that it was only by a stretch of the imagination that I could say I was included within the village boundary. On the side farthest from the settlement lay the virgin bush, whilst outside the garden at the back, all was wild and rude as Nature had left it, except a small clearing I had made for the growth of maize, sweet potatoes, &c. Now this clearing had many enemies, and of many species, ranging from feathered and furred to biped. The cockatoos came down in such clouds as almost to whiten the ground, and made short work of the maize; the bandicoots and the township pigs dug up and devoured the sweet potatoes, just as they were becoming large enough for use—commend me to your half-starved pig to find out in a moment where the juiciest and finest esculent lies buried—and the chattering little opossums stripped the peach-trees of their wealth, in which labour of love they were eagerly assisted by the flying-foxes during the night, whilst any that had escaped these nocturnal depredators became the spoil of two or three idle boys, who loafed about all day, seeking mischief, and, as always happens, succeeding in finding it, even in this sequestered region. From this it will be seen that my efforts in the direction of husbandry were attended with some difficulty, and, despite a real liking for the animal world, I had imbibed a holy hatred of that particular section of its society which insisted on devouring my substance under my very nose, only retreating to the nearest tree until my back was turned, and then resuming operations with unblushing effrontery. By way of a mild vengeance, I had got into the habit of coming out every morning directly I awoke, with my gun, and easing off both barrels amongst the cockatoos, wallabies, or whatever particular class of robbers happened to be afield at the moment—a practice which served as a safety-valve for my injured feelings, whilst at the same time it provided me with a cockatoo pie, or a good bowl of kangaroo-tail soup.

Once, in my indignation at finding my palings broken down, and some sugar-cane, that I had been most carefully rearing, rooted up and destroyed, while the author of the mischief, a huge sow, innocent of the restraining ring (I would have hung the ring of the *Devastation's* best bower-anchor to her snout, had I been allowed to follow out my wishes), stood gloating over the havoc she had caused. Then, in my wrath, I had hastily loaded a carbine with a handful of salt, and prematurely converted a portion of my enemy's flank into bacon; but even this just act of retribution was not to be accomplished without further loss to myself, for on receipt of my hint to move on, her sowship dashed straight ahead, and brought down a whole panel of my fence about her ears, owing to which the village cows, which I had often observed throwing longing glances over the paling at my bananas, doubtless apprised of their opportunity by the evil-minded and malicious sow, took a mean advantage of the weakness of my defences, and on the same night devoured everything in the garden that they thought worthy of their attention.

Though I had now become hardened to the many injuries thus heaped upon me, and had almost discontinued all attempts at cultivation, I still retained the habit of stepping out into the verandah every morning with my gun, but more with an eye to the pot than for any other reason.

Beautiful as the scene always was, it struck me that day as being of unusual splendour. The tall gum-trees, with their naked stems, and curious hanging leaves that exasperate the heated traveller by throwing the scantiest of shadows, glistened dew-beaded in the rising sun. The laughing jackass, perched upon a bare limb, was awaking the forest echoes with his insane fits of laughter, alternating from a good-humoured chuckle to the frenzied ravings of a despairing maniac. Suddenly ceasing, he would dart down upon some hapless lizard, too early astir for its own safety, and, with his writhing

prey in his bill, would fly to some other branch, and after swallowing his captive, burst forth into a yell of self-gratulation even more fiendish than before. The delicate little "paddy melon," a small species of kangaroo, turned his gracefully-formed little head, beautiful as a fawn's, and, startled at the strange figure in the verandah, stood hesitatingly for a few seconds, and then, bending forward, bounded into the scrub, the noise caused by the flapping of its tail being audible long after the little animal itself was lost to sight. The white cockatoos, alarmed by the outcry of the sentry—for, like the English rooks, they always tell off some of their number to keep a look-out—who with sulphur-coloured crest, erect and outstretched neck, kept up a constant cry of warning, rose from the maize patch, the spotless white of their plumage glancing in the sun, and forming a beautiful contrast to the pale straw-colour of the under portion of their extended pinions. With discordant screams they circle about, as if a little undetermined, and then perch upon the topmost branches of the tallest trees, where they screech, flap their wings, and engage in a series of either imaginary combats, or affectionate caresses, until, the coast being clear, they are again enabled to continue their repast.

A curious and indescribable wailing cry is heard in the air, singularly depressing in its effect, and a string of some dozen black cockatoos flit from tree to tree, the brilliant scarlet band on the tail of the male flashing as he alternately expands and contracts it, to keep his balance whilst extracting the sweets from the flowers of the *Eucalypti*. Few things present so great a contrast as the cries of these two birds—of the same family, and so alike in everything but colour—and yet both are disagreeable: that of the white variety from its piercing harshness, and that of the black from an indefinable sensation of the approach of coming evil it carries with it—at least, such is the effect it always has upon me. On strolling to the paling and looking into the clearing—for although my gun is in my hand, it is loaded with ball cartridge, and I do not fire—the nimble little bandicoot scuttled away towards his hollow log, looking so uncommonly like a well-fattened rat, that I mentally wonder how I could ever have had the courage to eat one, and a flight of rainbow-hued Blue Mountain parrots, who have held their ground to the last, whirr up with a prodigious flapping of wings, and, alighting on a gum-tree, can be seen hanging about the blossoms, head downwards, sucking out the honey with their uncouth beaks and awkward little tongues, which seem but badly adapted to such a delicate task. But I find I am digressing terribly, and the gloomy winter days of England, which make the recollection of a bright tropical morning so agreeable a task to contemplate, must be my excuse.

After breakfast, I hurried down to the beach to see if Tom Frewin, the skipper of the little cutter, *Daylight*, would be likely to keep his promise, and have the vessel ready to start by noon. I found him busily engaged with his not over-numerous crew—for it consisted only of a man and a boy, besides himself, though Mrs. Tom, who also lived in the tiny craft, ought to be counted as no inconsiderable addition to the vessel's complement, for she did the cooking, and on occasions could take the tiller and steer as cunningly as the gallant Tom himself. I found him hard at work hurrying the cargo over the side, assisted by the townspeople, who all showed the greatest anxiety that no time should be lost in setting out for the relief of the shipwrecked men. Everything thus pointing to the probability of our getting away that afternoon, the provision question had to be next considered, for the party would be numerous, and the exact time our expedition would take could scarcely be correctly estimated. We knew Government would refund us for any reasonable outlay, and so determined our search should not be cut short by any scarcity of food, and our fears of overshooting the mark and laying in more than we could consume, were allayed by Mr. McB——, the store-keeper, who generously offered to supply us, and to take back, without charge, anything that remained at the expiration of the trip. All difficulties being thus disposed of, we were left at liberty to make our own private arrangements, until one o'clock, by which time the *Daylight* would have laid in her water, &c., and be ready to start.

But I must now say something of the party itself, which we were compelled to limit to ten men, inclusive of the native police. These consisted of the pilot and his crew of two men, Mr. Dunmore, the officer in command of the police, with the two troopers, Ferdinand and Cato, three volunteers, and myself. Where all were anxious and willing to aid in the good task, it would have been invidious to select, and the volunteers drew lots from a bag in which all were blanks but three, the gainers of these lucky numbers becoming members of the party.

One other addition we had, and right yeoman's service she did, for it was a *she*, reader, as the sequel will prove. About eighteen months before, the troopers had visited Hinchinbrook Island, to recover stolen property, and in one of the native camps had found an exceedingly pretty gin of some fourteen summers. The personal charms of this coy nymph of the forest had proved too much for the susceptible heart of Ferdinand, who, regarding her as his lawful prize, had borne her, irate and struggling, to the boat, from whence she was in due course transported to the police camp (mounted on the pommel of the saddle in front of the adventurous swain), where, in a very short time she became perfectly at home, and under the name of Lizzie, made Ferdinand a remarkably pleasant wife.

Certainly the blacks are a curious race, the like of which was never before seen under the sun. For two days after Lizzie's arrival in camp, she refused to speak or eat; for the next two days she ate everything she could lay her hands on, but still kept an unbroken silence; and for another two days, whenever she was not eating, she "yabbered" so much and so fast that the other gins looked on aghast, unable to get a word in edgewise, so continuous was the flow of Hinchinbrook vituperation. On the seventh day, as if by magic, she brought her tirade to a close, went down to the creek with the other gins to fetch water, cooked her husband's supper, appeared perfectly reconciled to her change of life, and henceforth, from her sharpness, the aptitude with which she picked up the broken English in which the officers communicate with the troopers, and her great knowledge of the surrounding country, she became a most useful acquisition to the camp, and Dunmore used frequently to say that Lizzie was worth three extra troopers. One of the most extraordinary things about her—and she was not unique, for all the Australian blacks are alike constituted in this respect—was the facility with which she seemed to rupture all the natural ties of kinship and affection. Her own tribe—her father, mother, sisters, all were apparently wiped from her mind as completely as writing is removed from a slate by a sponge; or, if ever remembered, it was never with any mark of regret.

A Mid-winter Journey from Reikiavik to Kreisuvig.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF J. E. H. T.*

REIKIAVIK, *Christmas Day.*—Ready for a start to-morrow. Dr. Hjaltelin has proved everything that everybody said of him, and more too. I fully believe I might have gone to him without any note of introduction at all, and he would have been equally good and kind. Had his fortune depended on his exertions, or had I been his best and dearest friend, his efforts could not have been greater than they were on my behalf. Few men live in so secluded a part of the world and have such a world-wide reputation as Dr. Hjaltelin.

Harnifiord, 26th December.—From Reikiavik this morning, seven miles *en route.* Dr. Hjaltelin failing in persuading the



BRINGING A CORPSE TO REIKIAVIK.

I had an opportunity of witnessing a purely Icelandic custom yesterday. The day being bright, comparatively, I took a walk with the doctor into the country—*i.e.*, over the lava-fields beyond the town—with the view of enabling me to judge of the kind of work I had before me in my trip to Kreisuvig. When just beyond the skirts of the capital, we observed a company of natives on ponies riding at a reckless speed, considering the nature of the ground they had to pass over; had it been a later hour, I should have surmised that they were hastening to reach the town before the close of the short day. Across the back of the foremost horse was secured a long case or box which, but for the frailty of the articles, I should have said was a case of eggs, when to my astonishment the doctor pronounced it to be the funeral pageant of a defunct patient of his, the wife of a man of consideration in the neighbourhood, and what I thought was an egg-case contained the deceased. They soon passed us at full speed, the coffin dangling more at the side than on the back of the animal that bore it, and which evidently did not quite approve of his inanimate load. The doctor informed me that the body would be placed in the church for the night, and buried the next day; and this morning, the sky overcast, and in the semi-darkness of an almost Arctic Christmas, I saw the funeral party, a very different procession from that of yesterday, slowly wending its way, on foot, in truly reverential gravity, to the simple "God's acre" of the place. The deceased was evidently well known in Reikiavik, as the doors were generally closed along the line of the procession, whilst, according to custom, sprigs of juniper were laid before the doors.

British tourist's usual guide, Zoega, to accompany me at this season, has done the best he could, and procured a man who informs me he once went to Kreisuvig many years back—Heaven grant his memory be retentive! The generous doctor has insisted on his servant Jon accompanying me; *item*, sent his own pony in case my resolution of walking weakens. The day has been excellent; the air of that bracing, exhilarating nature one so enjoys here, rendering a man indifferent to temperatures he would wrap up against further south.

Our road on leaving Reikiavik was awful!—laid by nature's self, and left as laid: it is composed of loose lumps of basalt, varying between one and two feet in height, with far too narrow interstices, that demanded increasing watchfulness where to step; some mile or so out, we did come upon a road, and one of considerable length; unfortunately, however, it had been constructed of peat alone, piled some two feet above the general level, and now consequently forms a bog of that precise depth. We had also threaded our way for a considerable distance by side of a second example of Icelandic constructiveness; one, however, equally unprofitable, since, having been extemporised by placing the larger stones aside, its surface had been rendered lower than that to the right and left, and a winter stream, recognising a utility in the thing, now monopolises it—half ice, half slush. This neglect

* Edited by Captain J. E. Davis, R.N.

of the formation of roads, preventing any wheel-traffic over the island, is too bad, inasmuch as these very impedimenta themselves, *in situ* for the purpose, would produce the finest possible roads under a few stout hammers; the excuse given for this, with all other shortcomings here, is that the island's main sources of revenue have been given away to Danes in times past by the crown.

The view as we passed over the snow-mantled hills south of Reikiavik was certainly grand; on the left, at some twelve miles distance, as the crow flies, the lofty plateaux of the Langalid, all draped in purest white, spread round rightwards, back, and away; their fronts a series of projecting conical promontories of lava heaps, resembling gigantic rubbish-shoots rather than anything else describable; more towards the centre, as well as in front of these, lay lower ranges, then more to the right came the Sveifluhals and Nuphlidarhal, which the guide says we cross to-morrow, and then the Fagradalsfjall, with, in front, Keilar, one of those extraordinarily perfect pyramid-shaped mountains; greatly inferior to Bulandstinder at Berufiord, however, being only about one half the height, or fifteen hundred feet. Other more distant mountains, massed and detached, completed the view, as the whole sunk into the ocean on the right. The foreground was occupied by long, undulating hills, with, upon the right, small projecting arms of the Skerjafiord. Between the farthest of these and the mountain ranges at back all seemed a plain, while, according to Gunglusson's map, it must be the great lava-field we have to cross to-morrow.

By the way, as touching this so much talked of map, I do not find it goes half enough into detail for effective use; most of the elevations laid down having been apparently accepted upon observations taken probably from the trigonometrical positions alone, and thus mountains of all shapes are depicted by simple circles and ovals; still it is a wonderful work, if contrasted with the small means for its production, and its minutiæ having been mostly supplied by the various parish priests and farmers.

The country we have passed over is most sterile, the hill-sides being either covered with the basaltic masses as above, or in other parts, where damp winds have been prevalent, leaving these stones upon their slopes broken up by the winter and (judging from the rounded shapes of the débris) melted away into dark gravel-sized stuff, both, however, equally grassless.

These grassless tracts, together with the boggy flats, both elevated and depressed, formed the principal features of our route to-day; twice or thrice, however, small greener knolls appeared, and each of these oases had its stone and turf wall, and in the midst a turf-roofed cottage, the wall enclosing the home paddock of the farm. On close approach, these paddocks presented a singular appearance, being occupied by hillocks, more or less arranged in lines, end to end, each being from one to two feet in height and across, and from two to five or six in length, all being close shaven. The places resembled well-kept churchyards, and, indeed, on their first appearance, I thought they were such, and speculated on the doubled-up position in which the underground tenants must be lying. These hillocks are produced by grass, rooted on the lee side of stones, and gradually growing over.

About four miles from Reikiavik we turned the extremity of Foosogar, a small fiord edged by overhanging cliffs of a brown tuff, about twenty feet in height; a number of wild ducks were disporting themselves here.

We entered upon the lava-fields about two and a half miles from this place, but darkness was not far distant, so I hurried on, reserving all observations for my return, and I was not sorry to reach the bottom of a breakneck path down the cliffs, and indistinctly trace the houses of Harnifiord clustering and dotting its black beach. Coasting this round some half mile, I delivered the introduction the dear old doctor had given me to my present host, an Icelandic merchant, and a very hospitable fellow. He has feasted me upon various dishes converted from beeves, sheep, and pigs—these last being rare here—given me excellent claret, brandy, and cigars, and lastly imparted abundance of information upon various subjects. His kind wife, moreover, who does not speak any English, seems as hospitable as himself. I am now about turning in under an eider-down bed or coverlet, somewhat of the shortest, though similar to that chronicled in the adventures of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Query: Do the Scandinavian races sleep coiled up?

One last jotting. I have seen in the sitting-room rose-bushes, fuchsias, and hydrangeas in fullest leaf, and learn they are preserved in this perfect condition by removing them, in the beginning of October, from the light into the dark corners in which they stand, where, being now and then slightly watered and dusted, they will retain their full verdure till the spring, and pursue fresh growths without parting with this year's leaves—some leaves upon the rose-trees were pointed out as two or three years old.

Kreisuvig, 27th December.—I was roused this morning by my unexceptionably hospitable host at five o'clock—in furtherance of the programme laid down by the guide last evening that we should start at six, and so ensure time to get over our journey, *malgré* any storms by the way, before the long night returned. This would be nothing of a journey in England, but traversed under daylight of only some five hours' duration, and across a desolate and uninhabited track, and where a sudden tempest, obliterating the route, might snow one up indefinitely amidst frozen mountains, a short distance may turn out a seriously lengthy one. Here in Iceland, all land locomotion is in abeyance during winter; even the mail we brought out will only be delivered in the spring.

Six o'clock arrived, but no guide or Jon, and it was not until seven that, after repeated summonses, they appeared. When they did, it was only to say the weather had changed; snow was falling, and it had become too dangerous to proceed. Unfortunately, we had no British representative in these regions to threaten malcontents with; however, I did the best I could, and tried blandishments, objurgations, and altercations, mingled with assurances that nothing should be given for work already performed, &c., so that at last they were induced to load the baggage ponies, and off we started in the darkness, kneading, squashing, and splashing through mud and mire, and stumbling among turf-lumps. I soon, however, discovered by my compass that all this was mere show, and that we were making a long circuit round Harnifiord instead. In vain I led the way, and veered southwardly; follow me they would not. At last, about eight o'clock, a mysterious light appeared to pervade the foggy gloom, probably from some aurora invisible to us; this cheered them somewhat, and free libations of whisky being applied, they discovered, under that inspiring influence, that after all

the weather seemed more promising, so at length turned south. At daybreak, about ten o'clock, we found ourselves at the left of a group of mountains—we ought to have crossed on their right; ascending back along their sides, we at length got into the proper track, and then descending, entered the lava-fields proper.

At the commencement of this district, large tabular sheets principally preponderated, together with hills, and masses of basalt. As we proceeded, great bosses, or dome-shaped blisters of lava, some twenty feet or more in height, showed themselves; these were apparently solid, though ruptured at the top by great cracks, where temporarily imprisoned gases had made their exit. One I specially examined had a deep chasm half-filled with rubbish, and some three feet across, running round it, as though its mass of materials had contracted towards the centre.

Smaller and greater fissures soon began to open out, some of these fully twenty feet in depth, others choked up by rubbish blocks; these fissures gradually increased into a perfect network of crevasses, crossing in all directions, and with narrower prolongations upon our track, very dangerous where the slight covering of snow had drifted deeper. Pits appeared, too, down which everything had sunk perpendicularly for many feet, and the vesicular masses heaped about the upper surface became more and more thrown about as we proceeded. At length we reached the thick of this ancient turmoil: a scene, I was told in Iceland, unique to this special locality, and elsewhere only known in Hawaii or Owyhee. Disorder and convulsion here rioted uncontrolled, and the huge—sometimes chocolate, sometimes purplish—heaps of no describable form, were to be seen as though tossed about above the chasms in every possible position. Some of these assumed the forms of great bushes with overhanging branches, others of quaint grottoes, and not a few were remarkably like unto exhibitions of high art in the way of cockney rockery decoration.

Here and there some among the smaller of these affected a narrow and pinnaculated appearance, and ended in fine points, and among them several, not perhaps more than two and a half feet in diameter at the base, were composed of lumps fantastically perched one on the other, as though by human hand, to see what *could* be done, had attained a height of eight or ten feet. Fragile as these appeared, on examining two or three I found them hard as cast-iron, and requiring sharp blows with my heavy geological hammer before I could knock off small pieces.

Most of the masses were more or less stained with lichens of many hues; there was little grass, but up the bases of these grotesque lava piles nestled and crept many of the larger mosses we see in England, while exquisitely green sprays of the *Uva ursi* and other berries, as well as small-leaved ivies, spread and wandered around their feet; the bottoms of the fissures I looked into were massed up with blocks and snow, but the richest browns and most glowing purples shone among the recesses.

Our path, now up, now down, crossed over lava-sheets and blisters, and we marched rapidly on over some five or six miles of this quaint wilderness—not a bird or animal to be heard or seen throughout it, a couple of dried eyes and two or three feathers alone showing that life in any shape had for long back visited this waste. Towards the end of this distance the fissures again became fewer, and the flattish tabular sheets of lava more extensive, and here I was struck in observing surfaces of full six to eight yards in length rippled over by long curved sharp lines, precisely similar to what one sees on the sands just left by a retreating sea acted on by a light wind—

"As is the ribbed sea sand."

Though poured forth, heaven knows how long back, they all seemed engraved but yesterday, even those upon our track were but slightly worn.

We next came upon boggy ground again, and then débris from the mountains, afterwards ascending a sloping gorge, which led up into the heart of the Nuphlidarhals. Here the rocks again became basaltic, and here, too, other exceedingly unpleasant phenomena commenced, in shape of sharply-driven storms of snow, which hardened and iced our macintoshes as stiff as statuary; in midst of these storms, and still plodding upwards, we at a turn of the ravine to the right came upon an extraordinary mass of dislocated rock of many thousand tons, steeply piled up, while all the other masses round it, apparently similar in composition, remained solid as usual; this huge heap consisted of cubical and oblong-shaped blocks, all pitched up together in utter disorder; they were tolerably uniform in size, ranging from six to ten feet, and the whole roughly resembled the heaped up ruins of some cyclopean building. Clambering to the top with difficulty (about thirty feet in height), I found its central portion depressed several feet; the only guess I could make as to the cause of this phenomenon is that it had formed some sort of small crater, or chimney, up which cold water had been suddenly ejected while the mass was hot; had even powder been the agent, the ruin would not have been so perfect.

Not long after leaving this, we began to descend, and continued our route along an elevated flat valley from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half in width; this I take to be what is put down as Mohals on the map; there again fissures not unfrequently existed, and these principally lengthwise with the valley. Here also large and apparently solid bosses, as well as hollow blisters, were present; and here, lastly, in crevices in large blocks fallen from the cliffs above, I have got my best specimens of a pitchy-looking lava, formed in hollow blisters, and as thin as paper.

In midst of wind-gusts and short, but literally blinding snow-storms, we pursued our course for between two and three miles along this valley, until we arrived at a spot where, upon the left, some stones placed on a projecting rock, marked the commencement of a rough track mounting the cliff side. We ascended it, and shortly looked down into what appeared to be an ancient crater, eighty yards in diameter, and with its bottom occupied by a frozen pool. I tried in vain to procure water, and in default mixed whisky with snow; this, however, instead of melting, absorbed it, so I ate all up. Again proceeding, we crossed the summit, travelling easterly, and shortly after began to descend into the Kreisuvig valley, the continuation of the Langalid range showing across it: there, too, sulphur-fumes became smellable and increased, until, at a turn of the path, I saw one of the *brennèstein* in full steam below. I scrambled down by a short cut, while the ponies were taking their usual route. After a hasty look around and at a strange circular lake with perpendicular cliffs, I quickly rejoined the men, and we pursued our way under the fading light, stepping and stumbling over turf heaps, similar to those in yesterday's journey, until, ascending a gentle rise, we arrived at this little church, where I have to locate during my sojourn, and certainly

the first moments of my arrival have been among the most dismal I can recall. On the church door being opened, a fearful odour issued forth, compounded, as it now appears, of unwashed wool-fleeces, worn garments, and ill-preserved fish; my only resource was to light up and smoke in self-defence.

My baggage opened, I improvised a grand illumination, as it would seem from the admiration of the people here, of four candles stuck on one of the beams crossing the structure some seven feet above the floor, and this enabled me to examine my domicile. The building is oblong, the boarded roof being high-pitched, and reaching to within six feet of the floor at the sides, each side having two small windows. The kitchen of the establishment, a wretched hole, dimly illuminated by my bull's-eye and a piece of wick in the usual iron oil-dish lamp; as the passage, so the roof and walls of this den were black. A little brushwood was smouldering upon the high-raised hearth, and getting more added to this, I proceeded to cook a curry with rice, in tins brought with me, the people looking on meantime. The very water offered was in vessels not beyond suspicion, so I went to the brook at the foot of the hill and obtained a private supply; I also carefully limited myself to the upper half of the milk furnished.

My cookery over, I gave tastes all round, only one (a woman) expressing pleasure at my concoction, the rest all



FUNERAL IN REIKIAVIK.

main space, or aisle, is occupied on right and left of a central way, by wooden rail-backed benches. the further ones draped with the odoriferous clothes of the farm people. At the west end, the space is further occupied by the church bell and a lot of large boxes filled with the fleeces and fish already noted, while above them a sort of low loft is formed by boards laid across from side to side. About nine feet from the east end, the pews or sittings stop, and in the centre of this space, against the east wall, a sort of high press, fronted by a little raised pen, does service as the altar and elevated portion of the chancel thereto belonging. In front, and to the left of this stands the pulpit, also elevated about a foot above the floor; this pulpit is my store closet, and I have had my air-bed laid on the floor behind it, on the left of the altar.

These dispositions made, I went over to the farm to see what I could manage in the way of cooking a dinner. Entering by a low door, notwithstanding my police lantern, so black was everything that I had to grope my way, well stooping, along a narrow passage, to where a cross burrow took me into panted somewhat, showing their tongues; I then returned here to the church, and made a serious feast upon a bench on the side of the chancel, the population following me and reverently placing themselves in the side pews, and discoursing in whispers while the Grand Lama fed; the said population much approved of whisky and water afterwards, the women most especially.

I now "turned in" and smoked myself to sleep. The night had become bitterly cold, and the place was very melancholy altogether, a dreariness only to be exceeded by the horrors of the cookery den.

Kreisuvig, 28th December.—I awoke last night some time in the small hours, shaking like mad in a sort of rigor, coupled with fearful leg-cramps; a state of affairs little to be wondered at with a nicely iced wind attacking me from all quarters through crannies in the wall and floor. There was nothing for it but to get out in the cold and perform various *pas seuls* in darkness in the aisle; till, the pain being somewhat assuaged, I groped my way back and buried myself under the clothes-

heap, nose inclusive, where I lay shaking some time until sleep came back.

About eight I awoke again, considerably refreshed, and, that being the hour I was to be called, to enable us to have the whole of the daylight at the sulphur hills, and, neither Jon nor guide appearing, I dressed myself and made a second inroad into the farmhouse, the door of which I found could be opened. Here, in two little dens and four fixed wooden bedsteads, were six men, the same number of women, and some half-dozen children, all nicely simmering; neither the sight nor the smell was agreeable, so I retreated, and betook myself to the kitchen, where I made my breakfast fire. The thermometer registered seven degrees of frost. About ten o'clock, the men being ready, we retraced our way along the Kreisuvig valley between two and three miles, and there ascended a rise to where a small wooden house stood, erected by an Englishman who has obtained possession of the property. The roof was off, blown away some distance, where it was still visible, the door was down, and yet—to the honour of these poor people of the vicinity be it recorded—the shovels and pickaxes, with other iron tools, deposited within some seven or eight years ago, were still there. Where should we find such honesty at home?

We then proceeded up to the first sulphur-springs, or more properly banks, a short distance above, and afterwards visited the rest near. These *brennestein* are situated in small outer gorges or ravines of augitic mountains of jagged, peaky, irregular contour, seemingly a good deal disturbed since their formation. They occupy points along the lines of central depressions or chief points of these gorges, and consist of banks or collections from twenty to eighty feet or more in diameter; in the midst of these heaps, holes, varying from two or three inches to a foot, give out water and jets of steam as they gurgle and bubble away; this water having its source visible in streamlets running into them from above.

I found the temperature in the vicinity of these holes fully 212° Fahrenheit, a few inches below the surface. Having large stones thrown in as standing ground, I leant over, and, while half-cooked by the issuing steam, was surprised to smell nothing else, no sulphuretted hydrogen or sulphurous acid fumes are emitted; therefore, if any amount of these gases exist beneath, they must be mutually decomposed. The sulphur appears to rise in a nascent state, since it evidently takes up oxygen as it passes through the air, becoming tolerably powerful two or three hundred yards away, and it was actually unpleasant at Kreisuvig in some gusts at night. The mud-banks are formed out of the stones and pieces of rock which descend into them, the alkaline ingredients of these being eaten out by the hot sulphur and moisture present, and all soluble products then washed away, the rest of the ingredients decomposing into clays. Specimens I have taken appear to show some five or six varieties of rock, and I have each of these in a series of stages, from solidity through porosity and friability into pasty homogeneous mud. Cutting vertically through the cooler and more solid portions of these banks, the clays appeared in sharply-defined patchwork shapes, of all colours, according to the ingredients of their formants; these colours were inside too—reds, whites, yellows, splendid purples and lilacs, orange and blue, some of these last also very pure.

Where the snow covering all the surface (saving the hot mud heaps) left indications leading one to examine spots, the rounded and steep beds of clay around these *brennestein* showed interesting mineral matter; layer below layer of purest



INTERIOR OF KREISUVIG CHURCH, ICELAND.

sulphur, in long fibrous crystalline structure, appear in various places; in others, a beautiful deposit of white stellated crystals of sulphate of lime. In full daylight to-day, I saw streams of light issuing from the north-west and moving towards the zenith; I presumed from their position it must have been an aurora, and if so, an uncommon phenomenon in daylight.

After taking several hasty sketches, as well as bitter cold fingers permitted, we returned to the church. Since then I have cooked some dinner, eating it in public as before, the interest attachable to a live foreigner not having ceased. Everything is packed up ready for an early start: so now one glass more of toddy and to bed. By the way, at the further end of the church there is a respectable collection of books, some hundred or more, purchased by the people for reading in these long winters; among them are copies of the New Testament in Icelandic, printed at Oxford.

Harnifiord, 29th December.—I rose at five, this time duly called—catlicked and breakfasted; the lazy lout Jon, however, could not be got into marching order until seven o'clock, when we started. The snow for the most part had gone, but it was cold and foggy, and, as the guide kept too far along the track winding under the rocks to the left of the church hill, I found about eight o'clock, upon looking at my compass, that we were proceeding to the southward straight towards the sea. For some time the guide would not change his route; but, finding at last his mistake, he became much alarmed, and wanted me to halt while he tried back to get some one to show the way; refusing this, I induced him to go in my direction, and so, when day dawned, and things were sufficiently perceptible, we found ourselves well in the Kreisuvig valley near Greenavatn Lake, through having lost two hours by the man's mistake.

It was near nightfall when we left the lava-fields, and crossing the left shoulder of the hills which we had made more difficult than was necessary on our outward journey, descended long sloping undulations down into Harnifiord; it became dark long ere we got there, and, after waiting outside the house of a merchant named Klausen, the sheriff of the district, for some time, while he examined my passport, in shape of an introduction from Dr. Hjaltelin, I was admitted and solaced with an excellent meal. Being wet from head to foot, and as tired as damp, after the ladies left the dining-room I fell into a doze as I sat, and awoke to find myself the centre of a circle of admirers. Seeing my weary state, my old host kindly left at once with me for his house, about half a mile round the little bay. Arrived there, I soon got warmed and freshened up, and, as before, spent a most agreeable evening. I have now retired to roost between twelve and one o'clock in my host's snug room, under the eider-down bed-quilt, the length of which, on this occasion, I do not grumble at.

Reikiavik, 30th December.—Having only seven miles, walk before me, I did not rise till past eight this morning, and it was nearly ten o'clock when, after a capital breakfast, I parted from my kind host and his hospitable wife, who, I find, these two nights have vacated their own bed to make me comfortable.

The journey back, sloppery and slippery from the sheets of melting ice, has been worse than in going. We altered our route, and traversed about a mile of Skerjufiord beach, but as it became dark, I was compelled to take to the turf-bog road; it was terrible work, squashing wearily away above one's ankles at every step for a good three miles, until at length we left for a yet more horrible portion close to Reikiavik, already noted. At last I arrived at my quarters; Dr. Hjaltelin came to look after me. Well has he been called, in Lord Dufferin's "High Latitudes," the *jolliest*—and truly have I to add for myself, the most kind-hearted and generous—of doctors.

After a good dinner, under the doctor's auspices, &c., now for bed.

"Trekking" and Hunting in South Africa.—II.

WHILE hunting in the land of the Amatonga, I and my friend succeeded in killing a leopard; which is not a kind of game so often bagged as many people here in England seem to imagine. The African leopard is an animal of shy and retiring habits, and as crafty and ferocious in disposition as he is beautiful in appearance. All through the wild interior of South Africa (to the bush-lands of which it is now principally confined) the leopard is regarded with fear and hatred, and his death is regarded as that of a general foe. Not only do the goats and sheep belonging to a kraal in the neighbourhood of which a leopard has taken up his quarters disappear, but he is even known to attack the calves and half-grown cattle; instances being on record of leopards destroying even full-grown stock. A coward except when wounded and brought to bay, the leopard has then plenty of what is commonly called "cat-in-a-corner courage;" and, like the rest of the feline race, is possessed of an astonishing amount of vitality, the proverbial "nine lives" seeming to be exemplified in this specimen of the genus, and he frequently "dies hard," fighting gallantly to the last gasp, and inflicting terrible wounds upon his destroyers. A leopard having for some time haunted the neighbourhood of a kraal in the vicinity of which we had formed our camp, it was resolved to watch the spot, near a small rivulet, where the fresh footprints were daily to be seen. Soon after sundown, Y—— and myself, accompanied by one of our Kafirs, took up our stations among the thickets which bordered the little watercourse, having previously tethered a kid in a small opening among the tangled bushes, little hope being entertained of getting a shot unless the leopard could be induced to show himself in the open. In order to render the bait more attractive, a piece of string had been tied somewhat tightly round one of the ears of the kid, which caused it to keep up an incessant bleating. Though we remained lying in wait until the first streaks of dawn began to redden the horizon, the leopard never put in an appearance, and we returned for a few hours' slumber in

the wagon, wet through with the heavy dew, and much disgusted with our want of success.

The following night a gun was "set," that is to say, the stock was fastened firmly to a tree, and the barrel supported by a forked stake, driven into the ground, at such a height that the leopard passing in front of the muzzle would receive the heavy charge with which the gun was loaded. A line was attached to the trigger, which line, after being brought round a smooth stake driven into the ground in the rear of the gun, was stretched across the track, and fastened to another stake, in such a manner that upon the leopard pressing with his chest upon the string, during his nocturnal rambles, the contents of the gun would be immediately lodged in his body. This plan, sometimes successful, however did not answer on this occasion, as not only was the set gun found in *statu quo* on the following morning, but the remains of a red bush-buck were discovered near the spot, only partially devoured, proving that the leopard, so far from being pressed by hunger, was living luxuriously. It was resolved to keep one more night watch, and the carcase of the buck being drawn, so as to leave a scent, into a small open glade, after sunset we again took up our position. The night set in darker than had been anticipated; to see any distance was impossible. We watched and listened till midnight had passed, and still no leopard. At length a soft slight rustling was heard amongst the thick cover, as if some beast were forcing his way through the underwood. We held our breath, intently listening, but the noise had ceased, and we began to think that the leopard had turned aside, and again buried himself in the depths of the bush, when Y—— suddenly made out the dusky form of the leopard, stooping in the act of cautiously seizing upon the carcase of the antelope. In a moment his gun was at his shoulder, and two loud reports rang out in the still night, as one after the other both barrels were let fly. A minute or two passed away, and the leopard was heard groaning and growling in the bush, and occasionally spitting and sputtering like an angry cat. As it would have been as useless as it would have been dangerous to attempt to pursue a wounded leopard through a thick bush on a dark night, operations were delayed until the following morning, when the bush was hunted through by means of a body of Kafirs and a number of dogs, and the wounded leopard found and dispatched; not, however, before he had so badly lacerated one of the dogs who had boldly attacked him, that the animal had to be at once destroyed.

The Amatonga Kafirs, during the whole period that we remained in their land, were constantly bringing the skins of tiger-cats to the spot where the wagon was outspanned and our camp was formed, and offering to barter them for various trifles, such as knives and pieces of blue cotton material. We succeeded in obtaining by barter the whole set of ivory which had furnished the jaws of a hippopotamus. The men who sold the ivory gave a most extraordinary account of the manner in which they had secured it, declaring that they had fastened a rope through an incision in the skin of the hippopotamus, which they had previously wounded, and that, to save their powder and bullets, they had dragged the animal from the water and dispatched him with their assegais. As the powder which these men procure is for the most part of a very inferior description, it requires a tremendous charge to load a gun effectively, and of course it is an article for which they have to pay rather heavily.

One of the greatest annoyances experienced in Amatonga-land arose from the thievish propensity of the natives. It was noticed that whenever any of these men were allowed to linger about the camp, as was necessarily often the case when they had brought skins and trifles for barter, or were waiting for their rations of flesh from the game which had been slain during a hunt at which they had assisted, some article, perhaps a knife or a fork, or a spoon (in one instance an article apparently useless to a savage, a pepper-box of white metal, was carried off), was sure to be missing; and although the wagon *sjambok* was administered pretty freely once or twice in the case of a detected thief, still the annoyance was found to be irremediable—a love for petty larceny being a besetting sin among the Amatonga people. Possibly were they a race more advanced in civilisation, they would be considered kleptomaniacs.

Delagoa Bay, and the district around the Portuguese settlement there, is perhaps the least healthy portion of the whole of the decidedly unhealthy land of the Amatonga, the natives even, at times, during the summer or wet season more especially, appearing to suffer from the effects of the climate.

Both I and my companion, during our stay in Amatonga-land, missed greatly the morning draughts of the peculiarly rich new milk of the little Zulu cows, and the thick, clotted, sour milk, from which all the watery part or whey had been drawn, called *amaas* by the Zulus, both of which we had generally been able so easily to procure while in the country of that people, at a price varying from a few strings of beads to a brass snuff-box. We found the *inyouti* porridge * and the *abouti inyouti* (Amatonga beer) but poor substitutes. The Kafirs who had accompanied the party, however, were revelling in the unaccustomed luxury of an abundance of meat of different descriptions, quantities of flesh being continually seen, strung upon long strips of hide, and festooned along the sides of the wagon. Abundant as was the supply, the Kafirs always seemed loth to leave any fragments of meat upon the ground when changing camp, and would often pass the night, after a long and fatiguing day, in cooking and feasting, seeming to find eating to repletion a more restorative process than enjoying what more civilised beings consider "nature's sweet restorer." Gorging upon flesh seems almost to intoxicate the Kafir race, and, during a feast, the laughter and conversation are generally very loud, and the snatches of uncouth song frequent. The paunch of an animal and all the clotted blood, which is generally found within the carcase of large game when it has been shot through the vitals, are always secured and cooked as an especial delicacy.

Between the rivers Maputa and Pongola a large number of wild ducks and geese were met with, as also several species of crane. Flocks of Guinea fowl frequent this district, and although they do not afford particularly exciting sport, owing to the reluctance with which they rise, and their great running powers, they are undeniably an excellent kind of game for the spit.

As the supply of flour began to run short, we found it necessary to place our party on short rations. Most men find the necessity for a certain amount of bread of some description with a flesh diet, and the maize and millet messes made by the South African savages are but poor substitutes for the white man's bread, though many hunters and traders spend weeks or months among the natives, subsisting upon maize, as prepared

* *Inyouti* is a small seed which is boiled into a thick mess or porridge, and is a staple article of diet among the Amatonga tribe.

by the race * among which they are sojourning, milk, when it is to be procured, and such meat as they are able to obtain by shooting. Those men who take flour among their stores generally make it into bread by mixing a little carbonate of soda with the dough, and cooking it in the form of scones in the frying-pan.

While encamped by a piece of still water, much infested by crocodiles, Y——, who was amusing himself by lying in wait among the bushes which fringed the edge, and firing whenever one of the reptiles "showed a head," seeing a crocodile climbing upon a little islet, waited until the greater part of his body was exposed, when he planted a rifle-ball behind the shoulder, causing the monster to roll over immediately. As the ugly brute lay struggling and floundering, half in and half out of the shallow water around the islet, a number of other crocodiles, attracted no doubt by his splashings, appeared upon the scene, and seizing him in their jaws, dragged him off into the still depths of the sluggish lagoon, whether out of a tender regard for the safety of their fellow, or with a view to making a banquet off his remains, was not apparent.



THE LAST STRUGGLE.

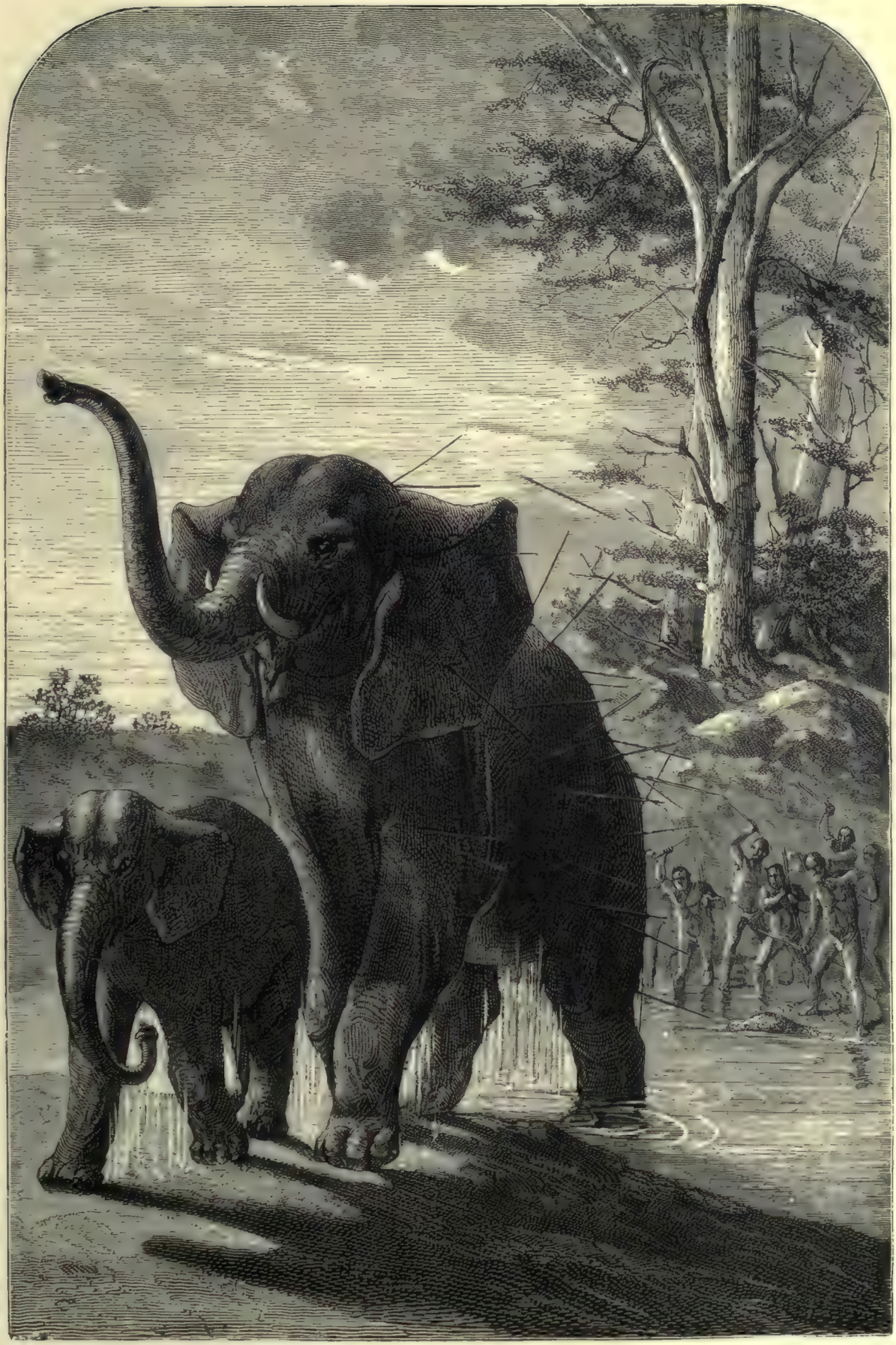
One of the dangers to which both horsemen and pedestrians are exposed, while hunting in the Amatonga country, is that of falling into one of the numerous pitfalls—made by the natives for the purpose of entrapping game—which are to be found in all directions where the wild animals are abundant, and which, once having made, the people who make them never seem to think of refilling.

During our stay, perhaps rather longer than was prudent, in this sickly land, we succeeded in bagging several buffaloes and rhinoceroses. As often happens, we had obtained them without any extraordinary difficulty, though of course all animals of such size and power die hard, and will, upon occasion, fight vigorously for life. As a rule, a buffalo bull, when found leading a solitary life, is a dangerous animal, and a cow when accompanied by her calf will show an amount of desperate fearlessness both of men and firearms.

Buffaloes, when assembled in herds, are not generally to be considered as particularly dangerous, the chief efforts of a wounded member of the herd being more often directed to keeping up with his companions than waging war with his enemies, though when from his wounds and loss of blood he has become "sick and sulky," and from his failing powers has been left in the wake of the retreating herd, he often becomes decidedly a formidable antagonist even to a hunter of cool temperament and quick eye.

On the arrival of the day decided upon for trekking, one of the oxen was found to be sick, and before he had accomplished the half of his day's work, it was found necessary to outspan him, and although he managed to accompany the wagon for a short distance, he finally sank down and died, almost without a struggle. The Kafirs, although the sides of the wagon were hung around with meat, could not reconcile themselves to the idea of leaving so much flesh behind them, and several of them rejoined the wagon at the next outspanning place, loaded with the horrible meat cut from the diseased bullock. These fellows declared that the beast had not died from "mahakahn"

* The manner of preparation of the maize bread, or millet porridge, varies a little among the different tribes. It is not uncommon, when asking for *n'corbi* (maize bread) to have a dish formed out of a piece of calabash offered, containing a handful or two of maize boiled whole, and when this maize has been kept in a hole underground for some months, and acquired a disagreeable smell therefrom, the mess is anything rather than appetising.



FEMALE ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG.

(lung sickness), the most deadly, the most infectious, and most to be dreaded of all the long catalogue of diseases to which the cattle belonging to the dweller in South Africa are liable.

After several days of slow and difficult trekking, we arrived once more in the dominions of the white man, viz., in the Transvaal Republic.

The Boer inhabitants of the Transvaal, though possibly not particularly partial to the English settlers in the various South African colonies, are yet conspicuous for their ready hospitality to travellers of all nations. The more wealthy men among them are possessed of fine brick-built houses, with well-stocked orchards, and flocks and herds and troops of horses, while the poorer members of the community have to content themselves with dwellings built of sods cut from the *veldt*, and get through their day's work without a very abundant supply of Kafir or Hottentot labourers, but, as a rule, the African Boers take life rather easily, though somewhat monotonously. The Boer is generally out of doors, and has his first pipe lighted before the sun has shown itself, and has generally commenced his slumbers by what the Englishman would consider an early hour in the evening. These Boers pride themselves much upon their horsemanship, and it must be admitted that, putting aside their appearance in the saddle, they will ride a vicious horse or a troublesome colt with great pluck and firmness.

Once in the Transvaal territory, the trekking became easier, but the air at night was found bitterly cold after the warm Amatonga coast.

Mooi River Dorp being at length reached, a fresh store of supplies was laid in, and it was resolved—the cattle remaining in good condition, to make a trip into the game country in the neighbourhood of the salt springs at Zoutpansberg, a country abounding in game, and where the elephant is still to be found. Zoutpansberg is an unhealthy district, and is only visited by traders, hunters, and travellers.

While *en route* for the elephant country, the wagon was outspanned by the house of a Boer, who, after freely granting permission for the oxen to be released from the yoke and allowed to feed (permission is always *asked* to outspan when it is wished to do so in the neighbourhood of a Boer's house), and having joined in drinking a glass of spirits with us, requested us to pass the night at his house, and join in a wild boar hunt upon the next morning, which invitation was immediately accepted.

On the following morning two or three neighbours had ridden over before sunrise, with half a dozen dogs of the large powerful breed which is preserved by the Boers, and the whole party betook themselves to the veldt, where, after rambling about for an hour or more, they presently discovered a couple of those hideous specimens of the race of swine, *vlack vark*, the wild boar of South Africa, and the dogs at the same time getting view of them, set off in pursuit, when a really exciting chase commenced, the boars galloping along at a good pace with their short tails carried erect, giving them a most comical aspect, until the dogs coming up with the hindmost, seized him by the ears, and, clinging to him like bull-dogs, enabled the hunters to come up with and dispatch him without much difficulty. The other boar was followed up, and, hard pressed by the dogs, plunged into a swollen river, and though shot dead by repeated bullets while endeavouring to cross, was not bagged, the rapid current carrying him away. These *vlack vark* will sometimes, when wounded or hard pressed, turn upon their pursuer, and have been known to wound horses seriously with their large blunt-pointed tusks.

During the long slow trek to the country of the Maccatees, much of the game common to the veldt country was shot, including wildebeeste (*gnoo*), springbuck, blesbok, and hartebeeste. All these animals travel in large herds over the plains, and sometimes the different species are found mingled in one vast troop, the striped quaggas even being found with the horned antelopes.

The Boers living in districts where game is abundant, often build hiding-places, in which they conceal themselves for the purpose of obtaining a shot, without the trouble of saddling up and galloping long distances in pursuit of the antelopes.

Arrived at the hunting districts where the elephant is to be found, but little time remained to either Y—— or myself, one of us having engagements to meet within the colonies on the coast, now distant about 700 miles. A small quantity of ivory was purchased from the natives, but not upon particularly advantageous terms, for we were not, perhaps, remarkably good judges, and had tolerably keen and cunning bargainers to deal with in the savages.

One young bull elephant was bagged, Y—— and I discovering him in company with two others of his kind, and endeavouring by going up wind to stalk the game. However, before we could approach within shooting distance, the elephants took alarm, and started off, throwing up their trunks and trumpeting loudly, whereupon Y—— and I, mounting our horses and driving in spurs, after a long bursting gallop contrived to come up within range, and though three bullets evidently struck one of the elephants, he continued his way, apparently but little impeded by his wounds. The horses being thoroughly "pumped out," the pursuit had to be abandoned for that day, but at the first signs of daylight the following morning, the spoor, heavily marked by blood, was taken up and followed, a number of natives joining the party, until the wounded elephant, abandoned by his companions, was discovered and shot down, after receiving a tremendous number of bullets, which for a long time seemed only to have the effect of making him charge down with mad fury towards the spot from which the shot had been fired. Both white men and natives had some narrow escapes of falling victims to his fury—weakened as he must have been from the wounds received upon the previous day—before he sank with loud groans upon the earth, groans such as are to be heard from no other animal upon earth.

When returning to camp, a large female elephant was discovered in the open country, accompanied by a calf about half grown. Owing to the condition of the horses—wretchedly fed of late—after their gallop of the previous day, it was found impossible to come up with her. A shot or two at long range was fired, and a bullet apparently took effect, but she continued her rapid course, guiding her young by means of her trunk, and though while crossing a river a party of natives, who had concealed themselves upon its bank, threw their assegais at her in great numbers, she appeared too solicitous for the safety of her young to regard them, and, travelling at a rapid pace over a rough country, was lost to sight before the shades of night had set in.

The long journey to Natal was only performed by buying fresh oxen at two different places along the road, and selling the remains of the "used up" spans at a sacrifice.

Across Siam to Cambodia.

BY J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S.

On the 11th of March, 1866, we left the ancient temple of Nakhon, where we had been staying for a fortnight in one of the *salas*, or temporary sheds erected for the accommodation of the devout Buddhists who make pilgrimages thence from the surrounding provinces. During the fortnight, my companion had been busy collecting information regarding the country, while I was engaged in making a ground-plan of the building, and in completing a series of over forty views of the exterior and interior of Nakhon Wat. We proceeded to the ruins of the ancient city, a distance of about two miles north of the temple, through a forest of gigantic trees. The path was shady, and the morning comparatively cool, the thermometer showing a temperature of 80° Fahr. The city is environed by a massive wall that makes a circuit of twenty-four miles. When in front of the southern gate, I rested on the trunk of a fallen tree, where I enjoyed a full view of its noble proportions. The gateway presented a wide, gaunt opening, in the form of a pointed arch, of about thirty feet in height by half as many wide. The once strong gates had been removed in some bygone age, and the metal hinges riven from the shattered stones. The morning sun cast a deep, broad shadow beneath the arch, which contrasted well with the bright foliage beyond, and the stately trees that have their place in the heart of the city.

Reared high above the gateway, there was a series of towers crowned with a colossal head, and four faces, representing Brahma; the image was partly concealed with parasitic plants, whose clustering leaves suggested a wreath rudely cast around the stony brows of the sage. Beneath the arch on either side were the roofless, deserted chambers once occupied by the city guard. The fine masonry of the stone walls was still apparent, although partly covered with a deep green coat of velvet moss, and draped with pendent vines. If I was startled with the massive proportions of the gateway, I was doubly so with the change time had wrought within the city. It was now a deserted waste; great forest trees had grown over the cairns and mounds that marked the ruins of its ancient houses. There was not a trace of building to be seen for half a mile, save the great outer wall. We had a temporary hut erected on a comparatively clear space close to the verge of a great stone tank. On the following day we were taken by our guide to numerous buildings, all more or less in a ruinous state, and buried in almost impenetrable forest and jungle. One not far from our quarters was said to have been the palace of the Leper King, whose finely-sculptured statue was standing on the top of a mound close by. The walls of this building were nearly all levelled to the ground. The high, raised platform, however, on which the palace stood, still remained, with its broad terraces and flights of steps, whose bold, grotesque sculptures clearly pointed to a higher antiquity than that of Nakhon Wat. At one or two of the approaches the massive entablature was supported by elephants cut in full relief out of the stones, after they had been fixed in position. The trunks of these animals projected so as to form pillars, a graceful base being obtained with the lower extremities of the trunks twisted into groups of lotus-flowers. The whole design conveyed an impression of massiveness and stability, blended with tender and artistic feeling.

By far the most striking building was the "Prea-sat-ling-poun," a great temple with fifty-one towers of stone, each crowned with the four-faced Brahma, the faces looking towards the cardinal points of the compass, so as to indicate the all-seeing attribute of the deified chief of Hindoo mythology. This marvellous building, like the others, was almost totally concealed by the rank, tropical growth of trees and plants, rooted in the fissures of its ruined walls. We had to cut our way through the underwood into its dark chambers and passages, where, on entering, we were struck with the cold, damp wings, and startled with the wild shrieks of a thousand bats. It was a dark, dismal place, doubtless the haunt of wild beasts and slimy reptiles, who, with the exception of a few slaves living in hamlets scattered over the waste, are the only inhabitants of the city. The sculptured galleries of this temple betokened a high proficiency in art, and in many of them one could trace an advanced knowledge of mechanical appliances—the lever, screw, and wedge; the fine workmanship of the chariots, and thin light wheels; the caparisoning of horses, and the armour and weapons of warriors. In one bas-relief of a procession, a party of men were drawing what greatly resembled a modern gun-carriage, but in place of the gun it was mounted with an immense crossbow.

It would have taken months to explore this city. We had only been in it two days when our servants were stricken with jungle fever; and on the third day, feeling ourselves the effects of the malarious atmosphere, we left with regret for the town of Siamrap, where we found our friend the old governor of the province busy burning the remains of the late Phra Palat, and the bodies of three other deceased persons of rank. The funeral pyre was placed beneath an imposing structure, having a spire not on the whole unlike a village church of the Gothic order. A pavilion was also erected to accommodate 200 spectators.

On the day of cremation, there was a procession of Buddhist priests, followed by a band of musicians, and a troop of hired mourners making up the train. The mourners kept to their work bravely; the chief leading off with a shrill wail, which was immediately followed by a chorus of sobs. While the bodies were yet burning, the townsfolk were enjoying a feast, theatricals, and a variety of amusements, gambling being one of the most widely patronised. A dwarf and a giant, and a troupe of pretty Lakon girls, who danced to the time of inspiriting music, contributed greatly to the entertainment.

Next day we proceeded on elephants to the Liche Mountains, distant about thirty miles from Siamrap, and said to be the place from which the stone was obtained by the ancient building race of Cambodia. The mountains possess abundance of micaceous sandstone, of the same quality as that used in Nakhon Wat, and in Nakhon Thom; and in certain localities we thought we could trace ancient quarries, but the mountains

were so thickly overgrown with forest as to be in many places quite impenetrable.

Several ruined buildings were passed on the way, displaying the same finish and beauty which are the distinguishing features of all the ancient buildings of the country. On our return we pushed on without delay to the head of the great lake, "Tale Sap," which geographically is one of the most remarkable lakes of Eastern Asia. Its length is about 120 miles, and its average breadth about sixty miles. Its depth during the dry season is only from three to four feet, while during the wet season, when the snows melt in the mountains of the north, it forms a back-water to the Mekong River, and attains a depth of from forty to fifty feet, submerging a great portion of the surrounding country. The fisheries on this lake are a great source of profit to the inhabitants. We found on our downward voyage that the natives had established themselves in fishing villages on different parts of the lake. These villages, or lake dwellings, are raised on piles made of the hard wood which abounds in the neighbouring forests, surmounted by a platform of bamboo, on which half a dozen or a dozen bamboo huts are erected. This platform is common property, and is used for drying and curing the fish that are caught in enormous quantities when the water subsides.

At the beginning of the wet season, when the flood rises, these lake-dwellings — which in some respects resemble the ancient lake-dwellings of Switzerland—are abandoned, and their owners betake themselves to agricultural pursuits on the highlands. Great quantities of fish-oil are made in the Cochin China settlements, which line the banks of the river that forms the main outlet of the lake. This oil is chiefly made from a species of black fish, not unlike the shark in size and appearance. Near the lower extremity a narrow neck of water divides the lake into two, giving it a fiddle shape.

After noon, on the 24th, we reached the small French gun-boat, which had conveyed Captain de Lagree, and were most cordially received by the officers on board.

Compong Luong was the first trading-place of any pretensions which we reached on our downward voyage. We landed here on the morning of the 26th. There are many Malays in the town, as its name, which sounds of Malayan origin, would denote. Malay settlements are indeed common on both banks of the river. It is, however, uncertain at what time the Malays came to the country. They have their own chiefs, adhere to their own customs, and are Mohammedans.

Compong Luong bazaar presented a most animated scene. The people were well dressed, busy, and prosperous-looking. We reached Penompinh on the night of the 27th, and anchored off the king's palace. Just below this, there is the confluence of several streams, the chief of which are the Mekong and the outlet of the great lake. The king treated us with great courtesy, placing a house at our disposal close to his palace. He also honoured us with repeated invitations to his table, which was well and sumptuously furnished with native and foreign delicacies; the latter produced by the culinary skill of his French cook. This in itself was not wanting in attraction, as we had not enjoyed a well-cooked meal for over a month. The last we had, indeed, was at Nakhon Wat, when we bought a bullock, as we found we required some strengthening food. This animal afforded us half a dozen good meals. We tried to preserve portions of the carcase, but it was a sickening failure, on account of the intense heat. We had made a great mistake in trusting at all to the supplies of the country.

The king was young, and of pleasing manners, presenting a dignified and imposing appearance, when dressed in his native court robes, studded with the rarest gems. I made a portrait of his Majesty, which gave him great satisfaction. A second was not so successful, as he was dressed in the uniform of a French general officer. I remember the dress seemed strange to him, and there was a difficulty about the boots, which I believe he had to borrow from his cook.

We were well received by the French officers resident at the place, and by M. le Fouchieur, who was then engaged in building a palace for the king. The palace, I have been informed, is still unfinished. We accepted an invitation to witness a "lacon," or theatrical performance, in which the ladies of the court and their female slaves were the performers. The motions of the dancers were graceful, and their dresses sparkled with an array of rare and costly gems.

The king provided us with elephants for the five days' journey to Kamput, a port in the south of the Gulf of Siam. This part of our journey proved tedious, as we had to traverse a shelterless sandy plain at the hottest season of the year, and suffered repeatedly for want of pure water. The district in the neighbourhood abounds in high, forest-clad mountains and richly cultivated valleys, which presented a succession of magnificent views, as we made our way through the pass that leads to the port.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—II.

BY "MONTA."

Amongst the spots within easy distance of Yokohama there is one favoured nook, where the patient whose lungs are delicate will do well to linger; where he will have shelter from cold winds, hot baths from the mineral springs in the very hostelry in which he has taken up his abode, and quiet. I mean Atami. Here Sir Rutherford Alcock sought refuge, for a time, from the incessant cares and duties of his diplomatic position; and here the artist and I found ourselves one evening, during that March excursion which formed the subject of so much of my last article.

We had experienced a considerable number of changes of temperature. In the hills it was always fresh, and at night, in



A WAYSIDE INN.

the neighbourhood of Fuji, it had been really cold. In the Miyanoshita valley, on the contrary, we had found it depressing, both from the situation and from the number of hot springs in the neighbourhood. At Atami it was warm. We were down in a little bay, looking to the south-east, the hills giving shelter from the north, and the steam from the medicinal water helping to heighten the temperature. No shivering of an evening, no cowering over the *hibachi*, with its live charcoal, and no extra quilts at night.

The two rooms we occupied were charming, and I can recollect how we sat in them—that is, squatted or lolled on the mats, one whole morning, each occupied according to his own peculiar taste, bargaining for boxes of camphor-wood, writing or painting, or anon together gazing out at the pretty view in front, over a little cultivated patch and a number of thatched roofs, to the bay, and to a bluff rising up to the right. Beyond, in the sea, a portion of the volcanic island, Vries, was visible, the smoke rising from the crater; in front a small island, and, to the left, the other buildings belonging to the inn. Why, by-the-bye, should inns always be called tea-houses by foreigners? Foreigners in England do not call the Charing Cross Hotel or the King's Arms a bitter-beer house.

There is a charming route along the coast, from Atami to Odawara, to be recommended for pedestrians. It is tolerably hard work, but there is a great charm in the diversified scenery as you proceed round the face of cliff after cliff projecting into the sea. The weather was quite hot the afternoon we started; the trees were budding; violets, wild clover, and dandelion filled the hedges, and in each diminutive valley small fields rose in terraces upwards, and were green with the growing grain. Little villages nestled at the foot, almost in the water, in snug sheltered nooks, and here and there were groves of orange-trees, stately camphors, and feathery elegant-bamboos. There is an excellent little inn, clean and quiet, at the small village of Yoshihama, a depôt for much fish, which is taken from there by sea to supply the Yedo and Yokohama markets. There we halted for the night.

The next morning we had a lazy walk to Odawara. I suppose it was not twelve miles, but it took us over four hours. There was so much to look at—orange and camellia, wild peach and cherry trees in blossom, the rose and white of the former, and the white of the latter contrasting beautifully with the dark green of the firs in the nooks down by the shore. Stone fences guard the seaward side of the road, to prevent the wild boars which have their abiding-place in the neighbouring mountains, from breaking into the fields, or attacking the peasants' houses.

As long as one travels in those parts of Japan which are frequented by foreigners, things go on pretty smoothly, and, with a little patience and a courteous bearing, much pleasure is within every one's reach. But if you will extend your rambles far away, to parts where foreigners are unknown, and where you are entirely in the hands of the natives, you must make up your mind to draw largely on your patience, or you had better stop at home. I was once in the island of Shikoku (called Sikok in the maps), and was bound for the opposite island of Kiushiu, the most southerly of the group of four, which, not to mention some smaller ones, properly constitute Great Japan, and my only companions were three Japanese, one of whom was to be my special protector, having been given to me as such by a nobleman of high rank, who had been friendly to the "ugly barbarians" for many years.

We had started at night in a sailing-boat with a little low cabin, where we had to crouch down; and there was hardly room for us all to be stowed away to sleep. I had been told that there was always a wind in the morning which came down from the mountains, and would waft us merrily across fifty or sixty miles by noon the next day. But, unfortunately, the next morning there was no such wind, and, by means of ponderous oars, we were rowed into a little harbour, which was lined by a few houses, and there we had to remain three days. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful, and we were weather-bound in another harbour for three days more, so that, in fact, it took us a week to cross from one island to the other. During all this time I had leisure enough to watch my three companions, and to see how perfectly contented, or apathetic, they were. They let fall a few general expressions, such as the inevitable *shikata ga nai* (there is no help for it), *komatta koto* (tiresome business), &c., generally concluding with a laugh. But they really did not seem to care when they got across, and were quite happy when they squatted down on the mats round a *hibachi*, warming their hands over it, and chattering about nothing at all. It is the peculiarity of the people. I believe they had arrived at the point of civilisation which it was possible for them to reach in their isolation; everything with them was fixed, and their lives passed on in a regular uniform groove. They were never in a hurry; time was no possible object; if a certain thing was not done to-day it would be done to-morrow, or next day, or next week, or next month, or not at all. As for business, as we understand the word, they had not, nor have they yet in general, the least notion of it. What a flurry and confusion we foreigners must have caused, and still cause in them, we are generally not ready enough to understand or make proper allowance for. I can quite comprehend how they—in the first days of foreign intercourse, especially the native officials—tried to throw all kinds of obstacles in our way, which is not as their way; and how, after lazily exhausting all their powers of argument, and all their arts and equivocations, they would suddenly give up and agree to everything we had demanded, without a single word more.

And so day after day passed, and my companions smoked their diminutive pipes, ate their fish and their rice, were amused with a trifle, and chattered continually. And I seemed by degrees to catch their humour, lay aside my impatience, set to work at my journal or a book, and when the time for our meal arrived, get my legs under me as best I could, and manipulate my chop-sticks with the best of them. Sometimes I had some meat, which was chopped up into small pieces and warmed; sometimes a wild duck; here and there during our journey we bought a pheasant for something under a shilling, and my handy little two-sworded valet cooked it; then there was always rice to finish up with, and I found that, by pouring some Japanese tea over it, it became much more palatable. I had luckily brought a box containing three dozen of Bordeaux, and that I eked out marvellously, and it was a real consolation. But some of their messes I could not manage to swallow. Others were more easily eaten. I recollect one dish, called *Satsuma shiru*, composed of *mizo*, a kind of bean, mixed up with bits of raw fish, to which were added some rice, and a little cut-up leek, and on the top powder of orange-peel was sprinkled. All this was cooked up into a certain degree of consistency, and my companions enjoyed it immensely.

When we at last reached the coast of Kiushiu, and were

fairly housed in a small inn in one of the narrow streets of Saganoséki, in the territory of the former prince—then called the Chiji—of Higo, we found that no intimation of my advent had been received, and I confess that it gave me a little twinge when I heard Shimaüchi, my guardian *samurai*, ask the landlord whether there would be any danger to me, if I crossed the island to the castle town of Kumamoto, without waiting for the credentials. The answer was, however, satisfactory, but still I could not help remarking to my own guard, Saitô, that it would be a pretty business if I were to be killed.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it is all right, they won't do that."

And he added, with much emphasis and determination, that if such a thing were to happen, he should never return to the eastern capital, but would at once commit *hara kiri*. Whereat my youthful valet laughed somewhat doubtingly. He never would have done so valiant a deed, I'll be bound. But Saitô repeated that he should most certainly put an end to himself; it would be his *yaku—i.e.*, duty. And so it would. But I am glad he was not put to this test, brave little fellow as he was.

The journey across the island in this winter time was uninteresting; first across a plain, then up into the high ground in the centre, and past a volcano, called Asosan. Poor food and lodging, and little fine scenery to compensate. There was some smoke issuing out of the crater of Asosan, as we journeyed in view of it, and we asked one of the coolies whether this was always the case. His answer was very characteristic.

"You see," said he, "there is the shrine to the god," and he pointed to a spot on the side of the mountain. "When this god is angry, he vomits forth much smoke; when he is in good humour but little."

This was all we could get out of the man, and it was uttered in a tone of perfect conviction.

Before we reached Kumamoto, an official from the Chiji arrived to greet me, and he informed us that the credentials had reached their destination. So, on the morning of the fifth day, we started on our last short journey, and when near the town, I for one was much astonished to find some mounted officers, and two sets of soldiers, of twenty-five each, waiting to escort me. So I got out of my *kago*, and, walking in line with my three Japanese between the two detachments, each of which was preceded by a drummer, I entered the city, the noise of the drums alternating with the shrill notes of a bugle played in utter disregard of tune. Thus we marched past the castle hill, and through the crowded streets, every one having turned out to see the first foreigner who had penetrated into their capital for centuries. There may have been scowling looks, though I saw none, but kept steadily on, with a feeling of doubt sometimes entering my mind as to whether I was an honoured guest, or a prisoner treated with much deference. At last we reached the house set apart for the Chiji's guests, and there, to my surprise, I found a table laid out in European style—Mappin's knives and forks, carpets, and other foreign appliances. The Chiji, his brother, and several high officials joined me at dinner. Meat there was, and game, bread had been baked for me, and bottled beer flowed in profusion. In fact, there was no end to the civility shown me, and a steamer was even put at my disposal to carry me to the confines of the neighbouring province of Satsuma, in order, as was alleged, that the long mountainous journey by land might be avoided. Then the Chiji asked me if there was anything I wished to see in Kumamoto, and I stated my desire to visit the old castle. He laughed, and replied that it really was not worth seeing, but of course I could visit it if I wished. On my asking whether the natives were not allowed access to it now, he replied that anybody could go there; with the modern system of warfare such places were no longer of any use.

But next morning a change came over the scene. The steamer was said to require repairs, and the time of departure was put off. I therefore suggested that we might visit the castle in the meanwhile. Soon after, an official presented himself, and, in an interview with Shimaüchi, stated that the Chiji begged that I would not visit the castle that day; if I had been staying several days—which they knew I was not—the visit might have been arranged, but he was afraid for my safety, and begged I would not stir out without a guard of soldiers. I demurred to this, but my "guardian" was earnest in his request that I should not go out alone, and as he had to answer to his lord for my life, I felt that I must comply with his request. It appeared, too, that the Chiji had remarked, during dinner, that Kumamoto was not yet *opened*, using the word generally translated "civilised;" that there were still some men who hated foreigners, and he had hinted at danger. In fact, the desire was to keep me in-doors till I started, and to get me out of the country by sea, as being the safest method. All happened as they wished. I was escorted out of the town by more soldiers, and conveyed in the steamer to the confines of Satsuma, my arrival having been duly notified to the officials at the frontier village of the Higo territory. To give time for this, the departure of the steamer had been delayed. Into Satsuma I passed without let or hindrance, and travelled on by land, without any particular incident, to Kagoshima, the town we bombarded in 1863 to obtain reparation for the murder of Mr. Richardson, and the wounding of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Marshall, both now no more.

But enough of travelling for this time. Let us turn to a different subject.

Amongst the many festivals in Japan, there are what are called the *Sekku*, one of which takes place on the seventh day of the seventh month, when the streets of every town are gaily decorated, and in the centre of the yard of each house a tall bamboo-tree is set up, the upper branches of which are hung with festoons, and streamers of parti-coloured strips of paper. It is the festival of the goddess Tanabata, otherwise known as Ori Himé, the Lady of the Loom. The legend is described in the following manner in the columns of the *Japan Mail*.

Ori Himé is the patroness, in the native Pantheon, of the arts of penmanship and weaving, and to her the Japanese youths and maidens pray for the gift of skill therein. The strips of coloured paper, indeed, are but degenerate representations of the true offerings, for in the early golden age the men were wont to dedicate to her the noblest verses they could compose, written on the finest paper, while the women offered up the choicest products of their looms. She is identified in the heavens with a star of about the sixth magnitude on the border of the Milky Way, where she shines with a subdued constant light, opposite to her husband Hikoboshi, or Kengiu, the neatherd. It is her special calling to weave the garments of the gods.

It will be observed that in her character and her attributes, she bears a strong analogy to the Minerva of the Romans, the Pallas Athene of the Greeks, except in the matter of the rigid

virginity with which the classical goddess was credited. But even in this respect there is an approach to resemblance; for Ori Himé, though a wife, is only admitted once a year to the connubial couch. According to this beautiful Japanese myth, she and her husband toil throughout the year at their respective employments, in sight of each other, but separated by the broad and ever-flowing River of Heaven (the Milky Way). Only on the seventh night of the seventh moon of every year do the loving couple meet, and even then they are indebted to sub-celestial aid for the means of coming together; for, regularly on that evening, says the story, the rook and the raven, side by side, open out their wings, forming a bridge that spans the River of Heaven, and over this Ori Himé passes to the dwelling of her spouse, crossing it again at the approach of dawn, to resume for the space of another year her unremitting toil.

In the beginning of the Japanese year, as Mr. Mitford has related in the *Fortnightly Review*, mummers are to be seen going about in Yedo, in pairs, dressed up in imitation of courtiers, the one holding a fan, the other carrying a drum. These are the *manzai*, the former being called *tayu*, and the latter *saizô*. Of their origin, this is what one of my teachers gave me, somewhat freely translated:—

The *manzai* dates its origin from the period of the establishment of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shôguns. (This was the last Tycoon dynasty in Japan.) Iyéyasu, its founder, was born in the province of Mikawa. Hence the people of Mikawa celebrate the memory of the Shôgun Iyéyasu with much revelry, beating the *tsudzumé* (drum), dancing, and singing, "*Tokugawa ké ni go man zai*," which being interpreted means, "May the Tokugawa house live ten thousand years." Because of the expression in the song, the dance has been named *manzai*. The meaning of this word is "ten thousand years," and thus the song expresses the hope that the Tokugawa house may last uninterruptedly for that period. (Delusive hope, indeed!) Hence, in the time of the Tokugawa Shôguns, during the first month of every year, people from the province of Mikawa celebrate the beginning of the year, journeying to Yedo, and dancing at the houses of the townspeople, the *hatamotos*, and such-like.



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

And they are still to be seen, at the same period, unless indeed the rage for pulling down all that is old, all that is picturesque, all that is national, has extended even to these poor mummers. What a change it is! Is it wrong to regret old Japan? When I arrived in that far-off country, the feudal system was still existing, the old relations of lord and vassal, *daimiô* and *kerai*, flourished: Japanese walked about in picturesque dresses, were distinguished by courtly manners and noble bearing; but now it is all flannel shirts and paper collars, chimney-pot hats and seedy black clothes, American rowdyism and European snobbism—an imitation, and a poor one—whilst the old faithful relations, the innate politeness, the thoroughbred air, are gradually fading away.

An Australian Search Party.—II.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

BETWEEN one and two o'clock, the report of a little swivel gun, with which the taffrail of the *Daylight* was armed, echoed over the bay, and announced to the party that all was in readiness. In a very few minutes we were all mustered on the beach, looking, I must confess, remarkably like brigands, in our slouching and high-crowned Californian hats, coatless, and with shirt-sleeves either tucked up or cut off above the elbow, which, with the carbine that each man carried in his hand, and the revolvers, knives, &c., stuck into the waist-belts, made our *tout ensemble* such, that I am convinced no honest citizen, with a plethoric purse, who saw us thus for the first time, would have felt quite at his ease in our company. With a ringing cheer from the townspeople assembled on the beach, under the shade of the big trees, we shoved off, and, manned by willing hands, the cable rattled in, in a fashion that must have astonished the old windlass, accustomed to the leisurely proceedings that usually obtained on board the *Daylight*. The sail was soon clapped on, the little vessel heeled over to the sea-breeze now setting in pretty stiffly, and ten minutes after quitting the shore we were down in the hold, the captain and his lady occupying the cabin. Making our preparations for the night, which consisted, I may mention, mainly of spreading out our blankets, whilst the *Daylight*, with the Government whale-boat towing astern, was beating up against the adverse wind for the north end of Hinchinbrook, where we purposed anchoring for the night, and commencing our search on the following morning.

What with a contrary wind and tide, it was not until past ten o'clock that we glided into the little bay, and, shortening sail as noiselessly as possible, let down the anchor by hand to avoid the rattling of the chain through the hawsehole, which, in the stillness of the night, would have certainly reached the keen ears of the blacks, were there any in the neighbourhood, and caused them to shift their quarters. The little inlet or creek in which we now found ourselves, was entirely new to us, and we were indebted to Lizzie for the discovery of such a quiet retreat. With straining eyes, our novel pilotess stood at the heel of the bowsprit, extending an arm in the direction she wished the vessel to go, and, her task completed, she wrapped her blanket round her active little body, scarcely shrouded in the striped twill shirt that constituted her sole attire, and, sinking down in the waterways under the lee of the gunwale, was soon sound asleep—a sensible proceeding, which, as soon as everything was secured, we hastened to imitate.

We had arranged our plans for the morrow in the following manner. Before dawn, the whale-boat was to land all the party, including Lizzie, with the exception of the pilot and his two men. He was to return to the *Daylight* after having put us ashore, and, getting under weigh as soon as the wind was strong enough, was to take her round to a small inlet on the island, some distance down Rockingham Channel, and there await either our arrival or further instructions. Our expedition was to join him there in two or three days at the farthest, perhaps sooner; but, whatever happened, he was to remain with the cutter at the rendezvous, and on no account, nor under any inducement, was he to quit until he either saw or heard from us, however long the time might be. During the daytime the whale-boat was to be kept hauled up alongside the cutter, with the carbines belonging to the crew loaded and triced up under the thwarts, ready for immediate service, and a bright look-out was to be kept on the channel, in both directions. If the natives attempted the smallest communication with the main-land, the whale-boat was to give chase immediately, and either intercept and capture the canoes, or compel them to return to Hinchinbrook Island.

Such was the rough plan we sketched out for the guidance of the *Daylight*. With regard to ourselves, we could make no standing rule, for the country was comparatively unknown to us, and we must, Micawber-like, trust to something turning up, and, in the pursuit of this happy event, must follow whithersoever fortune and Miss Lizzie thought fit to lead us.

At least an hour before dawn we were astir, and swallowing the scalding tea that the man on watch had prepared: this done, and a snack of damper and cold meat eaten, we got quietly into the boat and were pulled ashore. Until daylight, we were unable to make our way, for paths there were none, and the ground was dangerous from the quantity of stones, &c., so we were compelled to sit down quietly and smoke our pipes until we could see to pick our way. In the tropics there is but little dawn; the sun springs up without heralding his approach by a lengthened gradation from darkness to night, as obtains in more temperate climes, and but little patience was requisite to enable us to commence our search. As many of our readers are doubtless aware that in Australia no journey is ever undertaken on foot; that the real bushman would think himself sunk to the depths of abject poverty, if he had not at least *one* horse of his own; and that a man will wander about for a couple of hours looking for a horse to carry him half a mile, when he might have gone to his destination and back half a dozen times, in the interval wasted in searching for his steed. Knowing this, they will doubtless wonder why we did not bring our mounts with us, and perform the journey comfortably, in place of the tedious method we now adopted. It must not for a moment be imagined that the great assistance horses would have afforded us had not been duly weighed and considered, and our reasons for leaving them behind were as follows:—From the little we knew of Hinchinbrook, and from the description Lizzie gave of the country, they would have been rather in our way than otherwise. The whole island is a mass of lofty volcanic mountains; and the passes through the gorges so strewn with huge boulders, débris, and shale, that we should have been compelled to lead our nags, and thus they would have only proved an encumbrance. This was one reason, and apparently a very good one, but I doubt if it would have had much effect upon our party, who could hardly contemplate any undertaking without the agency of horseflesh, had not a more cogent argument been forthcoming, to which they were compelled to give in their adherence.

"The *Daylight* is quite big enough to carry them all, for such a short distance, if they're properly stowed," said Jack Clark, the roughrider, who was a zealous advocate for the conveyance of his pet quadrupeds.

"Of course she can," said another; "and we shall get the work over as quickly again."

"How will you land them?" I ventured to suggest; "for the cutter can never go near enough to the shore to walk them out."

"She can't get within a quarter of a mile," said the pilot; for at this time none of us knew of the little inlet, into which Lizzie so deftly guided us.

"Pitch them overboard, of course," cried Jack; "they'll pretty soon make for the land; and I'll send my mare Gossamer first: she'll give them a lead, I'll bet. Cunning old devil!"

The impetuosity of Jack was fast gaining converts, when Cato pulled Dunmore quietly by the sleeve, and said—

"Marmy, baal you take 'em yarroman like 'it Hinchinbrook; my word, plenty of alligator sit down along of water. He been parter that fellow like 'it damper."

"By Jove! Cato's right," said Dunmore; "we forget all about the alligators and sharks. I won't let the boys take their horses, and shall not take my own. I lost one horse from an alligator last year, on the Pioneer River, and Government wanted to make me pay for it, and I'll take care I don't risk losing *three*. Bring Gossamer, if you like, Clark, but, take my word for it, you'll never see her again."

This unexpected contingency; the prophesied fate of Gossamer, which was as the apple of Jack's eye; and the point-blank and sensible refusal of Dunmore to hazard the Government horses, completely turned the tables. After a little inward grumbling, Jack consoled himself, saying—

"Well, at all events, I can *think* of riding!"

And thus it came to pass that we landed on Hinchinbrook, with no means of locomotion beyond those with which nature had endowed us.

And now, headed by Lizzie, and walking in single file and in silence, we struck out for the interior of the island. The path—if path it could be called, for it consisted only of a dim track beaten by the naked feet of the blacks—wound in and out among the long grass, which, as we approached the foot of the mountain range, became exchanged for boulders and loose shale, which rendered walking most tedious, and played the very mischief with our boots. Here even this track seemed, to our eyes, to die out; but Lizzie led the way confidently, and evidently with a thorough knowledge of what she was about. We had now been walking for more than three hours, and had apparently only got half way up a kind of gorge in the mountains, which seemed to become gradually narrower and narrower, and from all appearances afforded every prospect of terminating in a *cul-de-sac*. A watercourse must at some period have run down this ravine, for the boulders were rounded; but it was now quite dry. As the sides of the mountains drew nearer, our path led along this watercourse, and the walking became dreadfully fatiguing. The boulders were sometimes so close as to render walking between impossible, and then it became necessary to clamber over them, which, loaded as we were, was very painful. If, on the other hand, we attempted to journey on the *top* of the boulders, they were not only of unequal heights, but sometimes so wide apart, that a good spring was requisite to get from one to the other. Lizzie was the only one of the party who appeared thoroughly at home; her light figure bounded from rock to rock with the greatest ease and rapidity. Even Cato and Ferdinand, barefooted as they were, seemed to be a long way from enjoying themselves, and for us wretched Europeans, with our thick boots, that obtained scarcely any foothold, we slipped about from the rounded shoulders of the rocks, in a way that was anything but pleasant.

Thus we scrambled along for another hour, at the expiration of which we could only see a blank wall of mountain before us, up which it would have been both impossible and useless to climb. Wondering where the deuce Lizzie was leading us, we blundered along until we arrived at the base of the perpendicular cliff, and saw that by some convulsion of nature the ravine now branched off at a right angle to the left, and gradually widened out into a beautiful and gently declining stretch of country, perfectly shut in by hills, and into which a pretty little bay extended, with several canoes on its placid surface. We were distant from the beach about three miles, and could see clearly the smoke of several fires; while with binocular glasses we could make out the figures of the blacks fishing, and of the piccaninnies and gins romping in the sand.

Lizzie was a sight to see, as she pointed triumphantly to the unconscious savages, and, trembling with eagerness, tapped the butt of Dunmore's carbine, as she whispered—

"Those fellow sit down there, brother belonging to me, plenty you shoot 'em, Marmy."

"You take us close up along of those fellow, Lizzie?" said Dunmore.

"Your Marmy, plenty close, you been shoot 'em all mine think," replied our amiable little guide, who, enjoining the strictest silence, at once put herself in motion, bidding us, by a sign, to follow her.

For more than an hour and a half we crept cautiously along, sometimes crawling on all fours where the country was open, and frequently stopping, while Lizzie went noiselessly forward and reconnoitred, before beckoning to us to advance again. The direction in which she led us lay at the base of the hills, which on one side bounded the little plain and its bay, and though we could form but a crude idea of where we were going, owing to the thickness of the undergrowth, yet it was sufficiently evident that the young lady was one of nature's tacticians, and meditated a flank blow at her unfortunate relatives. Proceeding, we came at last within a stone's throw of the beach, and could hear the mimic waves rolling on the sand, at no great distance, on our right hand. Lizzie now pointed to a small belt of vine shrub that lay in front of us, and indicated that immediately outside it were the *gunyahs*, or huts; and, "plenty you shoot," she added, showing her white teeth as she grinned with glee at the thoughts of the cheerful surprise she had prepared for her old companions. We were now thoroughly on the *qui vive*, for we thought this unknown bay would be the very spot in which the blacks were likely to seclude any prisoners from the *Eva*, and accordingly willingly followed the lithe figure of our little guide, as she wound her way through the tangled brake, like a black snake, and with a facility that we in vain attempted to imitate. The troopers—who had reduced their clothing to a minimum, for their sole vestment consisted of a forage-cap and cartridge-belt—wound along as noiselessly as Lizzie; but we poor whites—with our flannel shirts and other complicated paraphernalia that

custom would not permit us to dispense with in the matter-of-fact way they were laid aside by our sable allies—were getting into continual trouble; now hitched up helplessly by a lawyer vine, whose sharp prickles, like inverted fish-hooks, rent the skin; now crawling unsuspiciously against a tree-ants' nest, an indiscretion that the fierce little insects visited with immediate and most painful punishment; or else, becoming aware, by unmistakable symptoms, that we were trying to force a passage through a stinging tree-shrub. Whenever we thus came to grief, Lizzie would stop, turn round, and wave her arms about like a semaphore, indicative of impatience, contempt mingled with pity, and warning.

Luckily for us, the belt of scrub was not of great extent; Lizzie had already reached its edge, and was peering cautiously through, and we were struggling along, each after his own fashion, when bang went a carbine, the bullet of which we distinctly heard whistle over our heads, and turning round we got a glimpse of Jack, the roughrider, hung up in a vine, one of whose tendrils had fired off his weapon; and had just time to hear him exclaim, "If I'd only been mounted, this wouldn't have happened," before we broke cover, and all further concealment being now unnecessary, rushed recklessly on to the encampment.

But we were too late to capture any of the men, for I need hardly tell the reader that never had we intended to make use of the curt arguments that Lizzie had relied upon for cutting off the abrupt exit of her quondam friends; it would be quite time enough to commence a system of reprisals when it was ascertained that the blacks had actually been guilty of any atrocity. At present it was mere surmise on our part, and putting altogether on one side the natural reluctance to shed blood, an aggressive policy would have been an unwise one, engendering, as it infallibly would, a bad feeling against any other luckless mariners whom the winds and the waves might in time to come cast upon the inhospitable shores of Hinchinbrook Island.

The sudden report of Jack's carbine, which occasioned a momentary halt, and the few seconds required to burst through the scrub, afforded sufficient time for the male portion of the encampment to make their escape at speed, in different directions, some taking to the water, where they were picked up by the fishermen in the canoes; others diving into the nearest cover, and being lost to sight without hope of recovery. The women and children followed the tactics usual on such occasions, and flung themselves into a heap, similar in colour and contour to that described in a previous chapter, when we searched the Herbert River. The same thing took place again exactly; we sat down in a circle round them, waiting for the deafening "yabbering" to die away, which "yabbering" burst forth in all its pristine discord, whenever one of the party made the slightest movement. Time and patience, however, had the desired effect, restoring tone to their not over sensitive systems, and at the expiration of half an hour, we could distinguish sharp, bead-like black eyes peering at us out of the mass, which had now sunk into silence, but burst out again louder than ever, when Lizzie made her appearance from one of the gunyahs—perhaps the paternal roof, who knows?—where she had retired, swelling with indignation, and as sulky as a whole team of mules. Finding that no one took any notice of her, and half an hour's reflection having, I suppose, convinced her, that if she wanted to make a display before her relations, now was the time, her ladyship came slowly up to the circle, and commenced an attack on poor Dunmore, as she knew him best. To transcribe her words would be impossible, for she put in a native sentence whenever she found herself at a loss for an English one, but the burden of her plaint was this:—

"Plenty d——d fooly fellow, white fellow"—a string of Hinchinbrook vernacular—"Baal you been shoot 'em like 'it dingo"—more Hinchinbrook, but evidently, from the accompanying gestures, indicative of intense disgust—"Baal mine take any more along of black fellow camp"—half sobs—"Baal mine care suppose you fellow all go like 'it ——"

And she summarily consigned us to the bottomless pit, as the only place at all suited for such stupid idiots who could refrain from shooting blacks when so grand an opportunity presented itself. Her eyes flashed fire as she delivered herself of her woes, and at the concluding sentence she stamped her little foot, and flinging a short waddy she held, with remarkable dexterity and no mean force, into the midst of the sable mass, she turned round to depart with the dignity of a tragedy queen, when Dunmore jumped up, caught her, and holding her wrist, walked off a little way from us.

"You like 'it one fine fellow red shirt, Lizzie? Mine give you one with *plenty long tail.* Baal any other gin along of camp have shirt like 'it you; and when piccaninny sit down" (for there was a prospect of her presenting Ferdinand with a little pledge of affection), "mine give that fellow two budgeree flour-bag shirts, suppose only you good fellow girl Lizzie."

Evidently, Dunmore knew the way to the young lady's heart—we nicknamed him "Faust" afterwards—for at the mention of the red shirt, with the lengthy tails, her eyes lost their fierceness, and the allusion to the piccaninny completed his victory, and changing at once from one extreme to the other, as only a black or a child can, Miss Lizzie took her seat in the circle, lighted her pipe, commenced nodding to, and chatting most affably with, her relatives, and looking so kind, that it seemed impossible to believe that an intense longing for bloodshed and cruelty had so shortly before lurked in the breast of the pretty, smiling little savage who was now beside us.

During the task of pacifying Lizzie, the "heap" had again sunk into comparative silence, and only a confused murmur was audible from its depths. Allowing no time to be lost, Dunmore said to Lizzie—who was puffing out huge mouthfuls of smoke, greatly to the astonishment of the other gins, who looked as if they expected to see her suddenly blaze up—

"Lizzie, you ask, suppose they been see any white fellow on island? White fellow in plenty big canoe. That fellow canoe been come like 'it shore. You tell them, 'Baal white fellow hurt you, suppose you been show, where brother belonging to him sit down.' You tell them that, Lizzie."

Lizzie proceeded with the greatest gravity, and evidently with an overwhelming sense of self-importance, to put the required questions, whilst we anxiously awaited her replies.

"Well, what they been say?" exclaimed Dunmore at last, when there was a momentary break in the conversation.

I should imagine that the vernacular of the Hinchinbrook Islanders was not pre-eminently adapted for the noble intricacies of diplomatic intrigue. In the first place it contains but few words, and none representing any number higher than five, so that even the courtly nobleman now presiding over Foreign

Affairs, would find the smooth flow of his amenities subjected to rude shocks; and as for expressing any large number either in words or figures—say, for instance, the Alabama indemnity of three millions—to do so, would tax to the utmost the genius of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lizzie, in her first flash of pride, as representing a plenipotentiary armed with extraordinary powers, had commenced negotiations with the dignity and slowness of speech adapted to so exalted a personage. But the shrill chorus which emanated from the audience was decidedly antagonistic to grave deliberation, and the anxious curiosity of the woman superseding the self-imposed rôle of the diplomatist, our envoy lost the pompous tone she had first adopted, and a volley of queries and replies was exchanged so rapidly, and with such appalling shrillness, that we onlookers ran a great risk of being either deafened, or driven out of our senses. At the first slackening of the wordy warfare, Dunmore put his question, and then Lizzie said—

"Baal there been any white fellow along of here."

"You been sure, Lizzie, ask suppose they been see any big fellow canoe."

Again the same hideous noise now took place, but I will not tire my readers with too minute a description of a scene with which they must now be pretty conversant, suffice it to say, that what with the real or pretended stupidity of the gins, and the imperfect English of our interpreter, we were more puzzled at the conclusion of the debate than we had been at its commencement.

"Had they seen a vessel?"

"Oh, yes, big fellow, with wings like 'it bird."

"How long ago?"

"Plenty long time ago."

"One moon ago?"

"Yes, one moon ago."

"Sure it was one moon?"

"No, thought it must be one day ago, and plenty smoke sit down along of big canoe."

Altogether the skein was too tangled for us to attempt to unravel it. They had seen vessels evidently, both sailing ships and steamers, but whether it was yesterday, or ten years back, there were no means of ascertaining; but to make certain that we were not being deceived, we instituted a strict overhaul of the gunyahs, in hopes of finding something that might give us a clue to the fate of the missing men. When we broke up our circle for this purpose, the component parts of the "heap" assumed an upright posture, and it was remarkable to witness the awe with which they regarded Lizzie. At first they seemed afraid to approach her, and stood some five yards distant, watching her whilst she puffed out the smoke from her re-lighted pipe, and posed herself in an attitude of becoming superiority, for she saw clearly enough that the happy moment for making an impression had arrived. Gradually they drew closer and closer, and at last, three of the eldest gins going down on all fours, crept slowly up until close in front of her, when they stopped, and buried their withered old faces in the sand at her feet. After enjoying their humiliation for a few seconds, she condescended to speak to them, and very shortly they were all chattering away on the most amicable terms.

Meanwhile the gunyahs or native huts, and the camp, had been thoroughly searched, but without bringing to light anything European, except a few bottles, and a pint pot which had been accidentally left behind by one of the party on the occasion of Lizzie's abduction. The gunyahs were better constructed than usual, and consisted of saplings bent in an arch and covered with tea-tree bark, a great improvement on all the native dwellings we had hitherto seen, which were generally little better than a rude screen against the wind. But our time was precious, for we carried but little provision; and we could not afford to loiter about, even in so pleasant a spot as this little bay; so, after dispatching a hasty dinner, we started off afresh, to the immense relief of the gins, and got out of the valley by another pass, which Lizzie showed us. I must not forget to mention one ludicrous circumstance, which convulsed us with laughter. The gins showed such curiosity about Lizzie's pipe, that she handed it round and made them each take a puff. Their expressions, when the pungent smoke caused them either to sneeze, cough, or choke, were most laughable; and I have no doubt that it is still a matter of wonder to them, and a fruitful source of debate over the camp-fires, what pleasure the white man can find in filling his mouth with smoke, apparently with no better object than to puff it out again as soon as possible. Our course now lay due south, and the travelling was much the same as in the morning, that is to say, as bad and as fatiguing as it well could be. Lizzie said she could take us to another bay, where there were sure to be more blacks; and so we trudged patiently along under her guidance, with the sun blazing down so fiercely that the carbine-barrels became quite heated. Our new path was very similar to the last one, seeming to come to an abrupt termination, but really shooting off at an angle, and leading down to a bay, which opened out to our view about five o'clock, and did not present nearly so pretty an appearance as the one we had just left, for the ground seemed swampy, and the beach was a nasty muddy mangrove-flat. We were also disappointed in not finding any blacks; but as there is nothing so bad that it has not some redeeming quality, so this dreary-looking swamp had its advantages, for the trees were loaded with Torres Straits' pigeons, and sea-crabs were abundant. This would enable us to lay in an extra day's provisions, and to extend our search, if necessary, before visiting the *Daylight*, from which vessel we were now separated by more than twenty miles of unknown country, inclusive of a mountainous range. We determined not to shoot any pigeons that night, for they would only keep the less time; and, having lit our fire by the side of a small creek, we had supper, and were soon sleeping the sleep of the weary, the watch having instructions to call us at an early hour for the purpose of replenishing our larder before the birds took their departure for the mainland.

A pint pot of tea swallowed—what a blessing it is that this glorious beverage is so portable that abundance can always be carried—three of us sallied forth with our carbines, from which we had extracted the bullets and substituted shot, each taking a different direction, the troopers guaranteeing a crab breakfast, and Lizzie cutting and peeling wooden skewers to roast the game on; for in this climate nothing will keep beyond a few hours, unless partially cooked. I struck away towards the left with the intention of making the mangroves as soon as possible, where I knew I should find plenty of birds. The walk of the day previous had made me a little stiff; but I felt lightly clad, without the heavy blanket, which I had left in camp; and, by way of getting rid of the stiffness, I started off at a run and soon reached my destination, where I sat down until there was sufficient



ESCAPE OF THE BLACK FELLOW.

daylight to enable me to see the game. As I rested on the root of a tree, perfectly motionless, I saw something large moving among the mangroves; but the dawn was as yet so uncertain that I could not distinguish whether it was a human being or not.

"If that is a black fellow," I thought, "he's worth all the pigeons put together, and I'll wait quietly to try and capture him;" for the object I saw was moving in the direction my companions had taken; and if it were a native, he would be certain to return by the road he had come, when he heard the firing. Sitting still, waiting for anything or anybody, when waited on yourself by hungry mosquitoes, may be agreeable enough to Mr. Fenimore Cooper's typical Red Indian, but I can safely say that it is anything but pleasant work to a thin-skinned Englishman. Daylight had now fully come, and I was beginning to hesitate as to whether I had not better bag some of the birds that were fluttering over my head, and get out of the swamp as fast as I could, when I heard the distant report of a gun, and said to myself, "Well, I'll give the nondescript five minutes more, and if it doesn't turn up by then, I'll blaze away at the pigeons." Half the allotted time had barely elapsed, when another report broke the stillness of the morning, and immediately afterwards I heard a rustling among the mangrove-leaves, and a slight crackling, as though some heavy weight were passing over the arched roots. I stayed quiet, almost breathless, as the noise came nearer and nearer, and, turning my head, I peered through the bush behind which I had taken up my quarters, and saw a fine-looking black gliding cautiously from one to another of the interlaced mangroves. He was evidently quite unsuspicious of any danger in front, and kept all his faculties concentrated on the direction in which he had heard the carbine-shots, which now followed each other rapidly, as the two gunners fired at the birds as fast as they could load.

"Now," thought I, "if I can only cut you off so as to keep you between me and them, I am pretty certain to capture you, my friend;" and, judging my time, I rushed from behind my bush, and was within ten yards of him before he saw me. In his amazement he dropped the long fish-spear with which he was armed, stood one moment undetermined, and then made his way, with the greatest agility, from tree to tree, not back towards my friends, as I had fondly hoped, but straight for the bay. I followed as fast as I could, but he went two paces to my one. I confess I felt sorely tempted to handicap him with a charge of small shot, lodged somewhere about the calves of those lean legs that were carrying him over the roots with such provoking rapidity, and have often wondered since why I refrained; but I did, and continued to scuttle after him, now slipping down and barking my shins, now nearly losing my carbine, and often compelled to sprawl on all fours. He was now forty or fifty yards ahead of me, and I was nearly giving up the useless chase, when an unforeseen accident turned the tables in my favour, and caused me to push on with redoubled vigour. As we approached the bay, the whole of the roots and lower portions of the mangroves became thickly studded with oysters, whose shells, sharp as razors, cut the bare feet of the fugitive; while, on the contrary, they proved of assistance to me by preventing my thick boots from slipping off the treacherous roots. I now gained ground as fast as I had previously lost it, and made certain of capturing my prisoner on arriving at the end of the mangroves, through which I could already catch glimpses of the sea. Animated by the thoughts of bringing a captive into camp, from whom we should probably gain valuable information, I jumped from tree to tree in hot pursuit, and when the bay opened out clearly, I was only a short distance in the rear.

"Now I've got you," I muttered, as the black fellow jumped on to the last stool of roots, and as I was eagerly following, holding my breath for a tussle; when, to my intense mortification, he plunged headlong into the sea, leaving me disconsolate and out of wind, to get back as best I could. I waited until his head reappeared, which was not until he had put a good thirty yards between us, and, pointing my carbine, shouted to him to return or I would fire. It was quite useless. He went quietly out seaward, and at the last, when I turned unwillingly to retrace my steps, I saw his black head bobbing about on the calm surface. When, after a series of involuntary feats on the mangrove rope, I again stood on *terra firma*, all the pigeons had left; and I was compelled to make my way back to camp, empty-handed, muddy, cut about the shins, and with my boots almost in tatters. "So much," thought I, "for trying to catch a black fellow single-handed."

My companions had shot plenty of pigeons, after roasting which we started for the interior of the island, and without meeting with anything beyond the ordinary routine of bad bush and mountain travelling; certainly encountering nothing that would justify me in inflicting a prolix description upon the reader—we arrived late on the following evening at the rendezvous, found the *Daylight* safely at anchor, and thus completed one portion of our search, without having obtaine the faintest clue to an elucidation of the mystery of the *Eva*.

The pilot reported that, to the best of his belief, no blacks had succeeded in making their escape to the mainland; several canoes had attempted to cross, but they had been seen and intercepted, though none of their occupants had been captured. One canoe he had taken possession of, and now showed us, which was, I think, the most primitive piece of naval architecture any of us had seen. Canoe it could hardly be called, for it was only a sheet of bark curled up by the action of fire; the bow and stern formed by folding the extremities, and passing a tree-nail, or, rather, a large skewer, through the plaits. When placed in the water, the portion amidships, which represented the gunwale, was not four inches above the surface, and so frail that no European could have got into it without a capsize, though the black fellows are so naturally endued with the laws of equilibrium that they can stand upright in these tiny craft, and even spear and haul on board large fish.

We slept in the hold of the *Daylight* that night, after making all arrangements for a start at early dawn. We trusted that the Cleveland Bay party would have performed their portion of the task, and thoroughly overhauled the southern part of the island, and fully expected to fall in with them on the following day.

Our road lay through most abominable country—stony, precipitous, and in places covered with dense vegetation. The traces of blacks were abundant, and we could travel but a short distance without falling in with some of the numerous camping-places. In many of these, the fires were still smouldering, but the inhabitants had cleared out, most probably warned by those whom the whale-boat had intercepted. Each camp was subjected to a rigid scrutiny, but without revealing anything European, except fragments of bottles, to which we attached no importance, for they were probably flung over-

board by some passing vessel, and carried ashore by the tide. These are highly valued by the blacks, who do not use them for carrying water, but break them, and scrape down their spears with the fragments.

To make a spear must be a work of many weeks' duration, when the imperfect implements at the natives' disposal are taken into consideration. In the first place, his missile must be perfectly straight, and of the hardest wood; and no bough, however large, would fulfil these requirements, so it must be cut out bodily from the stem of an iron-bark tree, and the nearer the heart he can manage to get, the better will be his weapon. His sole tool with which to attack a giant iron-bark is a miserable tomahawk, or hatchet, made of stone, but little superior to the rude Celtic flint axe-heads, that may be seen in any antiquarian's collection. These are of a very hard stone, frequently of a greenish hue, and resembling jade; and, having been rubbed smooth, are fitted with a handle on the same principle that a blacksmith in England twists a hazel wand round a cold chisel. The head, and the portion of the handle which embraces it, then receive a plentiful coating of bees'-wax, and the weapon is ready for use. Fancy having to chop out a solid piece of wood, nine feet long, and of considerable depth, from a standing tree, with an instrument such as I have described, which can never, by any possibility, be brought to take an edge! I have frequently examined the trees from which spears have been thus excised, and the smallness of the chips testified to the length of the tedious operation; indeed, it would be more correct to say the segment had been bruised out than excised. Having so far achieved his task, there is still a great deal before the black can boast of a complete spear, for the bar is several inches in diameter, and has to be fined down to less than one inch. Of the use of wedges he knows nothing, so is compelled to work away with the tomahawk, and to call in the aid of fire; and when he has managed to reduce the spear to something approaching its proper size, he gets a lot of oyster-shells, and with them completes the scraping, and puts on the finishing touches. It may easily be imagined what a boon glass must be to the savage, enabling him to do the latter part of the operation in a tithe of the time.

I am afraid that it is often the habit with us Australians to either destroy or carry away as curiosities, the weapons and other little things that the blacks manufacture, utterly regardless of the loss we thus inflict upon them; for without his weapons the wretched native is not only defenceless against neighbouring tribes, who would not scruple to attack him when unarmed, but he is also literally deprived of the means of subsistence. Without his spear, he is unable to transfix the kangaroos and wallabies on which he so much depends for his daily food, and, robbed of his boomerangs and nullah-nullahs, the wild duck can pass him scatheless, and the cockatoo can scream defiance from the lofty trees. I know that this practice of returning laden with native spoil is more frequently the result of thoughtlessness or curiosity than anything else. The implements appear so trumpery, that the European thinks they can be of little use to anybody, but the bad blood thus engendered between the aborigines and the settlers is greater than would be easily credited. Another reason, I would venture to submit, in opposition to this custom is, that in case of the blacks doing any mischief, no method of punishing them can possibly be devised equal in severity to the destruction of their weapons. A tribe is rendered more helpless and more innocuous by this than by shooting down half the males, and I am sure that if they once found that only in case of mischief was this punishment resorted to, we should hear infinitely less of cattle-spearing and shepherd-murdering than at present obtains. I mention this, not from any good-will towards the blacks, who have been causes of much sorrow to me and mine, but because I am sure that a discontinuance of this idle habit would tend to lessen the existing causes of friction between the two races.

In one of the camps we found a blanket—not, O reader, made of the finest wool, deftly woven at the looms of Witney, but a blanket of Dame Nature's own contrivance, stripped by the aboriginal from the bark of the Australian tea-tree (*Melaleuca squarrosa*), no small shrub, but a noble fellow standing from 150 to 200 feet high, and generally found in the neighbourhood of fresh water, or in the beds of creeks. The bark of this tree is of great thickness, and composed of a series of layers, each of which can be easily separated from its neighbours, and, in fact, much resembling a new book, just issued from the hot-press of the binder. From a portion of this—the inner skins, I imagine—the blacks manage to make a flexible, though not over warm, covering for the winter nights, or for the newly-born piccaninnies. The whole of the process I am not acquainted with, but from all I could gather from Lizzie, the bark is stripped in a large sheet at the end of the rainy season, the inner cuticle of several leaves carefully separated from the remainder, and placed in fresh water, weighted with heavy stones to retain it in its position. After the lapse of a certain time, known only to the initiated, it is taken out, hung up to dry, and at a peculiar stage, before all the moisture has evaporated, it is laid on a flat rock, and cautiously beaten with smooth round stones, which operation opens out the web sufficiently to make it quite pliant, after which it is allowed to dry thoroughly, and is then ready for use. These vegetable blankets are very strong, and must be a great protection to the naked savages; but, despite the ease with which they can be obtained, and the small time and labour occupied in their preparation, but few of the gins have them, and none of the men.

We also found several fish-hooks of a most peculiar shape, and made out of a curious material. In shape they were like a circular key-ring, with a segment of exactly one-third cut out. One end was ground sharp, and to the other was attached the line, cleverly spun from the tea-tree bark. Now, of all shapes to drive a Limerick hook-maker to despair, none, one would think, could have been invented better than this, for the odds are certainly ten to one against its penetrating any portion of a fish, even though he should have gorged it. The material of which these quaint hooks are made is tortoise or turtle shell, for both tortoises and turtles abound on this coast, the former frequenting the fresh-water creeks and lagoons, and the latter the sea. Whether they were cut out of the solid, or whether a strip was soaked, bent, and then dried in the sun until it became firmly set in the required shape, I never could ascertain, but most probably the former plan was adopted.

The whole island seemed to teem with game, and had we been able to fire, we should speedily have made a good bag, but this we dared not do, so I made a mental resolve to return at some future time and make amends for this enforced restraint. At nearly every step, we put up some bird or beast strange to European eyes.

I have no doubt it is known to most of my readers that Australia is destitute of *Feræ* proper, and that elephants, lions, tigers, &c., are unknown. They will also know that the several species of bats, the *whole* of the animals on the continent are marsupial. The brains of this species are very small, and they sadly lack intelligence, in which respect they exhibit



GROUP OF KANGAROOS.

kangaroos are marsupial animals; that is to say, the females have a peculiar pouch for their young, which are born in a far less advanced state than the young of other animals. But perhaps it is not so generally known that, with two or three exceptions, such as the dingo or native dog, the platypus, and a wonderful affinity to the aboriginals who live by their capture.

Of kangaroos there are more than thirty different kinds, but the English are now so well acquainted with this curious animal that it needs no description. There are two things about it,

however, that I may with propriety here point out—viz., the use of the pouch, and the various ways in which the kangaroo is serviceable to the settler. The average size of the ordinary female kangaroo is about six feet, counting from the nose to the tip of the tail; and, marvellous though it may appear, the young kangaroo, at its birth, is but little over an inch in length, having a vague kind of shape, certainly, but otherwise soft, semi-transparent, and completely helpless. Now the pouch comes into use. The little creature is conveyed there by the mother's lips, and immediately attaches itself to one of the nipples, which are retractile, and capable of being drawn out to a considerable length. Thus constantly attached to its parent, it waxes bigger daily. From two to eight months of age it still continues an inhabitant of its curious cradle, but now often protrudes its little head to take an observation of the world at large, and to nibble the grass amongst which its mother is feeding. Sometimes it has a little run by itself, but seeks the maternal bosom at the slightest intimation of danger. It quits the pouch for good when it can crop the herbage freely; but even now it will often poke its head into its early home and get a little refreshment on the sly, even though a new-comer may have succeeded to its place.



DAGANA, ON THE SENEGAL RIVER.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS IN WESTERN AFRICA: A SUMMARY OF THEIR HISTORY AND PRESENT POSITION. THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF THE FRENCH: WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR POSSESSIONS IN SENEGAL AND THE GABOON.

PRINCE HENRY, third son of John I. of Portugal, was undoubtedly the originator, and, for many years, the inspiring genius and chief director of all the discoveries in Western Africa. He took up his abode near Cape St. Vincent, and, though only twenty-one years of age, this valiant soldier added to his laurels as the able defender of his country against the Moors, the merit of being the protector and organiser of geographical research on the West Coast of Africa. From the year 1415, when this prince first ordered a vessel to explore the unknown seas to the southward, which, however, only approached Cape Bajador, to 1463, when he died, several expeditions were despatched, and a large extent of coast-line discovered, and added to the Portuguese Crown. In 1446, Diniz Fernandez was the first to sight—we cannot say discover—Cape Verd, as the Carthaginians under Hanno had, *centuries before*, rounded that promontory, and in the following year Lancelot entered the Senegal. About the same time, Tristan Nunez pushed his discoveries as far as the Rio Grande, and the river called after him. In 1461, the Portuguese erected the first fort at Arguin, and ten years later the voyagers of this nation, who pushed their researches but slowly, reached Elmina, which they called *Oro de la Mina*, from the quantity of gold they found there. In the same year the islands of St. Thomas, Prince's, and Annabon, in the Gulf of Benin, were discovered, and these still remain in the possession of the degenerate countrymen of Vasco da Gama, Bartholomew Diaz, Albuquerque, and the long list of worthies whose achievements will rescue the name of their country from oblivion, or from being pronounced with aught but respect.

A fine castle was built at Elmina by order of John II. of Portugal, in 1481, and, three years later, Diego went as far south as the mouth of the Congo; but all these discoveries were thrown into the shade by the achievements of the two great seamen, one of whom was the first to round the Cape of Good Hope, and the second to reach India and land at Calicut by that route. We, who have profited by their discoveries, and have wrested these possessions from the descendants of the proud masters of the Indies and lords of Guinea,* should never cease to remember that we owe Hindostan and Cape Colony to the enterprise of a nation who were the first among the maritime powers at a time when England was torn and bleeding with the contentions of faction, and the manhood, the chivalry, and intelligence of the nation were sacrificed in the miserable and protracted struggle known as the Wars of the Roses. Before the close of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese had built magnificent forts at Elmina and Arguin, and had established trading factories at

* The Pope gave the title of "Lord of Guinea" to John II., King of Portugal and the Algarves.

Senegal, Gambia, Rio Grande, on the Gold Coast, and on the Congo River, while they not only had the control of the entire West Coast from Senegal to the Equator, but had colonised the provinces of Benguela and Angola,* where they have remained to this day. Captain Thomas Windham, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the first Englishman who sailed for the Gold Coast, where he procured 150lb. of gold-dust; and, in 1553, a company of London merchants dispatched him to the same destination, but the expedition was unfortunate, and of 140 men who sailed from England, but 40 returned. Other expeditions followed in quick succession, including one commanded by the noted navigator, Sir John Hawkins, who incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure for his participation in the slave trade; but the most successful British adventurer was William Towrson, a man of great daring, courage, and resource, who in 1556 twice successfully beat off a vastly superior force of Portuguese men-of-war, as well as a French squadron.

These were the first ships of the latter nationality that visited the West Coast. A French writer of the name of Villaud de Belfons, according to Labat, claims for his countrymen the honour of having been the first explorers of the coast of Africa. He states that a company of adventurers sailed from Dieppe to the Guinea coast, as early as the year 1346, and formed commercial colonies at Cape Verd and in other parts of the coast, as far as Elmina, where they erected a castle in 1383, just a century before the Portuguese made their appearance there. This writer affirms that they gave French names to all these places. Rio Fresco was known as the "Bay of France;" "Petit Dieppe" was the name of a settlement formed at the mouth of the St. John's near Basa; and a place on the Grain Coast now known as Grand Sestro was called "Sestro Paris." It is also said that large quantities of ivory and pepper were imported into France, but that in consequence of European wars, these settlements were abandoned long before the Portuguese entered the field. This account, says the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson—to whose valuable "Western Africa" I am greatly indebted—is not sustained by contemporaneous writers, French or Portuguese; the natives also have no traditionary records of any such visitors to their country, and Azembinja, the architect sent out by the Portuguese Government to build the castle at Elmina, found no traces of any former fort at that place.

It was in 1595, that the first Dutch vessel visited the West Coast, and in 1621, the States General granted a charter to a company called the "West India Company;" five years subsequently the French chartered a similar company; and five years later again, Charles I. granted a charter to an English company with the avowed purpose of carrying on the slave-trade. Previous to this date, the Dutch had purchased the island of Goree, and had also wrested from the Portuguese several of their most valuable possessions in Senegambia, and on the Gold Coast, which were transferred to the Dutch commercial company. Thus, in 1637, the Castle of St. George d'Elmina was captured, after a protracted and gallant resistance; and soon the Dutch seized Axim, and other factories, and also the islands of St. Thomas and Prince's, as well as the Portuguese possessions at Congo and Angola. These latter were, however, restored to them on their agreeing to renounce their forts and factories in Senegambia. The Dutch now sought to oust us from the Gold Coast, and the famous Admiral De Ruyter was sent from Holland with a large force to recapture some of their possessions that had fallen into the hands of the British Admiral Holmes. Hence arose the war between the Dutch and ourselves, when they sought to wrest from us the supremacy of the seas. At length, in 1667, peace was declared, and the English company were left in the possession of a single fort at Cape Coast. In 1672, a new English commercial corporation, called the "Royal African Company," was chartered, and they enlarged Cape Coast Castle, and built new forts at Dixcove, Accra, Secundee, and other points

A writer on recent events on the Gold Coast, throws some light on the causes that led to the disaffection of some of the tribes inhabiting the western district of the British Protectorate.

Previous to 1868, the English and Dutch forts were scattered along the Gold Coast as nearly as possible alternating with one another. For instance, Appolonia was English; Axim, Dutch; Dixcove, English; Bootry, Dutch; Elmina, Dutch; Cape Coast, English; and there were English and Dutch Accras within a gunshot of each other. Both Governments found this system to work badly for their revenue, and the inhabitants of neighbouring towns under different protection were inevitably jealous of each other. It was then arranged that an exchange of the forts should be made. The Dutch took all to the west of Cape Coast Castle; the English all to the east. We seem to have quieted our eastern district fairly well, but the Dutch found great trouble and little improvement in revenue from the western. The old English-protected tribes did not wish to take the Dutch flag, and some of their towns, Dixcove, for instance, were bombarded for not accepting it, and thus arose ill-feeling and strife between Cape Coast and Elmina, and other neighbouring pairs of tribes. In 1872, the Dutch, worried by these internecine wars, decided to abandon the Protectorate, and ceded to us their forts, and with them, as it seems, the legacy of the Ashantee war.

The wishes of the natives were not consulted on either occasion, and although some of the tribes formerly protected by England were glad to return to us, all of those formerly protected by the Dutch were decidedly against the transfer. They displayed great sympathy with the Ashantees, and, when they had the opportunity, supplied them with provisions and munitions of war, and otherwise acted in a hostile manner towards us. Our officers accordingly found it necessary to bombard and destroy the native towns of Elmina, Chamah, Bootry, Aquidah, Appolonia, and some others, all within that district. Thus, it may be said, we, in a measure, brought our recent troubles upon ourselves, for we violated one of the guiding principles of our policy in arbitrarily exchanging territory without consulting the wishes of the people concerned, though doubtless presents were made to the chiefs.

During our quarrels with the Dutch in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the French were quietly pursuing their commercial enterprises on the Senegal. In 1626, they formed a settlement in the island of Goree, which has continued to be their head-quarters ever since. The French India Company not only supplied all the slaves that were needed in their West Indian possessions, but were extensively engaged in the "carrying trade" for the Spanish Government, though nevertheless not only they, but their successors—a second, third, and fourth company—became insolvent.

* St. Paolo de Loanda, in the province of Angola, and the neighbouring country, is described by Winwood Reade, in pp. 250–264 of Vol. I. of his "African Sketch-Book" (1873).

The French now began to commit aggressions on the Dutch, as these had formerly done on the Portuguese; and Arguin * and Goree were both seized and never restored to their original possessors. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the English and French became involved in hostilities, and, in 1692, a British naval force seized both Goree and St. Louis, though they were retaken in the following year, when Bathurst, our settlement at the mouth of the Gambia, was destroyed by way of retaliation. It was rebuilt, but changed hands three times in three successive years, and for a long period continued in a state of dilapidation and neglect. On the restoration of peace, the English, Dutch, and French companies carried on their operations with much energy and success. Sieur Brue, appointed Director-General of Senegal in 1697, for twenty years managed French affairs with as much sagacity as Bosman did those of the Dutch. About the year 1700, the French erected a small station at the Assinee River, on the Gold Coast, but it was ultimately abandoned as unproductive, though our neighbours still maintain a nominal protectorate over that portion of the coast. During the Revolutionary war, this country seized all the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, but they were restored in 1817.

The French settlement at the mouth of the river Gaboon, near the equator, was founded in 1842, and, in the following year, an American mission was opened at Baraka, eight miles up the river, which the natives call M'pongo. The territory of the Gaboon, known by the natives as Empungwa, extends along the river about forty miles, and some thirty along the coast. Its inhabitants are described as a fine race of negroes, who carry on an active trade with Europeans in ivory, ebony, and dye-woods, and, surreptitiously, in slaves. The inland region is almost totally unknown, our only authorities being Winwood Reade and Du Chaillu. The climate of the French settlement is unhealthy, owing to vast and unwholesome swamps along the river's banks, but, as in other parts of the West Coast of Africa, the country inland, the abode of the now famous gorilla—our "poor relation," according to Darwin—is not unwholesome.

Goree, for a town in West Africa, presents a respectable appearance, owing to its possessing some fine public buildings. The island of the same name, on which it is built, is situated immediately south of Cape Verd, and separated from the mainland by the Strait of Dakar; it is some three miles in circuit, and consists of a naked mass of black basalt, in some places rising perpendicularly several hundred feet. The landing-place is in a small sandy bay on the north-east side of the island. In the centre, on an elevated plateau, stands the fort, and in a sandy plain at the foot of the rock lies the town of Goree, occupying about two-thirds of the entire area of the island. It contains some handsome and extensive buildings, conspicuous among them being the barracks. The roadstead, which is well sheltered, and affords a safe anchorage for eight months of the year, is on the north-east side of the island. Goree is the chief *entrepôt* of French trade on the West Coast of Africa, though, from its limited extent, it produces nothing, and is deficient in water. The new port of Dakar, opposite the island of Goree, is the principal seaport in Senegal.

One of the *Times* correspondents gives some particulars of the present aspect and condition of the French colonies on the West Coast of Africa.

The steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Company plying between Bordeaux and Brazil, call at Dakar for coal, and are able to go in-shore to load, there being a commodious artificial harbour. A depôt for stores to supply men-of-war, and a large supply of coal, are kept at Dakar by the French Government. Meat, vegetables, and provisions of all kinds can be obtained at reasonable prices; and it is, altogether, a place which deserves to be better known. The local government is, as in most French colonies, entirely a military one; and the *raison d'être* of the occupation of Senegambia appears to be simply a desire to benefit France; in this respect offering, it will be admitted, a marked contrast to the civilising and unselfish policy that marks our rule of the Gold Coast.

At the French colony of Gaboon, the establishment has lately been considerably reduced. It is quite independent of Senegal, and of very much less importance. The admiral commanding on the station is its governor, and most of its officials, if not all, are naval officers. The Protectorate of Grand Bassam and Assinee on the Gold Coast, is included in its government. The resident officials in the Protectorate were withdrawn in 1872, owing to their inability to exercise control over the native chiefs. At the Gaboon are substantial, well-built public buildings, stores, hospitals, barracks, and a small dockyard, also a large depôt of coals. The military garrison has been removed since the Franco-German war, and the care of the settlement is entirely in the hands of the navy. A bishop is at the head of the French missionary establishment at the Gaboon. He has resided in Africa for more than twenty-five years, and is over seventy years of age. Although within a few miles of the equator, the climate is not at all unpleasant, except during the rainy season. The captured slaves used to be released here when the export trade was rife. A few are still sometimes taken on their way from Cape Lopez to Prince's Island in canoes, and liberated at Gaboon. This can hardly be called an export trade, and of course there continue to be slaves all along the coast for home purposes—in fact, some British traders own them. The French Government have directed the governor to make the settlement pay its own expenses. For this purpose he placed an export duty on goods, which our merchants say is oppressive, and hinders trade. Import duties are not so much objected to.

Of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies on the West Coast, the same writer says:—"A governor-general rules over the Spanish colony of Fernando Po and its dependencies. He is generally the commander of a small ship of war stationed there. His officers perform civil duties. There used to be a large establishment there at one time, but now it is ready to fall to pieces. The dependencies are Corisco and Annabon; but at the latter island the sovereignty of Spain is not acknowledged by the inhabitants, who speak Portuguese, pay no tribute, have no resident Spanish official, and see the Spanish flag less often than any other. A governor-general rules over the important Portuguese province of Angola, and the fertile islands of St. Thomas and Prince's. He lives at St. Paul de Loanda, a really handsome town, with a magnificent natural harbour. There are several other respectable towns in

* In Vol. XVI. (1845) of the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, may be found an account of the island of Arguin, by Captain John Grover, F.R.S. The number of the inhabitants, who are semi-savages, is about sixty, and they subsist on fish, with a little rice, but have neither grain nor vegetables of any kind. The water is described as plentiful and excellent; though claimed by the French, it has long been resigned to its present possessors.

the province, and a considerable population of Portuguese, Brazilians, and half-castes, besides Africans. The province is capable of a large trade, but it is hampered by local legislation. Differential duties place almost all the over-sea carriage in Portuguese bottoms. Great complaints are made of the venality of customs officers, and of the arbitrary character of the justice administered. In 1872, the inland tribes drove the Portuguese into their garrisons, and white people became anxious for their existence in the province. At one time, the water supply of the town of St. Paul's was in danger of being cut off by the natives. Since the export slave trade ceased, the condition of Angola has much fallen off. In a short time domestic slavery is to cease; and then, the people say, it will be entirely ruined. Its natural productions are large and important, especially coffee and aquadente. Fine cattle are reared in the south; fish is plentiful and easily cured; and the native population is considerable in number, and, for Africans and liberated slaves, fairly inclined to work. The climate in some parts of Angola is very salubrious and delightful."

which burnt a lamp, and was adorned with the image or picture of some saint. Baptism and other Christian rites were administered, and monogamy was observed. On the other hand, the women were little better treated by their husbands than their sisters on the continent. Moreover, these islanders were certainly not less superstitious than their pagan brethren, and mixed up many of their old Fetish customs with their Christian observances.* They had a strong belief in ghosts, and, adds the writer already quoted, "they were poor and dirty, keen traders, great rogues, fond of rum—even the 'Bishop'—and I can't say their Christianity improved them."

There certainly must be a fine field for the missionaries of all denominations in countries where it is the custom to bury a certain number of a great man's wives and slaves with his dead body, to serve him in the next world, and to sacrifice maidens at the entrances of rivers to propitiate the God of the Sea, lest he should silt them up and put a stop to navigation. Some of the mission stations are an excellent example to the natives of neatness and order, without departing from simplicity. The



SOR, ON THE MOUTH OF THE SENEGAL RIVER.

The missionary establishments on the West Coast are representative of all the Christian churches, and of many nationalities in our possessions; the Wesleyans being, after the Church of England, the most successful and energetic. English, German, American, French, and Portuguese are at work. The missionaries of the last two nations confine themselves to the people living under the rule of their respective governments, and are, of course, Roman Catholics. The Portuguese, who have been on the coast longer than any other nation, and who have left signs of their occupancy at one time in almost every place of importance, have had mission stations in many places now abandoned, and in their own province of Angola large and substantial churches and convents are to be seen falling to ruin. Some outward effects of their teaching may be seen at Loanda, such as pens, paper, and slates, which, as articles of trade, are sent up the Coanza River to a coffee-producing tribe, who have no missionaries among them at present. There was only one instance that came under the notice of the *Times* correspondent where any religious observances remained among the people after the missionaries had left, and the results were scarcely such as can be deemed satisfactory. It was at the island of Annabon, which contains about 600 inhabitants, and no less than thirty-two churches, with a native priest who called himself bishop and schoolmaster. Each of these churches was furnished with an altar, before

stations at Old Calabar and Gaboon are beautiful with flowers and gardens, full of useful and ornamental trees, shrubs, and vegetables. These the natives are taught to cultivate, and they are learning to appreciate their value. At Gaboon, the native M'pongwe language has been reduced to writing, and is taught grammatically in the schools of the American Mission, and the French Roman Catholic missionaries have also translated some of the Gospels into it.†

The French engaged in many expeditions of exploration into the interior of Senegambia between the years 1730–74, but the most valuable, as far as results, was that of M. Adanson, in 1749-54, already referred to at length. Under the auspices of the British West African Association, founded by ninety persons of wealth, chief of whom was Joseph Banks, many Englishmen penetrated into the interior, and we need only mention the honoured names of Ledyard, Lucas, Houghton, Mungo

* In the narrative of the Expedition to the river Niger in 1841, under the command of Captain Trotter, R.N., from the pens of Captain Allen, R.N., and Dr. T. R. H. Thomson, Surgeon, R.N., may be found (see Vol. II., p. 54) an account of some of these ceremonies, bearing, they say, "evident marks of being a mixture of Fetishism and Christianity."

† The language spoken by the tribes who inhabit the greater part of the Gold Coast, is called the "Otyi," or, as we have corrupted the pronunciation of the word, the "Oji." A grammar has been published of the Oji language, and one also of the Accra, or Ga, language, into which the Bible has been translated by a member of the Basle Mission.

Park, Houseman, Nicholson, and others, to show that England has right nobly done her duty as the pioneer of geographical research in Central Africa.

The task attempted, though unsuccessfully, by Major Houghton at the instance of the West African Association, namely, the exploration of the Niger by way of the Gambia, was a little later entrusted to Mungo Park. The greatest of all African travellers ascended the Gambia, and, after crossing several kingdoms and surmounting incredible difficulties, arrived on the 21st of July, 1796, at Segou, the capital of Bambara, where he had the gratification of "seeing the majestic Niger glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward." After tracing this river a short distance to the eastward, he returned to England. Again, in 1805, he started, under the auspices of the Colonial Office, "to pursue the Niger to the utmost possible distance to which it can be traced;" and, after losing two out of three officers, and thirty-nine out of forty-two men who accompanied him, embarked on the Niger. This traveller safely navigated the men as far as Bassah, where the small party were attacked by some natives, and perished while defending themselves to the last.* Other expeditions were conducted by Captain Tuckey, R.N., by Gray, Ritchie, and Lyon, and in 1822 by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton, who crossed the Great Desert from Tripoli, and penetrated nearly to Lake Tshad.

Again, in 1825, this adventurous traveller journeyed into the Western Soudan as far as Sakatah, where he died, but it was reserved for his faithful servant, Richard Lander,† accompanied by his brother John, to trace the Niger, from its confluence with the Chadda to the sea, and therefore the honour of solving the great Niger question may be divided between Lander and our other distinguished countryman, Mungo Park, the discoverer of its source.

Another Englishman, Major Laing, was the first to penetrate to Timbuctoo, but he paid for the honour with his life. M. Caillie, a Frenchman, was more fortunate, but his journal is very meagre.

* Mr. John Duncan, formerly a private in the 1st Life Guards, in his "Travels in Western Africa in 1845 and 1846," gives a different version of the death of the great traveller, but the above is taken from an account which appears in a deeply interesting but tragic record of African travel, entitled, "The Narrative of the Expedition to the Niger in 1841," under Captains Trotter and Allen, R.N.; and was the result of an investigation conducted by one of Park's guides, sent in the year 1810 by Colonel Maxwell, the British Governor of Senegal.

† For the full account of the journeys of Captain Clapperton and Richard Lander, the only survivor of the expedition in which his master perished, see the admirable work of the latter, entitled "Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa," 2 vols. (1830).

The Khanate of Khiva.

Now that the much-talked-of Khivan Expedition has been brought to a successful issue, and the Russian eagle floats over the mud walls and luxuriant gardens of the Central Asian stronghold, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to glance back at the origin of the expedition, review its conduct, and gather what details we may from Russian sources regarding its people, climate, and physical aspect. But whilst doing so, we must acknowledge our indebtedness to a pamphlet recently published by the "Universal Traveller" of St. Petersburg, giving a complete account of the Khanate in question.

Khiva, as it is well known, is an oasis, surrounded on all sides by burning sandy deserts. The fertile part is formed by an intricate system of irrigation. Canals extend like a network in all directions, and assist the industry of man, which has formed this luxuriant garden out of a howling wilderness. The source from which these canals start is the Amoo River, the Oxus of the ancients. This important stream, rising in the gigantic mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, rushes down in a north-easterly direction, as a rapid mountain stream, to the burning plains of Central Asia, where its turbid waters move along to the shallow Aral Lake; but before reaching its goal, it passes through the Khanate of Khiva, whose system of canals drains the main stream to such an extent, that some of its branches dry up altogether, whilst even the main stream becomes so exhausted, that only about three or four feet depth of water is found at its mouth.

Having thus indicated in a general way the position of Khiva on the map, we may add that its position in the midst of so many hundred miles of arid and, for the most part, waterless desert, offered a convenient refuge for malefactors of every description. Thither captive Russians were dragged for sale by the nomad Khirgizes and Turkomans of the steppe; Persia was deprived of her population in the same cruel manner; peaceful caravans, even if they were so fortunate as to escape being pillaged altogether in the desert, were subjected to extortionate duties imposed by the servants of the Khan; and, to the expostulations of Russia or Persia, the Khan, secure in the midst of the impassable wastes which separate his kingdom from the neighbouring powers, replied by evasive answers or insolent defiance.

Peter of Russia, rightly surnamed the Great, was the first who took measures for the repression of this intolerable evil. In the year 1717, Prince Bekovich Cherkasski was dispatched, with about 6,000 men, for the chastisement of Khiva.

Sailing from Astrakhan with his flotilla, he landed his troops at Gurieff, near the mouth of the Ural River. In the beginning of June he commenced his march, by Emba, across the plateau of the Ust Urt, and defeated the Khivans in an action which lasted two days.

Finding that he was unable to cope with the Russians in the open field, the Khan had recourse to treachery. Peace being made, the Khan induced Bekovich to scatter his troops in the town of Khiva, for the convenience of quartering. No sooner was this effected, than a general massacre ensued. The Russian troops were exterminated, and Bekovich himself

was one of the first to fall a victim to his own credulity and lack of experience in Asiatic character. Thus terminated this sanguinary drama.

From this period 122 years elapsed before the next attempt to coerce Khiva was again made. This was the expedition of Peroffski in 1839, contemporaneous with, and destined by the Emperor Nicholas as a sort of reply to, our own ill-fated expedition to Affghanistan. Both experienced a similar fate. Peroffski was compelled by the rigour of the elements to retrace his steps, and he re-entered Orenburg in a disastrous condition.

We now arrive at the third campaign against the refractory Khanate, which has just been brought to a successful conclusion in our own times, and it may not be distasteful to our readers to have a very short and concise account of the plan of operations adopted by the Russian general, and of the way in which this plan has been carried into execution.

The general scheme was this:—Four detachments were to converge from various points upon the objective point of the campaign, the city of Khiva. By this, the chief difficulty of the undertaking was in a great measure lessened—we mean the supply of water—for in those frightful wastes, where the sand itself burns like a red-hot iron beneath the feet, water, that inestimable treasure, is rare, like all treasures. Wells are few and far between, and even where they exist, they are soon exhausted, and will supply water but for a limited number of men. Thus an advance in a number of independent columns became inevitable, and even these were obliged to effect their forward movement *en échelon*, as it is termed, *i.e.*, in separate bodies on the same road, but with the interval of a day's or several days' march. But to return to the enumeration of the various columns of march, in number four.

1. From Tashkend, on the Sir or Jaxartes, under the command of Aide-de-camp General Kaufmann, the generalissimo of the entire expedition, a column was directed on the Amoo, which was to be crossed near Shourakhan.

2. From Orenburg, under Lieutenant-General Vereffkin, across the Ust Urt to Cape Oorgoo and the western confines of the Khanate.

3. From Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, under Colonel Lomakine, to join No. 2 at Cape Oorgoo.

4. From Chikishliar, at the mouth of the Attrek River, under Colonel Markosoff, to join No. 3.

We may add that the whole of these columns succeeded in their tasks, except No. 4, which was compelled, by the severity of the weather, and the unheard-of difficulties it encountered, to return to Chikishliar, the point from which it had advanced.

The result of the campaign may be described in a few words. General von Kaufmann's column penetrated to the Amoo in face of the hardships imposed by the alternation of driving snowstorms, muddy thaws, and fierce and torrid heats, encountering but insignificant opposition from the enemy. But on his arrival on the Amoo, he found that the Khivans had taken up a position, and erected some hasty fortifications on the left bank of the river near Sheik-Aryk, a little above Shourakhan. A well-directed cannonade on their part was quickly silenced by the superior weight of metal and precision of the Russian artillery, and the enemy hastened to retire, but carrying off his artillery. This spot, Sheik-Aryk, was now chosen by General von Kaufmann for the passage of his division, which was effected during the five days from the 30th May to 3rd June. The difficulties and hardships of the undertaking were now at an end. The Russians were in the fertile portion of the Khanate, which is described as being densely covered with habitations and vegetation. News was received that General Vereffkin, after having picked up the Krasnovodsk detachment at Kungrad, and stormed several towns which attempted to obstruct his passage, had entered into communication with the Tashkend column from Kitsi, lower down the river. Further details are contained in official reports. The town of Khiva surrendered to the Russian arms on the 10th June.

Such, in its broad outlines, is the history of the Khivan question, from Peter the Great down to our own times. Whether Russia will prove the philanthropical friend of civilisation which she professes to be; whether she will enlighten the pitchy darkness of Central Asia, and open up channels for trade and industry never before dreamt of; or whether, on the other hand, she will make use of her commanding positions, to assume an attitude prejudicial to the interests of our Indian Empire, is a matter which the future alone can decide. But, leaving these questions to the politician, let us now turn our attention to the people of this remote quarter of the globe; let us sketch their manners and customs, and endeavour to portray, as distinctly as our space will allow, the general physical appearance of their country.

As the Khanate itself is surrounded by deserts, it can have no well-defined boundaries, as they vary and shift with the wavering allegiance of the predatory tribes which surround it. But, confining our attention to the fertile portion of its territory, we may estimate its surface at 400 square miles. The valley of the Amoo or Oxus, in its lower course, presents a perfectly flat surface, broken only by the mountains of Sheikh Jely on the right bank; they extend along the lower course of the river, and their north-eastern slopes lose themselves in the sands of the Kizil Koom (or Red Sand) desert. They are said to contain iron ore and marble of inferior quality.

Before quitting this subject, we take the opportunity of mentioning another remarkable elevation within the limits of the Khanate. We mean the plateau of Ust Urt. It is a sort of table-land extending from the Sea of Aral to the Caspian, and terminated by abrupt cliffs or precipices, which are scored in all directions by clefts and ravines, in many places so steep as to preclude ascent; the elevated surface is destitute of water, and here and there are to be found those "solonchaks," or salt-marshes, which are supposed to be caused by the desiccation, in the course of ages, of large masses of salt water. The Aral Sea or Lake is supposed by many to be undergoing this process.

To the south-west of the Ust Urt lies the Kara Bugaz, or Black Gulf, which is united to the Caspian by a channel about 250 yards broad and 28 feet deep; and through this channel ceaselessly flows a mass of water from the Caspian into the Black Gulf, at the rate of about three miles per hour. Notwithstanding this constant influx, the waters of the gulf are extremely shallow, so great is the amount of evaporation under the ardent sun of those climes; and the quantity of salt which is deposited in a solid state is so great that the very banks are encrusted with it. Of course no living creature can exist within its waters, and the daily amount of salt poured in a state of solution into the gulf is estimated at the enormous amount of 350,000 tons per diem

Returning from this slight digression, let us glance at the chief feature of the Khivan oasis, the feature to which it owes its exuberant fertility—we mean the river Amoo. This, the classic stream of ancient Kharesm, waters for a distance of nearly 300 miles the cultivated portion of Khiva. Before falling into the Aral Sea, it forms several arms, the largest of which, the Ulkoon, has a breadth of from 250 to 300 yards, with an average depth of twenty-eight feet. The river, however, owing to the constant drain on it for purposes of irrigation, to evaporation, and to the sandy nature of the soil through which it passes, so decreases in volume before reaching the Aral Sea, that but three or four feet of water exist on the bar at its mouth; and thus even this, the largest of the branches, offers obstacles to navigation. The river freezes at the end of September, and thaws again in February. Its water is turbid, but wholesome and pleasant to the taste. The natives assert that the water of no river in the world is so "blessed." It is said to excel the water of the Nile. Arminius Vambéry, the celebrated traveller, shared this impression, but attributes it to the fact that he arrived on the river from the arid steppes, where the water which is procurable is of very inferior quality.

Near Pitniak, the system of artificial canals commences; these spread like a network throughout the whole country. They are bridgeless and fordless, so that they offer considerable obstacles to the advance of an enemy. This difficulty was provided for by the Russian Government by dispatching portable iron bridges with the expeditionary force, but much time was, as a matter of course, lost by the constant delays caused by the laying down and taking up of these bridges. The fruitful land extends in narrow zones along these canals, whilst in the intervals stretch patches of barren land fit only for nomads.

As is perhaps well known to our readers, the Amoo or Oxus once flowed into the Caspian Sea, and its ancient course can still be plainly traced in that direction. The Khivese confirm this, but add that it was not by any great convulsion of nature that it was effected, but by the hand of man. They relate that in the time of Sultan Mehemet, Shah of Kharesm, the waters of the Amoo were diverted by his order, to fertilise a district lying between the right bank of the river and the Aral Sea, but that, accidentally, the canal which he caused to be dug for this purpose was of such dimensions that it drained the natural course of that river. The question of re-directing its waters into their ancient channel has been much discussed in Russia, as by this means they would acquire a secure and convenient route into the heart of Central Asia; but we believe the question as to its feasibility has been answered in the negative; not that it would be impossible to draw off the flow of water into this course, as the Caspian lies on a very considerably lower level than the Aral, but it is believed that the sand of the desert would swallow up the whole of the water before it reached the Caspian, and the whole object of the undertaking be thus frustrated.

The Khivans relate a legend which seems to confirm the supposition regarding its former course; it is this: Sultan Mehemet had a slave named Khoja, who, for services rendered to his sovereign received his liberty, and permission to call himself Khoja Tarkan. He turned his newly-acquired liberty to account by performing a journey down the Amoo, and across to the western shore of the Caspian. They say that he landed at the mouth of the Volga, and founded a town which he named after himself. And even to this day the Khivese never call Astrakhan anything else but Khoja Tarkan, and the Caspian, Khoja Tarkan Aral (sea).

With regard to the climate of Khiva, the winters are short, but severe. Spring commences in February, or early in March; at the end of the latter month the vines, pomegranates, and fig-trees begin to bud; and in the commencement of April are covered with green. The heat becomes excessive in July, and the atmosphere is then suffocating from the dense clouds of dust which fill the air. Frost commences again in September, but is not severe till November. They harvest their wheat in June, and apricots and plums begin to ripen about the same time. The leaves of the trees fade and fall about the first half of November. The summer nights, though they are not oppressive, are not so cool as they generally are in other southern lands. Winter approaches in December, and is very uncertain; in some years no snow has fallen, and the Amoo has only frozen at the banks. Snow seldom falls in sufficient quantities to cover the ground entirely, and thunderstorms and hail never occur. The dryness of the atmosphere is excessive, especially in autumn. The prevailing winds are easterly and north-easterly. The westerly wind is remarkable for its fury, often overthrowing tents and breaking trees; it rages only in the spring, when the trees are beginning to display their foliage.

The population of the Khanate is estimated at between 300,000 and 400,000 souls. It is extremely mixed, consisting of Uzbeks, Turkomans, Karakalpaks, Khirgizes, Sarts, and Persians; the first-named predominate. It is at once evident that their race is intermixed with that of Iran; they wear beards, which, according to the expression of Vambéry, is quite a foreign element in a Turanian; but the colour of the skin and outlines of the face indicate their Tartar origin. In character they are superior to their neighbours; they are honourable and straightforward, but still quite as savage as the nomads around them. After the modern Osmanlis, we may rank them as the most promising among the various types of Eastern nations.

Vambéry, though giving this favourable account of the Uzbek race, recounts many startling anecdotes regarding the same, which go far to contradict his own statements. Such is the following scene which he himself witnessed. One day he descried, in the square of one of the palaces, a group of three hundred Turkoman prisoners, covered with rags, tormented by the fear of death and the pangs of hunger. These were divided into two gangs; those under forty years of age were set apart to be sold into slavery; the others, or "greybeards," as they are termed, were reserved for punishment at the discretion of the Khan. The first they chained in groups of about ten or fifteen together, and then marched them off. The second, submissive to destiny, quietly awaited their doom. Whilst some were led to the scaffold, and others to the dungeon, eight old men, on a sign from the executioner, laid themselves flat on the ground. The former having bound them hand and foot, put out their eyes, wiping each time his bloody knife on their grey beards. The imprisoned are subsequently released to find a living as they may. Wonderful as it may seem to our readers, scenes of this nature appear to excite no horror in the minds of the inhabitants of Central Asia; they think their own conduct perfectly natural and conformable to custom, law, and religion. The reigning Khan commits the

most inhuman cruelties that he may acquire the reputation of a defender of the faith. It is sufficient to exchange glances with a woman covered with a veil to be severely punished. Religion enjoins that the man be hanged, but the woman is buried up to her waist, near the gallows, and stoned to death. But, as there are no stones in Khiva, they use hard balls of mud. At the third stroke, the wretched victim is covered with dust, and her mutilated corpse is horribly treated. Such scenes as these are inconceivable to us, brought up in the midst of the order and security of civilised Europe; but it must be remembered, as some slight palliation for the conduct of the Khivese, that the victims of the wholesale executions are generally wild beasts in human shape, and have no more scruples regarding life and property than the tiger wandering in the jungles of Bengal.

Many of us have seen, amongst the pictures by M. Vereshagin, on Central Asian subjects, at the Crystal Palace, the celebrated one representing the tribute of heads. It now appears that there is a regulated reward for this inhuman chase; robes of honour, rising proportionately in value, are set apart for the collector of four, twelve, twenty, and forty heads; in the same manner that, in the time of our Saxon kings, a reward was set upon the head of every wolf slain, and that at the present time a price is set upon the heads of tigers in British India.

It is a little astonishing to hear, after this, that the Khivese are, from the Khan to the beggar, zealous in the cause of education. There are several colleges in Khiva, the finest of which is that of Medemin Khan; a two-storeyed building, built in 1842, by a Persian architect. It contains 130 cells, and accommodates 260 students. It is supported by general subscriptions, and the proceeds of certain landed property set apart for its support.

Crushed by a grinding depotism, it is not astonishing that the people should be remarkable for their gross ignorance and limited wants. In domestic life their poverty is of the most squalid description. Their abodes are rickety huts, made of clay, whose sole furniture consists of felt among the poor, and carpets spread on the bare ground among the rich; also a few boxes, in which wearing apparel is kept. Their food is of the simplest and most modest description; it consists of roast wheaten cakes and a decoction of some grain, such as peas, beetroot, &c. Pillau is only used by the wealthy. They use the oil of the sesamum to light their houses.

They display great ingenuity in the cultivation and irrigation of their gardens. These are dug out to a level below that of the canals which surround them; instead of manure, they use small heaps of earth, taken from around their dwellings; this is sometimes enriched by dry grass, cinders, or the clay from ruined habitations mixed with straw.

As may be imagined, this sort of manure is not so fertilising as guano, but, nevertheless, it is spread over the fields and produces good results. The water is then allowed to flow till it covers the garden to the depth of several inches; when this has subsided and the surface of the ground, though still retaining some degree of moisture, has ceased to be muddy, the garden is carefully dug up; the seed is then placed in the ground, and a second flood is directed on to its surface. The number of irrigations requisite is determined by the weather and the nature of the crop; wheat, rice, barley, millet, lentils, and peas, are among the cereals cultivated in the Khanate.

Among the luxuries of the fruit garden, the melon has acquired a world-wide fame in Khiva, and it is said that Khivan melons are sent yearly to the Emperor of China amongst the presents sent to him from Chinese Tartary. Apricots, plums, grapes, peaches, apples, quinces, and pomegranates are cultivated with much success; also the *jidda*, a sort of berry which, when dried, is used with flour in confectionery.

The Khivese almost always have gardens round their houses, as they are very profitable on account of the profusion of fruit; they are surrounded by a high clay wall, and are generally of an oblong shape; a reservoir is usually to be seen in the centre, filled from the neighbouring canal, and from it radiate, in all directions, little streams of water for the supply of the various beds in the garden. Add to this, rows of lofty poplars bordering the walls and shading the reservoir, and we have a picture of a garden in Khiva.

Cattle breeding does not thrive, owing to the want of pasture. In the settled part of the Khanate they rear rams, horned cattle, camels, asses, and horses.

Manufacturing industry is much less developed here than in the rest of Central Asia; it cannot even supply the extremely limited wants of its inhabitants. They manufacture articles of silk and cotton for wearing apparel, but there is scarcely any manufacture of metallic wares, and the Khivan, careless of the value of his time, will travel twenty miles to market in order to barter a few needles for some other trifles. In the markets of Khiva the Turcomans also procure their corn in exchange for Persian prisoners, who are treated by the natives with great rigour and cruelty. Travellers declare that any Khivan will take a bribe to assist a slave to procure his liberty, but will assuredly lay in wait for him in some quiet spot as he is effecting his escape, and shoot him with as little compunction as he would a dog; of course having previously pocketed the ransom.

Russia annually exports to Khiva goods to the value of 2,000,000 roubles, consisting chiefly of cloths and cotton goods, whilst Khiva exports to Russia the yearly value of 1,000,000 roubles, half of which represents raw cotton.

Communication is carried on by horsemen, who, when important intelligence is to be disseminated, sometimes ride as much as eighty miles a day; goods are transported on bullocks or camels, and these animals compose the vast caravans which traverse the deserts separating the oasis from the Russian settlements on the Ural and the Sir.

Almost all the towns are surrounded by mud walls, though these are so rickety that they could offer no sort of defence worthy of the name. The environs of the towns consist of cultivated fields; here and there stand detached houses; silver streams of water meander in all directions; whilst long rows of poplars, such as we see in the south of France, complete the picture.

The houses are all constructed on one plan; the materials used being posts made of willow-bushes, and clay, which is mixed with straw, to give it greater tenacity and durability. All houses are surrounded by square mud walls enclosing a garden, in the centre of which is generally found a tank of water. The dwelling is so constructed that a corridor runs to the entrance, dividing the house into two squares, which are again sub-divided into smaller squares by mud walls, along which are constructed the various apartments. These are built in a single storey, and are flat roofed, with trellis windows and carved wooden doors. Along the upper storey runs a closed gallery for the convenience of the ladies of the harem. Each courtyard has generally its own tank and garden, filled with willows and festooned with vines.

A Trip to Livonia and Back.—I.

BY MRS. M. G. HOGG GARDEN.

UNLESS the reader is much better informed than I was, he will probably have no idea where Livonia is, and may very naturally inquire. Had any one asked me the question six months ago, I think I should have hazarded the reply, "In Greece." But as geography has at no time been my strong point, it is to be hoped there are few so ignorant. But for the few I beg leave to explain that, so far from being in Greece, Livonia is in Russia, and is one of the Baltic Provinces.

It is in Russia certainly, and yet it is scarcely Russian. The people are still called Lettish, have not become Russianised, and are distinct in race, language, and religion, from their conquerors. How long the provinces along the Gulf of Riga and the east coast of the Baltic have belonged to Russia, I do not know; probably a hundred years or so, at which date they were taken from Sweden, to which kingdom they had long appertained.

Russia! It sounded so charmingly far off, and almost barbarian, that I quite relished the idea of a trip to the Baltic. When my husband first proposed to me the subject of his going there—never supposing, however, that I was meant to accompany him—I assented, grumbling not a little at the prospect of being left so long. But by-and-by, when informed that I too was to go, the case assumed a very different aspect. It was all right, and upon very short notice, we packed up our traps, and set off.



LETTISH FARMHOUSE.

This was on the 12th of April, 1873, and on the morning of the 16th we found ourselves in Hull, *en route* for Riga.

Having secured passages in the *Columbine*, bound for Hamburg, we went on board towards dusk, with all our baggage.

Well, the first thing we heard then was, that the *Columbine* was not nearly loaded, and could not by any possibility sail till next morning. This was comforting, as my husband was bound to present himself in Riga on the 21st, and we had already missed the steamer from Leith by a few hours only. But as "What cannot be cured must be endured," there was no help for it. It was, moreover, not a little provoking to be deprived of a night's rest, which we might have had at the Station Hotel.

Of course, there was the option of returning thither, and rising at four or five in the morning in order to be on board again in time to catch the tide; but, too much tired out to undertake any new move, I resolved to remain on board, and take what sleep chance would allow. Notwithstanding an incessant noise, or succession of noises, I slept, if not soundly, at least a great deal, so that quantity made up in some degree for quality.

During the night I was the subject of a strange optical delusion, which, in the days of ghosts, might have passed for a veritable apparition. Before going to rest, I had been told that three other ladies were to share the cabin with myself, and that they might be expected on board any time during the night. The stewardess, among whose duties not the least important seemed to be the one of taking rest, had undressed, and reclined on the cabin sofa opposite my berth. At my request, the cabin door was left open. About four, just as the first streaks of dawn began to stream in through the windows, I was roused by a noise on deck, and my vivid fancy at once decided that this must be the arrival of the young lady who was to occupy the berth over mine. It was not the least surprising, therefore, to observe a young person in a white hat with a dark ribbon and a white neck-scarf, in the cabin, and looking inquiringly first at the stewardess and then at myself, as if to ascertain which, if either of us, was sufficiently awake to receive her. The stewardess was sleeping—the sleep of the just, let us hope—and so sure was I that this was my fellow-passenger to be, that the words were formed on my tongue to ask if she wished the stewardess, when it occurred to me that this was a strangely still young person, to stand there in the dead of night without making her presence known by either word or deed. I did not speak, but lay watching her movements to see what she would do next, with a sort of undefined dread creeping over me, that, after all, this was not a young woman in a white neck-scarf, but some voiceless being out of the night's silences who had come to mock me in the dawn.

I was not superstitious enough to be afraid, but just sufficiently so to feel uncomfortable, under the continued furtive glances of this visitant. So unpleasant was it, that I drew the bed-clothes over my head, convinced that when I looked again, she would surely have disappeared. Not so, however. When I looked again, she was still there, and more clearly defined than before, so that now I could even discern her features. But still she was silent. "Strange being!" thought I, "whoever you are, I wish you would either speak or go away." It was horrible. But I now became convinced that it was caused by the light streaming from the bull's-eye window, along with the gentle movement of a little curtain. Though how such an appearance should have been produced by these simple causes, I am unable to say. Only as daylight grew stronger, my young friend disappeared. But the impression which it left on my mind was most distinct, and shows how people may see ghosts when no ghosts are present. The impression only wore off when the true young lady made her appearance, and proved to be unlike the other, and to wear a black hat, and no white neck-scarf.

At breakfast next morning, as we sailed down the Humber, we had quite a large muster of passengers. We were all there, with the exception of a stout man in a very short coat, with his wife and daughter, who, on the maxim of being prepared beforehand, determined to remain on deck.

We had a naturalised New Yorker returning to Germany, his native land, only a slight foreign accent betraying that he was not an Englishman. He was far more of an American than a German, his sympathies being clearly all in favour of "the greatest country in the world." Then we had a young Englishwoman, whose slightly foreign accent belied her English name, who was going home to Germany; a flaccid-looking English youth going to school at Lubeck, and a smart young Manchester man, who spoke of the "kuptun," who, with his brother, and another, completed the party.

We were at this time sailing quietly down the Humber, and were all resolved to put a bold front on it, and eat a good breakfast. Then we sat mildly up on deck, looking at the two flat uninteresting banks of the river, till on passing Spurn Head Lighthouse, the "kuptun" announced that we were fairly at sea: a fact which too soon we learned by nauseous internal indications. There was no mistake. We were, notwithstanding our good resolutions, to experience all the horrors of sea-sickness.

Trying to look brave, and feeling very much the contrary, I remained on deck for the lengthened space of nearly ten minutes, and then fled precipitately to the cabin, just in time to save my reputation.

Oh! the horrors of that day. Let me draw a veil over its memory.

Of all the gallant band who met that morning at breakfast, the "kuptun" had only one companion at meals during the rest of the passage (and that was the New York German) until Saturday at dinner, when we were in the Elbe, and once more in smooth waters.

This good ship of ours, the *Columbine*, was deck-loaded by the head with huge, cumbrous threshing and other agricultural machines, some of them destined for the Vienna Exhibition about to be opened; and what with the heavy deck-load and a head wind, the passage was a very long one, extending to sixty hours instead of the specified time of forty-eight. We were, therefore, twelve hours late, and the sun was getting low as we steamed up the Elbe.

In one respect the delay proved to our advantage, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing the sun sink gloriously in the river, a prettier sight than which I have seldom seen—illuminating, as it set, as with a million of golden lamps, the houses on either side of the river.

The Hanoverian side is flat and bare, with nothing to break the monotonous level but the everlasting windmills, which form so prominent a feature in every German landscape. The Holstein side is more interesting, and as we neared Hamburg, became even attractive, with its green-wooded cliffs and pretty villas, forerunners of the wealthy town a few miles further on.

Blankenese, composed of a crowd of handsome summer residences, is succeeded by Altona, a place of the same kind, less modern, and probably less fashionable, than the former. The latter is now part of Hamburg, although it had at one time been only a suburb.

It was about 8 p.m. when we reached the Kaiser's Quay. Although that meant only 7.20 at Greenwich, it was already almost dark.

Arrived at the Kaiser's Quay, we began for the first time to experience the inconvenience arising from our defective education. We could not talk German; and as most of the other passengers could do so, and as, upon the same principle as that on which the longest postmen get the shortest coats, we had

more luggage than the others, and were, therefore, left to struggle in single combat with *trägers*. Several of these functionaries came on board the moment the *Columbine* touched the quay, offering assistance.

The main object of our existence, at that moment, was to "call a coach or let a coach be called." But this, it seemed, was a task far from easy to fulfil. *Trägers*, it is true, undertook to bring any number of cabs; but then, as it turned out, there was only a very limited number to call from. The steward undertook to manage the *trägers*, and to speak German to them. His efforts in this direction consisted principally in the oracular utterance of "was kostet," and in talking English very loudly, and slightly broken, not with German, but with transpositions. It sounded wonderfully like the thing; and it was at least three weeks before my husband awoke to the fact that the obliging little steward had all the while been speaking English. Not very much was effected by it, however; and, to add to our misfortunes, a great dispute arose regarding the right of way between half-a-dozen *trägers*, who abused each other as street porters in all lands do.

In the midst of these difficulties it was fast growing dark, and cabs, to all appearance, seemed unobtainable. However, we at last succeeded in getting our luggage taken on shore; and when we reached the stand, it was to find the last cab driving off with some of our more fortunate fellow-passengers. There was another cab, it is true, but minus a horse. We were told that one was immediately to be put in; so in the meantime I sat down on my trunk to wait the result.

It was not long in deciding itself. The steed destined for our conveyance to Streit's Hotel was brought out in the midst of much noisy declamation from several persons. The first thing which happened was the horse taking the staggers, and rolling down within a few feet of me and my goods.

The case was becoming desperate. It was dark, and, as far as I could judge, we were sitting on the lines of a railway. The steward at this juncture authoritatively announced that "the gentleman goes not with this horse." Even had we felt disposed to make so wild an attempt, it was not possible, as the poor animal was in a fit, and was at that moment being held down by three or four men. At length the *trägers* proposed what I suppose they had intended to propose all the time—that they should take the luggage on a wheelbarrow—and to this I gladly assented, although the distance was not less than a mile and a half. We have all heard of that fabulous position, "sitting on a mine of gunpowder," and I was much in the same position, sitting, as I believed then, on the lines of a railway, where, at any moment, I expected to see a train put me and my trunks to flight. Whether this was the case or not I have never ascertained; but this I do know—that trains seem to traverse the streets of Hamburg at will, and why not on the Kaiser's Quay?

Keeping the *trägers* well in view, we walked through the town till we reached Streit's Hotel, in a very travel-stained and way-worn condition indeed. I may say that I went alone through the streets of Hamburg in the dark, as my first introduction to the Continent. For, although I started with my husband, he soon left me far behind, wisely thinking that if he lost the luggage he might never see it again, but that I, having a Scotch tongue in my head, would not lose myself, even in a foreign city. So, sometimes running, and sometimes loitering, but never venturing more than a cursory glance at the many attractions by the way, I toiled on. What the people at Streit's may have thought of my dishevelled appearance I do not know; but this I know, that the comforts of that unexceptionable house proved in the highest degree acceptable after the disagreeables we had encountered.

Sunday, April 20th.—"Here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn." As we only arrived in Hamburg late last evening, all the novelty of a foreign city has unfortunately burst on me on the Sabbath, a fact which very much interferes with the proper observance of that day. In so far as the Sabbath is to be regarded as a day of rest, Hamburg is without one. There seems little, if any, cessation from labour here; while the work of pleasure goes on at accelerated speed. How very strange it seems to one accustomed to a quiet Scotch Sunday, to observe the various contrivances for misspending the day of rest which people have recourse to. I was awakened by the vigorous practising on a piano near at hand, which has been resumed at intervals during the day.

There is a beautiful sheet of water in front of our window, the "Binnen" Alster, divided from the "Grosse" Alster by an embankment, over which passes a line of railway. Here pleasure-boats of every description ply unceasingly. Trains, omnibuses—some of them three-storeyed—carriages, market-carts, butchers', bakers', and greengrocers' boys are constantly on the move; everything, in fact, going on as briskly as usual. Churchgoers are few, and those few seem principally women and children. The entire scene is so ungodly that it makes one wonder how a late celebrated Scottish divine, and many living, though not distinguished, divines, should have lent their aid to convert our Scotch Sunday into a Continental one in even the smallest degree.

After breakfasting at 10 a.m. on omelette and excellent coffee, such as one gets only on the Continent, we made our way to the English church. The service was decidedly "low," the sermon evangelical, and the congregation small. Returned by way of the Ber den Hutten, passing many pretty parks, and what we took to be the Botanical Gardens, and found our way home by the Gänse Market, where there were no geese, but where we found all the shops open; many are closed until 11 a.m., that being the hour when divine service closes.

Dined at the table d'hôte, where there was a large party and a very good dinner. Some of the dishes were peculiar, but seemed to be much relished by the other diners, although our English palate refused raw salmon, with cauliflower and white sauce. In the evening saw much of the town, which pleased us greatly. The new part is so clean, and the houses so elegant, while the quaint old buildings of the more ancient part are delightful. Observed only one or two intoxicated persons. They looked like sailors, and were most likely English. Could not find any of the churches open, but saw crowds flocking to the theatre.

A strange problem suggested itself to my mind. Which is to be preferred? Sabbath-breaking and sobriety, or church-going and intemperance? The only answer I could find was that both are so bad, it is impossible to choose between them.

April 21st.—Passed a sleepless night, the traffic having continued all night almost without intermission, and rose at 6 a.m. We started by rail for Berlin at 7.45. The weather which yesterday was cold, clear, and blowy, was to-day like

midsummer; the heat continued to become more oppressive all the way to Berlin, so that when I arrived at the city of the lindens I was melting, and had long before followed the example of the old servitor recorded by Dean Ramsay, and "cast my coat," and became doubtful how long I might be able to "thole" the rest of my attire.

The country all the way was bare and flat, but in good cultivation, with scarcely anything to interrupt the unvarying monotony, but a frequent recurrence of windmills with their huge wings. Observed that vegetation was much further advanced than at home.

Reached Berlin about four o'clock. After a good deal of gesticulation and general misapprehension by all parties, succeeded in collecting our luggage, which consisted of *fünf gepäcke*. Went in an omnibus with a pair of the worst horses ever put in harness to the Ost Bahnhof. As this station is at the other side of the town from that at which we entered Berlin, we had an opportunity of seeing a large portion of the imperial city as we bumped and tumbled along in the omnibus. The streets are rough, narrow, and badly paved, and altogether the aspect of the town was not inviting, although there are many handsome buildings. Of course there are soldiers everywhere, and barracks very frequently, and a general military air pervades the place.



PEASANT WOMAN OF LIVONIA.

We now began to realise to the full the inconvenience of coming to a country where we did not know the language. My French was nowhere, while my scant stock of German words was of little use, as I did not recognise them when spoken in the quick guttural tones of a Berlin porter, and English seemed of no use.

Having to pass several hours here, we were much at a loss how to dispose of the numerous travelling companions, without which we could not move, including a bonnet-box—which I many times wished at the bottom of the North Sea—bags, rugs, a walking-stick, and two umbrellas. The *fünf gepäcke* being always cared for by the railway people, we had no uneasiness regarding them. . But the *kleine gepäcke* were a sad bother. In Prussia there are none of those ladies' waiting-rooms which in England are such a useful institution. The *Warte Saal*, so called, is in general a first-class restaurant, where, of course, one may sit as long as one desires, by going on ordering repeated pints of beer, veal cutlets, or cups of coffee. But what we recognise as a waiting-room is not known there.

Neither is there anywhere a "left luggage-room," of which travellers at home all know the convenience. No one had an idea what was wanted when in my best German I asked for such a place. So away we went following Träger No. 11 carrying the *kleine gepäcke* to the waiting-room. Here we found a waiter who knew a very little English, and with the aid of his little English and my little German, we at length committed the *kleine gepäcke* to the entire care of Träger No. 11 till 10.30. This is the proper and only thing to do, it seems; but as we did not receive any ticket or any pledge that we should recover them, it was not without fear and trembling that we saw them borne off in triumph by No. 11.

Water is at a discount, and, along with soap, is a luxury to be had only by paying for it. Having washed our hands, for which four *silbergroschen* apiece was charged, and dined, we sallied forth to see the town. We drove to the Unter den Linden, the quarter where the imperial Schloss and other grand edifices are. And certainly they are very fine buildings, and so many standing side by side, that they give an idea of great magnificence.

Just on alighting at the bridge, we discovered that something more than common was going on; crowds having gathered on the pavements. One after another splendid equipages drove past filled with splendidly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, all in feathers and diamonds. We discovered it was the Opera-house, an immense building, and these were royal and other great personages, many of them, no doubt, conquerors and diplomatists going to the play. I looked hard for Bismarck, but could not see anyone at all resembling the grim-featured statesman of the Emperor William. The occupants of one of the carriages were greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. We caught a glance of a tall young man, and were informed that it was the *Kron Prinz*, whose recent illness may have rendered him especially interesting to his future subjects.

The Schloss is an immense and fine building, in no way separated from the street. Indeed, a free passage is open to all right through the quadrangle. Notwithstanding the military character of the Prussian rule, there is less of seclusion in the royal homes than generally belongs to the residences of kings. The Emperor of Germany lives, indeed, in the midst of his people. We walked through the palace quadrangle, and drank from a fountain we found close by what seemed a "back door." Whatever other good properties this well may have possessed, I must say the water was extremely bad, the worst I almost ever tasted. That the imperial city, with its magnificent structures, its statues of victory, and far-famed avenues, is badly drained, our olfactory nerves afforded us too evident proof.

With the aid of a lady whom I by chance discovered to speak English, we succeeded in collecting all our *gepäcke*, *fünf* and *kleine*, although it proved no easy matter to catch Träger No. 11.

Left Berlin at 11.5 p.m., and reached Königsberg next day at 12.30. There was nothing worth seeing during the journey, much of which was necessarily performed in the dark. We saw nothing but an unbroken stretch of bare-looking flat land for miles on either side. Caught just one moment's

glimpse of the Baltic as we approached Königsberg. Met the Herr W—— and his son at the station there, and departed again at 12.59. Königsberg seems strongly fortified, but is without interest. As we proceeded, the country continued to become every mile more unattractive. The nearer we approached to Russia, the evidences of civilisation receded, while those of a severer climate increased. The carriages we saw at the stations were no longer entitled to the name. The poorest cadger's cart in Scotland was infinitely superior to these wretched dirty boxes without springs, with rope reins, straight shafts, and with the horse or horses harnessed almost at the end of them, less, population scantier, the traps worse, the people dirtier, and advancement altogether at a discount.

The railway-stations are particularly good externally, and are all built after one pattern—a castellated one. Looking so picturesque outside, one is disappointed to find them so deficient in the comforts and conveniences one is used to. They are, however, generally supplied with good refreshment rooms, where tea, coffee, and other things can always be had good and cheap. I had not fortitude, however, to try anything but the two former, my nerves being affected by the pervading scent of raw ham, garlic, and other delicacies.



RUSSIAN RAILWAY STATION.

so that they seemed quite a distinct article, and to have no connection with the machine behind. The driver in almost every case looked like a not very clean but very ragged beggar. He brandishes a great whip, and cries "Hur-r!" in the wildest manner, but deposits his fare safely, notwithstanding our worst anticipations to the contrary. Many of them looked like private conveyances, and their freight consisted of ladies and gentlemen, but yet my representation is no exaggeration.

We were now coming into the region of long greatcoats. The men working in the fields wore them down to their heels, and looked vastly eccentric ploughing mounted on horseback, or with two or three yoke of oxen; planting potatoes or sowing grain, it was all the same, in all cases, they wore the long grey coat.

As we neared the frontiers of Russia, cultivation became

We reached the Russian frontier about four o'clock. As the train stopped here, for some strange reason, twenty minutes, we alighted, and partook of coffee. We were now fairly in Russia. Five minutes after leaving Eydkuhnen, we stopped again at what turned out to be Wirballen. My husband, who lived in a state of chronic mystification as to the hours of arrival and departure of the train—a frame of mind which the frequent study of "Bradshaw's Foreign Guide" seemed rather to increase than diminish—was, at this time, under the impression that Wirballen was two hours' distant from Eydkuhnen; and was, I believe, preparing himself for a comfortable nap, when the sudden pulling up of the train put so agreeable an intention to flight. A dozen or so of functionaries, in white aprons and bibs, besieging the door of each carriage, showed us that surely the tug of war had now come. The dreaded *zoll* house

had been reached at last. I had had the fear of this miserable necessity before my eyes ever since leaving home, and now it had come quite unexpectedly. At Hamburg, with the exception of being made to open a small hand-bag, containing a pair of old red slippers and some ginger-bread, we experienced no difficulty: but in Russia matters assumed a very different aspect. A civil service functionary, attended by a military satellite, at once opened the carriage door, uttered the word "Pass," adding a good deal of unintelligible lingo which may have been Russ, and probably was German, but quite unintelligible to us. We tried him with the tickets. Well! he took them, looked at them, and then returning them, said once more the word "Pass."

The circumstance of a passport being in our possession, or ever being demanded, seemed entirely to have escaped our memory; but, by a sudden inspiration, my husband discovered all at once what was wanted, and, hunting out the passport from a mass of other papers, presented it. The functionary having got this, appeared satisfied, and carried off all our *kleine gepäcke*, from the bonnet-box down to the two umbrellas and a walking-stick. Still very much at sea as to the next move, we dolefully followed our belongings. These were carried into a large hall with a kind of counter all round, enclosing a sort of inner court. Here, the presiding genius, in the shape of a Russian official, a gentleman-like person in a civil uniform, walked about, carrying a bundle of passports. The *kleine gepäcke* having been deposited on the counter, we stationed ourselves as guards over them. We kept constantly repeating, "Ja! Fünf gepäcke," and fingered a bunch of keys in order to evince our perfect willingness to have everything we possessed examined. Also, we and various functionaries gesticulated freely. Presently, the presiding genius advanced, and made a remark, when we again answered "Ja!" and "Fünf gepäcke." I had recourse also to my favourite query, "Sprechen Sie English?"

"Nein. Parlez-vous Français?"

"Nein."

He then shrugged his shoulders, and retired with a hopeless air. We shrugged ours, and looked after him with an air equally hopeless.

At this juncture, a Russian gentleman, seeing the awkward and somewhat ludicrous posture of affairs, came, with excellent English, to our relief. What the actual result, but for his timely intervention, might have been, it is difficult to conjecture, as they are very strict, and refuse to let anyone pass without showing their luggage. Soon after, we were beckoned to the other side, where the *fünf gepäcke* were ranged. These were all opened, one after another, very superficially examined, and our keys returned. It was really rather humiliating to see all one's things—one's best bib and tucker—displayed before all the passengers. We have the comfort, however, of knowing that each one is so engrossed by his or her own share in the work, that they have neither time nor inclination to concern themselves with the things of other people. Having no contraband goods, we, of course, got back our pass, paid several silver pieces, and were given to understand we were now at liberty to proceed into the Russian Emperor's dominions.

At Wirballen we saw many Russian soldiers. They are very shabby, and marvellously dirty and mean. One of them, of whom I asked a question, but who could not speak German, actually followed me round the room, asking remuneration—"backshish." Poor fellows, one does not wonder that they should take any opportunity of augmenting their scanty pay, which, I am told, is only three roubles a year, that is, eight shillings!

Half a score of ragged urchins followed us, asking "backshish." Having no other coin, I threw one of them an English halfpenny, which he examined with a mixture of pleasure and surprise, and scampered off to exhibit the *rara avis* to his companions.

Here, too, we began to see the fur-lined coats. The poorest labourer, as well as the richest merchant or landowner, has his *pelz*. Homely enough some of them certainly are, but yet *pelz*. Those worn by the poorer classes are generally composed of sheepskin with the fleece inwards. They are, doubtless, comfortable wraps for the wearers, whose dirty habits are proverbial; but they are the filthiest-looking garments imaginable, and give the wearers less than a human aspect. The lower class of Russians are extremely dirty, while the higher are refined and highly cultivated. When once a low-class Russian gets on his clothes, he grudges to take them off again, and so tumbles down to sleep in sheepskin coat and leather knee-boots. On Sunday, however, the Russian, who is generally, when not drunk, very devout, performs his ablutions.

We were, when at Wirballen, one hour and forty minutes behind Greenwich time.

Up to this point, we had travelled with great comfort by the second class, but had at Hamburg been recommended to take first-class tickets through Russia. It was really quite an uncalled for piece of extravagance, as the second class in Russia is quite as good as the first at home, if less comfortable than that class in Russia.

We were now first class, and certainly the carriages are most luxurious. They are ten or eleven feet broad, and have sleeping-sofas, stoves, and other conveniences, all self-contained in one compartment.

The speed is not forty miles an hour, but the trains jog along very smoothly and pleasantly—if one is not in a great hurry—stopping from five to twenty minutes at every station, and stations occur very frequently. But when once people get into the frozen regions, they are not in a great hurry, and this slow luxurious mode of travelling suited us admirably.

At Düneberg at 6.30 a.m. Here we parted with the friendly Russian, when we changed carriages, and proceeded *en route* for Riga, having made an immense détour since leaving Königsberg, in order to join the St. Petersburg line, from which we now branched off.

Without further incident, we reached our destination about noon of the second day since leaving Hamburg. It was the 23rd of April. Pools and streams were covered with ice, and the temperature was extremely cold, although we did not feel it inside highly-tempered carriages, heated since quitting Düneberg, with hot water, and steaming like a Turkish bath.

Men and women, boys and girls, all are muffled up. The small boys in long pelz-lined coats, and the little girls in long dresses, look great oddities, while ladies, old and young, have their heads tied up in shawls or hoods, and the working women, who do not use bonnets, wear shawls on their heads, put on so as to hide much of the face, and entirely cover the head. It is a much more modest attire than the flaunting

head-dresses adopted by the same class at home. The ladies in their large muffs, like those of our grandmothers, and the children, boys and girls, in trousers down to their heels, present a curious contrast to the ladies and children in the streets of London or Paris. In fact, everything looks odd, but one quickly becomes accustomed to the oddest sights, and we soon ceased to exclaim, "Just look!" "How absurd!" &c., as we were constantly doing the first few days.

We saw Riga on the first day in its worst aspect. It was a grey, bleak, cold, miserable day, and any little beauty claimed by the Livonian capital can be seen only in bright weather and sunshine. On that day the sun steadily refused to shine; add to this that we had been travelling for sixty-two hours, and were dirty, dishevelled, hungry, and thirsty, and you will not wonder, kind reader, if my spirits fell below zero.

Having secured the services of Träger No. 9, we committed to his care the *fünf gepäcke*. The British consul having been expected from St. Petersburg by the train, we had the benefit of his carriage to the hotel, the consul having failed to appear. The St. Petersburg Hotel, a large, rambling, dirty old place, is said to be the best hotel in Riga. There we drove, and at once proceeded to wash, that being decidedly what we stood most in need of at the moment.

A waiter was found who professed to speak English. We ordered breakfast, and, much to his surprise, requested that it should consist of tea and veal cutlets. The idea of taking tea to breakfast seemed something so novel and ridiculous, that I suspect the waiter in question surmised that there must be something materially wrong with the *Engländer*—if not mentally, internally.

We left our home in the north of Scotland on the 12th of April, and, after eleven days' travelling, found ourselves suddenly projected backwards to the 11th. It did strike one as odd to find, in this nineteenth century, a great empire still making use of the Old Style. But so it is.

There is a very large theatre in Riga; indeed, it is by far the most prominent building in the town. One of our fellow-travellers was Miss Minnie Hauck, prima donna from one of the operas in St. Petersburg. A comely, pleasant-looking young woman, accompanied by a mother, a maid, a little Spitz lapdog, and, we were told, a male companion. The latter adjunct, if in existence at all, must have possessed the property of making himself invisible. Not so the Spitz. This interesting little being was turned out at almost every station, and by a blue ribbon attached to its neck, was marched up and down the platform for a constitutional.

Mademoiselle Hauck has since been electrifying the inhabitants, and the Spitz I saw hale and hearty, promenading with the maid and the blue ribbon.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

To an Englishwoman who had never previously been out of her own country, this is a prolific theme. It could, however, be briefly stated, by saying that everything here is unlike everything at home.

May 2nd.—I have just seen a funeral pass. An hour ago we observed that the middle of the street was strewn with sawdust and sprigs of fir. This, it seems, is always done along the course which a funeral of any distinction is to take. The procession commenced by six or eight mourners walking two abreast; then followed the hearse, drawn by four black horses, each covered with a heavy black cloth, deeply fringed, and reaching to the horse's feet. The hearse was a low flat car, also covered with black-fringed cloth. Upon it was placed the coffin, or rather sarcophagus, fluted and with a gilded figure of the Saviour on the cross laid on the top. A wreath of flowers is placed at head and foot, and many bows of broad white satin ribbon, with long ends streaming, and one or two round gold or silver plates are hung at the back. These plates are afterwards laid on the grave, and record the name, age, and date of death of the deceased. The hearse was succeeded by a long train of carriages, many of them empty, some of them containing ladies carrying large bouquets of gaily-coloured flowers, but with no mourning on. There might be fifty carriages on this occasion. Probably this may not have been an interment, but only the carrying of the body to the dead-house, where it rests till the time of actual burial. Many, however, are taken direct from the house to the grave, while others are left in the house for ten days or a fortnight. Of course, in winter the dead cannot be interred.

There are, we are told, about 15,000 soldiers in Riga, the entire population of which is only 150,000. One cannot look for a minute without seeing some of them in their long, dingy grey coats and great boots; boots, coats, and soldiers being all alike dirty. The officers also wear the grey coats, but they are of a brighter shade, and are decidedly cleaner. Their head-dress is a broad flat bonnet with a red cord, while the soldiers wear a little fez cap. Upon the whole the officers look well, although they want the smart appearance which generally attaches to that class. The crack regiments never come here, but I believe they are very smart, and the officers of the Guards highly cultivated. There are barracks everywhere, but they are said to be dirty in the extreme, and certainly one is always greeted by an offensive smell when in close proximity to them.

In order to augment their small pay, the common soldiers are allowed so many days a week or month to hire themselves out to work; and it is no uncommon thing to see them working at the docks or standing in the market waiting to be hired. Their officers, however, receive a large portion of their earnings, so that the poor fellows are not much richer for their hard work.

Every public office is guarded by the police, who are armed, wearing long swords. They know everything, these police, and are especially well informed as to the movements of strangers like ourselves.

Drunkenness is common among the Russians. But as it is possible to get drunk for one penny, it is not to be wondered at. The intoxicating drink of the lower classes is *vodka*, a coarse brandy made of rye; that of the higher classes is champagne. When a Russian gets drunk, he never becomes quarrelsome, but sings and insists on embracing, probably on kissing, his boon companions.

The German portion of the community do not get drunk. If they did, probably beer would be the beverage chosen for the purpose.

"Bier ist gut," says the plethoric German, and probably no Englishman will dispute the point with him.

Tea is extremely fine, also extremely high-priced. It has the advantage of coming overland, and is consequently so pure and unadulterated that a very small quantity is required for the tea pot. The Russians drink tea very weak, with lemon or preserves, and, of course, no cream, which ruins the flavour

We soon got to prefer it to the strong black congou patronised by the washerwomen of England. The orthodox tea-pot is somewhat peculiar in shape, and consists of two parts; the upper contains the tea, which is poured through the small silver strainer attached to the mouth, while the under contains hot water, which serves the double purpose of keeping the vessel hot and filling up the cups, into which only a small quantity of tea is put.

Of cooking it is perhaps as well not to speak. They do their best, and if that fails to satisfy the fastidious palate of John Bull, it is his misfortune, not their fault. We say, "They cannot cook," and they say, "We don't know how to;" and it is difficult to decide the knotty point as to which is right. But when one gets a very tough beef-steak sent up less than half-cooked, and floating in oiled butter; and when salmon trout are boiled with cloves or caraway-seeds, and has for sauce what looks like pink cream and vinegar, we do feel disposed to exclaim with the Yankee, "Do you call this cooking victuals?"

The heterogeneous mixtures contrived by a German cook must be seen and tasted to be understood. It looks as if, regardless of results, he seized at random upon anything eatable—fish, flesh, fowl or vegetable—and, mixing them all together, calls it "Suppe," and exclaims, "Suppe ist gut." Those blessed Germans for whom he caters are as happy with a *potage* of potatoes, asparagus, veal and eels, besides a few other integrants, as if it were good wholesome food. Such is life, and thus various are the palates of mankind!



LIVONIAN PEASANT BOY.

Religion is at a low ebb here in Riga. Being, however, a free German town, all religions are tolerated. Every man is at liberty to worship God according to his conscience. If we may judge from appearances, however, conscience seems to be very easily satisfied. It is not fashionable for the upper classes to attend church (I speak of the Germans), the lower classes do not, or possibly cannot; so that the few who do so must belong to the middle class. The Greek Church is the established religion, but Lutheranism is in the ascendant. The Russians in their own way are a religious people. Here there is also an English church, a Jews' synagogue, and a Roman Catholic chapel; the last is probably the best attended. The Papists have decidedly the better of the Protestants in this respect: that their superstition prescribes as much religion as possible, while the purer creed of the Protestant seems to ask, "How little will serve?" and apparently those in Riga seem to make less than the minimum serve them. I am sorry to say that, with a few exceptions, the English are not better than the Lutherans. The single service on Sabbaths is curtailed as much as possible. There are many English here, but even this single service is very badly attended, although the church is close to the harbour, and is a most comfortable little edifice.

Yesterday was Confirmation Sunday in the Lutheran Cathedral. Taking the privilege of strangers, we walked in, but, unfortunately, just in time to see the last of the noviciates leaving.

The Domkirche is seven hundred years old. It is built of red stone, with a part of the roof slated, the rest being roofed with red tiles. The interior is lofty, with a double row of large unornamented pillars up the entire length of the building, which is seated like an ordinary parish church at home. The walls and pillars are whitewashed, and are covered with a thick coating of dust, reminding one of the words which the poet Longfellow puts into the mouth of Lucifer when visiting just such a church—

> "Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,
> Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs.
> The pulpit from which such ponderous sermons
> Are thundered down on the brains of the Germans,
> As if some great Bible, bound in lead,
> Had fallen and knocked them on the head."

The altar, surmounted by a large painting, and covered with black velvet and rich white lace, bore two large lighted candles and a gilt figure of Christ on the cross. There were some crosses up and down, and a few pictures, but, except for these, it might have been a Scotch Presbyterian kirk, and reminded me not a little of the Old West Kirk in Aberdeen.

In addition to the actual building now known as the Domkirche, there are many other buildings occupying a large space all round. These are now ordinary dwelling-houses, but must in the olden time have been ecclesiastical buildings. Underneath some of them is a series of vaulted aisles, approached by a flight of steps, and dimly lighted by rows of windows looking upon an open court. This is called the *Untergang*, and is at all times open.

Leaving the Domkirche, we visited St. Peter's, also an ancient structure—six hundred years old, we were told. It is a large red brick building, in shockingly bad order outside, but in good repair within. St. Peter's is in better taste than the cathedral, although similar in style. The pulpit is of variegated marble, with a heavy canopy of the same overhead, and stands at the side of the middle aisles. A great deal of bright blue paint, although at first looking somewhat trumpery as a decoration for a sacred edifice, has rather a good effect in relieving the whitewashing which here, as in the cathedral, covers the walls. There are many coats of arms, shields, and gilt memorial plates hanging in this church, which give a striking effect to the *tout ensemble*.

We entered too late to hear the liturgy read, the sermon being in progress when we arrived. The preacher was a thin young man wearing a black gown and white plaited ruff, like those in which Queen Elizabeth is usually painted. He looked like a quaint old picture. Probably his sermon was the purest of theology, but his manner was dry and cold. Nor could one wonder much that it should become so, for in all that vast church there were not more than a hundred hearers, and those were principally women. Strange people kept coming in and going out during the service, which lasted only for an hour. The people looked little interested,

and many of them had no books. The congregation kept their seats during the singing as well as at prayers, the pastor alone standing. The organ was good, and the music slow and solemn. I was unable to discern any air, but as all the hymns are prose, the music is probably more a cadence than a tune, and it pleased me very much.

April 30th (O.S.).—A week ago there was a night's rain, and for a few days following we had summer. Now it is again cold; but not such cold as there was before the rain; we have no stoves heated now, and have had our double windows removed; this latter is, however, premature, as we feel the cold indoors more, owing to the want of them.

Nature underwent an entire resurrection in these few days of sunshine. There is no middle course here, and the grass, from being a sort of dull grey colour, has all at once sprung into the bright verdure of summer—literally of summer, for we lack the delicate tints of green which make our early spring so peculiarly beautiful. The trees, which one short week ago had neither bud nor blossom, are fast getting into leaf, and yet we are everywhere told it is a late season.



A JAPANESE GIRL PLAYING ON THE KOTO.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—III.

BY "MONTA."

It is curious to note how entirely the Chinese and Japanese differ, and the question may well be asked, Which is to be the greater race in the future, the original or the imitative?

But Yedo is changed indeed. Even the old sign-boards, with their Chinese characters, are being replaced by badly-spelt English. At one of the temples in Shiba, as I read the other day in the *Japan Herald*, there is written up: "No shod man will visit over this point;" and the following other instances of the rage for a display of a little knowledge of our tongue, as well as of the device to attract customers, are quoted:—

"The worshipping site of all people."

"The new umbrella, and repair it, and took change its cloth."

"Looking house for foreign newspaper."

"An eating-house providing for the health, the happiness, and the pleasure."

Poor Yedo! And talking of this same eastern capital makes me enter a solemn protest at the dreadful barbarism our maps and books and newspapers are generally guilty of, in writing its old name "Yeddo." This mode of spelling could not by any possibility be right; the word is composed of two Chinese characters, one pronounced *yé* and signifying water, the other *do* and signifying door, so that "Yeddo" is little better than "Jeddo," as it is sometimes written. Indeed, it sometimes happened that letters addressed to Jeddo made a preliminary trip to Jeddah, and after sojourning in the regions of the Red Sea, and broiling in the heat there for some time, came gradually on to Yokohama, with "Try Jeddo" written on the envelope. But take another instance. Why should the treaty port in the island of Yezo (not Yesso), be called Hakoda*di*? There is no character for *di* in Japanese, and the proper name for the northern port is Hakoda*té*. Again, the favourite liquor of the natives is *saké*, not *saki*, which is a cape, and you could hardly be expected to pledge your friend in a cup of cape (unless it

was Cape sherry), and gulp it down. Instances could be multiplied to any extent, but the above are amongst the most notable and popular mistakes of the kind.

The Yedo of to-day is very different from that of five or six years ago, though even then it was sadly shorn of its former splendour. I can well recollect my first visit to it in the summer of 1868, when there was hardly a foreigner in the whole space occupied by the city, and when we walked along the streets armed with revolvers, closely followed by native guards, and we looked cautiously about us, watching each scowling face, and each move of the "swashbuckler's" arm as we neared him. I can remember particularly some very villainous-looking fellows, one with an enormously long sword, who looked reckless and shabby, quite ready to rob a purse or cut a throat, more especially if belonging to a "barbarian." Then we would meet a proud daimio, issuing with a numerous retinue from the *enceinte* of the Castle, no longer occupied by the "Tycoon," who was already a "gone coon." First would come musicians, after whom a mass of retainers on foot, and in their midst two men on horseback, the lord richly attired in purple silk, his banner floating in the breeze. That same man will be seen to-day, clad in European clothes, without music or following, trotted along the street like any other fellow in a *jinrikisha*, which is a sort of large perambulator on two high wheels, drawn by a consumptive coolie.

Some extracts from letters written by me to England at that time may not be without interest to the reader. They are in this wise:—

Yedo seems to me charming, from a certain mixture of town and country which pervades it. The city extends for miles and miles round the bay; and as you look at it from the water, you see but little town. In some places the grounds of some noble's abode stretch down to the shore, and one's eyes rest upon green grass and beautiful trees. When you have landed and walk about, there is endless variety. You pace along streets with rows of poor uninteresting hovels, sometimes having shops of a better aspect—there is one street full of druggists, another mostly occupied by book and picture sellers—and then all at once you appear to leave the city, and come to what is country; you gaze on fine trees, green grass, and extensive grounds; sometimes there are lanes reminding you of England, and the houses are few and far between, and then again, after a while, you reach a street full of poor houses, crowded with people, and you are, as it were, in another city. Then you pass across a little bridge spanning a canal full of boats, after the manner of the sketch on page 77, and so on once more through crowded streets. From the little Japanese house where I was staying, on an eminence near the entrance of the city from the Yokohama side, and not far from the bay, we looked out upon a sea of tiled roofs of various forms, spreading out in all directions, and trees and green in profusion blending with them to make up one harmonious whole.

One day we went to see a Japanese of noble birth, who expected our visit. At the door were retainers, who squatted on their heels, and bowed low as we approached. We took off our boots at the entrance, and then we were conducted through matted rooms (never any furniture), and along a covered passage out on a porch or verandah which looked upon a sort of grotto-garden, and passing by a room where the household—women and children—were all gathered together, we reached another, where the master received us at the threshold, and bade us welcome. The room was nine feet by six. He sat, or rather squatted, on a blanket spread upon the mats; his feet were bare. Before him was his smoking apparatus, and by his side were rolls of Japanese paper, on which he was writing—*i.e.*, painting characters with a brush full of Indian ink. He was so civil as to have a chair brought for me, but my companion squatted down upon a cushion with, to me, most enviable facility. From time to time during our call, a handmaid, or another female, who I believe was his wife, came to the edge of the room, and, kneeling down, presented us with little cups of tea, sweetmeats, or fruits, then bowed, rose, and disappeared. Anything more primitive I never saw. And so it seemed to be everywhere. In the house where I was living—a house full of funny little rooms all matted and divided by paper sliding screens—we used to leave our shoes on the verandah, and go about in socks or barefooted, and our food was brought in three times a day from a Japanese cooking-shop hard by; but to me, indeed, it was not by any means palatable, and I longed for roast beef and potatoes.

It was some little time after this that I had my first experience of Japanese singing-girls. They play on various instruments. In this instance the *samisen*, a sort of guitar, was alone used, and it is learnt, seemingly, with as great assiduity by all girls as the piano is practised by our English maidens. There is also the *koto*, the form of which, and the manner of playing upon it, are best exemplified by our engraving.

Three *geisha*, as the singing-girls are called, appeared in our little house at the appointed time in the evening. One, who was much older than the others, rejoiced in the name of the "Butterfly;" then came the "Dragon," taller and with a more oval face, and finally little Daikichi, or "Fortunata," as it might perhaps be translated. She was by far the freshest and most attractive of the three. When they came in, they at once squatted down according to their wont, bowed their heads to the mats several times, and muttered a few complimentary words of salutation, wholly unintelligible to me. After that, they placed themselves close together in a row, and remained perfectly silent, quite a little picture. My friend—lucky fellow—was an adept in Japanese chaff, and immediately began to talk to them in his most engaging manner, asking their names, and coquetting with them considerably. As soon as they found that one of the foreigners could speak their language, their tongues were loosened, and they prattled away in fine style; but still, every now and then, they seemed a little awed, a silence ensued, and at last they asked why I did not speak: it frightened them and made them ill at ease. The answer was obvious; I knew but a few words of Japanese. Still, they were not perfectly happy. However, by degrees, as they found that I did not attempt to eat them, and did not behave indecorously or rudely, they took some heart, and then asked whether any more foreigners were coming. On receiving an answer in the negative, they manifested great relief; from that moment the *entente cordiale* was established, and the evening passed away harmoniously. Several Japanese were present, and song and posture dance succeeded each other with the usual tokens of satisfaction, and with even a touch of enthusiasm.

They were very natural and graceful in their manner, these little *artistes*, and they were very curious to examine the different articles in a foreigner's house. They went off into one of our

bedrooms, and dodged about the wash-stand, and then remained in astonishment before the iron bedstead, the first of the kind they had ever seen. Upon this it was suggested that they should get upon the bed, to feel what it was like; and they actually did, one after the other, and lay there all in a bunch, to our intense amusement and their own. Then they were each presented with a cake of brown Windsor soap, with which they were highly delighted, putting it up to their foreheads and bowing by way of thanks, according to the native custom.

The singing, to my ears, was harsh and noisy. Between the songs, cups of *saké* were freely interchanged, and in the middle of the entertainment the girls left the room, one at a time, each returning in a different dress, putting on instead of white skirts, coloured ones; the "Dragon" in particular had put on a beautiful brocade-silk girdle, and a figured red petticoat.

I said, for fun, that I should make up to the elderly "Butterfly," and my companion immediately told them all that I was in love with her (may he be forgiven the invention!), and this caused much amusement.

"Hontô des ka?" (really) asked the two others, all in a breath, and very earnestly, bobbing their heads at me.

I owned the soft impeachment as best I could, and the "Butterfly" was grateful. She passed the *saké* cup to me at least four times, till I really began to be alarmed, and felt that I had been somewhat rash in my avowal.

"But do shave your whiskers off to-morrow morning," said little Daikichi, with a bit of expressive and earnest pantomime, illustrating the operation on her cheek.

"Couldn't be done," I answered in broken Japanese.

"Oh do!" More similar pantomime, this time by both Daikichi and the "Dragon." You look like Danzô; now do cut them off to-morrow, pray do!"

Ishikawa Danzô, it appeared, was a famous actor in Yedo, who often came on the stage with a beard, and to whom they fancied I bore some resemblance.

Then came questions about Yokohama—what sort of a place it was, how much they would like to see it, &c. Of course at that time there was a good deal of curiosity to visit this "barbarian" settlement, about which people talked so much.

"But come, now," resumed Daikichi (as it was translated to me)—this time very earnestly—holding her chin with one hand, whilst the other travelled rapidly up and down her fresh cheek, "do cut your whiskers off to-morrow!"

A general prayer followed from all to the same effect.

When it was all over, and they were about to depart, I intimated to Daikichi that I was going to Yokohama in a day or two.

"Oh, I don't care," she said, almost contemptuously, "you won't take me there; you're no use."

Thereupon all three, together with a little girl who helped with the supper, an old woman who attended upon them, and an old man who carried their things, took their leave with many graceful bendings and sweet *sayonaras* (good-byes), and the pleasant evening came to a close.

Sometimes at these entertainments there are *taikomochi*, or jesters, as well, and they possess great comic talent. One of them I saw began by imitating all sorts of birds, and whistled more shrilly than any English boy, putting one or two fingers into his mouth. Then he got upon a stool, and threw himself into a number of comic postures. Afterwards he took four fans, opened them, and held one between the big and second toe of his foot; another he fixed on the top of his head, and the other two he held in his hands, and forthwith went through a series of rapid and graceful evolutions with the fans, standing almost all the time on the unoccupied leg. But such tricks have, I fancy, been often seen in England. There was a second *taikomochi*, who seemed to be very humorous, but his native jokes were naturally incomprehensible to me. At the conclusion of the performance he commenced writing characters with the usual brush on two long strips of paper, placed against the wall, when all at once he took the brush in his mouth, and, with marvellous rapidity and ease, went on painting characters as before.

There is, in fact, no end to the mummery and buffoonery that goes on in Yedo, even in the streets. The *manzai* I have already mentioned. There are a number of small boys, arrayed in queer, clown-like dresses, who tumble about, and amuse or frighten the children by their contortions; and there are, besides, a number of itinerant musicians, girls whose peculiar hats are well shown in the figure to the left of the annexed engraving.

But all this is not "Travel in the Interior." Let the reader accompany my party, starting from Yedo, four or five in number, all on horseback, and about to traverse that long alluvial plain which extends for some sixty miles inland from the capital of what foreigners were pleased to call the Tycoon; a title, by the way, which the Shôgun, or general, ought never to have assumed, even when it is spelt *Tai Kun*, "great prince," an epithet of the Mikado, and simply assumed by the government of the ruler of Yedo, to raise their chief in the estimation of the newly-arrived foreigners.

Before we got on our horses or ponies, the baggage had been dispatched. We had provided ourselves with much food and drink for the journey. Tinned soups and meats, Wiltshire bacon and Oxford sausages, coffee, Chinese tea, and chocolate, a cheese which we never could manage to finish, biscuits and jams in plenty, and even *pâtés de foie gras*. Then we had a supply of excellent light claret, and there were a few bottles of sherry, brandy, and vermouth. We had our native guards, of course, and somebody to cook, besides a man particularly attached to my service, who was always under the delusion that he was teaching me Japanese. He belonged to the Tokugawa clan, that of the late Tycoon, and one day he told me that when the war broke out in 1868, he was fired with much ardour, and a desire to fight for his lord, and so he spent all the little money he possessed in one great junket, and, joining the northerners, went forth to battle. He said that he was in three fights; that his side was victorious in the first, and so far he thought it great fun: but when they were beaten in two other engagements, he changed his ideas about soldiering, and gave it up, confessing that he was now determined to devote himself to hard study, and especially to that of the English language. Heaven knows he had not mastered the grammar of his own, and I should never have thought of asking him the meaning of even the nominative case. He was, however, a thoroughly good-natured fellow, a genuine Japanese, always on the giggle, always ready to be amused, and I recollect that he was especially delighted with a miserable pinchbeck watch that he had bought from one of his friends.



BOY TUMBLERS AND STREET-LIFE IN YEDO.

He lived at that time in the wooden house in my compound, where the priest, my landlord, and his god, had their abode, and where he and the priest used to squat down on their poor calves, making themselves more and more deformed every day in those lower extremities. Here they ate their rice together, and whenever I passed on my way out, with my revolver and my dog, they would bow down their heads to the ground, and, no doubt, proceed to talk over the "barbarian," and his queer customs. What the bald-headed priest did in that shed which had become a temple, I never could make out; he never seemed particularly busy; he did say some prayers of a morning after a bell, which used to awake me, had been tolled vigorously, and probably he sometimes buried a corpse in a wooden box in the cemetery behind the shed, but that was about all.

The provisions and some of the baggage were carried on pack-horses, and coolies took charge of our remaining effects. It was a fine afternoon in the month of June, when our cavalcade started, and we rode joyously some eleven miles to Warabi, the first post-station on the Nakasendô, one of the principal roads from Yedo to Kiôto. The air was cool and pleasant, and after we had left the city we passed through delicious scenery, reminding one of English country roads, only that there was a greater profusion of many shades of green. The trimly-cut hedges were often composed of the beautiful evergreen now so well known as the *Cryptomeria Japonica*, the nearest approach to a cedar which is to be found in that country. There were tall trees, too, of the same species, making together a dense mass of dark evergreens, and there were pines and firs of many varieties, and bamboo, with its light leaves of delicate green, a few paddy fields in the neighbourhood of Yedo, then there were fields of upland-rice, carrots, turnip-radishes, beans, and many other vegetables.

Heavy rain began to fall as we reached the inn at Warabi. Everything looked clean and comfortable; how should it not be, where there is no furniture—not a carpet—nothing but a number of apartments, the floor of each consisting of clean mats? A table was soon constructed with some of the wooden shutters which surround the outer side of the verandah at night, and close up the house. The table thus made rested upon large casks, and smaller casks served us for chairs. After a substantial supper, we retired early to rest. Beds were soon improvised, consisting of Japanese mattresses laid upon the mats, and our own pillows and bedclothes. I have already recorded, that on such journeys I always took my own pillow and sheets. Over this bed there fell a mosquito curtain, suspended at each corner from a cord, which was fastened to a hook nailed into the corresponding corner of the room. Thus we slept, heedless of the little wretches that buzzed outside, though, in the course of our journey, not always, I am bound to say, undisturbed by other lively creatures, without wings, which often sadly infest the mats.



A CANAL IN THE MERCANTILE PART OF YEDO.

An Australian Search Party.—III.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

A FULL-GROWN "paddy melon," a small and beautiful species of kangaroo, bearing the same resemblance to the "boomer" that a Cingalese mouse-deer does to an elk, was once given to me as a pet, and we became great friends. Whenever I went into the room and opened my shirt or coat, the little fellow would bound in and coil himself snugly away for hours, if permitted; thus showing, I think, that he still retained a recollection of the snug abode of his childhood. Like most pets, he came to an untimely end—in fact, met with the fate that ultimately befalls all the members of his tribe who are domesticated and allowed to run about the bush huts in Australia. The fireplaces are large recesses in the wall, and on the same level as the floor. Wood only is burnt, and large heaps of glowing ashes accumulate, for the fire never really goes out, by night or day. As long as it is blazing, the pet kangaroo will keep his distance, but when it has sunk down to living coals, his foolish curiosity is sure to impel him, sooner or later, to jump right into the thick of it; and then—and here his want of brains is painfully shown—instead of jumping out again at once, he commences fighting and spurring the burning embers with his hind feet, and, as a natural sequence, is either found half roasted, or so injured that his death is inevitable.

The uses to which the settler puts this animal are many. He has to take the place of the stag when any hunting is going on (as the dingo has to act for the fox); and most remarkably good sport an "old man" or "boomer"—as the full-grown males are called—will afford; and most kangaroo dogs bear witness, by cruel scars, how keen a gash he can inflict with his sharp hind claw when brought to bay. From ten to twelve miles is by no means an unusual run, and when thoroughly exhausted he makes a stand, either with his back against a tree, or in the water. In both of these positions he is no despicable adversary, and will do much damage to a pack of hounds, by grasping them in his short fore arms and ripping them open, if on land; or by seizing and holding them under, if in the water. Instances are on record of a despairing kangaroo dashing through the dogs on the approach of a dismounted hunter, and severely wounding him. The common practice when the animal is brought to bay is to ride up and pistol him. But, however he may be killed, his useful qualities have by no means departed with his breath. His skin, properly cured, will make good door-mats, boots, saddle-cloths, stock-whips, gaiters, and numberless other useful articles. His long and heavy tail is much valued for the soup it yields; and the hams can be cured, and, thus preserved, find many admirers. The hind-quarters of a large "boomer" will run little short of seventy pounds; and, with the tail, form the only parts commonly eaten by Europeans.

The birds that we encountered were of every form and size; pigeons, some coloured like parrots, others diminutive as sparrows, and of the same sombre hue: pheasants, quail, every kind of feathered fowl that could gladden the heart of the sportsman, were found in abundance, and amongst these the scrub turkey and its nest. This latter bird is so little known, that I am tempted to give a short account of it.

The Australian scrub turkey (*Tallegalla Lathami*) is common in all the thick jungles in the north of Queensland, and, though smaller than the domestic bird, is sufficiently like it to be easily recognised, having the same wattle, and neck denuded of feathers. The most remarkable feature about this turkey is its nest, which is composed of sand, leaves, and sticks, piled up into a great mound three feet or so in height, and ten or more in diameter. This enormous mass is not the unaided work of one pair, but of a whole colony, and the material is got together by the bird grasping a quantity in its foot, and throwing it behind him; the ground in the immediate vicinity of the mound is thus entirely stripped of every blade of grass, or fallen leaf. In process of time, the heap partially decomposes, and when the female judges that enough heat has been engendered to serve her purpose, she proceeds to lay her eggs. These are enormous when compared with the size of the bird, and are not simply deposited and covered over, but buried at a depth of eighteen or twenty inches, each egg nearly a foot from its neighbour, and standing on end, with the larger half uppermost. Thus they remain until hatched, though how the bird manages to plant them with such dexterity has, I believe, never been ascertained; no one yet having been sufficiently lucky to witness the proceeding. Directly the little birds chip the shell, they run about with the greatest agility, and their capture is exceedingly difficult. A nest with freshly-laid eggs is a glorious find, for several dozen are frequently extracted, and are most delicious eating.

The evening was fast approaching, when we camped for the night by the side of a nice clear water-hole in a sequestered valley, and, after bathing and having tea, we tried our luck at fishing, for these holes are sometimes full of eels. We prospered, and soon had several fine fellows on the bank, from whence they were speedily transferred to the hot ashes, and roasted in their integrity; they were thus spared the skinning, to which, it is averred, custom has habituated them. Ferdinand and Cato were collecting firewood for the night, for, in the position we had selected, we were not afraid of making a good blaze, and we were sitting and lounging round the fire, conjecturing what had become of all the blacks, and how soon we should fall in with the other party, when Lizzie—who had accompanied the troopers—came rushing back, and said:—

"One fellow snake been bite 'em Cato; plenty that fellow go bong (dead) by-and-by, mine believe."

We all jumped up, and, sure enough, poor Cato came slowly towards us, looking the ashy-grey colour to which fear turns the black, and followed by Ferdinand, who dragged after him a large black snake, the author of the mischief.

If Australia is exempt from wild beasts, the number of venomous reptiles with which it is cursed make it as dangerous to the traveller as other tropical countries in which ferocious animals abound. Hardly a tree or a shrub can be found that does not contain or conceal some stinging abomination. The whole of these are not, of course, deadly, but a tarantula bite, or a centipede sting, will cripple a strong man for weeks, while a feeble constitution stands a fair chance of succumbing. But

of all these pests, none can equal the snakes, which not only swarm, but seem to have no fear of man, selecting dwellings by choice for an abode. These horrible reptiles are of all sizes, from the large carpet snake of twenty feet, to the little rock viper of scarcely half a dozen inches. The great majority of these are venomous, and are of too many different kinds for me to attempt their enumeration here. The most common with us were the brown, black, and whip snakes, and the death-adder, all poisonous; and the carpet-snake, harmless. The brown and black snakes run from two to eight feet in length, frequent the long grass, chiefly in the neighbourhood of swamps, and from the snug way in which they coil up, and their disinclination to move, are highly dangerous. The latter is very handsome, the back of a brilliant black, and the under portion of a sea-shell pink. Their skin is sometimes used by bushmen as a cover to their waistbelts, which are much beautified thereby. The whip-snakes are of all sizes and of all colours; in fact, under this name the colonists include all the slender climbing snakes, so many of which inhabit Australia. In my opinion, these are the worst; for they come boldly into your room in search of warmth, and may be found stowed away in a boot, or under the pillow, or in any place where they are least expected. Last and worst of our venomous snakes comes the death, or deaf, adder, for it is called indiscriminately by both names, and amply justifies either prefix. This hideous reptile is very thick and stumpy in proportion to its length, which rarely exceeds two feet, whilst its circumference may be put down at one-fifth of its total measurement. The tail is terminated by a small curved spike, which is commonly regarded as the sting; but though when touched it doubles up, and strikes with this horn, as well as bites, I do not think the tail does any material damage, but this opinion one would find it difficult to make a bushman credit. I once saw a man take a death-adder up—quite unintentionally, you may be sure—between two shingles, and it immediately struck backwards with both head and tail, the two extremities luckily meeting above his hand. From the sluggish habits of this reptile, it is popularly accounted deaf, and it seems quite unalarmed even by the report of a gun. You may walk over it a dozen times, as it lies basking in the sun, usually in the most frequented part of the road, and it will take not the slightest notice, but if touched, however gently, it bites at once.

When I first went to Cardwell, I was talking about death-adders, and the naïve remark made by one of the inhabitants amused and at the same time rather terrified me, for the perfect knowledge he exhibited of the reptiles showed plainly how common they were there.

"Nasty things," he said, "but Lord, they won't hurt you. Best not try to get one alive into a bottle, though. I tried that little game on, with a pickle-jar and a stick, but I couldn't get him in, and he doubled up and very nearly bit me; his tail just grazed my hand as it was."

I thanked my informant, and assured him from the bottom of my heart, that whenever I *did* try to coax a death-adder into a bottle, I would benefit by his experience and use the greatest caution.

The eye of this snake is remarkable for its vivid yellow, crossed by a black longitudinal pupil. The colour of the body is a mixture of dull hues, and the abdomen pinkish; the head broad, thick, flattened, and its *tout ensemble* hideously repulsive. But I am digressing, and leaving poor Cato still uncared for.

The snake, which was a very large one, had been laid hold of by the boy in the imperfect light, and had instantly bitten him in the wrist, on which the punctures of the fangs were plainly visible. A handkerchief was at once tied round the wounded limb, with a small pebble so placed as to compress the brachial artery inside the forearm, and with the iron ramrod from a carbine as a lever, we screwed this rough tourniquet up until the circulation was in a great measure cut off. Luckily Dunmore had a pocket-knife with him, for the sheath-knives we carried were but rude instruments for surgery, and with the small blade he slashed the bitten part freely, while Lizzie, applying her lips to the wound, did her best to draw out the subtle venom. Some of us carried flasks, containing various spirits, and the contents of these were at once mixed—brandy, rum, hollands, all indiscriminately—in a quart pot, and tossed off by the sufferer, without the slightest visible effect. Had the spirit taken the smallest hold upon him, we should have felt hope, for if a man suffering from snake-bite can be made intoxicated, he is safe. But the poison neutralised the potent draught, and poor Cato showed no indication of having swallowed anything stronger than water. With the superstition inherent in the blacks, he had made up his mind to die, and his broken English, as he moaned out, "Plenty soon this fellow go bong," was painful in the extreme.

"It's no use," said Dunmore. "I know these fellows better than any of you, and Cato will never recover. I had a boy down on the Mary River, who was knocked down with low fever. Half a pennyweight of quinine would have put him to rights, but he had made up his mind to die, and when once they have done that, all the drugs in a doctor's shop won't do them any good."

Everything we could think of was proposed, but speedily rejected as useless.

"Pour a charge of powder on the wound," said Jack Clarke, "and then fire it, that will take the part out clean enough;" but we agreed that it would be putting the boy to unnecessary pain, for the poison must be already in the system and beyond the reach of local remedy; and the patient had become drowsy, and repeatedly begged to be left alone and allowed to go to sleep.

"We must walk him about," said Dunmore, "it is the only chance, and, painful as it is, I must have it done. Remember, I'm responsible for the boy, and no means must be left untried."

I had withdrawn a little from the group, and as I stood some distance off, outside the circle of light thrown by the fire, I could not help thinking what a scene for the painter's brush was here presented. The dark outline of the lofty gums looked black and forbidding as funeral plumes, against the leaden sky. The rugged range starting up in the rear, cast a threatening gloom over the little valley in which we were encamped, and the distant thunder of a falling torrent could, with little effort, be interpreted as a dull voice of warning from the mountain. The fitful glare of the fire, now sinking, now rising as a fresh brand was added, threw a ruddy glare over the actors in this strange scene; showing the hopeless face of the poor patient, the undemonstrative countenances of his sable companions, and the anxious air apparent in the white men, more particularly in Dunmore, as he knelt over his follower, and tried to inspirit a little hope by dwelling on the chances of recovery. The fantastic dresses, and the wildness of the spot, all combined to add a weird aspect to the group; and recalled forcibly to

the mind those scenes of Pyrenean robber-life, so faithfully portrayed by the magic pencil of Salvator Rosa.

But drowsiness was fast closing the eyes of poor Cato, and, as the last chance, we compelled him to walk about, despite his piteous prayers for repose. It soon became evident that our labour was thrown away, for he dropped heavily down from between the two men who were supporting him, and no power could induce him to rise. A heavy stertorous sleep overwhelmed him, his breath came gradually slower and slower, and about two hours from the time of the accident, poor Cato passed away, peacefully and without pain.

Can no antidote be discovered for this virulent poison? Empirics are common who profess to cure snake-bites, but I doubt if they ever really succeed. It is beyond all question that in the early days of Australia, and whilst this beautiful continent was held by Great Britain as nothing more than a useful place for the safe custody of her criminal classes, a convict named Underwood discovered a remedy for snake-bite, and in many cases treated it successfully. The story has by no means died out in the colonies, of the good old laws of brutal terrorism, under which, when a bitten man was brought to Underwood, the latter proceeded to apply his remedy, stimulated by the pleasing threat of a severe flogging, should his treatment be of no avail. He appears to have been a man of great firmness of purpose, for he never could be betrayed into divulging his secret, though many unworthy means were resorted to for that end. The utmost that he would acknowledge was that the antidote was common, and that Australians trampled it under-foot every day of their lives. The way he became acquainted with the remedy was by accidentally witnessing a fight between a snake and an iguana. The latter was frequently bitten, and in every case ran to a certain plant and ate it before renewing the contest, in which it was ultimately victorious, leaving the serpent dead upon the plain. Underwood demanded his pardon and liberty as the price of his precious knowledge, and I believe a mixed commission of military men and civilians deliberated on the case at Sydney, and decided not to grant the convict's request. In due time he died, and with him perished his invaluable secret. It is to be presumed the commission knew what they were about, but undoubtedly their adverse decision has been a real misfortune to all those whose lives are passed in a country inhabited by venomous reptiles. We are much indebted to Doctor Fagren for the exhaustive researches he has made into the action of snake-poison and its remedy—the result of which the reader can find in his elaborately got-up volume, entitled "The Thanatophidia of India"—and on looking over the concise directions given by him for immediate use in the event of such an accident, I do not see that we could possibly have done more than we did, considering the limited material we had at our command. Perhaps, had it been a white man, with a strong constitution, he would have pulled through; for the settled conviction that he was doomed, doubtless accelerated the death of the black boy; but the action of the poison is so rapid, that most cases terminate fatally. Two instances I know of, in which the patient recovered. The first was an Irish labourer, who whilst reaping took up a snake, which bit him in the finger. He walked at once to the fence, put his hand on a post, and severed the wounded member with his sickle. Irishman-like, he forgot to move the sound fingers out of the way, and two of them shared the fate of their injured companion. Paddy walked into the nearest township, had his wounds dressed, and felt no inconvenience from the venom. Under the soubriquet of "Three-fingered Tim," this individual may frequently be met with at Sydney, and, for a glass of grog, will be delighted to recount the whole affair, with the richest of Milesian brogues. The second case was that of a woman. She was going from the hut to the fireplace, when she trod on a snake, which bit her just below the joint of the little toe; for, like Coleridge's Christabel—

"Her blue-veined feet unsandall'd were."

She was in a terrible position; her husband, and the other man for whom she acted as hut-keeper, had both gone out with their flocks some hours previously, and there was nobody about but a poor half-witted lad, who hung about the place doing odd jobs. She was a resolute woman, and made up her mind how to act, in far less time than it takes me to set it down on paper. Coo-ehing for the lad, she went into the hut, and came out again with a sharp tomahawk and an axe.

"Take this," she said, handing the latter to the boy, "and strike hard with the back of it when I tell you."

Thus speaking, she placed her foot on a log of wood, adjusted the keen edge of the tomahawk so that when struck it would sever the toe and the portion of the foot containing the bite, and, holding the handle of the tomahawk steady as a rock, with firm determination gave the words—

"Now, Jim, strike!"

It needed three blows from the back of the axe to complete the operation, for the poor lad grew frightened at the sight of the blood; but the undaunted woman encouraged him, nerved him to a fresh trial, and guided the tomahawk as coolly as if she were cutting up a piece of beef, until the shocking task was completed. With Jim's assistance, she then bound up the foot to arrest the bleeding, and, accompanied by him, rode ten miles into the township, and, need I say, in due course recovered.

In these instances the reader will see that the measures taken were both prompt, and such as would require more nerve than is possessed by the ordinary run of mortals. In the above cases, also, the bitten part was capable of being removed; but for a bite on the wrist, had such an extreme measure as immediate dismemberment been performed, the cure would have been as fatal as the disease.

Poor Dunmore was terribly cut up at the premature death of his follower; Lizzie, having smothered her head with fluffy feathers from some cockatoos that had been roasted for supper, employed herself in chanting a most weird kind of dirge over the body, to which she beat a species of accompaniment on the bottom of a pint pot; while Ferdinand, by Dunmore's directions, had set to work to strip a sheet of bark off a tea-tree, to act as a rude coffin. A great difficulty now presented itself, for we had no tools whatever, and how could we dig a grave? In such hard ground, knives would make no impression, and the body must be buried deeply, or it would be rooted up by the dingoes, whose howl we could plainly hear around us, as they bayed at the moon. We spread ourselves out in different directions, in the hope of finding some rift or recess that would answer the purpose, but, in the imperfect light, we failed to discover anything, so were compelled to wait for dawn. I do not think any of us slept much. One of our little party suddenly snatched away in so unforeseen a

manner, gave us all food for reflection—for which of us knew that the same fate would not befall him to-morrow? When I dropped off into a slumber, it was so light and broken, that I seemed to be conscious of Lizzie, continuing her melancholy drone, and battering monotonously on the tin pannikin, nor was I surprised when in the morning I ascertained that such had really been her occupation all night; for the purpose of keeping the body from harm, she avowed, but, I am inclined to think, much more from fear of sleeping in the neighbourhood of a dead body, for the blacks are dreadfully superstitious, and frightened to death of ghosts.

At daylight we were lucky enough to find a tree that had been blown down in the late hurricane, leaving a hollow where its roots had been torn out of the ground. In this natural grave we laid the poor trooper, wrapped in his bark shell, and, having raised a pile of stones upon the spot, of such dimensions as to preclude the probability of the body being disturbed by dingoes, we went on our way, silent and melancholy.



FRENCH SETTLEMENT ON THE SENEGAL RIVER.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—III.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

HOW THE FRENCH FOUNDED AND EXTENDED THEIR POSSESSIONS IN SENEGAMBIA; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR RELATIONS WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES OF THE INTERIOR, AND THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY.

We will now give a further account, derived from French official and other documents, of their possessions in Senegambia.

Senegal* is the oldest of the French colonies, for we read that, as far back as 1364, the formation of commercial establishments was commenced by Norman navigators, on that portion of the West Coast of Africa extending from the mouth of the Senegal River to the extremity of the Gulf of Guinea.†

Nearly a century later, in the year 1446, the Portuguese formed a settlement on the shores of Senegal, and in 1455, erected a fort on the island of Arguin, which the Dutch afterwards took on the 5th of February, 1638.

From 1626 to 1644, a company of merchants from Dieppe and Rouen were engaged in establishing commercial depôts on the African continent, which they placed under the superintendence of managers of their own selection. In 1644, these

* Senegal was originally called Zenaga by navigators, from the name of the people, Zenaga, who inhabited the right bank of the river.

† We have already said that this is denied by English writers, and those of other countries, and it is certain that no remains exist to attest the truth of this statement, nor have any facts been brought forward in proof of its authenticity. However, it is made on the authority of responsible French authors, and, in a measure, may be said to bear official endorsement, as it is to be found recorded in papers issued under the authority of the French Ministry of Marine. It will be found also that some of the dates given hereafter do not accord with those quoted by us from other than French sources.

establishments were sold for the sum of 150,000 *livres tournois*,* to the West India Company, which had been formed in the month of May of the same year. It did not, however, long retain possession of them, for, in accordance with the provisions of a royal warrant, dated the 9th of April, 1672, it was compelled to transfer all its property, and the privileges connected therewith, to a new company which, in June, 1679, received, by letters patent, the title of the "Senegal Company," and was granted the exclusive right of trading between Cape Blanco and the Cape of Good Hope.

Two years before, the French had wrested the island of Goree, the stations of Rufisque, Portadal, and Joal, from the Dutch, and their right of possession was confirmed by the treaty of Nimeguen, 10th of August, 1678.

The "Senegal Company," ruined by the heavy losses it sustained during the war with the Dutch, was obliged in July, 1681, to cede to a company which assumed the name of the "Guinea and African Coast Company of Senegal," its rights and possessions, in consideration of the sum of 1,010,015 *livres tournois*, or a little more than £42,000. By royal warrants of the 12th of September, 1684, and 6th of January, 1685, the extent of its concessions was reduced, and its sphere of action limited between Cape Blanco and Sierra Leone, from which time the company changed its name to that of the "Senegal Company," and, in 1694, in turn gave place to the "Royal North Cape and African Coast Company of Senegal," which, four years later, built the fort of St. Joseph, which was destroyed by a flood in 1701, was rebuilt, and then burnt by native rebels on the 25th of December in the following year. This company existed until 1709, when, being placed under liquidation, it was compelled, by royal decree, to dispose of its privileges, for the sum of £10,000, to another company, which received its letters patent on the 30th July of that year, and likewise took the name of the "Senegal Company."

In 1713, the fort of St. Joseph was rebuilt at Makana, and two years afterwards the fort of St. Pierre de Kainoura was constructed on the left bank of the Falémé.

In 1717, the Moors of Senegal ceded Portendik to the French, and the transfer, as well as that of the island of Arguin, which they took in 1724, was confirmed by the treaty signed at the Hague on the 13th of January, 1727. By an act passed on the 13th of December, 1718, and approved by a minute of the State Council on the 10th of January following, the said "West India Company" purchased all the property of the Senegal Company for the sum of 1,600,000 *livres tournois*, or rather more than £66,660; the French Government at the same time granting them perpetual privileges, which were to extend over the coast country between Sierra Leone and the Cape of Good Hope. Several forts in the interior were restored by this company, and it also built the fort of Podor on the western extremity of the island of Morfil; it administered the country, and made the most of its commerce until 1758, the year in which the English took Senegal and Goree. The fort of St. Louis fell an easy prey to the British navy, but Commodore Keppel encountered some difficulty in effecting the reduction of Goree, the fortifications of which M. Adanson had pronounced a few years before to be "impregnable." The British force consisted of four sail of the line, and four frigates, and, after a gallant resistance, the governor, who shortly before had foiled the efforts of a smaller squadron, surrendered.

* Equal to about £6,250 sterling.

By the treaty of 1763, Goree alone was restored to France, but on the 30th January, 1779, Senegal was retaken by the Duke de Lauzun, and in the treaty of peace concluded between the two nations on the 3rd of September, 1783, the right of the French to its possession was acknowledged, after which the affairs of the colony were presided over by governors, officially appointed by the French Government. Between the years 1763-1787, Cape Verd, and the neighbouring country between Point Mamelles and Cape Bernard, together with the island of Dakar, was ceded to the French by the Damel, or King of Cayor. The right of trading in gum, which had been granted on the 1st of July, 1784, to the Guinea Company, was relinquished by it in 1785, and transferred to a company which first took the name of the "Gum Company," but a year later, changed it to that of the "Senegal Company." This corporation did not, however, long enjoy its monopoly, for it was dissolved by an act of the French Revolutionary Assembly passed on the 23rd of July, 1791, which also declared the trade with Senegal free to the whole of France.

In the year 1800, the English took the island of Goree, but were not successful in their attempt against St. Louis; the former should have been restored to France in 1802, in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, though it appears this was not done, and on the 18th of January, 1804, some French privateers, assisted by a detachment of the Senegal garrison, attacked and recaptured the island of Goree. It, however, soon again fell into the hands of the British, as did also Senegal itself, which surrendered on the 14th of July, 1809.

The treaty of Paris of 30th of May, 1814, stipulated that all the settlements of which the French were actually in possession on the 1st of January, 1792, on the West Coast of Africa, should be restored, but these provisions were not carried into effect until the 1st of January, 1817, when was organised an expedition for the re-occupation of Senegal, which terminated so sadly with the disastrous wreck of the *Medusa* on the Arguin Bank.

The French colonies in the west were at this time limited to the islands of Senegal and Goree, the latter about 110 miles further south.

St. Louis was then merely a trading depôt, where the few Europeans who had settled there bartered their commodities for gum, the only product the native dealers bought from the Moors. The fertility of the country was, however, soon discovered, and, after careful investigation, it was ascertained that the nature of the soil of Senegambia was, beyond doubt, most favourable to the growth of cotton and indigo, and although the attempts made to utilise these fertile plains may not have been successful, owing to the means employed, subsequent events have fully proved the soundness of the conclusions then arrived at. On the 8th of May, 1819, the governor of the French settlements concluded a treaty with the king and principal chiefs of Ualo, by which the latter agreed to cede absolutely all islands and lands in Ualo which the French might wish to cultivate, in consideration of the payment of an annual tax, and in 1820 and 1821, the forts of Richard Toll and Dagana were built on the left bank of the Senegal River for the protection of the stations they intended to establish.

The first of these two forts, situated at the confluence of the Taouey and Senegal, commanded that part of Ualo which converges on St. Louis from the shores of Lake Guier, and

also served as a base of operations against the Darmankours and other desert tribes, whilst the fort of Dagana held in check that portion of Ualo beyond Lake Guier—Dimar, for instance —and could also be used as a base for operating against the Trarza Moors, should they ever make a sudden descent on the village of Gaë. Later on, in 1842, a third post was established at Merinaghen, at the southern extremity of Lake Guier, which completed the occupation of Ualo.

The fortified stations of Medina, Sansandig, St. Joseph, and Farabana, which the old companies had established from time to time, had disappeared, but the local government, feeling the importance of a settlement in these parts where the Douaich Moors cultivated vast forests of gum-trees, entered into negociations with the king of this country, and, in 1818, bought from him the land upon which Fort Bakel was built two years later.

In 1824, a company which took the name of the "Commercial and Agricultural Company of Galam and Ualo," secured for itself the privilege of extending its commerce into Upper Senegambia. Other companies, however, in course of time, sprung up, and the monopoly was withdrawn in 1848.

In the midst of various difficulties, and under the pressure of this monopoly, the colony had really made but little progress; the cultivation of cotton and indigo, attempted from 1820 to 1830, had ended in failure, and the French, after having established themselves at certain points, neglected their interests, thinking it sufficient to put in an occasional appearance on the Senegal for commercial purposes only, whilst the Moorish chiefs of the right bank of the river had been maturing their plans for obtaining the command of the left bank. At length it became necessary to punish them severely for their depredations, and this was done in repeated expeditions, notably in 1826 to 1830, 1832 and 1843. But more remained to be accomplished before peace could be insured. The native population on the left bank of the river, also, finding that they derived but little benefit from the protection of the French, had succumbed to the yoke of their Moorish oppressors on the right bank, and, indeed, the political situation had become so intolerable, that in 1851, the home government took the matter in hand, and gave the necessary orders for permanently securing the French position in the colony.

The work of placing matters on a satisfactory basis was entrusted to Colonel (now General) Faidherbe, an officer of Engineers, who was appointed governor in 1854, and the supreme power could not have been placed in abler hands. His first act was to regain possession of the left bank of the river from the Trarza Moors; this he accomplished after four years' war, and the King of the Trarzas, after enormous losses, signed a treaty in May, 1858, which was destined to inaugurate a new era. Ualo, and other adjacent territories, were also added to the French possessions.

In the meantime commercial centres had been established at Podor and Dagana, to reopen at these points the annual fairs which had been held in other parts of the country. This change was a great boon to French commerce; but the Trarza and Brakna Moors could only be induced to consent to it by force. The navigation of the river had been at the same time freed from a host of obstacles which seriously interfered with the traffic.

Simultaneously with the appointment of Faidherbe as Governor of Senegal, a terrible war broke out in Western Soudan. El Hadj Omar, a powerful Mohammedan chief, attempted to subjugate the whole basin of the Senegal, in order that he might destroy the European settlements, and set up a vast Mussulman empire. The French had to fight hard for their bare existence, and maintained a contest which spread over more than 900 miles of country, from St. Louis to the basin of the Niger, and devastated the greater part of the land. This desperate struggle was only terminated in 1860 by a treaty concluded with one of the lieutenants of El Hadj Omar, at a time when the latter, driven back from Senegal after several defeats, found himself embroiled in hostilities with the powerful empire of Bambara, or Segou. The most brilliant feats of arms in this campaign were the defence of the fort of Medina, an advanced post established in 1855 near the cataracts of Felou, to cover the important station of Bakel, by Paul Holl, a half-caste of Senegal; its relief by the governor in person after a three months' siege, on the 18th of July, 1857, and the capture of the large fortified village of Guémou, on the 25th of October, 1859, by Lieutenant-Colonel Faron.

The treaty, concluded with Omar's lieutenant in August, 1860, defined a frontier-line between those countries over which the French did not pretend to exercise authority, and which they abandoned to the Mohammedan chief, and those, almost equal in extent to Algeria, which they either claimed as their absolute possessions, or which were to remain under their protection. In order to complete the facilities for commerce, and to ensure the safe navigation of the river, stations were established at Matam, in Damga, in 1857, and at Saldé, or Tébékout, in Central Fouta, in 1859.

The following *résumé* of some of the most important events will give an idea of the commercial and territorial aggrandisement of the colony of Senegal during this epoch (1854 to 1860).

In 1855, the Bank of Senegal was opened, a government printing-office established, and a colonial official newspaper started.

In 1856, the annexation of Ualo, which has been already referred to, was effected, as well as that of the villages of Dagana, Bakel, and Sénoudébou, and the islands of Thiong and Ndiago.

In 1857, the English relinquished their right to all mari time trade between the mouth of the river St. John and Portendik, receiving the factory of Albréda, on the Gambia, as an equivalent. In 1858, the annexation of some villages and various lands in the vicinity of St. Louis was effected, and a treaty of peace concluded, by which the native chiefs ceded the lands in the upper part of the province, and, amongst others, those on the left bank of the river Senegal, from Bakel to its confluence with the Falémé; the treaty also assuring to the French the privilege of establishing stations wherever they might think proper along this latter river.

In 1859, Fouta was dismembered, and divided into three independent states, viz., Damga, Central Fouta, and Toro; the province of Dimar was also annexed. In 1860 and the succeeding years, the neighbouring countries were explored by MM. Vincent, Mage, Pascal, Lambert, Bourel, and other travellers. Damga was also annexed, and Toro tendered its submission. The reactionary movement which had commenced at St. Louis soon spread to Goree, whose dependencies at the time only consisted of the settlement of Albréda, on the Gambia (afterwards ceded to England), the islands of Djoqué

and Carabane, on the river Casamanza, and Sedhiou on the Upper Casamanza, which had been purchased some years previously from the natives of this river.

Since 1854, the French, reclaiming former privileges, have exercised the rights over Cape Verd awarded by treaties concluded in 1763, 1765, and 1787, with the King of Cayor. This country and the adjoining district were overrun in 1861 and 1862 by various columns under the successive commands of Governors Faidherbe and Jauréguiberry, and were thus gradually brought under French *régime*, finally accepting their suzerainty. On the 1st of February, 1861, a treaty was concluded, by Banjiars of Kamabel in 1859; and Governor Laprade against the Karônes at Hilor and Courba, and the Jigonches at Thionk in 1860; to which may be added that of the same commandant against Souna, and the Balantes of Couniara in 1861.

In the course of the year 1862, complications arose in Central Fouta, in consequence of an attack made by the Toucouleurs upon some friendly tribes; and three expeditionary columns were sent out in July and September, 1862, and January, 1863, to operate against these fanatics, who were easily vanquished, and forced to sue for terms of peace.

From this time the imposition of arbitrary taxes upon the



CIVILISED NEGROES OF GOREE.

which the whole coast-line between St. Louis and Goree, to a breadth of seven and a half miles, was ceded to the French; and the province of Gandiole, near St. Louis, together with that of Diander, facing Goree, was also added to their possessions.

In 1859, the kingdoms of Baol, Sine, and Salum, were occupied by French troops; and three treaties were concluded with the kings of those countries, which led to the formation of settlements at Rufisque, Portadal, Joal, and Kaolack.

Several successful operations had likewise during the period been made into the Casamanza country, which resulted in the annexation* of the greater part of the lands irrigated by this river; the most notable being those of Commodore Pinaud to Cagnut in 1851; of Commodore Protet against the Jigonches and French traders was discontinued; Sedhiou has become the centre of a flourishing trade, and the river Songrougou, an affluent of the Casamanza, has been explored, and a new field for commercial enterprise thrown open to the French nation. Much of the success of the colony is no doubt due to the able administration and untiring energy displayed by many of its governors; and in proof of which it is only necessary to mention the names of such men as Admiral Protet, who served twice in the same capacity; Faidherbe, who served three times; and Jauréguiberry, the two latter of whom have likewise proved their ability and patriotism during the desperate struggle waged before Paris and in the north of France during the recent great European war, after the capitulation of the French regular army at Metz and Sedan destroyed the last prospect of a successful issue to the unequal conflict.

* Treaties of the 7th of November, 1855; 9th of January, 1859; 14th of February, 1861; and 17th of March, 1863.



GROUP OF WOMEN OF SENEGAL.

The geographical extent of Senegambia may be described as embracing the basin of the Senegal, which, from the mountains of Fouta D'jallon to its mouth, is nearly 1,000 miles in length, together with the forts and settlements on the western coast of Africa, from Cape Blanco, in the north, to Cape Sierra Leone, in the south. The colony is divided into two *arrondissements*, or divisions—Upper and Lower Senegal; the latter includes that part of the country which is accessible by water at all seasons, and may be said to extend 250 miles up the river; whilst the former comprises that portion beyond this point, which is isolated from December to July, the navigation of the river being impracticable during those months.

The following are some of the chief places of importance in the French possessions, viz., Cape Blanco, Arguin, Portendik, St. Louis (Senegal), Mérinaghen, Dagana, Podor, Saldé, Matam, Bakel, Medina, Sénoudébou, Farabana, Goree, Rufisque, Portadal, Joal, Sangomar Point, Kaolack, Carabane, Sedhiou.

The sandy islet on which St. Louis, the chief town of the colony, is built, is about one and a half miles long, averages 200 yards in breadth, and has a superficial area of about eighty-three acres. It has but slight elevation, the highest portions not being more than six and a half feet above low water mark. The town is easy of access from the east, but it is unapproachable from the west. The arm of the river, which here runs parallel to the sea-shore, from which it is separated by a tongue of sand about four hundred yards wide, called Barbary Point, and upon which stands the small village of Guet N'dar, immediately opposite St. Louis, is from 200 to 300 yards broad. In the estimation of French authorities, St. Louis is undoubtedly the finest town on the West Coast of Africa, and, in comparison with others, it certainly is of considerable size, as it contains 400 brick-built houses, laid out in terraces, and about 4,000 thatched huts, inhabited by natives. The public buildings are also quite sufficient for all the requirements of the colony, and are very creditable structures. The town is not fortified, for, according to the official report, its natural position renders it unassailable by direct attack; and a battery on the sea-coast protects it from the possibility of bombardment. Besides the island on which St. Louis stands, there are several others at no great distance, both above and below, formed by similar bifurcations of the stream, the most important of which are Thiong, De Safal, De Babagué, De Sor, and De Roup. Within a radius of from eight to ten miles there are also several villages, which have, during the last few years, likewise been placed under French administration. Beyond these limits the Ualo country commences, and extends for about 170 miles, as far as the village of Dagana, the left bank of the Senegal forming its northern, and the Cayor country its southern, boundary; while on the east it is separated from Djioloff and Dimar by Lake Guier and the Bounoun.

It is generally believed that the Ouoloff race were formerly united under one king, who bore the title of Bour-ba-Djioloff, and that this empire was subsequently broken up, and three independent states formed, one of which was Ualo, with territory on both sides of the river; that tract of country, however, which it originally possessed north of the Senegal, was more than a century ago conquered by the Trarzas, and a great portion of the inhabitants fled and settled in one of the provinces of Cayor, called Ndiambour, where they remain to this day. Ualo has since then had no territory whatever beyond the left bank of the Senegal. Its form of government was in itself exceedingly complicated, and the difficulties of administration were greatly enhanced by the intrigues of the Trarzas, whose constant aim was to promote dissension, and so by degrees weaken its power. The chief ruler, or head of the Ualo country, was styled Brak; he was chosen from one of the three principal tribes, whose princes, as well as the chiefs of some of the other tribes, bore the title of Kangam. The law of inheritance was generally observed in the election of the Brak, but it was very peculiar in its requirements, being collateral on the women's side, that is to say, upon the death of a chief, or father of a family, his sister's son inherited, to the prejudice of his own children. According to the usages of the country, women were debarred from ascending the throne, though in two recent instances this ancient custom was abrogated in favour of two queens who assumed the reins of government. Their accession was regarded with especial favour by the Trarzas, who very soon made capital out of it, as we shall presently see.

In 1819, the French sought to deprive the Trarzas of their influence in Ualo, with a view to settling there themselves, and cultivating the land; but two years later, weary of the struggle for power, they withdrew from the contest; in 1827, however, a fresh attempt was made, but it also terminated unsuccessfully, and the Trarzas still maintained their ascendency. On each occasion the Moors wreaked terrible vengeance on the people of Ualo, for the assistance they had rendered the French, and in 1833, Queen Guimbotte, finding her country devastated, and receiving no aid from her former allies, in accordance with the wishes of her subjects contracted a matrimonial alliance with Mohammed-el-Habib, King of Trarza, in the hope that she might thus save her country from further ruin. Fresh efforts were now made by the French, to prevent this absorption of territory on the right bank of the river by the Trarzas, but without avail, and, after a two years' campaign, peace was concluded, and they again retired from the country. This last war was not, however, altogether fruitless, for the Moors had become somewhat alarmed, and in the treaty of peace of 1835, which terminated the war, they renounced all their claims to Ualo, in favour of the children of Queen Guimbotte and Mohammed-el-Habib. In the subsequent contests with the Trarzas in 1843, 1848, and 1850, Ualo invariably sided with the latter, and opposed the French, and at the commencement of the war in 1854, it adopted a similar course. The French, however, in this instance, acted with such firmness and energy, that in less than two months Ualo was cleared of its inhabitants, and their allies. The desire to rid themselves of many subsidies, the payment of which they felt to be humiliating, and the determination to make their occupation of Senegal perfectly secure, were no doubt the real motives which induced the French to engage in the last war, the prosecution of which, and the annexation of the country which followed, in 1855, involved the formal violation of the treaty of 1835, as Guimbotte had given birth to a son, named Ely, who had always been acknowledged as the heir presumptive, and was virtually in occupation of the throne in 1854, when the war broke out. After the annexation of Ualo, the village of Dagana was separated from it and added to the adjoining settlement of Dimar, and other villages were also annexed, the villages being placed immediately under French *régime*. The remaining portion of the country was divided into four "circles"—that portion east of the Taouey, and of Lake Guier forming the circle of Dagana; that part which borders on the Senegal, between

the Taouey and Maka-Diama, constituting the circle of Richard Toll; that bordering on Lake Guier from Temey to the fort of Mérinaghen, the circle of Mérinaghen, and the whole of the central portion (formerly the province of Béquio), that of the circle of Lampsar. Four native chiefs were appointed to the command of these circles, and were placed under the orders of an officer resident at Richard Toll, appointed by the governor of the colony.

The population of Ualo, previous to the war of 1854, was about 16,000. Its chief productions are dried fish, and an oleaginous seed called *béreef*,* which is now exported in large quantities; the soil also is well suited to the cultivation of cotton.† The fortified posts are Richard Toll, on the banks of the Senegal, and Mérinaghen at the extremity of Lake Guier. In ascending the river, the next tract of country on the left bank is that of Dimar, which was annexed to the colony on the 18th of June, 1858; it produces millet‡ in great abundance, and cotton is also grown in small quantities. The principal military post is at Dagana, which is protected by a fort. Adjoining Dimar is the district of Toro, formerly a province of Fouta, but surrendered to the French on the 10th of April, 1859. On the western extremity of the island of Morfil, belonging to Toro, is the fortified post of Podor, and the establishment of a station at this important place has had a very salutary effect upon the native inhabitants, who are gradually being weaned from their attachment to the Foutas, and assimilating themselves to the French. Beyond Toro, and between it and Damgar, lies Central Fouta, or Fouta Proper; this tract of country is inhabited by Foulahs and Toucouleurs, fanatic tribes who have always been hostile to French rule. The form of government of this portion of Fouta is that of a republic with an elective president. The only law is the Koran. The head of the republic, or Almamy, as he is termed, is always a Mohammedan priest, or marabout of intelligence, who is elected and dismissed by public assemblies, which are invariably noisy and turbulent, and are entirely guided in their deliberations by the wishes of the hereditary chiefs of the principal tribes. Fouta is an excessively turbulent state, incapable of unity of action in any cause, except that of religion, when the various tribes forget all their differences, and rise as one man for the accomplishment of their object. A signal example of this was given in the religious war that broke out in 1857, soon after Faidherbe's first appointment as governor, at the instigation of El-Hadj Omar, whose aim was to subjugate the whole of the neighbouring countries, and to establish one vast Mussulman empire, but who happily failed in the attempt. Fouta, as its name indicates, is a state which owes its origin to the Pouls or Foulahs. The western portion of the country was formerly inhabited by the Ouoloff Sérers, whilst the Malinkés of the Socé race occupied the eastern parts. About 400 years ago, the Foulahs of the Délianké or Djalonke tribe, under a chief named Koli, conquered the country, and, as a natural consequence, intermarried with the natives and inhabitants, thus creating a half-caste race, who were called Torodos (an appellation which seems to have been derived from the ancient name of the country, Toro, but which now only attaches to a province), and, becoming zealous Mohammedans, overthrew the hereditary and absolute power of the Djalonké chiefs, and succeeded in establishing, about 150 years ago, a Mussulman dynasty under a warrior named Abd-oul-Kader, who, assuming the title of "Almamy" (which was borne for a time by two other chiefs), conquered in succession all the states of Senegal, except Cayor. Abd-oul-Kader met with reverses in the latter part of his career, and was killed, at the age of eighty, by Aïssata, Almamy of Bondou, whose brother he had caused to be put to death at the commencement of his reign. On the death of Abd-oul-Kader, that unity which had made Fouta the most powerful state of Western Africa ceased to exist. It seemed, however, to have revived under the efforts of Omar, and there is little doubt that it would have been thoroughly re-established, and the Crescent regained its ascendency, had not the weight of French power been brought to bear against this fanatical disciple of Mohammed. The inhabitants of Fouta are exceedingly insincere, and excessively avaricious; they are also great thieves, and are partial beyond measure in the administration of justice; still they have their good points, and their devotedness to their religion, which they unfortunately carry to a pitch of the most furious intolerance, their patriotism, and hatred of slavery, may fairly be considered as redeeming qualities. They are also industrious, particularly in the cultivation of the land, which is considered a most honourable pursuit. The chief products are different kinds of millet, fine herds of cattle, ground-nuts,* raw hides, and a breed of small horses, which, though inferior to the animals reared by the Moors, possesses many valuable qualities.

The tract of country which lies to the east of Central Fouta, to which it was formerly attached under certain laws of confederation, is called Damga, and was annexed by the French on the 10th of September, 1859. Matam, on the banks of the river, the commercial centre, is a post of much importance. To the east again of Damga lies the territory of Gadiaga, inhabited by Soninkés, and extending from the small stream of Nguérer above Dembazané, as far as Boungourou, from which point it is separated, by the river Falémé, into two parts, the countries on either side forming the states of

* *Béreef*, or *maff*, is the seed of the *Cucumis melo* and *Cucurbita miroor*, and contains 30 per cent. of very fine fluid oil, much resembling olive oil, and is useful for alimentary and saponaceous purposes. Other oleaginous plants are to be met with in the colony, but especially in the Casamanza district.

† Cotton grows wild in almost all parts of Senegal, but particularly in the upper parts, where it attains a moderate height, thrives for seven or eight years, requires no cultivation, and bears abundantly for the first four years. The whiteness of its fibres is never spoiled by any parasite, nor is the plant itself ever destroyed by insects; the only way in which it suffers is from the desert wind, which carries away the feathery seed that has not been gathered in time. The Senegal cotton is remarkably fine, and of great strength, although shorter than American cotton. Another species, called *koraï* (*Hirsutum herbaceum*), is also grown in the lower provinces. It is sown in November after the harvest, and gathered in the following June. It is white in colour, and very stout in quality; the natives use it for the manufacture of cloth for their own garments, but it is of too coarse a nature for exportation, and, indeed, is not grown in sufficient quantities for such a purpose.

‡ Millet is almost the only meal used by the natives, who make a sort of porridge of it, which forms the chief item of their daily food. It is cultivated on both sides of the Senegal, but chiefly on the left bank; it is sown in July, before the rainy season, and harvested in November. Rice, maize, and a species of haricots called *niébés*, are also cultivated and used by the natives. The rice grown in Kaarta is particularly fine.

* The *Arachis hypogæa* is an annual leguminous plant, which does not grow more than one foot above the soil; it produces a nut of about the size of a small filbert, from which is expressed a clear inodorous oil. It is also eaten by the natives, who consider it a great delicacy, and the stalks form excellent food for cattle. The cultivation of this plant has increased considerably during the last few years, and the nut is now exported in large quantities.

Guoy and Kamera. The inhabitants the Soninkés, are said to have come many centuries ago from Kaarta. In 1819, they sold the site on which the fort of Bakel stands, to the French, and in 1844, disputes arose among their chiefs about the collection and distribution of the tax paid by the French for their occupation of this post, which resulted in a civil war, in which the people of Tuabo suffered great losses; and it was at the close of this war that this portion of the country was divided into two states. The province of Guoy, to the west of the Falémé, was governed by a chief who resided at Tuabo, and preserved the title of Tunka,* while that of Kamera, on the other side of the Falémé, was ruled by the sons of Samba Yacine,† three of whom were put to death by El Hadj, and a fourth was killed in a subsequent war; Bakar, whom the French appointed chief of Makhana, being the only one who survived.

Owing to the relative positions of these two states, Guoy and Kamera, the former, in time of trouble, naturally looked to Fouta for aid, whilst the latter invariably sought for assistance from the chiefs of Bambara and Kaarta, in the upper districts—and thus it happened that in the struggle between Fouta and Kaarta, in which the French were concerned, the inhabitants of Guoy were induced by the Toucouleurs of Fouta to embrace the cause of El Hadj, whereas those of Kamera, siding with their former allies, were subjected to his implacable vengeance, to which he gave vent in a terrible massacre at Makhana in 1854. In Gadiaga there are many Mohammedan villages, and when El Hadj found himself, for the moment, master of Upper Senegal, he deposed the Bakiri chiefs, and a Mussulman from one of these villages was proclaimed spiritual, as well as temporal, ruler, under the title of Almamy. After that, the people of Gadiaga were obliged to abandon their villages no less than ten times, because they did not know with whom to side, being in mortal fear of the French, and at the same time having a wholesome respect for the fanatic El Hadj. Taking advantage of this war, the French possessed themselves of the village of Bakel, which is now thoroughly European, and is a position of considerable importance, protected by a fort of the same name. The inhabitants of Gadiaga may be considered as the most commercial people in Senegal. They send caravans far into the interior, and supply many important adjuncts to the trade of St. Louis, amongst others, Laptots* for the naval service. The chief products are millet, indigo of good quality, earthnuts, vegetables, and sesamum.



NEGROES OF SENEGAMBIA.

* "King," in the Soninké language.

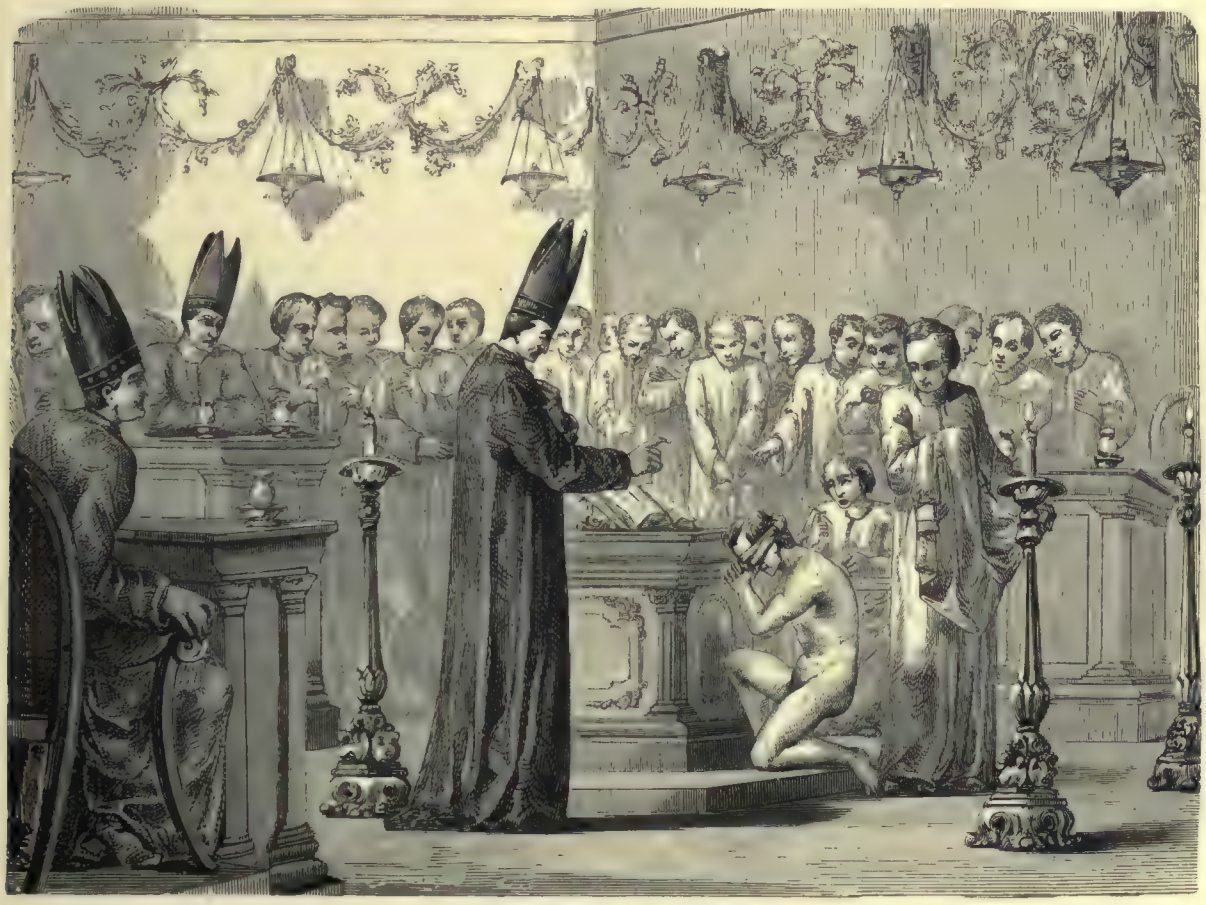
† It was this chief who, by the aid of the warlike Bambaras, effected a wholesale slaughter of the Bakiris of Tuabo.

* Laptots are blacks employed as sailors in the French naval service at Senegal. They are engaged by the year, and may attain the rank of quartermaster, and, when they acquire sufficient experience in the pilotage of the river, that of pilot-master, or "captain of the river" of the first and second class.

A Third-Class Passenger's Journey Across America.

BY E. T. COLEMAN.

THE overland journey from New York to San Francisco, and *vice versâ*, has been more than once described by first-class travellers, but no one has as yet given the experiences of a third-class passenger. These are altogether different, and the record of what I saw may be interesting to that large section of the community who cannot afford to travel first class.



BAPTISM AMONG THE MORMONS.

I started from the ferry at San Francisco at half-past six p.m., on the 10th of October last, to reach the railway on the other side of the bay, having first delivered up my baggage at the luggage office, and received brass checks in exchange, which make the company responsible for it as far as Omaha, where travellers change cars, and have to get their baggage re-checked for Chicago, or whatever place their destination may be. The company will only take boxes, trunks, or portmanteaus, and carpet-bags; one hundred pounds weight being allowed, and all excess is charged for. Small packages or loose parcels may consequently be carried by the traveller in the train.

Midway, crossing to the eastern side of the bay, we pass Goat Island on our left, and on our right a long pile of trestle-work. This extends to from two and a half to three miles, the waters of the bay being shallow. The railway company wanted to carry the line originally to Goat Island, which is nearly one mile long by half a mile broad. But this was opposed by the property-holders of San Francisco, as a city would necessarily have been built up round the terminus, which would have been a formidable rival to San Francisco. The general government would also not sanction the project, lest the bridge that would be necessary to run the trains on to the island, should intercept the current, and cause a sediment to be precipitated, which would ultimately fill up the bay to such an extent as to impede navigation. We pass the end of this bridge or trestle-work, steaming along close to its northern side, and presently, stepping ashore, find the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad in readiness to receive us. After a short distance, the train reaches Oakland, which is six miles from San Francisco, and to which it stands in the same relative position as Brooklyn does to New York.

I started from San Francisco with three others from the same hotel, who had travelled down with me from Portland, Oregon—only three more joined us at Oakland—for the great stream of travel, more particularly the emigration, flows westward. We had thus a whole car to ourselves, and ample accommodation for sleeping. The American cars are far superior to the cattle-boxes in which English third-class passengers are thrust. Strictly speaking, there are no third-class cars, only first and second. They are about fifty feet long on the average (the Pullman palace and sleeping cars being sixty feet). The seats, which are generally cushioned, are placed transversely to the length of the car, and accommodate two passengers to each, with a passage through the centre of the car. There is a stove at each end; in one corner is a reservoir of water and wash-hand basin. The backs of the seats are reversible; by taking advantage of this, turning one of them back, removing the opposite seats and placing them transversely, *i.e.*, lengthwise across the seats, and side by side, sufficient space is afforded to sleep on. The seats, of course, are barely long enough to lie on at full length; this I remedied by piling the extra luggage I carried with me at the ends of the seats, so that my feet could rest upon it. But where the seats are of wood and consequently not removable, the traveller can make a bed by passing a rope from seat to seat, crossing and recrossing it in a zig-zag fashion, till a kind of hammock is made in the centre—that is, between the two seats—so that the traveller can sleep very well by stretching himself across them diagonally. In the absence of a rope, the traveller must forage about at one of the stations for a wide piece of plank. Having brought a pair of blankets, sheets, and a pillow with me, I was enabled to make a good bed, and thus improvised a kind of Pullman's sleeping-car on a small scale. In the day-time, after folding up my bedding, I used to leave the seats as I had placed them at night, and thus had a little compartment, or kind of state cabin, to myself, where I could take my meals and read or write without being disturbed by the other passengers, who had also each their compartments. I had brought candles with me, so that when wakeful at night I was able to read. John Bull likes to have all his comforts about him, and a gentleman once observing my little arrangements, said to me, "Well, sir, you seem to have quite a little store here." Our train was a freight one, and through the night we made a great number of stoppages, for the purpose of taking in grain, fruit, &c. The early morning showed a level country divided by fences and dotted with oaks. It was covered with a yellow stubble, a type, to my eager imagination, of that golden California I had so often read of, and whose fertile valleys I now saw for the first time. Fig-trees abounded, there were also plenty of peach and apple trees; on the train stopping near a junction, several of the passengers got out and helped themselves from an orchard.

It is not my purpose to write a guide-book, only to notice the more prominent features met with on the journey. We reached Sacramento, the capital of California, shortly before 9 a.m. The approaches to this city are well wooded; we crossed a number of avenues, all bordered with finely-grown trees, cottonwood, with the sycamore, locust, and acacia; the former predominating, as usual on the Pacific coast, when in the neighbourhood of bottom lands. There were also a considerable number of fine specimens of the weeping willow. The railroad passes along the river Sacramento, which is about a quarter of a mile broad, its banks lined principally with cottonwood trees. I counted no less than fourteen steamers, mostly passenger ones, some few for freight loaded with grain. We stopped here an hour, enabling those who wanted it, to breakfast. All of us brought provisions for the journey, meals being expensive, as much as seventy-five cents (three shillings) in some places. The stoves are convenient for cooking at, so that we had no trouble in boiling water for tea and coffee. I had bought a good-sized ham at San Francisco, and got the cook at my hotel to boil it for me; this, with a supply of bread, butter, and cheese, enabled me to supply the wants of the inner man. Most of the passengers had a variety of luxuries with them, and lived well. They had tins of oysters, sardines, canned peaches, cold fowl and ham, hock of Californian production, and plenty of the inevitable whisky. One of my companions got out, and for a dollar bought a box a foot and a half long, by nearly the same in breadth, and some six inches deep, full of the largest and finest grapes I ever tasted. On leaving Sacramento, we obtained a fine view of the Capitol with its cupola in the Roman style of architecture. It is built on the plan of the Capitol at Washington, and is the finest building on the Pacific coast. We passed by a large sandy river-bed, called the American River; it presented an extraordinary spectacle, being quite dried up, and was about the size of the Sacramento, a bridge across it being 5,750 feet long. Shortly after leaving Sacramento, we passed for many miles through beautiful park-like scenery, and came to the junction of the Oregon and California line with the Central Pacific, eighteen miles from Sacramento. The scenery became more undulating, with glimpses of distant hills or mountains, till we entered upon a rocky country, the ground being strewn with large granite boulders. One of the stations is called Rocklin, from the number of rocks in its neighbourhood. The railroad company have excellent quarries, from which they have taken a great deal of stone for building purposes. Their workshops are built of granite. Rocklin is 160 miles from San Francisco, and has an elevation of 249 feet above the sea. A different character is here observable in the vegetation, the white pine succeeding to the oak. At Newcastle a glorious view burst upon our sight—a distance or series of distances with an expanse such as one seldom sees. The eye ranges over a vast extent of apparently boundless country; and, looking over league beyond league to the far distant horizon whose line can scarcely be traced, a feeling of exhilaration possesses the traveller, and one revels in the sense of space, boundless, illimitable as that of the great deep. It is to be noted here for the information of travellers, that much of the most beautiful scenery of the Central Pacific Railroad lies on the south side of the line. This section of the country is of interest to the miner, for here we first come to the field of his operations. Large piles of gravel may be seen which have been washed over and over again for gold, and ditches are seen coiling round the hill-sides, constructed to bring water for sluicing and washing the "pay-dirt." After leaving Newcastle, the scenery consists of gently swelling hills topped with pines. Auburn, a pretty place, recalled to us the opening lines of "The Deserted Village"—

> "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
> Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd."

In the early days of California, this was one of the richest mining camps. Here, on a shed full of wood close to the station, the waggish owner, with a touch of humour, has inscribed—"Beware of the Dog."

The telegraph-poles along the line are constructed in the form of crosses, which remind one of Catholic countries on the continent of Europe. Before approaching Clipper Gap, there are some fine views to the south of the line, with magnificent middle distances, hills covered with firs, relieved here and there with ground tints of rich madder brown and burnt sienna. Some manzanita bushes were pointed out to me; they have dark reddish-brown trunks, and make beautiful canes when a straight one can be picked out, varnishing up of a rich mahogany colour. Passing a mining camp, we noticed a wagon full of quartz, drawn by six mules. After passing Colfax, a small place containing about a thousand inhabitants, at an elevation of about 2,424 feet above the sea, we came to Cape Horn, a tremendous precipice seen dimly in the twilight; the road winds round this, then by a sharp curve crosses a deep ravine, over a trestle-bridge 878 feet long, and 113 feet above the bottom of the ravine. From the top of this bridge one looks down into a valley 2,000 feet below; so great is its depth, that a passenger, who had passed it in the daytime, informed me that a team of horses below looked no bigger than goats.

Sunday, October 12th.—No going to church to-day; the train won't stop for that; we give a passing thought, a sigh of regret to the Sunday-school we were wont to attend, and the beautiful service of the Episcopal church which one can never tire of hearing. Early next morning, about five o'clock, at Truckee, a coloured man came "on board" with hot coffee at a bit (6d.) a cup, and pie or cake, 6d. each. We were amused at the brusque off-hand manner of this man. From his rough and ready way, telling us "to hurry up," "now's your time, boys," and so forth, it was evident that he looked down on third-class passengers, and considered us as so many cattle. As a foreigner, I have always been struck with the perfect courtesy and consideration with which the upper treat the lower classes, as well as with the similar feeling with which the lower classes treat each other, that is to say, on the Pacific coast. I have seen a judge of the District Court of the United States, himself a man of education and refinement, address a working man with the utmost courtesy and respect. So true it is that in the States every one is a gentleman, and this is one of the most beautiful features of American civilisation. We are now among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, and, as proof of our elevation, see a thin coating of ice on the road. A few miles after leaving Truckee we pass from California into Nevada. The well-remembered features of mountain scenery now begin to appear. We are hemmed in on either side by steep rocky declivities covered with débris. The mountain streams have shallow, rocky, boulder-strewn beds, and every now and then there are tunnels through the solid rock. During the night we passed through a number of snow-sheds, built to ward off avalanches; it was like going through tunnels. In other parts of the road fences are made use of. These are in the form of the letter A. They are generally about six feet high, and 100 feet long, and are set up in places where drifts occur. We crossed in the night the summit pass of the Sierra Nevada, 7,017 feet above the sea, and 243 miles from San Francisco. Reno is an important place, being the nearest point to Virginia and Washoe cities, with other mining towns which cluster around. Its principal business is forwarding. While waiting at the station, we observed an enormous casting of a wheel upon a truck; it was eleven feet six inches in diameter, by a thickness of seventeen inches, and was estimated to weigh 25,000 pounds (twelve and a half tons). It was intended to be used for pumping up water in a quartz mill. After leaving Reno, we come to the plains, or Great Nevada Desert, which tried emigrants so sorely in the olden time. Figure, reader, a level sandy tract, thinly scattered with stunted bushes (sagebrush), about one foot and a half above the ground, and devoid of trees or water, arid and parched—a region of desolation, totally wanting in colour, being one monotonous tint of raw umber.

> "We gain the top: a boundless plain
> Spreads through the shadow of the night,
> And onward, onward, onward seems,
> Like precipices in our dreams,
> To stretch beyond the sight."

In some places the surface is nearly white, owing to the presence of alkali, and at one of the stations I noticed a large heap of it, like snow. We passed by Humboldt River, the largest and longest in the State of Nevada, and came in the twilight to Humboldt Lake, which is from ten to fifteen miles long, by from five to ten miles broad, being small in summer and large in winter, during the rains and immediately after them. The old emigrant road, which we have now been following for the last hundred miles, passes close to the western margin of the lake. It is strewn with the bones of animals which dropped down from want of water and exhaustion. Being a freight train, our rate of travel was very slow; I was informed it was only eight miles an hour from San Francisco to Ogden; after that, twelve miles an hour to Omaha, and from there to Chicago fifteen or twenty miles, from which latter place the trains go at express speed to New York. One reason for our frequent stoppages was that the train constantly overshot the time allowed it to make stated distances, or else we stopped to allow an express or other train to pass by, there being only one line. At this rate I begin to think we shall never get to our journey's end, and make up my mind that travelling is to be henceforth my normal state of existence, so call philosophy to my aid, and make myself comfortable, no very difficult matter with novels, magazines, newspapers, and plenty of "grub" on board.

Monday, October 13th.—After travelling all night, on waking up in the morning we still find ourselves steaming through the Great Nevada Desert, nothing to be seen but sand, alkali, and sagebrush, with bare hills or mountains far away. About half-past six we stopped at Winnemuca, a station of considerable importance as a forwarding point to Idaho Territory, and intermediate places. The railroad company have here a semi-circular "round-house" ofsixteen stalls, for the locomotives, and an ice-house. Stopping at a little wayside station, I noticed the smallest restaurant I had ever seen; it was about six feet square, and I wondered how people could make a "square meal" there.* Then at dinner to-day such clouds of alkali-dust blew in at the window, that my ham became quite powdered with it, and I was in danger of mistaking alkali for fat. My fellow-passengers proved to be pleasant companions,

* In the States a "square meal" means a full set meal, as distinguished from luncheon, or other slight repast.

and we all agreed very well together; there was a constant interchange of little courtesies, which made travelling pleasant. One of them had a pack of cards, and they would often play at euchre, but not for money, to their credit be it said. Another, pulling out a cigar one day, we jokingly observed that we must object to it, considering that, for a third-class passenger, it was giving oneself airs.

Tuesday, October 14th.—A wild bleak-looking tract of country. We are still travelling through sagebrush deserts, but with signs of cultivation occasionally. The hills are powdered with snow, and icicles hang from the steps of the car, showing that if is freezing. Our elevation is 5,800 feet. We ran out of wood, so got out on the train stopping to water the engine, and each of us gathered an armful of decayed stumps of sage-brush. Passed a track of rye-grass, which is coarse; cattle will only eat it when they cannot get anything better.

Wednesday, October 15th.—A good deal of snow on the ground. We entered Utah Territory during the night, and are now crossing the Great American Desert. At 8 a.m., a few miles beyond Matlin Station, we came in sight of the Great Salt Lake towards the east, our route being north-easterly. The waters of the lake extend away to the horizon; above its sharp line ranges of mountain peaks rise out of the water. The shores of the lake approach close to the road. Ogden is 881 miles from San Francisco. It was here that the junction of the Central Pacific with the Union Pacific Railroad (which completed the communication across the continent) was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies in the presence of Governor Stanford, of California, and a number of high civic dignitaries. Nevada sent a silver spike, California a tie or sleeper of laurel-wood beautifully polished, and a small rail of solid gold, about one foot long, to unite the two lines. On this occasion the Central Pacific Railroad performed the celebrated feat of laying ten miles of track in one day, the greatest ever achieved by any railroad, the Union Pacific never having been able to accomplish more than seven miles in one day. When the junction of the two lines was effected, the locomotives approached each other till they touched, when the engineers stepped forward and shook hands with each other. After the ceremony, the laurel-wood tie and golden rail were taken up, ordinary ones being substituted in their places; the former was cut into pieces, and distributed as *souvenirs* among those who took part in the ceremony.

Ogden presents the usual appearance of Mormon towns, the houses being widely scattered, with fine gardens and orchards around them. One of the passengers had been to Salt Lake City, and gave us an account of the Mormons. Among other things, he witnessed the ceremony of baptism. It appears from his description that this, like the rite as practised by the Baptists, is confined to adults, but with this exception, that the candidate appears before the altar nearly in a state of nudity, and with his eyes bandaged, which would seem to be partly drawn from masonic customs. Shortly before reaching Ogden, a domestic tragedy took place. The teapot gave way, sprang a a leak, an alarming thing to happen to a confirmed tea-drinker. Arrived at Ogden, the tea-drinker rushes out of the cars, teapot in hand, frantically inquiring of every one he meets if there is a tinman at hand. The conductor informs him none within half a mile of the station. The train moves off; our tea man collapses, is inconsolable; deprived of his beloved beverage, he has to wait till next day, when we arrive at a station called Rock Springs. Here our tea man is again to be seen flying about in an excited state, vehemently swinging his teapot. No tinman to be found here, so he goes into a store and buys a new one. Proceeds to make a brew, which is successful. The tea-drinker is jubilant—virtue rewarded! At Ogden we leave churches, schools, and other indications of civilisation behind, nor shall we meet with them again till we get to Cheyenne, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, in the State of Wyoming, close upon Nebraska, a distance of upwards of 400 miles. A mile or two beyond Rock Springs we noticed two coal-pits, the entrance to the seams being on a level with the railroad. Ten miles after leaving Bitter Creek Station, we came to a long ridge of sandstone bluffs, rising to a considerable height above the level of the surrounding country; one of these being flat on the top, and projecting at the sides, is called Table Rock.

Thursday, October 16th.—We wake up in Wyoming Territory, having crossed the frontier in the night. The landscape has a wintry aspect, bleak and sterile, being covered with snow, not a trace of man visible; icicles hang from the car, for we are now at an elevation of 6,300 feet above the sea, and are gradually ascending to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The train stopped at Greenwater to breakfast. Here there are marked geological features. The rock formation, which is of sandstone, seems to have been acted on by water at some former period. It is split up into fantastic shapes, here like the ruins of a castle, there like extensive fortifications. In one place there was a square-shaped mass, exactly like a ruined tower. A man had a quantity of fossils for sale, mostly of fish found in this formation at a considerable height above the level of the surrounding country.

Friday, October 17th.—In the afternoon, on approaching Look-out Station, saw two herds of antelopes; counted one, seventeen in number. We are now entering the rolling prairie country, where for fifty miles, either way along the road, vast herds of elk, deer, and antelope are found at different seasons of the year, the elk appearing mostly in the winter, when the snow drives them from the mountains. We passed in the night through Sherman, the summit pass over the Rocky Mountains, so called from General Sherman being the tallest man in the Federal army. This place is 8,235 feet above the sea.

Next day was a glorious one; warm and sunny, the snow gradually disappearing as we descended to the plains. In the afternoon we came to Prairie Dog City, occupying several hundred acres on each side of the road. The dwellings of the little animals whose colony is thus designated consist of a little mound burrowed out of the sandy soil, about a foot above the ground, with a hole at the top. They squat on their haunches, or else stand on their hind legs, barking at the train as it goes by. These animals are of a light tawny colour on the back, white on the belly, and on the inside of the legs. They resemble a guinea-pig more than a dog, having the large back which is so marked a feature in the former animal. Some of the passengers kept popping at them with revolvers. Saw two buffaloes pretty near, standing still, in a dogged, vicious-looking manner, just as English bulls do. On the other side of the line, at some distance, there was a herd of about fifty. They generally go in a line, one behind another. Close to the road there was a dead buffalo, which some passenger had, I suppose, wantonly shot. It lay as it fell, a huge blackish mass, with a great hump in the centre. We should have liked to have impounded it, as the hump is said to be of a remarkably fine flavour. For 200 miles before we reach Grand Island is the Great Buffalo range.



A TOWN ON THE PLAINS.

Sunday, October 19th.—We are now fairly in the plains, which, generally speaking, begin at Cheyenne and continue up to Omaha. The old emigrants had hard times of it in crossing the plains, having to travel 1,500 miles, without anything but buffalo chips to use for fuel. Now things are somewhat different. One meets with farmhouses occasionally, especially in the neighbourhood of the stations. We reached Grand Island about the middle of the day. This is a large station, but it does not need any description, for there is a great family likeness among all these new towns. They are all hurriedly run up, and built in the cheapest way possible, with slight frameworks of timber, the stores being always of a single planking, or thickness of lumber,* as it is called, the private dwelling-houses being a little more substantial. The accompanying illustration gives a fair notion of a Western town. There were a number of Comanche Indians stalking about in indigo-coloured blankets and mocassins. Observing a kind of brass-headed tomahawk peeping out of the folds of a blanketed Indian, I made signs to him to let me look at it; when, folding his blanket about him, he stalked off, scowling at me as if his dignity had been offended. The women were more sociable, and I bought a pretty bead necklace of one of them for the magnificent sum of 25 cents (1s.). We pass by the North Platte River, whose acquaintance we first made at Fort Steele in Wyoming Territory, more than 400 miles west of this point. It rises in North Park, Colorado, distant about 800 miles. The South Platte has its origin in the South Park of the same territory, and is distant nearly 300 miles. The south bank of this was in the olden time "one broad thoroughfare, where the long trains of the emigrants, with their white-covered wagons, could be seen stretching away for many miles in an almost unbroken chain." Now, on the northern side of the railroad, in almost full view of the old emigrant road, the cars are bearing the teas and silks of China and Japan, the fruit and grain of California, into a thousand channels. After crossing the North Platte, we traverse a level grassy country, consisting of rolling prairie, well watered, and are now entering upon the great valley of the Platte, a rich tract of agricultural land, almost as boundless as the ocean. As far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but the most beautiful grassy plains.

About half an hour before reaching Omaha, where we were to change cars, an official belonging to the company entered the train and gave us information as to hotels, and also offered to change any money we might require into greenbacks, which circulate at Omaha. We arrived at this place, the capital of Nebraska, at 12 o'clock p.m., but it took an hour before we were allowed to leave the cars. My reminiscences of Omaha are not very agreeable. First of all, we were carried a considerable distance beyond the station, then had to wait a long time. After this, we were moved back a short distance, and then shunted on to five or six different lines; after which we were shunted back again; then the locomotive was removed from the front, and brought round to the rear. Finally we were taken back about a mile or two, then brought forward for about the same distance, all of which appeared to us sufficiently senseless and idiotic, or else to be undertaken for the express purpose of imperilling our lives or limbs, seeing that it was a dark night. All trades have their tricks, and the only explanation that I could arrive at, as to the cause of these mysterious movements, was that the railway company wanted to make their passengers thoroughly disgusted, and force them into the first-class in future. When at length we were let out, we hurried to a house belonging to the company, expecting to get some supper, but were disappointed, owing to the lateness of the hour. A party of us then started off into the town in search of a restaurant or hotel that might be open. A dark frosty night added to our discomfort. We could not find one, and came back thoroughly disgusted, vowing that we would shake the dust off our feet against Omaha, as an inhospitable, one-horse place. I unpacked a portion of my luggage and made a supper, with a cup of hot coffee to console me for my misfortunes. My blankets and bedding being all packed up, I laid myself down on the floor of the car, and got about a couple of hours broken sleep.

Monday, October 20th.—About 4 a.m. we were woke up to get our luggage rechecked. About 5.30 we got off, and shortly afterwards came to a place called Council Bluffs, on the western side of the river Missouri, so called because the Indians were in the habit of meeting on these bluffs and holding council. We then crossed the Missouri by a suspension bridge, about one-third of a mile in length. Our new cars were well cushioned and comfortable in every respect, and we had the luxury of ice with our water. I noticed an unusual attempt at decoration connected with machinery, viz., an engine with a small tin figure on it of an Indian shooting with a bow and arrow. We travelled all day through an undulating and fertile country, well stocked with farms. The stations have some of them pretensions to architectural beauty, and everything indicates that we are fast approaching civilisation. The day is glorious, warm, and balmy, and it seems to be that beautiful period known as the Indian summer. The speed with which we now travel revives my spirits, somewhat depressed by the stern and savage aspect of the Rocky Mountains, and the bleak scenery of the Great American Desert. All day long, as the train threads its devious course by winding rivers, through woodland glades, across gentle uplands, I revel in the quiet beauty of these pastoral scenes, these sylvan haunts. A deep joy pervades my being, a quiet, calm, contented state of mind, with a sense of peace to which my breast has long been a stranger; for, after eleven years of a wandering and chequered existence, I am nearing my native land.

We reached Chicago next morning at half-past seven. Here cars are changed again. Finding that we could not leave till the evening, I sallied forth to see the town, first getting my luggage re-checked for New York. The city is the finest I have yet seen. The streets are very wide, and the side-walks flagged with stone; the buildings all superb, as well in point of size as in decoration, and all are either stone or brick, five and six storeys in height; everything is neat and clean looking, very different from San Francisco, which is dingy and dirty. I was struck with the immense height and thickness of the telegraph-poles, which were more like masts, reaching up to about two-thirds of the height of the houses. But what most impressed me were the ruins of two churches that I saw, and of the court-house, all of which looked really picturesque. These ruins, particularly those of the churches, being in the Gothic style, must, seen under the softening influence of moonlight, be perfect. As it is, surveying them in broad daylight, a strange feeling comes over one, seeing ruins silent and sad, while the full roar and tide of existence sweeps round them.

* In America, lumber means timber suitable for building.

There was an "Inter-State" Exhibition of Industry, with a picture gallery. The latter was to me of the most interest. There were two noteworthy pictures. One, the painting commemorative of the burning of Chicago, by E. Armitage, R.A., with the motto, "Resurge Chicago;" the other, by Bierstadt, entitled "Autumn in the Sierras."

I went up to the top of a tower in the exhibition building, and got a good view of Chicago. It seems, as far as one could see on a murky day, to be surrounded on three sides by Lake Michigan. Hardly a trace of the great fire is to be seen. The day was bitterly cold. I was wearied with eleven days and nights of constant travel, and must confess that I enjoyed the warm fire and luxury of a cigar in the smoking-room of the exhibition, more than the ten thousand beautiful objects which everywhere met my eyes as I sauntered around the building.

I was glad to return to the railroad depôt, and enter once more the dear old cars, which seemed to me like home, so familiarised had I now become with travelling. I made myself comfortable with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," but was not allowed long to retain possession of my "state room," for such a crowd of passengers came in, that I was obliged to give up two of the seats, managing, however, to retain the remaining two; this did not occasion me much concern, being now near the journey's end.

We left Chicago at 5.15 p.m., by the Michigan Central Railroad, the train being an express one, and about half-past three in the morning stopped at the Grand Junction Station to change cars. After waiting about a couple of hours, and having breakfast at a good hotel, we went on by the Great Western Railway to Detroit. Here we left the cars again, and crossed by a steam ferryboat over the Detroit River to the Canadian side. The road passes by Lake Ontario, whose waters extend to the horizon. About 5 p.m. I stopped at Clifton to see the Niagara Falls, and proceeded thither on the following morning, a distance of two miles. At 5.10 p.m. I resumed my journey by the Erie Railroad, which starts from the same station as the Great Western, having been just twenty-four hours at Clifton. At Buffalo we had to change cars for last time; the latter portion of the journey we followed the the windings of the river Susquehanna for many miles through some beautiful scenery in the State of New Jersey. Finally we reached New York about half-past one p.m. on the 24th of October, having been—including the day spent at Chicago, and the day and night passed at Niagara Falls—nearly fourteen days on a journey of 3,030 miles.

Ernest Giles' Discoveries in Central Australia.—I.

AUSTRALIAN energy has experienced no diminution since the completion of the great land-telegraph;* but, on the contrary, has availed itself of the telegraph-line as a basis of explorations into the still almost unknown interior of the continent. As a first attempt, a small expedition was fitted out under the patronage of Baron F. von Müller, in the colony of Victoria, and entrusted to Mr. Ernest Giles, an experienced pioneer. A Mr. Carmichael volunteered to accompany him, and, with one other attendant only, a man named Robinson, Giles started for the interior, and arrived on the 22nd August, 1872, at the Finch River, opposite "Chambers' Pillar," which was the point fixed upon for an excursion into the unknown country to the west of the telegraph-line.

Chambers' Pillar is an extraordinary mass of sandstone, visible from a great distance, and surrounded by red sand-hills covered with scrub. It rises out of a sort of pedestal, about 80 feet high, to a height of about 150 feet.

On the 23rd of August, Giles turned his back on this place with the intention of following up the Finch River to its source. The bed of the stream is here very rocky, and they were often obliged to ford it under great difficulties. On one occasion two natives were observed who would not venture within hailing distance, but came back next day, accompanied by a third, a warrior whose formidable war-paint bespoke his hostile intentions. Giles rode towards them, when they took precipitately to flight, the warrior showing extraordinary agility in effecting his escape to the friendly shelter of the nearest trees.

At the mouth of the Mount Mimi Creek, the Finch emerges from a mountain district of considerable length and breadth. The river is closely hemmed in by hills of red sandstone, piled up in the most grotesque forms, and full of cracks and crevices. Here they met with a party of twenty or thirty natives, who took to flight precipitately, as usual, leaving all their possessions behind. The valley through which they were passing, Giles calls the Glen of Palms, from the abundance of beautiful fan-palms (the first which they had met with on their journey from the south), which were growing in the bed of the river, and even in the water. Stony and sterile as was the district, the travellers were much struck with the wonderful profusion of beautiful flowers of all colours and odours.

On leaving the Glen of Palms, which is about forty miles in length, and forms the only break in the hills, the travellers arrived at a sandy plain, thinly covered with trees. After traversing this for twenty miles, they reached a northern range of mountains, higher and more imposing than those which they had lately left behind. Here the Finch flows out of a narrow gorge, before the southern opening of which the expedition encamped on the 5th and 6th of September. On climbing a hill near the camp, Giles was able to distinguish three separate ranges of mountains. The most northerly rises to a height of more than 4,000 feet above the sea; while the height of the others is not under 2,000 feet. The most southern, and the lowest consist of sandstone, and the middle, and probably the northern also, of basalt. These mountains are a continuation of the Macdonnell Range; and Giles saw high confused masses of mountains to the east, and one straight precipitous peak particularly attracted his attention.

* See ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, vol. v., p. 306.

As the gorge of the Finch proved to be impassable for horses, and no other passage through the mountains could be found, Giles turned to the west along a watercourse which he called Rudall Creek. This led them past an isolated range of red and white sandstone hills, which received the name of Gosse Range. The surface of the valley of Rudall Creek consisted alternately of high sand-hills covered with the troublesome *Spinifex*, or porcupine grass; plains with clumps of mulya-trees, and stony ridges overgrown with *Eucalyptus;* grass-trees were also observed, a great rarity in this part of Australia.

Rudall's Creek, like the Finch, flows from the mountains through a narrow impassable gorge, and Giles was therefore obliged to cross the barren hills to the west, and thus reached another creek (Carmichael's), which turned more to the west than the one they had first quitted. A little further on, the river divides into several arms, and flows through a marshy fertile plain, where they met with many emus, kangaroos, crows, eagles, quails, and pigeons. About this point two of the mountain ranges ended, the middle one turning back towards the east in very regular steps or notches, each of which forms a crooked red wall, so that the chain looks like a gigantic flight of steps in perspective.

Giles wished to make another attempt to cross the mountains, one range of which still continued to run to the west as far as they could see; and he and Carmichael proceeded to a mountain seven or eight miles north of the camp, and about 1,600 feet above it, in order to reconnoitre. On reaching the foot-hills, they found that they were separated from the mountain by a yawning chasm, on the opposite side of which it rose in a perpendicular wall of basalt fifty or sixty feet high, and so regularly divided by cracks in opposite directions, that it seemed to be composed of building-stones piled together without mortar. It could only have been ascended on the north side, and as Giles was now convinced that no practicable pass for horses could be found here, he abandoned the attempt, and determined to continue his route to the west.

They pursued their course in this direction for some days, encountering great difficulties from want of water, and the desertion of horses. The Macdonnell Range still continued parallel to their course on the north, and exhibited a breadth of from forty to forty-five miles. Giles was much surprised that he met with no river-bed flowing from so large an extent of mountains of a greater length than ten or twelve miles. The Macdonnell Mountains had been known before as a peculiarly healthy and fertile district; but their great extent, which may be compared to that of the South Australian mountains, was previously unsuspected.

Leaving the basaltic walls, and following a creek which led them at first through an open country covered with long dry grass and beautiful casuarinas, the expedition arrived, on the 18th September, at the extremity of the chain of hills which they had had to the left for some time, and had called Gardiner's Range. About this time water failed them, and their road led over sandhills covered with scrub, which immediately absorbed any rain which fell upon it. Finally Giles reached a mountain which he named Mount Udor, where a little water was to be found in the clefts of the rocks. But the view from the top of the hill was anything but reassuring. The main range was passed, having turned in a northerly or north-westerly direction; but both to the north and west, little could be seen but a confused mass of hills covered with scrub, and no river-bed of any kind could be discovered.

The inhospitable and waterless character of this district was only more fully proved by an excursion to the west, during which Giles met with nothing for 300 miles but rocks or sand-hills, covered with porcupine-grass, which wounded the feet of the horses, and on returning to the camp he determined to turn in a southerly direction, as it was impossible to penetrate further to the west for want of water. A mare which had dropped a foal in this desolate region was obliged to be left behind.

No water was found on the first day, during which they travelled, as usual, over dreary sandhills; but they noticed a cave, the sides of which were covered with odd pictures of snakes, and the impression of children's hands in coal. This had evidently been a camp of the natives; and Giles soon discovered a rocky basin filled with clear pure water in a little valley (Glen Edith) filled with wild fig-trees and surrounded with fantastically-shaped sandstone hills. Here again were caves with rude native drawings. Many of these were outlines of the human hand.

The expedition rested here some days, and the mare was brought over from Mount Udor. The whole neighbourhood seemed desert and waterless; and it was only after two or three fruitless excursions in different directions, that Giles was able to remove the camp to the Vale of Tempe, a little further south, where an abundance of fresh green grass and *Eucalyptus* was met with.

During the last excursion, Giles saw from the hills about the Worrill Pass, a high mountain to the south, apparently about seventy or seventy-five miles distant; and, as he hoped to find a considerable river running from it to the west, he and Carmichael started in this direction, with provisions for a week, leaving Robinson in charge of the camp. On the first day (October 17th), the road lay again over sandhills and through scrub, and they were obliged to camp without water. Besides the high mountain, a peculiar hazy appearance was visible towards the south, which Giles could not understand. He then pushed on through Glen Thirsty to the Worrill Pass.

After allowing the horses one day's rest, they turned again to the south on the 20th of October. They immediately emerged from the hills into thick scrub; and, after riding fifteen miles, they reached a marshy watercourse, with traces of very salt water. They found a crossing, climbed a high sand-hill, and stood at the edge of an immense salt plain, which stretched away to the west for a long distance. They attempted to ride round it to the east, but, after riding some distance, and climbing another sand-hill, could see no termination in this direction either. The salt-marsh lay just across their path, and it was impossible to cross it. The crust on the surface would indeed support the weight of a man; but the horses broke through, and almost disappeared in the bog beneath. The breadth of the salt-marsh, which Baron von Müller subsequently named Amadeus Lake, is about six or seven miles; and Giles estimates it to lie 700 or 800 feet lower than the neighbourhood of Mount Udor. The continued slope of the land to the south had filled him with hopes of finding a large river-bed, a fresh-water lake, or at least meadows overgrown with *Polygonum;* and now their road to the promising mountains in the south was barred by an impassable salt-marsh.



THE SCHÖNEBRUNNEN AT NUREMBERG

A Visit to Nuremberg.

BY E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S.

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands,
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands."

NUREMBERG is one of the most interesting towns of South Germany, and well deserves a visit. Situated on both banks of the river Pegnitz, in the midst of a level plain at the foot of the mountains of Franconia, the ancient city, girt by its wall, with towers, and bastions, and moat, retains its mediæval architectural beauty, uninjured by time or the despoiler's hand. As you pass along the crooked streets, with their old-fashioned high-gabled houses, the quaint market-place where, amid fruit and vegetable stalls, rises the beautiful fountain; as you pause to admire some richly-carved Gothic church, full of old paintings and sculpture, your thoughts revert to the days when the imperial city stretched its hand through every land, and its wealthy burghers traded with the distant East.

Here lived Albrecht Dürer, the painter and engraver, the pupil of Wohlgemut. Hence he went forth to study the fine arts in the schools of Italy, returning to his native city in order to impart to his countrymen the results of his travel and labours, and engraft the classical taste of Italy on the rude art of Gothic Germany. Here, too, lived and laboured Peter Vischer, the sculptor and brassfounder; Adam Krafft, the sculptor and architect; Hirschvogel, the first manufacturer of glazed pottery in Germany; Hans Sachs, "the cobbler bard;" and a host of others, whose names have been handed down to posterity through their works, which are still preserved in the ancient city.

The castle-keep still frowns from yonder height as in days of yore, when emperors and burgraves resided in it; here may still be seen the marks of iron hoofs hewn into the rock, to remind one of the daring leap of Eppelein von Gailingen, and in the courtyard the linden-tree planted by Queen Kunigunda.

The most ancient, and, in our opinion, the most interesting, church of Nuremberg is St. Sebald, dedicated to that saint, according to the legend, because he had expressed a wish to be buried wherever a yoke of oxen should leave his body. The oxen dragged the body to the chapel of St. Peter, built in the eighth century by Bonifacius, which has grown into the present handsome church. The architecture is for the most part Gothic, retaining, however, some traces of the Byzantine style. Over the Braut Thor (the bride's door) are carved in stone the five wise and five foolish virgins, holding their lamps. Above the Peterskapelle is suspended a gigantic metal crucifix, one of the earliest works of art of Nuremberg. At the time of the restoration of the church in 1625, this cross was painted black, so that it might not attract the avarice of the invader; hence the Nurembergers derived the nickname of *Herrgottschwarzer* (the Lord's black men). The interior of the church is full of paintings by the old Nuremberg masters, Wohlgemut, Hans Kulmbach, Albrecht Dürer, and Kreuzfelder, stained glass windows by Veit Hirschvogel, statues and bas-reliefs by Adam Krafft, and carvings in wood by Veit Stoss. But the monument most worthy of attention is the tomb of St. Sebald himself, which stands in the choir. This beautifully designed and wonderfully executed bronze monument was made by Peter Vischer, assisted by his five sons, Peter, Hermann, Hans, Paul, and Jacob. They all lived with their wives and families in one house, together with their father, and were occupied thirteen years in the work. It is evident that their labour was one of love, for the small sum of money, 2,402 florins, paid to them, could not have been an adequate remuneration for the time and toil expended upon it. The whole monument is fifteen feet high, eight feet long, and four and a half wide. It rests on twelve snails and four dolphins. The chief figures, about half way up, represent the twelve Apostles, who "guard from age to age their trust;" and above these are twelve smaller figures of the fathers of the Church. Inside is the coffin, inlaid with gold and silver, containing the remains of St. Sebald. The arched roof is supported on eight columns, and bears on its summit a little figure of the child Jesus standing erect on a globe. On the west side is a statue of Vischer himself, in working dress, chisel in hand; while in a corresponding niche facing the east is one of St. Sebald. Vischer, like others of his fellow-citizens, studied for some years in Italy. His first important work in Germany was a monument to the Archbishop Ernest, placed in the cathedral of Magdeburg; but his masterpiece is the one we have just described.

The Schönebrunnen, or the Beautiful Fountain, occupies a prominent place among the works of art in Nuremberg, its graceful proportions and elaborate workmanship arresting the attention of the passer-by. The original fountain was erected in the middle of the fourteenth century, when it was covered with gilding and colour. In 1587 it was restored at a great cost, but after that time it was almost neglected and allowed to fall into decay, until King Maximilian ordered its restoration, which was accomplished under the auspices of Albert Reindal, director of the school of arts, who made 164 drawings, in accordance with which this beautiful work of art was entirely renovated between the years 1821 and 1824, every care being taken to follow out the original design. The Schönebrunnen rises to a height of sixty feet; in the lower part are statues of the Grand Dukes of Mayence, Trêves, and Cologne, Clovis of France, Charlemagne, Judas Maccabæus, Joshua, and David, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and Hector, besides other heroes. Above these, but on a smaller scale, stand Moses and the prophets; the fountain is surrounded by an iron railing made in 1586 by a blacksmith of Augsburg.

In the accompanying engraving may be seen the Frauen or Marien Kirche (the Roman Catholic church) dedicated to Our Lady, and occupying the site of the former synagogue, which was destroyed during the persecution of the Jews, in the middle of the fourteenth century. In this edifice, among other curiosities, is an old clock of wonderful mechanism, made by George Heuss in 1509; formerly, when the hours struck, figures issued from a door and passed in front of one seated, representing the Emperor Charles IV. Nuremberg was always celebrated for

its manufacture of clocks and watches; it was the birthplace of Philip Hele, the inventor of the latter, which were known by the name of "Nuremberg eggs." Hardly a step from here is the Fountain of the Gänsemännchen; cleverly executed in bronze by Lebenwolf, stands the "little man," with a goose under each arm, water spouting from their bills. Crossing the Pegnitz by the Königsbrucke, and ascending the Königstrasse, you soon arrive at the Lorenzkirche, which, although not so old as St. Sebald, rivals it in the beauty of its architecture and rich carvings. Like that church, too, it contains in its "pix of sculpture rare," a relic of the skill and industry of one of the early artisans of Nuremberg. This beautiful structure, which stands by a column on the left hand side of the choir, consists of a Gothic spire of carved stone, rising from the floor of the church to a height of sixty-four feet, the pinnacle turned downwards in the shape of a crozier or episcopal staff. It was intended to serve as a receptacle for the holy elements. The ciborium, placed on a low platform, is supported by the kneeling figures of Adam Krafft, the architect, and his two assistants; above are a succession of bas-reliefs, representing the later scenes in the life of Christ. In one He may be seen taking leave of His mother; in another, on the Mount of Olives; higher still is the Last Supper, the bringing before Caiaphas, the crowning with thorns, the scourging, the Crucifixion, and, last of all, the Resurrection.

Not far from this church is the old Carthusian Monastery, recently converted into the Germanische Museum, which contains, besides the archives and library, a most interesting collection of pictures, engravings, armour, and pottery. But the principal attraction of the institution is the large fresco by Kaulbach, painted in 1859 on the wall of the church, and given by him to the Museum. The subject is the visit of Kaiser Otho to the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, symbolising the object of the Museum, namely, to bring to light the treasures of German knowledge and art from the depths of past centuries. Another remarkable picture (to be seen in the gallery) is the portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher, by Albrecht Dürer, still in the possession of the Holzschuher family. It is to Hirschvogel, one of the citizens of Nuremberg, that Germany is indebted for the manufacture of majolica; in 1503 he travelled into Italy, and learned the art of enamelling pottery at Urbino, returning in 1507 to establish in his native city the first manufactory of this ware; but, sculpture and carving being more congenial to his taste than painting, the works he produced are ornamented in relief, and not upon a flat surface, like the Italian ware.

The potters of Nuremberg were likewise celebrated for glazed tiles of great size, for covering stoves; and at the Royal Museum at Dresden is a splendid specimen of old Nuremberg pottery—a pitcher of green glaze with a medallion in relief of exquisite modelling, for which her artists were renowned, bearing the date 1473.

We can scarcely take leave of Nuremberg without mentioning the ancient singers of Germany, for it was

> "Thro' these streets so broad and stately,
> These obscure and dismal lanes,
> Walked of yore the master-singers,
> Chanting rude poetic strains."

Like their predecessors, the minnesingers, they included men of every rank and calling; and although Northern Germany produced by far the greater number, still the South could boast of possessing at Nuremberg the most famous singer of his day—

> "Hans Sachs, who was a shoe-
> Maker and a poet too."*

The son of a tailor, he was born in 1494, during a fearful epidemic of the plague. At the age of fourteen his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker, and he soon after made the acquaintance of Leonard Nunnenbeck, a weaver, and well-known master-singer of the time, who appears to have initiated him into the mystery of verse-making. Having passed several years wandering from place to place, visiting the schools of art at Mayence and Strasburg, he returned to settle in his native city, where he resided to the day of his death, sometimes plying his trade, sometimes instructing others in the composition of verses, but more often busied with his own compositions. The amiability of his disposition earned for him the love and respect of all, and obtained for him the appellation of "Honest Hans Sachs." His writings were very voluminous, and he lived to see a complete edition of his own works, which were published at Nuremberg in 1558, in five folio volumes. One of his most celebrated hymns was written during the terrible siege of that city in 1561—"Warum betrübst du dich mein Herz."

Harsdörffer, one of the founders of the sentimental school, more than a century later, was also a native of Nuremberg; he belonged to one of the oldest families of its ancient mercantile aristocracy, and was a wealthy and important magistrate and merchant. His writings, both in prose and verse, sacred and secular, were many in number; and in 1644 he engaged in a poetical contest with a rival poet named Klai. A garland of flowers was the prize for which they contended; but so equal were the combatants, that the judges were unable to decide upon the victor; a flower from the wreath was therefore awarded to each, which event gave rise to the founding of a new order, that of "The Flowers," the remaining blossoms being sent to other friendly poets, thus inviting them to join their ranks. This order, which still exists, celebrated its two hundredth anniversary in 1844. The usual meeting-place of its members was at Pegnitz, near Nuremberg, and they were termed, on account of their pastorals, "the shepherds and shepherdesses of Pegnitz."

Although so renowned a place in mediæval times, Nuremberg is not a city of great antiquity. It was unknown in Roman times, and had attained no great celebrity before the 10th or 11th century. During those periods it was frequently visited by the Emperors of Germany, and was particularly favoured by Frederick Barbarossa, who endowed it with valuable privileges. In 1219 it was raised to the rank of a free city of the empire. Its prosperity gradually declined under the weight of debt incurred by the exactions of armies, both hostile and friendly, during the European wars of the last two centuries, and it was not till after it was taken possession of by Bavaria, in 1806, that a turn took place in its fortunes, and its trade revived.

And now we must bid farewell to Nuremberg. The glory has departed from its ancient halls, but the light of other days still lingers around it. The painters, the sculptors, the artists who made the city famous, still live in their works; and future generations will never cease to revere the place where the Muses established their home in the troubled times of the Middle Ages.

* See "The Christian Singers of Germany." By Catherine Winkworth. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Trip to Livonia and Back.—II.

BY MRS. M. G. HOGG GARDEN.

WHERE everything is new, it is difficult to know what is best to select as worthy the pages of a diary. *Prawns*, or floating villages, are to me very interesting, and therefore I shall speak of them. These are a feature peculiar to Russian rivers. The former is the proper name, the latter that which their appearance suggests to myself, and perhaps when I say they are like a cluster of Noah's arks, the juvenile mind will more readily form an idea of the *prawns* of the Dwina (or Düna) as it is here pronounced.

The *prawn* is formed of rough boards put together in the form of a big boat, flat bottomed, and with sides five or six feet high. The whole is covered with a canvas roof, sloping up to a beam going lengthwise across the top. This roof has an opening at one end, which serves the double purpose of door and window. In these floating tents, which may be counted by scores, the produce from the interior is conveyed to the various shipping ports, the men in charge living in the boats, many of which are finished at the top by a circle of wooden benches, where, I suppose, the captain takes up a position to watch the course of his craft. They need little seamanship, however; these *prawns* guiding themselves very much down stream, and such management as they do require is usually effected rather with oars than with a rudder. Should extra hands be wanted, they may easily be picked up along the banks of the river. The Russian is by nature Bohemian, and will readily give his work for a free passage, black bread, and tea, without which he would feel himself "at sea" indeed. We daresay it is not an uncomfortable mode of travelling. The severest of the weather is already past before the *prawns* set sail, and the bags of grain or flax must form a comfortable couch enough for men unaccustomed to the luxury of a feather bed six feet by five. There are several of these *prawns*, and when a dozen or twenty are grouped together, they present much the appearance of an Eastern village of tents.



LIVONIAN PEASANT.

Another strange feature of the Russian rivers is that of the rafts. These, however, have been so often described, that it is almost needless to say much about them. As soon as the winter ice and snow disappear, the timber which has been getting ready during the winter is dragged to the river, and having been lashed firmly together into square rafts, a small straw hut is erected on the centre as a place of shelter for the navigators, and the whole structure is launched. As they have long distances to travel, these rafts must often be many weeks on the voyage; but nothing, we fancy, will better suit the taste of the indolent Russ than to float lazily down stream, if he is given tea, tobacco, and black bread, little work, and plenty of sleep. In the shipping season, the Dwina is literally covered with rafts and *prawns*, making the river look almost as busy as the market-place.

Perhaps the most attractive thing at Riga is its floating bridge. This is thrown across the Dwina where it is a quarter of a mile broad, and over it traffic of every kind passes in an unceasing stream. It is level with the water, and forms a dock for loading vessels. The *prawns* which have come down from the interior may open their doors here, and discharge their cargo on one side of the bridge, the bags of oats or barley having only to be carried on the shoulders of the stowers, across the bridge into the ship lying ready on the other side. These floating bridges, of which, I believe, there are now many in Russia, have been found to answer the purpose well, having this great advantage over other bridges, that as soon as the frost sets in, the *flussbrücke* is removed, so that the floods and masses of ice which the breaking up of the winter snows in spring brings with it, pass unheeded, while she is lying high and dry, quietly waiting till the danger is past.

There is also a handsome iron bridge a little higher up, across which the railway travels, and which is used both for foot-passengers and vehicles.

April 22nd.—Still struggling hard against the difficulties of the German language. It seems to grow more difficult every day, or at least I grow more keenly alive to my ignorance, and the learning it is such uphill work, that I begin to wonder if even time will surmount the difficulties.

Riga has two good parks, a little one out of town called the "Kaiser's Garten," is really a fine park, with several of the most beautiful avenues of trees I ever saw. But it is badly kept, and seems to have fallen out of repute. The other, in the Vorstadt, is a neat little park, presented to the town by a citizen, after whom it is named Wermer's Park. Our idea of a park, formed from those of London, is quite different from that of the Germans—and Riga is German in all its institutions and tastes, although regulated by Russian laws.

Wermer's Park, then, is free to all classes of the community, who as freely avail themselves of the liberty; but it is conducted on the following system. The grounds are leased

to the keeper of a first-class restaurant, the best in town. The lessee keeps the grounds in order, provides music and other attractions. Every evening, Wednesday and Saturday excepted, from the first of May, a large military band performs, for the mortal space of six hours, in a small covered theatre. As it is lighted with gas, neither rain nor the fall of night interrupt the performers, while all around the audience are drinking beer, coffee, or champagne, or eating ices, veal cutlets, and so forth, while only a few promenaders are giving heed to the music.

These said performances partake considerably of the Eastern type—drums and cymbals bulking largely on the ear. And the drummer goes at his work with a will, giving one the impression that, so far as he is concerned, music is merely a matter of strength of arm. Making allowance for this preponderance of drum, the bands here play very creditably, and keep excellent time, a result which the lusty efforts of our friend with the drumsticks tend to bring about. Everything in Russia is, as all the world knows, on a vast scale. It is a vast empire, with a population almost defying calculation, with an army of millions; consequently the regimental bands are larger than is usual. There is quite a crowd of performers every night in the little round theatre, and we think the leader has all the more credit who is able to keep them to such good time.



LADY OF RIGA.

The soldiers here seldom march to the sound of music, only to that of a small drum, by which they are also drilled. One often hears them singing as they return from drill, never as they go, and it is not uncommon even to see them dancing. It certainly looks wild and barbaric, but it is nevertheless a fact.

Now that summer days have come, and the soldiers have laid off their dirty grey coats and large boots, I confess they do look a little better; although their uniform is not a bright one, and their persons and accoutrements *nicht ausgezeichnet rein*. There are some smart fellows, both among officers and men, and their discipline is said to be excellent. The present Emperor is a good man, who means well towards his people, and has tried to ameliorate the condition of the army, which, under the iron rule of his father was badly fed, badly clothed, and badly housed, besides being subjected to the lash, and other most degrading punishments. But things are changing for the better. Flogging is abolished, education is provided for the men, and the way opened for them to rise by ability and good conduct. Let us hope that the good deeds of Alexander II. will bear good fruit, and be followed by still greater reforms. We shall yet hear of the Russian millions as something different from the half barbarians they have hitherto been regarded.

It is but nineteen years since the death of Nicholas, and if so much has been done in that time, what will not another nineteen effect for the Russian soldier.

May 10*th*.—To-day I went shopping with Madame M——. The mode of doing business here reminds one of what might have been practised in Edinburgh at the time when the Lucken-booths flourished in all their glory. What is most unheard of in more advanced communities is here the common practice. Except in a few of the best shops, it is usual for the customer to haggle over the price asked, and "Too dear" is generally the remark with which the demand is met. The transaction ends by the customer paying no more than a third less of the price at first asked.

It is necessary to haggle; for, of course, with such corrupt practices in use, the merchant lays upon the price just so much as he can afford to take off, and it is only from ignorant and unwary customers—like the newly-arrived Englishman—that he ever gets his first prices.

That the largest empire in Europe is one hundred years behind the age, it is needless to deny. Here is the climax of all conservatism, and I confess that, although my politics, if I had any, used to be those of the Marquis of Salisbury, I am fast developing into a disciple of John Bright. Too much of a good thing is converting me.

Cloth is sold by the ell, a short measure of about twenty

inches, while the price is as high or higher than one yard of thirty-six. A pound is only fourteen ounces, while paper bags are scarcely used. You buy a pound of sugar put up in what we used to call screws. The native produce of the country is not dear, but all imported goods are extravagantly so. This class of goods is universally called English. The most un-English-looking things in the world we are told are English, which is an all-prevailing excuse for asking an exorbitant price.

In the poorer class of shops, market-stalls, and open booths, one is sure to be cheated. The people have the character of being very dishonest, and certainly my small experience goes to bear out that imputation. Many of these shops are kept by Jews, and one may be pretty sure they will not be behind other nations in the matter of cheating.

The fact is, that the Hebrews have almost a monopoly of the trade in Russia, although they do not come to the front, and until very lately were much oppressed as a people. The large trade in flax, grain, and timber passes originally through their hands, and there is scarcely a bale of flax or a bushel of grain shipped, out of which a Hebrew has not already made his profit. Here, as in other lands, there are many of the chosen people scattered throughout the country. Some are said to be wealthy, but most of them look miserably poor, and might compete with the Russ in the matter of uncleanliness. Go where he will, the reputation of riches clings to the poor Jew. It is not always true, and in Russia they are not known to possess a single rood of land.

HOME IN A PINE FOREST.

May 19th.—Since the above entry, we have changed our place of abode. Failing to get furnished lodgings in Riga, we have rented for the summer a small log house at Sassenhof, a pretty village on the other side of the Dwina. Like all suburban places in Russia, Sassenhof is entirely built of wood, and is composed of many pretty villas and cottages situated in a pine wood. Our house is very small, and our *ménage* the most unpretending. We have two rooms, a verandah, and "an English kitchen." The latter, however, being as remotely unlike an English kitchen as one thing with four walls can be to another with four walls. What the expression implies in Riga is in general a very small, often dark closet, with a "close cooking range" in it. That in our little cottage is a shade better, as in it one has room to turn, though not to "swing a cat," in addition to its being provided with a window. An *alte frau* officiates as cook and housemaid, while I am my own butler, and perform the duties excellently. The *frau* does not know a word of English: our conversation, therefore, is not very intelligible; nevertheless, we contrive to understand each other wonderfully, with a good deal of dumb show; and when even that fails, we summon the aid of an English-speaking *gouvernante*.

I shall have little to mention now, as my life here will be as uneventful as in that dullest of homes in the north of Scotland. We all know what a convenient subject the weather is, and how frequently conversation without it must have come to a standstill. The weather since we came to Sassenhof has been warm but changeable. To-day, which is the 31st of May (New Style), it is intensely hot.

All nature is in full bloom; a short-lived bloom, it is true, but rich and varied while it lasts. Three weeks ago there was scarcely a green thing to be seen, and now fruit is forming on the bushes. So rapid is here the transition from winter to summer. The cuckoo keeps up his note unceasingly, and sounds sweet and weird by turns.

We cannot thoroughly realise the extent of the confusion wrought at the destruction of the Tower of Babel. One must come to Russia to do that. There are one hundred and twenty-eight languages spoken in this country. It is truly confounding to us islanders, accustomed to hear only one language familiarly spoken, to find peasants and servant girls talking fluently several. If not in Russia, then where was the Tower of Babel?

Lettish is the language talked here and throughout Livonia; but there is also Estnish, the language of the adjoining province of Esthonia, in addition to German, Russ, and French, which one hears all around.

Rather a remarkable thing here is that it is next to impossible to obtain correct information upon any subject whatever. It may be owing to the want of correct statistical information, or to the close, inquisitorial police system by which people are driven by self-defence into the way of "knowing nothink." Either they *do* not know, or their perceptions are so varied, that what is black to one mind is white to another.

For instance, one says to us, "Oh! don't furnish. Furnishing is very expensive, and if you have to sell, you get nothing for it."

Another says, "Furnishing, you know, is so cheap here, much cheaper than in England; and if you sell, you lose almost nothing."

I have already stated that there are 15,000 soldiers in Riga. I have repeatedly been told so, but I did not believe it, and have since been told there are 1,500, 1,000, 2,000. I shall probably never discover which of these conflicting statements is true. Probably it is the last; possibly the first.

Again, we are told, "Oh, there is no oatmeal here;" to which we reply, "Why, this is the land of oats!"

"Yes, that is true, but there is no meal made of it. One must bring meal from Scotland."

We shake our heads and say, "Well, that is a pity."

Farther, another one remarks, "Shouldn't you like to have some oatmeal?"

"Yes, very much indeed. But you know there is none to be had here. One must send to Scotland for it," we credulously remark, and are answered,—

"Why, there is plenty in the village shop. We have it every week for dinner."

It is very puzzling to find out what may and what may not be had. Truth lies at the bottom of a very deep well indeed, in the province of Livonia.

The great annual holiday (*feiertag*) Whitsuntide (or *Pfingsten*), about which we have been hearing for weeks, has come, and is now almost gone. This is the third day, Sunday being the first, but preparation for its celebration commenced long before. It seems to correspond to our own Whitsuntide in the matter of *cleaning up*, every house having been turned upside down, as at home.

There was service in all the churches on Monday, while Sunday was, of course, a festival. Even the English church, which takes things easily in general, had service on Monday. To do the majority of the inhabitants justice, the idea of a religious festival seemed to be the one farthest from their thoughts. Every one seemed bent on pleasure, and upon that alone.

This is the way in which the followers of good Martin Luther celebrate the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. These people have the same Bible as we have, the same creed, almost the same religious forms, and yet, because they have let slip the fourth commandment, they appear almost God-forgotten (*Gottlosen*). There may be the form of worship without the reality; but surely there can be no real religion where there is no outward worship. God sees the heart, it is true; but where the Sabbath is devoted from dawn to sunset to all sorts of folly and amusement, is it harsh to say, "There is no religion"?

God knows that the whole community cannot be like this. Here, surely, there remain the thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

The Lettish people, I am glad to find, have more regard for the Sabbath than Germans or Russians.

On Whit Sunday we visited several churches, among them a Lutheran one. Here we found a large, attentive congregation, and an earnest-looking minister. But, as the service was in Estnish, we were none the wiser for his teaching.

Tuesday.—Still *feiertag*, as we found to our misfortune. No bread this morning. This is, it seems, the bakers' holiday. We had plenty of fresh bread on Sunday and Monday, but to-day we are obliged to go without. Probably we had been told that this would happen; but it had fallen on unconscious ears.

Every man his own dairymaid. It is customary here for every household to make its own butter. One always fares best in Rome when he does as the Romans do. So I also must make butter, and on the most limited scale possible.

Madame —— is a Russian lady of good family, with whom we have formed a most agreeable acquaintance. She talks English very fairly, and French equally well with her native tongue.

We went together to the butcher's shop, where, having purchased a roast of beef, I proceeded to carry it home wrapped in a sheet of paper. Such are the unsophisticated habits of the district. To Madame —— such a system must have seemed very barbarous (or the reverse), as people of her class have not been used to "help themselves." I fancy such people have reduced incomes since the liberation of the serfs ten years ago. It is the natural consequence, inasmuch as the work on their estates, which used to be executed free, has now to be paid for at a high rate of wages. As yet, the effects of the liberation seem only evil. The people all at once set free, without education, run into excess both as regards their demands for wages, and, what is worse, in the use of intoxicating liquor. The consequence is, that a great proportion of the peasants are in wretched poverty, while their former masters have very considerably reduced incomes, their tastes and habits remaining as extravagant as they were before.

Time will probably remedy these evils, and, as education advances, it is to be hoped the peasants will become more temperate.

The English in Riga seem to have brought along with them all the magnificent exclusiveness which distinguishes them throughout the world. Yes, England is a splendid country, which we are all of course proud to belong to, and her women are splendid creatures, no doubt, whether one meets them on the shores of the Baltic or in Belgravia, only that the great ladies of the former are probably beyond the pale of the latter. Be that as it may, I do not think the English run much risk of entertaining angels unawares.

We have now resided two months in Riga, and neither Englishman nor Englishwoman, clergyman nor clergyman's wife, has ever said a kind word or offered a civility to us. We have received much kindness, but it has all been from strangers and not from our countrymen. I confess, however—without the slightest *soupçon* of sour grapes in the confession—that this magnanimous conduct on their part has afforded me much satisfaction. It is so edifying to be able to sit at a distance and admire them, their feathers and diamonds, their equipages and lordly residences, and to be able to exclaim exultantly, "Yes, these are our countrywomen." Although there is no entrance for us into the little circle.

"Anathema maranatha," you are not of us. Of course, you may come to the same church, and even approach that altar at which we condescend to kneel; but come not nearer, we are, you know, the *élite* of Riga—perhaps of the kingdom of heaven, who knows?

The police are everywhere, and know everything. Our passport has been already three times taken from us since we came to Riga, each time *viséd*, and on each occasion we had to make a small payment. On the last we obtained liberty to remain here till the 10th of October. And should we decide on remaining after that date, we must get a ticket of residence, for which, I think, three roubles yearly is charged. Should we, however, decide on leaving, we must get permission to do so, and have the passport *viséd* once more.

No newspapers whatever are allowed to enter Russia by post. The government issues a printed list of those papers and periodicals which are allowed to enter the empire, and any of them can be ordered through the postmaster or a particular bookseller who has permission to supply the said publications.

Readers are included among the post-office officials, whose duty it is to look over the papers. Should anything against Russian policy occur, the paragraph is painted out. Several English papers are on the list, including the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Weekly Scotsman*, &c. The *Morning Post* had been forbidden shortly before we went, something subversive of the imperial policy having been found in that rather mild journal.

Time and patience would fail me to tell of the payments to officials, great and small, which one must pay, if one is to get along with any comfort. Bribery on a large scale is still rampant in free Russia. If you do not *tip* the post officials, your letters will be delayed, perhaps opened, or not delivered. A large mercantile house will have as much as £50 to give in *geschenke* to the post-office alone, each Christmas, besides paying for a private box. All telegraph and custom-house people—and many others besides—come in for a share of the pie.

Before setting up in business—before a man can buy or sell on his own account, or sign the name of a mercantile firm—he must pay into seventeen guilds, the sums being due annually. These amount to upwards of £110 a year. Add to this the "tips," whose name is legion, and you will find that carrying on business in the dominions of the Czar of all the Russias is not an easy affair.

The English reader may be disposed to doubt the truth of all this, but it is perfectly true, notwithstanding that this is the nineteenth century.

According to our views of things, one would think that here the world was turned upside down, so erratic is the mode of doing many things. In driving, for instance, the coachman takes the right side instead of the left, when meeting another conveyance. To us this looks very awkward. At first I was in constant anticipation of a catastrophe occurring, but have gained courage from the fact of nothing having happened. The men here must be splendid drivers. They go through unheard-of difficulties, retaining all the time the most stolid countenances. Cheapside is a mere joke to the streets of Riga. These are in many places so narrow that there is only room to pass, and there is a constant stream of conveyances of every kind, from the magnificent equipage of the Burgomaster or Post Director, to the humblest country buggy driven by an old woman. Everybody drives at a furious pace, and yet one never hears of an accident. It is marvellous! The horses are small but very fleet, and there seems no lack of them.

No conveyance has less than four wheels, even the wheel-barrows have four, and it is more common to see two horses than one in even a small carriage, while three or four harnessed abreast is an every-day occurrence, and one man drives four at a flying pace without any difficulty.



LIVONIAN LANDSCAPE.

The women always knit stockings, and this they do with five needles. They enjoy raw herrings, and consider cold potatoes a luxury, and eat with relish the leaves of beetroot. I had a young maid-servant who seemed quite chagrined because I would not allow her to put *fat* into oatmeal porridge, while, to my great surprise and her own satisfaction, she ate up all the dripping.

Madame —— is a Russian of good birth. Her history has much of romance in it, while she is enthusiastic, accomplished, and handsome.

Sophronia was the eldest of three daughters. They lost their father while they were yet children, so that they were left, along with a brother, to the guardianship of their mother, who seems—if one can judge from what was said concerning her—to have been an ambitious person. To each of his children their father had left a large fortune, consisting of an estate and many serfs. Sophronia grew up beautiful, *spirituelle*, talented, and became an accomplished musician.

Before she attained her sixteenth year her mother arranged for her a marriage with Colonel V——, who was her senior by eighteen years. This suitor, favoured by Madame la Mère, was not acceptable to her daughter. Sophronia did not return his affections; but ladies in Russia do not marry for love, and he was reputed rich. The daughter was young and the mother ambitious, and so the wedding day was fixed. "Marry first, love afterwards, if not your husband, someone else," is the custom of high society here; "and if your husband is jealous, it makes the intrigue all the more exciting."

Fate, at the eleventh hour, opened a door of escape, which the honourable, perhaps the mistaken, feelings of the bride led her to decline. Two days before the marriage, the mother discovered that Colonel V—— was *not* rich, and that her daughter's fortune formed not the least of her attractions in the eyes of her betrothed. She is told by her mother that now she is at liberty to break off the marriage. The lover wept and besought; Sophronia had promised, and determined to abide by her word. Escape had come too late. She became his wife.

Colonel V—— loved his fair young wife, and was ready to serve her like one of her slaves. She, however, soon discovered that there was an incompatibility between them, such as, in her eyes, was insurmountable. She made up her mind to this, and accepted the consequences. She was intellectual and imaginative, he was undeveloped and mechanical; she was a linguist and fond of travel, he knew no language but his own, and preferred remaining at home. She did not love her husband, but, unlike many of her countrywomen, she loved no other person, and sought for sympathy only among men of intellect and cultivation, among whom she shone as a star.

Colonel V—— and his wife agreed pretty well, notwithstanding these discrepancies. He managed the house, she received visitors, and surrounded herself with elegancies.

Very young and altogether inexperienced, when she reached her majority her husband induced her to sign a document by which she made over her estate, without reserve, to him. It was a sense of justice which mainly influenced her to do this. "I cannot give him love," she said; "I will, then, give him all else." But, as the sequel will show, it was an unfortunate step on her part.

Before Madame V—— was seventeen, her son was born, and she henceforward became an invalid. Her boy was everything to her, her husband nothing.

As the boy grew up, his father's miserly proclivities developed themselves. On his son, although an only child, he grudged to bestow a liberal education; it was that which his mother esteemed most highly, and which she resolved her son should have at all hazards.

Ordered by the physicians to travel, Madame V—— visited various watering-places at home and abroad. Colonel V—— could not live such a life, so his wife travelled with her attendants only. But, although always the centre of admiration, nowhere did she see anyone sufficiently attractive to please her. She remained without an intrigue, to the surprise

of her acquaintances, probably of her husband also, who had not reckoned on this pretty wife of his proving so faithful to him whom she had never loved. Colonel V—— was not so faithful.

In the separations which necessarily occurred, he found other female attractions to console him for the absence of his wife. He formed an intrigue with one of the waiting-women. Associating with low persons, his tone and manners became assimilated to theirs. His society was not agreeable to his wife, and she did not distress herself about his amours.

Soon after these domestic events followed the liberation of the serfs, and a greatly reduced income. This was a more serious affair to both than conjugal infidelity. The waiting-woman was no longer a slave; she was free, and the mother of several children living somewhere on the premises. She began to assume airs, while Colonel V——, magnifying his poverty, grew more miserly every day.



ARCHIMANDRITE OF A RUSSIAN CONVENT.

It was no longer respectable for Sophronia to reside in the house of her husband. Her brother interfered, and she left it. Yet, strange as it may sound, this ill-matched pair are not entirely estranged. She visits her estates now and again, and occasional letters pass between them. It is like the stories in the old Scottish ballads. When Madame visits her estate the mistress becomes again the maid, and waits on her former lady, as if she were still the humble serf-girl. And yet she lives, in the wife's absence, on equal terms with Colonel V——, has a governess for her children, and servants to wait on her.

The most distressing part of the story remains to be told. Sophronia's property was now that of her husband, with the exception of a very small part inherited since the deed making over the estate was executed. Still one would expect that under the circumstances she is entitled to a separate maintenance. Not so. By the laws of the empire, if a woman is possessed of property at the time of her marriage, it frees her husband from all such claim; and, moreover, he has it in his power to leave her estate to anyone. The law of primogeniture does not exist. Colonel V—— draws the revenue from the estates, and gives her nothing. The act was her own, and she must reap the results of her own folly. Her son, who is in the Guards, is as good a son as can be, but is unable to do anything. He has, however, done what was in his power, for he has quarrelled with his father on her account; and will possibly thereby be disinherited. While his mother, poor lady, is in a consumption.

Poor amiable Madame V—— has no hope beyond the grave, for which she daily longs. No faith further than this, that the future cannot be worse than the present. "It must," she says, "be either something better or annihilation." How can she be happy or at rest with so meagre a hope?

The Shah of Persia has since been a great traveller. He is the first Shah who has left his country. Is it not written in the laws of the Persians that their monarch may never have his feet off the soil of Persia? The reigning sovereign, however, has found a method to obviate the difficulties which result from this law. He has the soles of his boots filled with earth.

This ingenious Shah has lately been in Russia, and, as all the world knows, sent home from Moscow the three wives by whom he was accompanied. Once in Europe, these ladies wished to do as European ladies do, and were much chagrined that such an arrangement was incompatible with the rules by which the Shah governs his harem. Especially was the chief wife bent on appearing at the opera, and was very dissatisfied, and, I fear, in an ill-humour, because her lord forbade it. What course was open to the monarch but to send his three mutinous wives home with all convenient dispatch?

It would appear that this Eastern potentate is the slave of female attractions. Whenever he saw a pretty woman, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is beautiful! Get for me this woman." He is reported to have cast very covetous eyes upon the Czarevna herself.

At a ball in St. Petersburg, being struck with the beauty of the wife of a merchant who was there, he at once ordered his grand vizier to bring her to his house.

It was embarassing, but the monarch must be obeyed. And the lady, who with her spouse had an eye on the main

chance, and had doubtless heard of the jewels and changes of raiment carried in the baggage of the Shah, at once consented to the request. She went, but accompanied by her husband, her sister, and other relatives, making quite a family party. Great was the consternation of the grand vizier. The monarch was so enraged on seeing all these people instead of the lady alone, that he ordered the minister to be flogged, and insisted on this sentence being executed on the spot. It was only by the interposition of Prince Gortschakoff that he was induced to delay such a degrading exhibition till his return to Persia. Ere that, we hope he will have relented towards his luckless prime minister.

Picture to yourself Mr. W. E. Gladstone coming under a severer lash than that dealt from the lips of the eloquent author of "Lothair!"

Johanne is the great annual holiday among the German and Lettish people, and has been celebrated last week. The 24th of June (Old Style), is said to be the birthday of St. John the Divine, though how the birthday of the simple Galilean fisherman should have been handed down with such precision during eighteen centuries, it is difficult to understand. But the tradition is received with faith here, and the day is celebrated in a variety of ways. One, and that most universally, is by giving presents. Servants receive *Johanne* from their employers, but as it is part of their engagement to do so, it is scarcely entitled to be called a gift.

The evening before Johanne's day is called *Kranz* (or crown) *Abend*, when wreaths formed of green leaves are worn by the people, the vessels and boats on the river are hung with similar crowns, while every house, probably every apartment, shares in this leafy tribute to the memory of St. John. It is a pretty custom when confined to maidens or children, but when adopted by old and ugly women as a means of cozening charity out of the pockets of the charitable, it becomes an absurdity.

An aged beldame, without a tooth in her head, came on Saturday, wearing a crown of enormous proportions, and carrying her basket filled with smaller crowns, which she presented to her customers, and at the same time chanting a rude carol, the import of which I do not know. She got her *Johanne*, but I, in my ignorance, rejected her crown, supposing that she wished me to buy it. She looked much surprised, possibly offended: feelings, however, which twenty kopecks turned into a smile of satisfaction. Many similar visitors came, all singing the same rhyming croon.

Johanne is also celebrated by the holding of an annual fair in the Domkirche, or rather in the part of it known as the *Untergang*. Is it not a strange use to put ecclesiastical buildings to? It is literally to establish in the house of God the tables of the money-changers. There are stalls with all sorts of merchandise, from the rich Circassian silk from Moscow, to gingerbread and lollypops from Mittau, and toys from Leipsic. This fair lasts for several weeks. One Sunday we walked through the fair on our way from church. We found the door of the cathedral above shut, with a bill placed on it, announcing that it would not be opened till further notice. It was a glaring instance of the church giving place to the world. Below, in the *Untergang*, trade was going on at a brisk rate. One of the entrances to the church was in the fair, and on it too was placed a handbill. It is true many of the traders were Jews, but the buyers were not. What can the Jews think of the Christians' Sabbath?

June 6th.—Attended a monster concert given by the General of Division, where we were told to expect four hundred performers. It was held in the park in the open air, and was consequently dependent for success upon the elements, over which not even a General of Division has any control. The performers were the bands of the various regiments at present in the camp here, and if there were four hundred, I feel quite safe in saying that one hundred of them were drummers. *Trommels* are always a conspicuous element in the musical displays of Riga, and this occasion was to be no exception to the rule.

The park is small, and I should think there were not fewer than 10,000 persons present, each of whom paid thirty kopecks; the proceeds were for the poor. The restaurant was literally packed, and as for listening to the music, the noise occasioned by the hum of voices and the passing to and fro of feet made hearing it on the gallery impossible. It was a relief to go and stand among the mob near the band-stand. The music was good; but, alas! the elements after the first hour did not prove propitious. The rain came down with a violence such as, fortunately, one seldom sees away from Greenock. The poor soldiers, who had donned their very best white knickerbockers for the occasion, were seen flying about in a spongy state, with their pocket-handkerchiefs tied round their necks for protection. The hundred *trommels* were, however, under shelter, so it was all right when the rain cleared off, which it did by and by. We, however, were glad to clear out before that occurred, declaring we would go to no more monster concerts.

It may be I am too cynical. But it does seem a doubtful sort of pleasure, that of sitting for hours looking at a crowd of badly-dressed women and paunchy Germans satiating themselves in the refreshment-room while the music is disregarded by themselves and cannot be heard by others.

A much pleasanter sight awaited us in seeing the sun sink like a golden pillar in the Dwina as we crossed the fine iron bridge. Yes, Riga looks beautiful on a summer's night in the light of the setting sun, while the ships lie peacefully on the bosom of the river, and the white-roofed *prawns* are asleep on its banks. Yes, the Dwina is a graceful river, even though her banks are flat and sandy, and the loiterers on them dirty and drunken.

June 7th.—We visited to-day Dubvelt, the fashionable summer resort of the Riga people. It is a watering-place about two hours distant by water from the town, and lies on the banks of the river Aa, which is a tributary of the Dwina. The Aa is, however, a large full river, navigable for a considerable distance.

Dubvelt is a pretty place, with plenty of people enjoying themselves. The *élite*, as well as those who are not counted so, crowd down there *en masse*, and to the adjoining places, Maherienhof and Bilderlinshof. There are also many visitors from other places, even from as far off as Moscow and St. Petersburg, who frequent this really pretty spot.

There is no scenery there worth mentioning, and yet it is pretty. The village is built on a narrow strip of land having the river in front of it, and the Gulf of Riga behind on the other. Five minutes' walk takes you from the one to the other, and the breezes from the Baltic are no doubt very renovating, after the long winter with its frozen windows and hot airless houses. The pretty little log houses, with their overhanging

eaves, tasteful verandahs, and nestling among trees, look very nice, cool, and picturesque.

The population in the season is from 30,000 to 40,000. There are several excellent hotels, and a market daily. There is a fine ball-room, in which an assembly is given once a week or so; and a tolerably good band performs each evening out of doors.

There is no more than one small Lutheran church, in which service is held every second Sabbath. It holds a few hundreds; and that is all the provision made for the spiritual wants of the Protestants during the four months over which the season lasts.

To me the principal attraction was, of course, the Baltic. It felt so curious to be walking by the Gulf of Riga, and picking up a few tiny shells as memorials of that distant shore. As is well known, the Baltic is a tideless sea, and although Dubvelt is a watering-place, it cannot be called "the saut-water," for here the water is scarcely brackish. The sand is very fine and white, and the little shells exceedingly delicate, but there is no variety. It looked so like home here, that I could have believed myself walking on Portobello Sands, the bathing coaches and long stretch of sand were so similar. A point of land in the distance we were told was Courland. The water was as smooth as a lake; very unlike the tempestuous sea we encountered on the Baltic a few weeks after.

The bathing regulations are most exemplary. Ladies and gentlemen have different hours for bathing; of course, where there is no tide, all hours are alike, nor are gentlemen and ladies allowed to walk on the beach at the same time; and these regulations are enforced by police stationed at the different ways of access to the beach. At 7 p.m. all these restrictions are withdrawn, and the whole world of Dubvelt is at liberty to exhibit itself on the white sands of the Gulf of Riga.

June 21st.—Went to the Saturday evening service in the Greek church. To my taste there is nothing either solemn or imposing in the ceremonial. Without disrespect to the conscientious professors of that faith, it struck me as being ridiculous. Possibly, had we been acquainted with the tongue in which the prayers were recited, it would not have appeared such mummery; but even in this respect we were not very far behind the others present, who were all of the humbler classes. I believe that few, if any, understand the ancient Sclavonic in which the office of the national church is conducted. The people are taught the prayers in childhood, and know by instinct exactly the right time to sign the cross and when to prostrate themselves. These two acts of worship occur very frequently; but each one pleases himself at what petition he shall do this, so that there is always some one lying about, while others are gazing into the shrine of his or her saint, and another is busy crossing himself.

The congregation was a very small one. Almost every one as they entered bought a small taper, which they lighted before the shrine of their favourite saint. The men stand at one side, the females at the other. The church glitters in silver and gold (or rather gilding), but is otherwise plain and ugly. The large gates separating the mercy-seat from the outer part of the interior were of fretted work, and were only thrown open when the chief priest came forth; immediately on his passing within again, they were shut. As this was done many times, we had plenty of opportunities to see into the holy of holies. The assistant-priest opened and closed the gates. They both wore magnificent robes of cloth of gold, richly wrought with coloured flowers; the chief wore also a small velvet hat without a brim (it was a *bonâ fide* "tile"); his appearance was so absurd that I shall not attempt to describe it. With his mantle so stiff that it would not bend, his long hair and his comical little hat, he looked like what we call in Scotland "an old wifie." He walked for a little up and down the altar wafting the incense censer, while the deacon bore before him a large lighted candle in a silver candlestick four feet high. The deacon was a large stout man, who, with his gorgeous robe, long hair, and high-heeled long boots, strutted about in a devil-may-care sort of way, reciting prayers in a stentorian voice.

There was a third priest, wearing only the ordinary black gown, which was greasy and dirty. His office was to read. Sometimes he read at a lectern at one end of the altar, sometimes at a reading-desk in the body of the church; but always with his back to the people. When he came to the reading-desk, he carried along with him a small lighted taper, which he held while he read. He read a long extract from a book, and then returned, carrying the book in one hand and his little taper in the other.

The most curious part of the performance was that of kissing the book. The deacon carried his large candlestick down and placed it beside the reading-desk. He was closely followed by his superior, carrying a handsome folio volume, bound in purple velvet, with a gold cross on the board. This he deposited on the desk, took off his little hat, and, bending over the book, kissed it reverently. The deacon did likewise, and retired; then almost all the persons present advanced, prostrated themselves, and approaching, kissed the book, which the priest presented to each in turn.

We remained upwards of an hour, and when we left, the service was still proceeding. As there are no seats whatever, the service must be very fatiguing to persons of weak constitution. The priests look a dirty dissipated set, and such is, unfortunately, the reputation which they bear. They are quite an uneducated class. Of late, however, an edict has gone forth appointing that every priest shall undergo an examination and have a diploma before he can receive ordination. In a few years, therefore, the priesthood will be a better educated class.

Much in the Greek Church is obviously derived from the Hebrew rituals. The priesthood runs in families, while the daughters of the priests are, in their turn, married to priests, without even a show of love-making or consent asked.

Government charges itself with the support of the national church; but does it so meagrely that the priests are no better off than peasants. In fact, to speak of a priest, among high-class Russians, is only another name for what is base and contemptible. There will, perhaps, be found exceptions to this general rule; but that they are despised by the upper classes is a fact beyond dispute.

The high posts in the church are all given to monks, who are a more cultivated class, although, I believe, equally disreputable as to moral character.

Protestants might do worse than copy the Greek Catholics in the matter of Saturday evening services. It is a becoming preparation for the duties of the day of rest. On Saturday evening no public places of amusement are open. The Metropolitan strictly prohibits any breach of this rule, and even the Emperor must have no opera on that night. On Sunday, however, no such restrictions exist.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—IV.

BY "MONTA."

ON THE NAKASENDÔ.

THE next morning was wet, so we took things quietly, and started towards half-past ten. We trotted on very steadily in the rain, which eventually ceased, and then we found that our native guards had dropped behind, the pace being too severe for their little horses. Still the road was in general very good, and there were no hills. The scenery, rain or no rain, was even prettier than that of the previous afternoon. There was such a profusion of different kinds of trees. Groves of fir and bamboo; little clumps of various shades of greenery; stretches of road where the trees inclining to each other from either side formed natural arches over our heads; and covers where we could not but fancy that game of every description must lurk. But that was our English way of looking at them; far away as we were from our own dear native land, we still kept it always in remembrance, and thought of the time when, gun in hand, we had



A LADY TRAVELLING.



STRAW-SHOE SHOP.

turned out joyously on an autumn morning, intent upon slaughter.

We passed through one village called Agéo, the whole of which had been nearly burnt to the ground some three months previously; of many a wooden house nothing was left but the stones on which the principal posts had rested. A sad scene of desolation, and one to be met with year after year, in whatever part of Japan one may chance to be travelling. The inhabitants are used to it, and when the fire comes, they gather up what they can, and hurry off with it to their mud "godowns," which for the most part are fire-proof, and in those buildings they live, move, and have their being, till the clever carpenters have quickly reconstructed fresh dwellings of wood.



A NATIVE POSTMAN.

There was a terrible fire in Yedo just before the Japanese New Year in 1870, and its effects were thus described in the *Japan Weekly Mail* of the 5th of February.

"The New Year's festivities in the Ôdôri, the great thoroughfare of Yedo, which is in fact the prolongation of the Tôkaidô from the suburb of Shinagawa to the Nihon Bashi, have been sadly interrupted. Persons arriving from Yokohama, after traversing some portion of the long street between houses, each of which is decorated with a long, slender, green-branched bamboo—a pretty vista—come upon a scene of entire desolation. The great fire which raged on the night of last Friday week, extended along the line of the Ôdôri, from a point a little beyond the new road leading at right angles to the gates of Hama go-ten, to another point not far from the Kiôbashi, the last bridge before reaching the Nihon Bashi. (Bashi is the Japanese for bridge, and from the Nihon Bashi, often called Nipon Bas by foreigners, distances are measured along the great roads, as with us in the old time from Hyde Park Corner.)

"The area laid desolate may be computed at four or five miles in circumference, and every wooden building, from the

Japanese Foreign Office (luckily unharmed) to the outer moat of the Castle has been destroyed; the fire-proof godowns alone remain standing.

"And fortunate it is for the poor burnt-out inhabitants of the city that their godowns remain, for in them, at least, great numbers can huddle together and find room to lie down, and some warmth and shelter during these piercing winter nights. The two great mercers' shops, which no one who has been in Yedo can help remembering, are in ruins, and the owner of one of them is stated to have lost property to a very large amount. The dwelling-place of Terashima, Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, is utterly destroyed, and though the Foreign Office itself escaped, the *yashiki* opposite to it, and several in its rear, are razed to the ground. The Shimbashi, a bridge in the principal street, is entirely burnt, and the great traffic over it is diverted to less direct thoroughfares.

"It was truly melancholy to walk through the ruins on the Sunday afternoon, and to observe how effectually the fire had done its work. Every combustible atom had been destroyed, the fire-proof godowns alone remaining, dotted here and there, and standing like the little Dutch toys of a child in a bare nursery. But a fire in Yedo has this marked difference from a fire in a great European city. No mass of smouldering material remains, retaining a large body of fire which it takes weeks of exposure and a constant supply of water finally to extinguish. There are no heaps of white-hot brick-work, masonry, or iron, radiating for many days a heat which is instantly felt on approaching them. Here everything is utterly destroyed, ashes alone remain, and within twenty-four hours all is bustle and activity in order to reconstruct. Artisans are busy in all directions, the street looks like a quarter of carpenters, and resounds with the stroke of adze and hammer, wooden shanties of the frailest construction, yet enough to afford some shelter, are run up within an incredibly short space of time, and in these the *hibachi* (charcoal braziers), the kettle, and the heaven-sent tea, form a hearth and board round which hundreds gather and chatter merrily.

"Already many substantial wooden buildings are in a forward state; every one seems to be doing his best to repair the damage as quickly as possible; there is no useless lamentation; all are cheerful, engaged, and active. The women, the children, and the weak are provided for in the godowns, the strong are at work, and in a month there will be few external signs observable that any great misfortune has happened, save that the visited quarter of the town will look fresher, cleaner, and newer than formerly. Yet, poor souls, they cannot but have suffered much, both in purse and spirits. Their New Year was just upon them; much of the gladness we associate with Christmas were they looking forward to; new stocks of clothes had been laid in, or old ones been redeemed from the pawnbrokers, where, for reasons of thrift, they had lain since last New Year season, and all preparations had been made for the great feast of Tuesday.

"Now, thousands are homeless, and many penniless. There is no spare money, and there are no fine clothes, neither show nor theatre is for them or their little ones, no *saké*, no choice fish or savoury condiment will relieve the taste of their monotonous rice; but hard ill-paid work by day will be succeeded by sleep in a dark close godown, or a shanty, through the crevices of which the cold heartlessly penetrates. The quarter of the *geisha*, or singing-girls, has gone in the general destruction, and no sound of *samisen* enlivens the once merry place of their song."

In three hours we had reached Kônosŭ, a good-sized town, and as we had ridden over eighteen miles, and the horses of our guards were tired, and the *bettos* (grooms) and luggage were far behind, we wisely determined to go no further that day. Our bettos only arrived at four o'clock, and the rest of the cavalcade came dropping in at intervals. We already found by experience that twenty miles a day is as much as can comfortably be managed on such a journey.

Our leisure time before sundown was employed in visiting the two temples of the place, one of which is embowered in a profusion of magnificent *Cryptomeria* and various firs, quite majestic to behold, though the trunks were not very fine. There was also a species of plantain, with broad green leaves, fully six feet in length.

It was here that our bettos began to be troublesome. They had already attempted to get money out of us by having the forage charged at an exorbitant rate, and at Kônosŭ they tried another plan, viz., borrowing money from the landlord, who complained to us after they had started in advance the next morning, and expected that we should reimburse him. This, of course, would never have done, as it would have opened the door to any amount of extortion; but we told him he might come on to the next resting-place, and the matter should be investigated. This suggestion he, or one of his men, followed, and the man told us there that he was satisfied. But it was only after we had finished our trip that we found what a system of robbery these rascally grooms had carried on at almost every stopping-place. Complaints came in to the Government from all sides, to our great annoyance; but three of the number were taken up and tried; of these, one died in prison, and the other two were sentenced to three years' banishment, with hard labour, to some distant island.

The route along the plain continues through various post-towns as far as the castle-towns of Takasaki and Annaka, where we enter a pretty valley, with a serrated ridge of mountains to the left. There was much to remind one now, as elsewhere, of Scotland; clumps of dark firs mingling with lighter shades of green covered the sides of the valley and hills, and it only required some heather to complete the likeness. Mulberry-trees from three to six feet high bordered the fields, and the sides of the road were garnished with a quantity of wild strawberries, their beautiful red colour tempting us to pluck and eat them; but we found them positively devoid of taste. As we proceeded up the valley, the road became stony and uneven, and instead of the tiles on the house-roofs, large stones were fixed in rows, as a protection against the heavy winds. At Sakamoto, a village consisting of a long street upon an incline and backed by green hills, we made a halt, as we were now to go over a pass.

From this time forward, for many days, we remained among the mountains forming the backbone of the island. Mostly of volcanic origin, they must in ages gone by have made up the whole island, and the plains which are to be found bordering the sea, such as that from Yedo on the south, and that on the north-east, in which the province of Echigo is situated, are evidently mere alluvial districts originally covered by the sea.

Soon after mid-day we started again, and almost immediately arrived at the foot of the Usui Tôgé, or Pass, which separates the province of Jôshiu from that of Shinshiu. The

road soon became too steep and stony for riding, so we dismounted, and with little intermission walked up and down the pass to the village of Karuizawa. As we wound up, the views of the country we had left were beautiful. It was a lovely afternoon. At our feet was the valley down to Annaka; the little village of Sakamoto, and a smaller one which we had previously passed, lay below us, two flat-looking patches of roofs, with the straight road running through them like a line of railway, firs and other trees of a lighter green skirting the villages, and the whole of the surrounding ground divided into patches of cultivation. To the right of the valley, as we looked back, was a continuous range of hills, most of them feathered to their very tops, and many with bold serrated summits. In the distance stretched the wide well-cultivated plain. On the top of the pass we found a shrine dedicated to one of the native Shintô gods, designated under the appellation Gongen. Then we began to descend, and soon a pleasant valley opened before us, with a high mamelon in front, not unlike one of the Eildon Hills, except that the summit was uneven. At Karuizawa we halted for a short time, and dispatched our bettos to Oiwaké, where we were to sleep. The pass had occupied two hours and a half, and it is reckoned to be somewhat over six miles.

The ride to Oiwaké was along an uninteresting basin, containing much grass land, and surrounded by hills of an unpicturesque form. The paddy was of a poor quality, the plots were laid out in terraces, and there was a little wheat and barley. The air became almost cold, and we soon found out that we were on a much higher level. When at the *honiin* we were told that there were no mosquito-nets to be had; nor were they required.

From Oiwaké the ascent of the volcano Asamayama is made. It is still somewhat active.

At this post-town, the roads to Kiôto and Niigata diverge. The latter leads one down a valley for twenty miles to Uyéda, one of the centres of the silk industry, the dry climate being peculiarly favourable for the production of good silkworms' eggs. The other road, the Nakasendô, pursues an undulating course till it rises to the Kasatori Tôgé, from the refreshment-house on the top of which Asamayama and the neighbouring mountains are well seen, set as it were in a picture, bounded in the foreground on either side by tall trees. I have travelled by both routes, and on the day when I rested at the little refreshment-house aforesaid, a dense volume of smoke was rising from the volcano's crater, and the proprietor told us how that smoke was his weather-gauge; how when it went off to the right the morrow would be fine, and how rain followed when it took a direction to the left. The range is pretty well east and west. The road now descends rapidly down a picturesque and well-wooded ravine to Nagakubo, which can also be reached from Uyéda by a rough cross-country route. Let us consider ourselves still on the Nakasendô, and, having proceeded up a valley from Nagakubo, to have taken up our quarters at the post-town of Wada.

There is here a very spacious *honjin*, almost a mansion, with beams of clean wood, and delicate carving and carpentry, showing a combination of simplicity and taste which awakened our curiosity. It appears that when the Imperial Princess Kazu was affianced to the Shogun Iyémochi, last but one of the Tokugawa dynasty, she travelled by this route, and the *honjin* had been built for her reception.

The ascent of the Wada Pass is long but gradual, occupying nearly a couple of hours. In this summer season wild roses in plenty scented the air, *Wisterias* and azaleas were in blossom; and soon leaving the mulberry behind, we found ourselves amongst mamelon-shaped hills covered with grass, rushes, and herbs, and a quantity of different trees, such as oak, chestnut, walnut, and, higher up, a number of birches. On the highest hill, however, there were no trees, but a solitary azalea in blossom was growing close to the summit. There we lingered, resting our horses; larks were trilling their lively song, a solitary cuckoo was uttering its monotonous note, and other birds were filling the air melodiously on the bright summer's day.

At Shimonosuwa there are again two roads. The Nakasendô climbs a steep hill, from the top of which there is a splendid panorama on a clear day, the cone of Fuji towering in the very remote distance above the Lake of Suwa. The village at the bottom is Shiwojiri, containing a picturesque line of houses, the ornamental gables of which face the street, and bring to mind many a village in Norway or Sweden.

The other road is the Kôshiukaidô, which soon entering the province of Kôshiu, leads past the castle-town of Kôfu to Yedo.

Following the Kôshiukaidô, we put up near the lake at Kaminosuwa, and wandered about inspecting the silkworms. This reminds me of a curious legend which I found in a book called *No san hiroku*, or "Record of the Secrets of Silk-culture," respecting the origin of the names given to the four rests, or periods of torpor, which the silkworm undergoes during its short existence. My translation of this fanciful legend, after it had been touched up by a more skilful hand, ran as follows:—

"There once lived in India a great king called Rini, concerning whom it is thus written. His queen, the Lady Kôkei, bore him one daughter, the Princess Konjiki, and then died. Thereupon the great king took unto himself another queen, who, sore smitten with jealousy, hated the daughter, and slandered her to the father, so that he sent her away to be exposed on the mountain of the Roaring Lion. But, doubtless by the protection of Providence, she abode there unharmed, and afterwards returned to her native land, riding on a lion. Upon this she was again exposed on the Falcon mountain. Then many noble falcons, frequenters of the spot, brought food and supported her. And the story coming from afar to the ears of the retainers of the king, they went away secretly to the mountain, and escorted the princess back to the capital. But again the queen could not endure the princess's return, so she caused her to be transported to the island called Ocean's Eye. This time fishermen preserved her life, and sent her back to the capital of her native country. The queen, greatly enraged, ordered the retainers to dig a deep hole in the garden of the palace, and to put the princess to death by burying her in it. After which a bright light shone out from the spot, whereat men marvelled. And the great king had the earth dug up, and there the princess was found still unhurt. Then again she was set adrift in the open sea in a canoe made of a mulberry tree, and the boat was cast ashore in the Bay of Toyora in the province of Hitachi in Japan. The people of the place rescued her and fostered her, but in no long time the princess breathed her last. It may be that her spirit being transformed, she turned into a silkworm. However that was, the four rests of the silkworm are called the Lion's, the Falcon's, the Boat's, and the Garden's Rest, after the four calamities which befel this Indian princess."

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—IV.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

THE TOPOGRAPHY AND PRODUCTS OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS AND NATIVE STATES OF SENEGAMBIA.

BAMBOUK is a Malinké, and not a Mussulman country, and is situated in the eastern angle formed by the Falémé and Senegal Rivers. It is of large extent, and is divided into many independent states, the chief of which are Farabana, Niambia, Kankoula, Niagala, Tamboura, formerly called Natacon, Diébé-Dougou, and Kounka-Dougou, towards the south, with Kamanan and Koundian bordering on the Falémé. Farabana, which is situated opposite to Sénoudébou and Sirmanna, which is opposite to Medina, are the two states that have always been particularly friendly in their relations with the French from the time of their first appearance in the country; and it is a fact worthy of notice with regard to Farabana, that, situated as it is in the midst of a country where slavery is rampant, and where the possession of slaves is looked upon as the one thing needful, it is a safe refuge for the fugitives of this unfortunate class of beings, who are free the moment they set foot in Farabana, and at once become citizens of this brave little republic, which goes to war with its neighbours rather than give up one of these refugees.



BLIND MAN OF SENEGAMBIA.

Iron is found in abundance in Bambouk, and gold is met with in all parts; indeed, it was with a view to the working of the gold mines that the French were induced, as far back as 1716, to explore this portion of the country. The result of these explorations was favourable, but, owing to various adverse circumstances, annexation was not effected until the year 1858, when Kénébia was occupied. On either side of the Senegal, from Diakhabel as far as the confluence of the Bafing and Baoulé, is situated the state of Khasso (or Casson as it appears to have been designated in the old maps of the country). Its inhabitants are chiefly Foulahs who speak Malinké, with some free Malinkés proper, who are still to be found on the left bank of the river. The soil is very productive, more so even than that of Bondou, and the scenery is extremely picturesque.

The Foulahs or Pouls originally came from Bakhounou, and were for a time merely shepherds to the Malinkés, who then were masters of this portion of the country, but by degrees they became more numerous, and were eventually sufficiently powerful to supplant their former masters. For the space of fifteen years Khasso remained united under a famous chief, Aoua-Demba, but at his death it was dismembered by its powerful neighbour Kaarta, and split up into several independent states under the sons of Aoua-Demba. In 1855, when El Hadj had gained possession of the Upper Provinces, and had secured Khasso, leaving a garrison to hold the country while he pushed forward into Kaarta, and during the two years' struggle which followed, Khasso remained undisturbed, the French having meanwhile taken up a strong position at Medina; but, as soon as the conquest of Kaarta was effected, El Hadj returned to Khasso, and the inhabitants of the right bank tendered their submission, whilst those of the left bank fled to Bambouk. El Hadj now moved against Medina, and laid siege to the fort, where all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had taken refuge and placed themselves under the protection of the French. The place was besieged for three months, but a gallant and obstinate resistance was offered, and at length, on the 18th of July, 1857, the besiegers were driven off, and completely routed by a mere handful of men led by the governor. This reverse was disastrous to the cause of El Hadj, and put an end, for a time, to the struggle which had arisen between the Foulahs and Mandingoes, or in other words, between the Mussulman and non-Mussulman states in Senegambia.

On the right bank of the Senegal, with Khasso intervening between it and the river, is situated the tract of country called Kaarta, a very fertile district, inhabited by a tribe originally known as Bamana — a name which the French have changed to Bambara, by which they are universally known—who speak a Malinké dialect. The form of government is monarchical. The people of the state are very warlike, and Kaarta is looked upon as one of the most powerful of the Upper Provinces. It maintains a sort of permanent army, divided into several corps, which takes part, in consideration of heavy payments, in any wars in which the states of Khasso, Gadiaga, or Bondou, may be engaged, invariably acting in opposition to Fouta, and has thus acquired a considerable influence in those countries. In all their campaigns, the Bambaras always captured large numbers of slaves, many of whom they sold, at the same time, reserving a large proportion whom they trained as fighting men. These



CREOLE LADY OF SENEGAL, AND HER SERVANT.

latter were well organised, and in time became a very powerful body, with chiefs who themselves were slaves. They were at this time subjected to great cruelties on the part of the king, and on one occasion so harsh was his treatment of one of their chiefs, that a general revolt ensued, and these soldier-slaves quitted the country with their families. Their masters pursued them, but so strong was the position they had taken up, that it was found impossible to dislodge them, and after a while they continued their migration eastwards, finally settling in the kingdom of Ségou. The chiefs of Kaarta, living as they do, solely by rapine, are cruel in the extreme and exceedingly vicious, and the Djiavaras—a Soninké race, who had been subjugated by the Bambaras, and inhabited that portion of Kaarta which they formerly ruled—no longer able to endure their tyranny, broke into open revolt, and a civil war ensued. El Hadj was at this time contemplating the conquest of Kaarta, and, profiting by their internal divisions, endeavoured, by promising them their independence, to induce the Djiavaras to join him. In this he succeeded, and with their assistance, in 1858, completely routed the Bambaras, who took refuge in Fouta Dougou. The Djiavaras, however, soon discovered they had gained nothing by the change of masters, and, after the French success at Medina, took up arms against their former ally. As to the Bambaras, a portion returned to Kaarta, and a large number settled in the vicinity of Medina, Bakel, and Sénoudébou, under the protection of the French, where they have remained to this day.

Kaarta, although exceedingly fertile, exports nothing but slaves, gold, ivory, and a few cotton goods.

From St. Louis as far as Bakel, the right bank of the Senegal is overrun rather than inhabitated by three great tribes of Moors of the desert, known as the Trarzas, Braknas, and Douaichs. These Moors were formerly insolent and great plunderers, but some severe lessons have been administered to them, and they have now acquired a wholesome respect for the French name, and all French subjects and protégés. The Trarzas are the nearest to St. Louis, and occupy that portion of the country extending from the banks of the river to the small stream of Morghen opposite to Gaë, having an average depth of about 300 miles. The Braknas inhabit the line of country which runs along the right bank of the river from the Morghen to the small stream of El Modinalla, facing Fouta Toro; and the territory of the Douaichs commences at the El Modinalla and stretches as far as the Gangara territory in the interior, and in the direction of Tagant.

We will now proceed to give a brief description of the states bordering on the coast to the south of the Senegal.

The nearest to the Senegal is that of Gandiole, which was formerly a part of Cayor, but has belonged to the French since 1861. It is about five miles south of the mouth of that river, and is composed of three villages close together. It contains rich salt mines, from whence the people of the interior chiefly draw their supplies. The adjoining country of Cayor extends along the coast from the south of St. Louis as far as Cape Verd, a distance of about 120 miles, and has a depth averaging from sixty to ninety miles. The whole of the coast, to a depth of about nine miles, belongs to the French. Cayor is governed by a king with absolute power, whose title is that of Damel, and who arrogates to himself the right of pillage, and also has the power to kill or sell his subjects as he pleases. It is a flat and sandy country, and in the dry season water is only to be procured from very deep wells. It is divided into Cayor Proper and Ndiambour; this latter state is thoroughly Mussulman, whilst in Cayor Proper, although there are some few Mussulman villages, the great bulk of the population are not Mohammedans. At the close of the last century, Ndiambour, restless under the sovereignty of a king without any religion, took part with Abd-oul-Kader in his religious war, and freed itself from Cayor. As soon, however, as the war was ended, religious enthusiasm died out, and the Damel succeeded in again subjugating this province.

At the commencement of the war in 1854, Cayor was a tributary of the Trarzas, who had taken possession of a portion of Ndiambour, and founded the village of Ouadan, and, so greatly were the Moors feared, and so little sympathy had the inhabitants of Cayor for the French, that the latter received no support from them in their campaign against the Trarzas. Cayor Proper is divided into several provinces. The territory of Dialakhar was detached from Cayor by the French, and added as a suburb to St. Louis. Toubé is a small tract of country, containing a few villages, about three miles from St. Louis; it formerly belonged to Ualo, but was conquered by Cayor, and given over by it to the Trarzas, after which it was taken possession of by the French, and is now a suburb of St. Louis. The French have also fortified posts at Lompoul, M'boro, and M'bidgen, which likewise serve as stations for the line of telegraph from St. Louis to the island of Goree, about ninety miles distant. A fort on the southern and most elevated portion of the island commands a large open roadstead, which is quite safe during the dry season. On the mainland immediately opposite Goree is the province of Diander, which originally formed a part of Cayor, but is now under French rule. From Rufisque, its principal port, telegraphic communication has been established with most of the other French settlements. Dakar, the extreme point of Cape Verd, is separated from Goree by a narrow channel, about 2,200 yards in breadth, and the French have here constructed a port and established a depôt for the victualling of the Brazil line of Transatlantic steamers. Further south are the districts of Baol and Sine, countries acknowledging the French suzerainty. In the former, they have the factory of Portadal, and in the latter that of Joal, both of which are protected by crenelated towers. To the south again of Sine is situated the province of Salum, intersected by a river of the same name, on the banks of which, at Kaolack, the chief commercial town, the French, in 1860, constructed a fort. On the other side of the Gambia, and about 150 miles from Goree, is situated the island of Djogué, belonging to the French, at the mouth of the Casamanza River; and on the left bank of the same river they hold the territory and island of Carabana, and the island of Guimbéring; and higher up on the right bank they have the districts of Boudhie, in which is the factory of Sedhiou, Pakao, and Yassi, and on the left bank, Souna and Kerakounda. Following the coast-line, and at the distance of about 250 miles below the Casamanza, we come to the Rio Nunez and Rio Pongo, both of which have been explored by the French, but on neither have they as yet established any fortified posts.

The quadrilateral formed by the Senegal on the north, the Gambia on the south, the Atlantic on the west, and the Falémé on the east, constitutes the boundary of the country of Djioloff. The central portion is almost a desert, but it is thickly peopled on its margin. Formerly it was very powerful; now it is

reduced to impotence, from the separation of the other Ouoloff and Sérer states, and from the constant raids of the Moors and Toucouleurs of Fouta. Two hundred years ago "Bour-ba-Djioloff" was supreme among the kings of Cayor and Ualo, and even among those of Sine and Salum, although these chiefs were at the time almost independent; and even now that "Bour-ba-Djioloff" has sunk so low in the social scale, it is said these princes still go through certain forms of respect when in his presence. The pasturage in parts of Djioloff is very good, and the inhabitants are enabled to rear fine herds of cattle, which form a tempting bait for the Moors of the surrounding countries. It is supposed there are also large forests of gum-trees in the interior. The fort of Merinaghen was constructed with a view to attract the commerce of Djioloff in that direction, but the people have such a dread of the Moors, who infest the roads, and are naturally so timid, that they shrink from intercourse with the French, so that, as yet, little good has resulted from the occupation.

In M. Adanson's work on Senegal, to which we have already made reference, may be found perhaps the best and most copious account of the natural history productions of Senegambia. That accomplished botanist, whose researches extended over five years, speaks with admiration of the varied and luxuriant products of the field and forest of the country between the Senegal and Gambia. The vast girth of the baobab or calabash tree excited his unmeasured wonder; while the beauty and grace of the palm raised in his mind those feelings of admiration it never fails to create in those who for the first time find themselves beneath the grateful shade of the fan-like leaves which form its lofty crown. The palm-tree, in one of its numerous species, greets the eye of the traveller in almost every clime of the torrid zone. On the low and arid banks of the Tigris, on the flat and otherwise uninteresting shores of the Malabar coast and the Maldive Islands, amid the luxuriant forest growths of Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, and in the far-off islands of the Pacific Archipelago, the "sea-loving" cocoa, and others of the numberless species of the palm-tree, flourish and gladden the hearts of the inhabitants, who rightly regard this tree as the most priceless of the gifts of a bountiful Providence, whence they derive not only the principal articles of their meat and drink, but also the materials from which they construct their houses, boats, cordage, clothing, and, indeed, almost every comfort and necessary of life.

Sir John Malcolm, in his charming "Sketches of Persia," tells an anecdote illustrative of the estimation in which the Persians, during his first mission to Teheran in 1800, regarded the date-bearing species of the palm-tree, and we can vouch for it that though it does not serve so many useful purposes as among the maritime populations of the islands and shores of the Indian or Pacific Oceans, yet the Arab tribes, who wander on the banks of the Shatt-al-Arab and Tigris, could not support existence without its grateful shade from the mid-day sun, or its delicious juicy fruit.

Malcolm says, "When I looked on the desert, arid plains which lie between Abusheher* and the mountains, and saw the ignorant, half-naked, swarthy men and women broiling under a burning sun, with hardly any food but dates, my bosom swelled with pity for their condition, and I felt the dignity of the human species degraded by their contented looks. 'Surely,' said I to Khojah Aratoon, an Armenian (known in the Mission by the name of Blue-Beard), 'these people cannot be so foolish as to be happy in this miserable and uninstructed state? They appear a lively, intelligent race—can they be insensible to their comparatively wretched condition? Do they not hear of other countries? have they no envy, no desire for improvement?' The good old Armenian smiled and said, 'No; they are a very happy race of people, and so far from envying the condition of others, they pity them. But,' added he, seeing my surprise, 'I will give you an anecdote which will explain the ground of this feeling.

"'Some time since, an Arab woman, an inhabitant of Abusheher, went to England with the children of a Mr. Beauman. She remained in your country four years. When she returned, all gathered round her to gratify their curiosity about England. "What did you find there? Is it a fine country? Are the people rich? are they happy?" She answered, "The country was like a garden; the people were rich, had fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and were said to be very wise and happy." Her audience were filled with envy of the English, and a gloom spread over them which showed discontent at their own condition. They were departing with this sentiment when the woman happened to say, "England certainly wants one thing." "What is that?" said the Arabs eagerly. "There is not a single date-tree in the whole country!" "Are you sure?" was the general exclamation. "Positive," said the old nurse; "I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." This information produced an instantaneous change of feeling among the Arabs; it was pity, not envy, that now filled their breasts; and they went away, wondering how men could live in a country where there were no date-trees!'"

Sir John Malcolm says that during the remainder of that day's march he pondered over the seeming contradiction between the wisdom of Providence and the wisdom of man. The conclusion he came to conveys a moral that perhaps it would be as well if Baron Reuter, and other great capitalists who are about to flood the country with schemes for the material resurrection of Persia and her people, would bear in mind, and bring about the great changes and innovations that follow in the wake of civilisation gradually, and without too great a shock to the feelings, and even prejudices, of an ancient and interesting race.

"I went so far," says the sagacious Elchee, "as to doubt the soundness of many admirable speeches, and some able pamphlets I had read, regarding the rapid diffusion of knowledge; and began to think it was not quite honest, even admitting it was wise, to take away what men possessed of content and happiness, until you could give them an equal or greater amount of the same articles." But *revenons à nos moutons.* Let us return to Senegal and her palm-trees.

On the Senegal coast, says M. Adanson, there are forests of date-trees, and also groves of the oil-bearing palm, which often grows to the height of eighty feet without any branches, until you reach the head, which contains the small round fruit from which is expressed the palm oil. The date-tree, on the other hand, seldom rises higher than from twenty to thirty feet. Its trunk is round and straight, of a dun colour, and six inches at the most in diameter. From the top there issues forth a cluster of leaves from eight to nine feet in length, which extend

* Abusheher is the proper Persian name, but the town is better known to Europeans by the abbreviated appellation of Bushire.

all round, their ends bending towards the earth. From the bottom of the tree spring a great number of stalks like that from the crest, but they seldom shoot so high as four or five feet. These stalks spread so much round the tree that wherever the date grows in forests you find it difficult to open a passage through its prickly leaves. The fruit has a sugary, agreeable taste, infinitely superior, in M. Adanson's opinion, to the very best dates of the Levant. And, indeed, the same may be said of the dates of the East, for the flavour of the luscious fruit, fresh-gathered, on the banks of the Tigris is hardly discernible in the dried-up article that is retailed in the streets of London. Both these descriptions of trees yield the palm wine which is in such general use among the natives.

M. Adanson describes some of the methods by which the natives extract the wine, which is exactly the colour of whey. They cut a stalk a few inches under the crown, and leave only some leaves standing, which they lay above the incision, and fasten with a peg to the tree. The extremity of these leaves is afterwards folded into a calabash, or a small earthen pot, narrow-mouthed, and suspended so as not to be detached from the leaves, or to fall. By this method the sap which issues from the stalk distils along the leaves, and is collected together in the earthen pot. The second method of extracting the palm wine consists in making a round hole under the head of the tree instead of cutting it; and in introducing into this hole a few folded leaves, which serve as a gutter or passage to convey the liquor into the pot or vessel fastened to it.

In extracting the juice from a very tall tree, as from the oil-palm, there is a great deal more difficulty in the operation. The following method adopted by the natives is described by M. Adanson, and bears a great resemblance to the practice of the natives of India when they climb the lofty palms for the same object,* which we have detailed in this periodical. They take a girth of the bark of the *Baubinia* or of the palm-leaf dried in the sun, beaten and twisted, and having a breadth three times the thickness of the finger. At one end they make an eyelet-hole, into which is inserted a little stick fastened across the other end. This girth must be neither too pliant nor too stiff, but it should have a sufficient elasticity to prevent it from giving way too much. The band, when laid in a circle, has a diameter of two and a half feet, and, when stretched by the man's body and the tree, it becomes an oval. leaving the distance of a foot and a half between both. Having provided themselves with cord, a knife, and some pots, they tie themselves, as it were, to the palm with this band, and climb up at first with their feet; then working with their hands and knees till the part of the band round the tree becomes lower than that which supports their body, and serves them as a rest; then they draw near the tree in order to raise the opposite end, and continue the process of raising themselves by their hands until they get to the top of the tree. The girth cannot slip, because it is always kept very tight, and the trunk of the tree is very rough. Having gained the summit, they sit on the band, and, having their arms at liberty, proceed to carry out the object of the ascent. They first make an incision, and then fasten the vessel so that the juice flows into it; and when this is full, they lower it down with the cord they have brought up with them. In descending, they lower the girth, and it is surprising with what agility and celerity they reach the ground. The people are so dexterous that accidents are of rare occurrence; and the only point requiring care is the condition of the band.

The trees furnish but a small quantity daily of this liquor, and it soon becomes sour. The natives do not drink it until twenty-four hours after it is drawn, when it has fermented enough to stimulate the palate agreeably. It is drinkable till the third day, when it grows heady; after that time it turns into bad vinegar, and has a most disagreeable smell. It is at its best when freshly drawn, when the flavour is sweet with a slight tartness, that renders it a very pleasant beverage.

The banks of the Senegal above Dagana, and as far as Matam, are fringed in most parts with shrubs of a prickly nature, intermixed with creepers of various kinds. The *Gonakié*, a tree the wood of which is exceedingly hard, is found in clumps between Dagana and Saldé, and will prove a valuable commodity in the commerce of the future. The forests of gum trees, which the Moors turn to such good account, are chiefly to be met with on the right bank of the river.

Ségou, which extends along the banks of the Djoliba, or Upper Niger, for a distance of more than 300 miles from Kangaba, or Kaniaba, to Djenné, is a very powerful non-Mussulman state; and has as tributaries, among others, the countries of Bakhounou, Foulah Dougou, Gadougou, Mandin, Baléa, Ouassoulou. Its form of government is that of an absolute and hereditary monarchy. It is a state of great commercial importance, and profitable trading relations might be established between it and the French, but for the countries intervening between Ségou and Senegambia, which are either hostile, or offer no encouragement to the French in their attempts to open up the commerce of these parts. A similar prejudicial influence is exercised by the Moors, who fear that if more intimate relations with civilised nations were permitted, they would soon be deprived of the monopoly they at present possess. As matters are now, the French have but little intercourse with the people of Ségou. The chief products are slaves, gold, ivory, and a sort of large cotton shirt without sleeves, called "boubous," dyed with indigo, and elaborately embroidered with silk, obtained from Europeans, most probably from the English in Sierra Leone. Some of the more costly of these boubous are worth several hundreds of francs.

The chief rivers on that part of the West Coast of Africa where the French have their settlements, are the Senegal, the Falémé (its principal affluent), the Salum, the Gambia, the Casamanza, the Rio Cachéo, the Rio Geba, the Rio Grande, the Rio Nunez, the Rio Pongo, and the Mallécory.

The Senegal is formed by two rivers, the Bafing and the Ba-Khoy, which rise in the mountains of Fouta-D'jalon, and unite at a place called Bafoulabé. "Bores" are of frequent occurrence in this river, and affect the position of its mouth considerably; indeed, the changes thus produced are said to range over a coast-line of some ten miles. The Senegal separates the southern portion of the Sahara—which is the home of the Moors, who are wanderers and shepherds—from the country of the negroes, who are sedentary in their habits, and occupy themselves with the cultivation of the land. Its total length is about 1,200 miles, and near the mouth it is from a mile to a mile and a quarter in breadth. Fifty or sixty miles higher up it averages only from 400 to 600 yards, and at the island of Morfil it is little more than 160 yards. Above Saldé, however, it widens again, and

* See "Bombay and the Malabar Coast." By Lieutenant C. R. Low, (late) I.N. ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, Vol. IV. (1872), p. 42.

is in places as much as from 850 to 900 yards broad. The depth just above its mouth averages from 32 to 39 feet, and it maintains this depth for a distance of about 270 miles, as far as Mafou, the first shoal, where the depth is little more than four feet during the dry season. During the rainy season the river rises considerably, and generally overflows its banks throughout its entire length. The rising may be compared in its action to a tide, which, commencing to rise at Bakel in the early part of September, and flowing in the direction of the mouth of the river, does not reach St. Louis until five weeks later. The waters of the river are at their lowest in the month of June, and they commence to rise in July, reaching their highest towards the end of September, at which time the surrounding country for several miles is generally inundated. This inundation usually lasts for a month, and, after that, the waters subside with great rapidity.



FALLS ON THE UPPER SENEGAL.

The Senegal would be navigable for large craft were it not for the bar at its mouth, which impedes their entrance. Between the months of August and November, vessels drawing twelve feet can clear it, and get up as far as Richard Toll, about ninety miles from the mouth; steamers can ascend as far as Medina, near the cataracts of Félou, about 750 miles; and vessels drawing eight feet of water can ascend as far as Mafou, 270 miles, at all seasons of the year.

The Senegal has a large number of small affluents, which are known in the country under the name of *marigots*. Near St. Louis these *marigots* form several large alluvial islands, which are mostly inundated during the rising of the river. At Richard Toll, on the left bank, a small river called the Touaey, about twenty-four miles in length, and communicating with Lake Guier to the south-east, joins the Senegal. At Merinaghen, Lake Guier takes the name of the "Marigot of Bounoun," and is almost dry during the dry season, but spreads its waters to an extent of some forty miles, during the rains. At Saldé, a *marigot*, or rather an arm of the river, detaches itself from the main stream on the left bank, and rejoining it again above Podor, forms a large island, the largest in the river, called Morfil. There is a great abundance of fish in the Senegal, and amongst other kinds, a species of electric fish, and a large description of fresh-water oyster, which is not eatable.

The Falémé, like the Senegal, has its source in Fouta-D'jalon, and unites with the latter river near Arondore, after having run some 300 miles. It is navigable during the rainy season for about 120 miles, from its confluence with the Senegal, for vessels drawing about six feet.

The Salum, which derives its name from the territory through which it runs, flows into the sea about sixty-five miles to the south of Gorée. At about forty-five miles from its mouth it divides itself into two branches, one, the Salum, an exceedingly tortuous stream, having an easterly course, passes Kaolack —where the French have a settlement, receiving its supplies from the vessels which ply between Gorée and Casamanza— and finally exhausts itself in a plain some thirty miles further on. The other, generally known as the Sine, takes a northerly course, and for the first ten miles from its junction with the Salum, forms the western boundary of the province of Salum; wending its way from thence through the Sine country, it passes through the large village of Fatick, within five miles of the capital, Diakhao, and loses itself in a large inundated plain. The mouths of the Salum form a vast delta, and some

of the branches communicate with the Gambia. The water of both the Salum and the Sine is salt, and the tide is felt as far as the plains in which they lose themselves; they are navigable throughout their entire length at high water for vessels drawing from six to eight feet. The banks of these rivers are low, and bordered with mangrove-trees and plains covered with beds of crystallised salt.

The Casamanza, which rises in the mountains of Kabou, empties itself into the Atlantic, about 120 miles to the south of Gorée, and thirty-six miles south of the Gambia. Sandbanks, four or five miles in length, obstruct the mouth, and there are only three entrance channels; the centre one, about 1,250 yards wide, is the only one practicable for vessels drawing more than twelve feet, and this only at high water. Flowing as it does through an alluvial soil, the Casamanza varies very much in breadth; the channel decreasing in depth as the river widens, vessels drawing about six feet can ascend as far as Sedhiou, which is a little more than 100 miles from its mouth, its total length being about 190 miles. For some distance from its mouth the river is bounded on both sides by a series of low islands, separated by *marigots*, or small streams; but these gradually disappear as you ascend the river. On both banks the mangrove is found in great profusion, and as far as Boudhié there are also extensive beds of ooze, which makes landing very difficult up to this point. The Songrougou is the principal affluent of the Casamanza, and flows into it on the right bank at about sixty miles from its mouth. Carabana and Zighinchor (a Portuguese station unfortified) are the chief places of trade.

One of the most important, in a commercial point of view, and one of the most frequented rivers on the West Coast of Africa, is the Rio Nunez, which is approached by a channel a mile wide, and from sixteen to eighteen feet in depth. The province of Karkandy, which borders on this river, and extends from Wakaria to its mouth, is by far the richest and most commercial district of these parts. The great centre of commerce, and the rendezvous of all the caravans from the interior, is the village of Boké, about eight miles from its source.

A South African "Tiger" Hunt.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIST.

After a few weeks passed in a neighbourhood very thinly-populated, at least by white settlers, where our sole amusement has been the occasional wandering forth, gun in hand, in quest of game, of which the supply, both winged and four-footed, is almost as scanty as that of companionable beings, it is with great joy that we hear the report circulated by the natives of the district that three "tigers," a female and two well-grown cubs, had taken up their quarters in a long, bush-lined ravine not very far distant from the house in which we are sojourning.

The footprints of a "tiger," as the leopard is very generally called in South Africa, have been noticed for some time past in the vicinity of the largest, most rugged, and most thickly-wooded *kloof* (ravine) in the neighbourhood, inducing the natives to believe that these tigers have settled down, for a time, at all events, in a spot certainly most admirably fitted by nature for their concealment.

Several natives, as a matter of course, with the strongest asseverations and most vehement gesticulations, state that they have both seen and heard the *eengue* (leopard) upon several occasions. Making all allowance for the Kafir's strong love for romance and exaggeration, the fact is indisputable that a hoary-headed old savage, the owner of four or five wives, a troop of marriageable, and consequently marketable, daughters, and a tolerably numerous herd of cattle, is mourning the loss of a promising little *itola* (young heifer), the said itola having wandered from the herd into the bush, where she has been found dead, mangled, and half devoured.

The old fellow has, we hear, previously borne the loss of a young goat almost stoically; but cattle, he asserts with much emphasis, are his *maali* (money); and when we consider that all the cash which he has been able to obtain from his youth upwards, either by labouring for, or by selling maize, pumpkins, fowls, and milk, to the white inhabitants of the district, has been hoarded, to be invested in cattle as opportunity offered; that each of his wives has been purchased from her father, and paid for by so many head of cattle; and that for each of his daughters he will demand, and without doubt obtain, a certain number of cattle, his position is really somewhat analogous to that of a more civilised being, who suddenly awakes to the fact that he has for ever lost a portion of his capital through the breaking of a bank, the failure of a speculation, the foundering of a ship, or some other calamity. The old Kafir, no doubt after an absurd amount of bragging and vowing vengeance, which he is, of course, perfectly unable to wreak, upon the leopards, does the wisest thing possible under the circumstances, and seeks the aid of his white neighbours, knowing full well that by the agency of their *isibahm* (gun), or equally deadly *moti** (medicine) lies his best chance of clearing the bush of his enemies; and, being well aware that our host is a great lover of hunting, applies to him in the first instance.

All idea of poisoning the remains of the calf is scouted, and it is at once agreed that a regular hunt shall be instituted, in which all neighbours and friends are to be invited to join, and as large a muster of natives and dogs as possible is to be obtained, the gunners to be posted, and the bush driven *secundum artem*.

* The remains of an animal which has been killed by a leopard are sometimes poisoned by means of strychnine; and as the leopard frequently returns to feast upon the carcase, he may be thus destroyed. The natives commonly speak of all the white man's medicinal remedies and poisons by the one word *moti*.

On the morning appointed for the hunt, the Kafirs begin to arrive in small gangs before the sun has risen, and, squatting upon their haunches in front of the "stoep," as the verandah is commonly called in South Africa, immediately set to work at two of their favourite amusements, namely, gossiping and snuff-taking, with the usual accompaniments of laughter, gesticulation, sneezing, coughing, and shedding of tears, created, no doubt, by the excellence of the speaker's humour, and the potency of the *gwi* (native snuff). These Kafirs are all armed with knobkerries and assegais, and accompanied by a host of dogs. When large gangs of Kafirs are employed to drive the bush for antelope, it is usual to deprive them of their weapons, owing to their propensity for "mobbing" and destroying every head of game which they can by any possibility secure, thus depriving the white hunters to a great extent of their sport; but on this occasion, as the game to be sought for is often dangerous when wounded, permission is accorded to all hands to carry such weapons as they think fit.

Two of our neighbours having ridden over in time for an early breakfast, that most agreeable of all meals is hurried through in a very unceremonious fashion, guns are taken up, flasks and belts adjusted, horses are brought round, and a start is made for the spot agreed upon for the "meet."

As we ride through the thick grass and tangle, our horses' legs, and even the boots of their riders, become thoroughly wet with the heavy dew which still clings to the herbage, while a thick humid mist hangs over the valleys, and the air is much cooler than would be expected by a recently-arrived Englishman. However, dews, mists, and, unfortunately, too often cool air, speedily disappear before the early sun's rays.

While riding to the rendezvous, one of us succeeds in knocking over an *impoonzie*,* which the curs belonging to the Kafirs seem disposed to "break up" on the spot, and from which they are, with some little difficulty, driven off.

Everything seems wonderfully quiet and still as we ride along; for, with the exception of an occasional piping of some small bird, the only sounds to be heard proceed from our own party, and the Kafirs are talking but little among themselves as they stride rapidly along, keeping well up with our horses.

Arrived at the rendezvous, the scene changes, and we find ourselves exchanging greetings in the midst of a body of armed white men, and surrounded by a host of black fellows bristling with assegais, from whose throats comes a constant running fire of salutation, "Sacu bona baas!" ("I see you, master!"); "Sacu bon'umgan!" ("I see you, sir!"); "Saku bona makosi!" ("I see you, chiefs!"); with the occasional addition to the salutation of the nickname by which any one of us is known among the natives of the district. Orders are quickly given to the Kafirs to commence driving, and a few small coverts are drawn, with deafening shouts and yells, and two pretty little *ipete*† are bowled over; but we hear nothing from the Kafirs of any trace of the "tigers."

A number of the smaller clumps of bush having been thoroughly beaten out, it is agreed at once to search the long, deep, densely-wooded valley which the leopards are believed to haunt. We gunners, having fastened our horses under the shade of some spreading trees, march off to such parts of the open high lands bordering the ravine as, owing to a thinness of, or an opening in, the bush, offer a chance of seeing the driven game pass.

Several of us take up our position upon a sort of natural terrace formed by a rough line of rock, and where, from the stony nature of the soil, the side of the ravine is less luxuriantly clothed with vegetation, thus affording a better prospect of a shot than is to be hoped for in the somewhat remote contingency of a leopard being forced from such a stronghold into the open.

Here we sit chatting and comparing notes with each other concerning the various bush hunts at which we have been present, while we enjoy the picturesque peep through the heavy covert, which our station commands, full of rough pieces of jutting rock, quartz, and huge smooth boulder-stones, from among which curious-looking plants of various kinds, beautiful lilies and ferns, perhaps of great value to a collector, crop up in all directions down to the trickling stream which winds through the bottom of the ravine. All agree that a "tiger," unless he be labouring under the effects of some poison or other which has been laid for him, is but rarely seen, and still more rarely killed, during a bush hunt. We have not to wait long before we hear the abominable row made by the natives as they commence driving the bush; loud shouts, savage yells, and at times an extraordinary song, mingle with the loud barking of dogs, varied by occasional whistling of a power not to be equalled even in the gallery of a London theatre.

As the driving party approaches the spot where we are stationed, we distinctly hear game of some kind moving in the bush, and presently a little ipete, while trying to hurry across the opening before us, is knocked over, and lies beside a great boulder, where he fell, presenting a crumpled appearance (if I may use the term which best describes the effect of a tremendous charge of buck-shot upon so small an antelope at a short range). Buck-shot is generally considered sufficiently effective for leopard-shooting, and bullets, for obvious reasons, are rarely used at a bush hunt where several white sportsmen and a large concourse of natives are gathered together. No attempt is made to pick up the little buck, as we are all, of course, expected to keep our stations during the drive. From time to time the reports of guns are heard in various directions, and, after a time, the dogs begin to cross the glade which we overlook, some yelping and barking in great excitement, others rattling along silently and steadily with noses to the ground, according to their different idiosyncrasies. The dogs are soon followed by the natives, who come whooping, and singing, and beating the bush with sticks, knobkerries, and the shafts of their assegais. Two or three of the beaters, leaving the bush, accompany us as we walk along the edge of the ravine a little, and but a little ahead, of the driving party, one of whom has picked up, and thrown over his shoulders, our little antelope.

Suddenly the Kafirs within the bush are heard calling to one another in an excited manner, and in partially suppressed

* The antelope called by the Kafirs *impoonzie*, and by the Dutch settlers named *duykerbok*, is the *Cephalopus* of zoologists, and is a small, elegantly-shaped buck of a grey colour, carrying small, straight horns. There are four varieties of the *duykerbok* to be found in South Africa, viz., *Cephalopus Grimmii*, *Cephalopus Burchellii*, *Cephalopus Campbelliæ*, and *Cephalopus Natalensis*, all of which are very similar in size and general appearance.

† The *ipete* of the Kafirs, and the *blauw bok* of the Africander-Dutch, is the *Cephalopus pygmæus* of zoologists, and certainly does not exceed an English hare in weight.

tones, and their fellows who accompany us, whose sharp ears catch every word and sound, state that a leopard has been seen in the covert, and we all press forward more rapidly as the shouting beaters, who are, no doubt, crowding after the fresh "spoor" (footprints) of the leopard, declare that the game is running ahead of us. As we near the different spots where we know the remaining gunners of our party are posted, we listen anxiously for a shot, nor have we to wait long, for a couple of tremendous detonations from an evidently very heavily charged gun, follow each other in rapid succession; in fact, both barrels are fired almost simultaneously. These reports are followed in a short time by another, fired some distance ahead, and English voices are heard shouting directions in the native tongue to the Kafirs. Soon we get the signal to advance, which we do with some caution, the white men calling to each other by name, and the natives continuing their shouting and yelling until we arrive at the spot where the furthermost of our guns have been posted.

Our friend who fired the double shot, affirms that he struck the "tiger," and the man who afterwards obtained a shot also declares that he hit the animal. By custom, the skin or trophy of any game killed by South African hunters, is the property of the man who first struck the animal, though several others may fire upon it, and even another administer the *coup de grâce*.

After a long consultation, it is agreed that the part of the gorge beneath us shall be thoroughly searched by the Kafirs and dogs, a work not altogether unattended with danger, should the leopard be, as it is believed he is, wounded, and crouching among the thick tangle of the dense covert.

The Kafirs, calling their dogs together, enter the bush without any signs of fear, though not without some caution, and we white men advance, keeping together as much as the rough nature of the ground and the thickness of the bush will admit of our doing; guns being, it is needless to remark, particularly dangerous weapons in the hands of men, however skilled in the use of them, who cannot see each other.

Before we have struggled far through the covert, the word is passed quietly by the natives from mouth to mouth that "There is the 'tiger'!" and hurrying forward, there he is, looking very bright and handsome, and also very fierce, as he bends back as if about to spring among the dogs, who surround the tree in which he has taken up his quarters, his mouth opening and showing his long white tushes as he gives vent to a hissing spitting sort of growl. He is, of course, shot down immediately, and comes tumbling among the dogs, who seem but little disposed to worry him, eagerly as they have been baying him so long as he was "treed." Two or three tremendous cracks administered on the head as the leopard rolls over and over, striking wildly at the dogs with extended claws, finishes matters, and a beautiful, sleek-coated young leopard, nearly full grown, lies stretched before us; his partially open eyes, now rapidly glazing, and retracted upper lip, showing the white teeth and long white tushes, and still giving him a fierce, untamable, and sinister look. After a lengthened inspection of our victim, we wend our way to the shady spot where our horses are tethered, and sit down to an *al fresco* "tiffin," some baskets of provisions having been not altogether forgotten when the arrangements were made for a "tiger" hunt.

Although the ravine was subsequently drawn more than once after our hunt, no more was seen of either of the other leopards said to frequent it.

A Fortnight among the Dolomites.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

It was with no common curiosity that on the 14th of July last I strolled through the sultry streets of Botzen to find my bearings, and in particular catch my first view of the Dolomites, for which I was to start that afternoon. Report and reading had alike stimulated my curiosity respecting those mountains; but it was perhaps to the vigorous description of them in the "Playground of Europe," which had clad them in my imagination with a mysterious and magical charm, that I mainly owe the pleasantest episode of the summer's tour. It would add to my pleasure in penning these recollections, if I thought that they would help to make more general a similar curiosity, and a knowledge of the beauty and accessibility of a region in which I found myself almost a solitary wanderer.

The Rosengarten, which I soon made out, is well seen from Botzen, and left me in little doubt as to the direction in which my road out of the town lay. My first resting-place was to be Walschenofen in the Carneid Thal. On entering the latter, the traveller finds the luxurious landscape of the main valley suddenly changed for a bold ravine extending for some miles, along whose rocky walls a skilfully constructed road is carried—now leaping the chasm on a bridge, now piercing an awkward corner with a tunnel. The modest toll at the entrance of the valley seems well deserved, for a road which has overcome such obstacles, and opened out an easy route on a side where access to the Dolomite region was before troublesome. Above the ravine the valley opens out, and reveals glimpses of the mountain range towards which it ascends.

After some hours' walking, I came upon a village with a tiny church and a large white house. The village proved to be Birchbrücke, and the house to be partly inn, and partly gendarmerie. Here my pedestrian principles gave way under the landlord's suasive conversation, and I was beguiled into taking up my abode for the night; nor did I regret next morning this failure to complete my last three miles, when I saw the hopelessly miserable inn at Walschenofen. Let the traveller halting in this valley profit by my experience! A clean and comfortable room, a civil landlord, and the choicest of fish at supper in the "garden," are blessings not to be

lightly despised. And eloquent, too, to tempt the wanderer to stop were the peaceful beauties of the scene. Below me as I sat, the villagers and gendarmes were playing at their favourite bowls; close by stood the diminutive church, with a bell absurdly out of proportion to it, and a bell-ringer—who presently rang the vespers from outside—still more so, reaching as he did half way up the tower, while at the sound of the vesper-bell pealing through the still valley, to be answered far away by others, the simple people stopped their game and doffed their caps; in the background, the divided valley unfolded to view the Reiter Joch looming up one vista, and the Rosengarten up another; and over all was falling the solemn evening calm.

Next day clouds lowered over the mountain-tops, and prevented me from forming more than a partial judgment of the scenery of the Caressa Pass. On the right, however, some Dolomite pinnacles half revealed themselves through the mists. The Fassa Thal, into which I now descended, is famous among geologists, but disappointing to the lover of scenery, as the rounded shoulders mostly shut out the higher peaks that rise behind them. I deviated from my direct course for Predazzo in order to visit the upper end of the valley, and put up for the night at Campidello. Here the valley makes a bend, and its previous monotony is forgotten in continually increasing wildness and grandeur. Next morning I followed it up towards the Fedaya Pass; the Marmolata, the highest of the Dolomites (over 11,000 feet), lay in front as I advanced, but even his attractions could not blind me to those of the wonderful peaks that rise above Campidello, in shattered tower and spire, presenting one of the most remarkable outlines among these Alps. As these passed out of view, the valley became wilder and more contracted, till at length I emerged on the view which was the main object of my walk. Immediately above me, a gentle hollow and quiet stream only intervening, rose, in sheer grey rock and glacier, the snow-capped monarch of the Dolomites, frowning down in awful desolation on a fair reach of rich pasture-land, which stretched back in even, upward slopes from the stream, and was fringed by a semicircular belt of pines that converted it into a vast amphitheatre; while outlying trees from the main barrier, dotting it here and there, promised shade to the lounger, or foreground to the artist who should be bold enough to try to compass the prospect in one sketch; and, if either wanted convincing of the enormous scale of the scene, stray groups of herdsmen or cattle—the latter retiring in minute perspective up the mountain shoulders—were at hand to assist his imagination. No great mountain with which I am acquainted raises its entire mass in view to the spectator at so near a point, not being parted from him even by a ravine. I descended that afternoon to Predazzo, where is a comfortable inn, and the following day crossed the Costouzella Pass to San Martino di Castrozza. The top of this pass is a wide tract of pasture-land—varied with shrubs in its more broken parts—which stretches nearly at a level for more than a mile, and supports numerous cattle, presenting to the eye a warm luxurious green, to which blue-grey rocks, which start up in parts, embosomed in the shrubbery, offer a delicate contrast. At its distant extremity (as it appears when approached from Predazzo), the plateau dips into a ravine, or rises in bolder cliffs of curiously twisted strata, and a deep ruddy hue, which still further heightens the effect of the rich verdure at their feet; while towering above them, and beyond the ravine, one of the most magnificent mountains that I have seen in the Alps—the Cimon della Pala, "a shattered wall of dolomite about 11,000 feet in height"—completes the view. Gleaming cold and clear, his pale grey, suffused with indistinct yet all-pervading pink, rising buttress above buttress, riven and rent and seamed, so intermingling shadow and cleft, and mass and



EARTH PILLARS NEAR BOTZEN.

spur, as to baffle definition, yet glistening with hard uncompromising outline, his main peak, like a cathedral tower far outtopping its flanking gable-ends, raised aloft in scornful defiance of the elements that have scored his face with ruin, he formed a sight not easily to be forgotten. On the side of Primiero, the sky was overcast with clouds, and mists were seething up from the valley, continually threatening to break down in rain, or obliterate the fair prospect; their ragged edges, however, constantly appearing to advance, yet never passing a certain boundary line, seemed to meet with an equally persistent foe in the pure sunlight of the pass, which disposed of their rolling ranks as fast as they rose to the attack. A newly-made carriage road crosses the pass, which I followed till it led me to the edge of the valley of the Cismone, then a long vista of mist and rain. I was now within the hostile lines, and encircling vapours cut me off from the mountain and the ravine which lay in front of it. Hoping to gain a last and nearer view, I left the road, and carefully steered my course through the driving mists in the direction of the ravine.

I was rewarded. After fleeting glimpses, caught far up in the sky, and departing as suddenly, I finally emerged from the mists, and stood on the brink of a deep-cut valley-head, beyond which rose the Cimon della Pala. As he stood there, now almost wholly unveiled, now almost hidden from sight, now reflecting from every stone and snowy crevice the clear though uncertain sunlight, now battling with the billowy vapours, and dipping his proud head under them as they shot over him, or flinging them off his ice-bound buttresses like frothy foam, he impressed my mind with a feeling which those will best participate who have visited the spot. Straight from the wild and dreary hollow he reared some 6,000 feet of broken rock and ice: if definition was before difficult, confusion was now ten times confused. Precipices there may be at a steeper angle, but here, from cliff piled on cliff, and buttress tossed on buttress, welded together by interlacing snow and glacier, the eye was carried upwards till it rested, with a strange awe, on the dizzy central peak. Will the comparison be thought degrading if I liken the apparent architecture of the mountain to that of a garden rock-work which has been forced in the middle somewhat from its original symmetry by pressure of the soil from behind, and which to an ant on the walk would appear made up of successive rocks, loosely resting on one another at various angles, without visible connection, and crowned by one more erect and tottering than the rest? I succeeded, with patience, in sketching an outline of the mountain, bit by bit, as, phantom-like, each part assumed existence only to elude my grasp, and had just made up my mind, though cold and stiff, to put in some shading, when—crash overhead! a thunderclap pealed, and that from the serene quarter of the sky. No second warning was needed, and it was not without a feeling of relief that I hurried away from the savage and mysterious glen.

I abandoned my original intention of going on that night to Primiero, which I fancied that I could see far away below down the valley, and stopped at San Martino, hoping, moreover, to see something more of the fine scenery at the head of the valley next day; however, for once in a way, the morning was hopelessly damp and cloudy, and I had to content myself with trudging down to Primiero. To this town Mr. Stephens' vigorous description in the book above mentioned had made me eagerly look forward; under the circumstances, therefore, of the inauspicious weather and my descent from a scene of such bewitching grandeur, a little disappointment at first sight was not unnatural. No one, however, approaching Primiero from below, can fail to be impressed with the extreme charm of its situation, nor could it well be better placed for making accessible the various beauties of the valley, commanding, as it does, not only the main branch, but also the Val di Canali.

I had pictured to myself Primiero as having become by this time a place of some resort; and a fortnight's inexperience had made me rather look forward to meeting my fellow-men at a *table d'hôte*, but when, in my innocence, I inquired about the latter of the good people, the term seemed almost unknown to them, and during all my stay, so far as I knew, I constituted the sum total of all the visitors in the place! When, however, the day shall come when beauty of scenery is loved for its own sake, or for whatever other reason, the tide of fashion shall have set to Primiero, and caused the quiet and sedate *Aquila Nera* to give place to a modern hotel, then, I fear, must the levelling influence of civilisation begin to rob the old town of its character, and turn the heads of its people. As it is, Primiero is quaint and primitive, and the lazy, old-fashioned, out-of-the-world, respectable inhabitants, thronging its streets, or sitting in front of the houses, are a sight to see; even the most unreflecting, when he beholds at evening well-to-do, middle-aged citizens playing their staid and respectable game of bowls in the principal street in front of the hotel, must be conscious of the vast gap between them and the ordinary British townsmen of the nineteenth century. All is orderly, peaceful, and neighbourly, mob ruffians and beggars seem only an evil dream of more advanced humanity; but perhaps no absence struck me so much as that of fast, dressy, or swaggering young men; the younger generation seemed either to have disappeared, or to imitate the demure and old-world ways of their elders; no one seemed before anyone else in fashion or civilisation. All seemed contemplative, good-humoured, and contented with their present state of things, and no doubt London might have been burnt up without my hearing of it or any one being discomposed.

Newspapers there may have been, but, like the beggars, they did not protrude themselves on my observation, and of news from the outside world I was ignorant almost for weeks together during this part of my tour. Nor did curiosity appear to throw the worthy people off their balance: though I must have appeared to them strangely and wonderfully got up; stalking collarless through the crowded streets, I never met with a disrespectful look or word, and struck no spark of hope in tout or guide to prey on my helplessness.

On Sunday, of course, the streets were more than usually thronged, but still there was the same composed and sedate demeanour, quiet talking, or gossiping, and absence of joviality (externally, at least) as on week-days. Mass seemed to be over by nine in the morning, to judge by the crowds of people streaming down the street. It was pleasing to see the gaunt rustics, who had flocked in from hamlet or châlet, in their Sunday best, their coats, as is their universal custom, thrown over the back like a cloak, the sleeves hanging loosely down, awkwardly shuffle along with wide mountain strides on their road to church, and then, as they gained the door, thrust first one arm, then the other, with solemn deliberation and apparent reluctance, into its sleeve, doff their caps, and reverently enter; or if they passed the open door, denote their respect perchance

with lifted cap or bended knee. All, moreover, was done with gravity and dignity, and, in spite of their uncouthness, a certain homely mountain grace. The poorer women, who the rest of the week walked barefoot—and seemed to prefer doing so where possible, as they would be seen sometimes carrying their shoes in their hand—on Sunday, with their other finery, put on boots, and the evident want of custom made their gait curiously ungainly.

My small quota of praise must go to swell the apparently universal tribute to the comforts of the *Aquila Nera*. My bedroom was clean and roomy, and my dinner well cooked. As to the landlady, the grumpiest of tourists could hardly find it in his heart to quarrel with the kind-hearted, motherly Madame Bellini. No sooner was my step heard on the stair after my day's walk, than one of the family, or a barefooted domestic, followed up to know my wants, and these were as promptly supplied. The inn shared the peculiarities of the district, and beyond the visitor's book had little to denote the advent of strangers. The general guest-room was on the first floor, the sitting-room of honour being the passage between the bedrooms on the floor above, with a small balcony at each end, one of which looked over the main street. Here I ate my meals in solitary state. Of the ground floor I remember little, save that it contained a courtway, and appeared more tenanted by dogs than human beings. A more ambitious member of the former class was apt to invade my domains, which, however, were more permanently occupied by a cat, to whom perpetual habit had given the appearance of always peering round a stair corner to see if one of her canine friends were approaching.

The scenery about Primiero derives much of its charm from its varied character. The most prominent features are the groups of Dolomite mountains lying between the two branches of the valley near the point of junction of which, as above mentioned, the town stands. These mountains are the Saas Maor and the Cima Cimedo; and their marvellous shapes and rich colouring no one who visits Primiero is likely to forget. At the base of the latter may be seen one moment strange pinnacles, the existence of which, a change of light the next, may lead the spectator to doubt. To satisfy his scepticism, the latter will probably feel inclined to mount the rounded grassy knolls, sprinkled with pines and châlets, which lead immediately up to them. At the foot of this green hill, and similar ones on the other side, though of a more broken kind, and varied by bolder ridges, lies a large fertile reach of level valley, devoted to the cultivation of maize, and traversed by roads joining the three outlying villages, whose spires form a conspicuous object in the landscape. Beyond the broadest extent of this little plain, smiling with crops, and stream, and village, the eye rests on a solid wall of Dolomites, lying to the right of the last-named mountains, from which it is apparently cut off by the head of the Val di Canali, though really part of the same ridge, and forming a background to the rocky promontory on which stands out the ruined castle of La Pietra. Behind the town rises at once a steep hill-side, in walls, and paths, and terraces, between which nestle grass-fields overshadowed with the luxuriant foliage of Spanish chestnuts or similar trees, the whole forming a bright green prospect grateful to the eye, and tempting the spectator to explore the paths or enjoy the shade. Amid so many accessible beauties, ladies would find Primiero good head-quarters.

Cloudy weather prevented me from making some of the walks which I had contemplated; I will record, however, such points of interest as fell in my way. After following one of the paths on the hill-side behind the town, leading at a pretty high level down the valley, and affording fine views in both directions, I descended on Mezzano, and turned up the fine gorge of the Noana: this eventually brought me out on more open scenery, where were fine contrasts of meadow and châlet, deep ravine and wild rocky hills, near the Alp di Neva. Here I found a path across the ravine, and returned to Primiero over the Monte Tase. When clear, the view from the latter hill must well repay the climb. A short and rapid descent from the ridge set me on a wide semicircular slope of grass, seeming to stretch below me in one hill-side of meadow dotted with pines to the distant valley, without a fence to be seen, and closing up behind to the summit of the ridge amid thicker groups of trees which formed its border. Round where I stood, a broad hollow, from which the last hay was being carted away, extended for nearly half a mile along the gently swelling hill-side, almost as smooth and fair to look upon as a croquet-lawn. The grass on these hills is mown more neatly and closely than with us, and in surprisingly steep places. The eye rested with peculiar pleasure on the rounded knolls and undulations contrasted with their setting of pines or broken ground, rugged mountain, or melting distance; and the soft slopes were hardly less grateful to the foot than to the eye.

The day before I left, I walked past La Pietra (let me in passing recommend the view of the latter from the far side of the ravine on its right as seen from Primiero; the effect, as I saw it, was most impressive—the desolate, inaccessible castle, bright in sunshine against the massive purple of the Dolomites in shade in the background) up the Val di Canali, and then to the left up the wilder and more gloomy Val di Pravitale, both running up deep into the Dolomite range. Leaving the stream in the latter valley on my right, I partly went forward, partly ascended, through the woods for some time, till at last, leaving these, I came out not far from the actual base of the Dolomites, and close to one of the glistening white slopes of débris characteristic of these mountains, and easily mistaken at a distance for snow.

I now commanded the head of this stern glen, studded round with towering peaks, which unfortunately were then clad in mists almost down to their feet. Without ascending further, I bore to the left through the woods, and after emerging from them, along the hill-side, keeping nearly at the same level all the way, till I finally attained the angle of the ridge separating the Val di Canali from the main valley, and, besides surveying Primiero, offering a view towards the Costouzella Pass. Here I was at the spot to which I had looked with longing eyes from Primiero; and if the mystery of the pinnacles above mentioned was to be solved, now was the time; but lo! though I was almost at their very feet, they were tenfold more mysterious than ever, appearing and disappearing in the mist like magic, or assuming new forms to baffle me when they appeared again. No sooner had I certified myself that I had detected a pinnacle-side, than the mocking mists would obliterate it and reproduce it perhaps next moment as a shadow or a cleft, or transform what was now a tapering needle, into a buttress or angle of a mightier mass. Outline was impossible; one behind another they rose, their forms dim and magnified, and seeming to tower

to an indefinable height, while looming behind them all in the murky obscurity, I felt the presence of, but never saw, the mountain mass whose skirt they only fringed. In the dark vapours which seethed round this central mass, writhing about the ghastly pillars, one might have pictured black fumes dimly revealing a troop of white-robed witches scowling round their magic caldron. I left them to a gloom which caught no cheering glow even from the sunset, and descending towards Primiero, my way again in part over undulating lawns, I reached the valley near Siror.

I left Primiero, after a four days' stay, with regret. The bill which Madame Bellini handed me at parting, though portentous in length—the component parts of the meals being put down separately—only amounted to about £1.

My route for the Cereda Pass led me once more by the now familiar way to the castle, and as I passed under its walls, I failed not to turn to catch the last glimpses of Primiero snugly reposing below at the end of the fertile valley. The mists which accompanied me over the pass furnish an excuse for not criticising its scenery. I will content myself with recommending to the pedestrian the pleasing and varied route by Frassenè.

Avoiding Agordo, I turned up the Valley of the Cordevole. The latter is enclosed on both sides by fine rocky mountains, with the tremendous aspect of whose frowning precipitous cliffs, or rather steps of rock, I was much struck. The river is a carrier of timber, large quantities of which lay in piles entangled about its banks or caught at corners, and ever and anon I saw gangs of timber-men, as inert or intermittent in activity as the logs themselves, with long spiked and hooked poles, rarely doing anything but standing about the dead-locked or stranded timber contemplating matters. Comparatively few logs were in motion, but sometimes great thuds and bumps were heard as they came dashing down over the rocks, or some monster log would heave in sight, fighting its way down amid attendant smaller fry.

I found quarters for the night at Ceuceuighe. The inn was small and rough, but the landlord obliging and attentive. Next day I pushed my course up the valley, passing the Lake of Alleghe, which chiefly derives its beauty from the Civetta. This mountain rises immediately behind the village of Alleghe, with varied steps and luxuriant buttresses, above which the vertical cleft-riven final rocks, peculiar to the Dolomites, rear themselves in grim majesty. The far side of the lake, whither I was rowed by two laughing damsels, afforded me a fine view. I did not recross, and instead of rejoining the road above the lake, followed the old track on the right side of the stream. Here I got into difficulties, as the road was broken down in parts, and the bank steep. After two ineffectual attempts to ford the stream, and wading up part of it, I reached Caprile, disgusted at having wasted some two hours of valuable time over a mile!

Caprile possesses a decidedly superior inn to that at Ceucenighe, and lies in the midst of beautiful scenery. Above the village my track for the Tré Sassi Pass mounted steeply at first, and in an unexpected direction, and then after making a sudden turn, and landing me despairing into a pathless but beautiful Alp, kept along the steep valley-side at a high level. It was bountiful in rich scenery, commanding striking views over the upper end of the valley of the Cordevole and its branches. The Civetta, which a good authority calls the most picturesque of the Dolomites from certain points of view, kept me perpetually looking back, and, when at last it received the full rays of the setting sun, the effect was startlingly beautiful: the whole mass was the pale pink colour of the dolomite rock, intensified more and more by the declining rays, which lingered on it till it glowed like a pale moon. The Dolomite Mountains so seen have a bewitching beauty all their own. I stopped at the village of Andraz, and found a more comfortable little inn than might have been expected; however, it was of the smallest and most rustic kind.

I had fine weather next day for the Tré Sassi Pass, on the top of which I spent nearly five hours sketching my old friend the Marmolata, one of the most striking features in the view from there. During this time, in which not only was I dodging round a bit of rugged pine in order to retain possession of its shadow for my paints, but the Marmolata itself was transformed from the clear purply-brown and distinct shadows with which he first appeared into a general indistinct bluish grey. No human being crossed the pass to break the solitude. A herd of cows, however, came racing down the hill with great activity, amusing me by the practised confidence with which they used their hind legs to glissade in slippery places. The descent is a long and gradual one, but made interesting by the new scenery which it continues to unfold. Mount Tofana imprints his character, and a stern one it is, on this side of the pass, commanding it at every turn with bleak dark walls, and in one spot only condescending to be picturesque, though in a savage sort of fashion, where he opens a gap in his range and displays an array of tusk-like pinnacles glistening in the light and guarding the opening to the dark mass behind, the void separating them from which being, when I passed, obscured and intensified by rolling mists. The cream of the whole descent, however, and perhaps the most remarkable view which I obtained during my tour, came upon me as a turn in the route disclosed the Ampezzo Valley. Cortina itself was concealed by broken ground, but the broad valley below the town stretched away full in sight for some distance, and on the opposite side of it towered two of the Dolomite giants, the Croda Malcora and the Autelao, forming a vast range, about whose summits light clouds were hovering; while cloud and mountain were so intermingled that it was difficult to say where one ended and the other began. The whole mass, moreover, was almost as aërial as the clouds themselves, and as light in colour. The latter was almost indescribable, and I can but feebly attempt to transfer to the reader my impressions of it, and of a scene which affected me more at the time than almost any which I can remember. The natural pinky hue of the Dolomites was then increased by the fast declining rays of the sun, which fell through sparse openings in the clouds from behind. In the parts where the light directly fell, a lovely rose colour shone bright and intense, one spot in particular being of a glowing crimson; while the main portion, which was not directly illuminated, was hardly less striking, being of a pale cream tint, streaked with a ravelled and intricate texture of grey-blue stripes, and suffused with a delicate and impalpable strawberry tinge, descending moreover into the valley in long tongues of débris of a ghastly whiteness. The picture had something weird and unearthly about it. I thought that I had before me as realities what I had been apt to imagine to be only the wild creations of artistic fancy. I ought to have had a Turner or a Danté by my side; the one would have found it hard

to exaggerate the sublimity and loftiness of form, the delicacy of tracing, and the aërial tones of those Ampezzo mountains; the other might have realised in them the peaks of Elysium. I felt that I had done well to come to Cortina last, and wondered that I was so little prepared for such a view. It may be that circumstances favoured me, and that I might hereafter return to the spot to find its magical charm—partly, no doubt, one of surprise—diminished. Once seen, however, a picture of such a kind has an unfading life of its own amid the stored up memories of the past. Descending lower, and



VIEW IN THE TYROL.

rounding the hill which had hitherto concealed Cortina and part of the valley, I sat down on one of the highest meadows which sloped up from the town, to drink in the last glory of the setting sun. His rays had by this time imparted a vividness as of glowing coals, and a colour incomparably deep and lovely. Slowly I descended towards the town, watching the changes, as the bright loveliness, its last flickering glow withdrawn, faded into dim spectral hues: till with the cold pallor of death around, it sank below the level of the tall campanile. I crossed a narrow ravine, and was at once in a bustling throng, calling for letters at a post-office, inquiring my way to the Stella d'Oro —a small world of life had burst upon me, and an awakening from a trance could hardly have been more complete.

Next morning, as I somewhat expected, the valley had widened, the mountains grown lower, and gently receding meadows seemed to offer a tempting way back to the lofty site (really, I suppose, some 2,000 feet above the town) of my vision of the previous night. And as for the aërial mountains, so humbled were they, that looking at their slanting forms from the street, a man might have been tempted to call the campanile the most majestic object in sight! Well known though it may be, I must not fail to recommend the walk over the Tré Croci Pass to the forester's house, whence is seen the "cirque" of the Croda Malcora. My return home from there was accompanied again by marvellous sunset effects. From a deep pool under the waterfall in the centre of the cirque, in whose icy cold water I bathed, I looked down a wooded ravine, beyond which rose across the valley a remarkable pyramidical mountain—Mount Campoduro (?)—which the declining rays had already painted a glowing red, marking out its shadows in strong relief of deep blue; deep blue also was the curved band of dark pine wood that stretched in the shade at its feet, while bright and green in contrast was the setting of the picture—the graceful trees that bent over the ravine. Solitude becomes intenser amid the solemn stillness of such a scene, and the very motion of the slowly-creeping shadows on the mountain had a fascinating power. When I arrived at the top of the pass, two opposite pictures were striving for the palm of beauty. Behind, the mountains of the Aurowyo Valley were bathed in the full glow, the pale blue shadow of the valley slowly creeping up their bases, and once more was I charmed with delicate pinks and light aërial tones playing on curling cloud and ruddy rock caressingly intertwined and wooing alike the warm rays. In front, Monte Tofana had hung forth one vast pendent streamer across his side and far away beyond him to the left, which threw into dim obscurity his mighty flanks, while above it he reared his twin peaks amid fleecier clouds, and the sun from behind to the right shot a carmine streak slantwise, which half suffused both summit and streamer, and half hid them in a radiant haze.

I will not leave Cortina, my last halting-place among the Dolomites, without a passing recommendation of the Stella d'Oro and its obliging hostesses. This time the passage of honour was occupied at first by a party of American ladies, with whose loquacious elderly maid (English apparently) and some foreigners I shared the ordinary *salon*, and she was the only person I had heard speaking my native tongue for more than a fortnight! I stayed three nights, and my bill came to about six shillings a day. Punctual as I was in arriving at the post-office at 5 a.m., in order to catch the public conveyance advertised at that hour, I found the faithless vehicle had departed, saving its conscience, however, as I discovered, by a pencil alteration in the office time-table of 5 into 4.30. The cloudy morning not tempting me to prolong my visit at Cortina, I set off to walk in high ill-humour—not lessened by my presently catching sight of the omnibus lazily crawling along a reach of road in front, whence I conceived a vain hope that I might overtake it at some zigzags I wrongly imagined to exist further on—and only vanishing finally under the influence of the good beer and fine scenery of the *Schluderbach*. This is the name of a comfortable inn on the road, apparently frequented by tourists. It is almost a solitary house, which is also the case with another inn at Landro, two miles further on. Between them lies the Dürren See, from the far side of which is obtained a singularly perfect view of the Monte Cristallo, which rises in three square blocks, separated from each other by deep clefts. I spent some hours at this spot, and left it at last in order to obtain a view of the Drei Zinnen, another remarkable mountain well seen from Landro, before a later vehicle, which I expected about one, drove up. I was packing up my drawing materials, or just about to do so, when I caught sight of a fine black bull close at hand, surveying me with curiosity. He presently turned his head aside and went on grazing, while I comforted myself with the thought that he was not an English animal, but not also without a glance at the neighbouring trees. After some quieter scenery, bold precipices accompany the traveller to the end of the valley, and follow him out of the Dolomite region into the broad Pusterthal with their parting frowns. Some three hours' drive from Landro brought me to Niederndorf, whence I took train for Lienz, arriving at the latter place about 6.30 p.m., July 27.

I had thus been nearly a fortnight among the Dolomites, and came away well satisfied with the route which I had selected, and favourably impressed alike with the beauty of the scenery, and the pleasure of travelling in the region. Some readers may thank me for the following information. The Dolomite Alps form part of an irregular group of mountain-ranges lying south of the main chain of the Alps, and separated from it by the valley of the Drave. The group bears the general name of the South Tyrol and Venetian Alps. The greater part of what I have described is included in the Tyrol: the Italian portion of my route commencing on the east side of the Fedaya Pass, and ending with Caprile. Dolomite (so a geological text-book informed me) is a kind of crystallised limestone, so called from a French *savant*, Dolomien. The great characteristic of the Dolomite Mountains is grand and varied rock scenery, in which respect I know no general scenery in Switzerland to compare with them except the Italian side of Mont Blanc. Their forms are quite unique, being often extremely bold and varied. The clefts in the rock, which, to speak roughly, run vertically, having opened a way to destructive agencies, the latter have seized the advantage to carve the originally compact mountain into irregular parallel masses, like a series of gigantic ruined blocks or pillars; sometimes also leaving fantastic pinnacles at the base of the mountain. The natural cleavage of the rocks crossing these fissures at right angles, assists the demolition, and adds squareness to the shapes. This variety and beauty of outline is combined with remarkably rich and delicate colouring. The general effect on the eye is a ruddy or pinky hue, which, when intensified by the sunset rays, forms a spectacle which can hardly be forgotten: a nearer inspection shows the main rock, where

unbroken, to be a pale grey, but interspersed at the same time with numerous fractured surfaces where masses have been cleft away, which are uniformly a rich yellow ochre, bordering on the ruddy, or quite pink (in one well-known instance near Schluderbach, almost amounting to crimson), and streaked perpendicularly with black, as if ink had run down them from above. At a distance, however, an indefinite blending results, the general tone produced being pale, but peculiarly pleasing. The higher peaks range between 10,000 and 11,000 feet in height: though, however they may yield the palm of sublimity to some of their giant rivals, the spectator feels that there is no delusion about the genuineness of their beauty. The stately prince of the Oberland or Pennine Alps, lifting his head into rarer air, draws thence a mantle of snow and ice—the main source of his beauty—with which to clothe himself and hide his barren flanks: while the lowlier Dolomite returns his cold disdain by pointing to charms which need no meretricious aid.

I had an opportunity now of comparing the two classes of mountain scenery, for going direct to the considerably higher range of the Gross Glockner and Venediger, I was forcibly reminded of the poverty and meanness of the mountain shapes (excepting the highest snow-peaks), and the common-place appearance of the familiar secondary ranges of the ordinary Alps. Perhaps, also, the valleys among the Dolomites are less monotonous and more abounding in small beauties than some of those among the other ranges—such at least as weary the traveller with their trench-like form and single vista of snow at the far end. Where, however, the attractions are of such different types, comparison is difficult, and while some of the beauties of the higher snows are unrivalled, and the physical enjoyment to be derived from them of a higher kind, I can believe "that a traveller who has visited all the other mountain regions of Europe, and remains ignorant of the scenery of the Dolomites, has yet to make acquaintance with Nature in one of her loveliest and most fascinating aspects" (Ball's "Guide to the Eastern Alps").

To judge from my own experience, such travellers must be pretty numerous. The only English I saw were two ladies at Predazzo, and the servant above mentioned at Cortina; and an inspection of the visitors' books showed that only three other parties had preceded me during the month, and these were veteran admirers of the Alps. Till I came to Cortina, with the exception just mentioned, I saw no one of any nation who looked like a tourist, walking, or driving, or stopping at an inn. The attractions indeed offered by comfortable hotels especially designed for tourists are nearly absent; but on the other hand, one of the great charms of a tour in the less frequented parts of the Tyrol is that the traveller shares the peculiarities and life of the country, and is able to see something of the characteristics and friendly disposition of the people, instead of perpetually sliding without a jar along a high level of imported civilisation which traverses the stream of native ideas that silently flows beneath it, without having anything in common, or ever directly coming in contact with it.

In cheapness, if this be an object, the Tyrol and its adjacent districts are pre-eminent. Without intentional economy, save that I went on foot, my tour in the Dolomites from Botzen to Lienz cost me hardly four pounds. Low charges reached their extreme at San Martino di Castrozza, where I got dinner, with half-a-bottle of wine, bed, and breakfast, for about 1s. 3d.! This, however, was an exceptional case, being a semi-religious establishment. As a cheap item, I may mention wine, which I found palatable and wholesome, and of which I more than once obtained half a bottle for 2½d. Perhaps, however, some of the pleasantest and cheapest inns I came across were in the Bavarian Alps, where supper, bed, and breakfast would cost about half-a-crown.

To those ignorant of the Tyrol, I may be allowed to suggest the following round—from Munich by the Bavarian Alps, and especially the beautiful Tegernsee, to Innsbruck; thence by rail to Botzen, and through the Dolomites to Lienz and Heiligenblut (Gross Glockner); thence by Furleiten, the Konigs See, &c., to Salzberg, and so back to Munich. Such a round, from Mittenwald in the Bavarian Alps to Munich, cost me between £10 and £11, and was completed in twenty-seven days, which was not, however, a sufficient length of time to enable me to enjoy properly an excursion so full of variety and interest.

From End to End of Stromöe.

BY LIEUTENANT VON V——.*

Stromöe, the largest of the group of Færöerne, is, as nearly as possible, twenty-seven miles long and seven broad, and with a view of ascertaining its capabilities for electric telegraph purposes, it was decided that a party should travel overland from Thorshaven to Haldersvig, whilst our vessel proceeded round by sea to the last-named place, where we were to rejoin her.

Our expedition overland consisted of Colonel Shaffner, Dr. John Rae, the Arctic traveller, and myself. We engaged two men to act as guides and porters, and, with well-provided knapsacks, at noon on August the 4th, left Thorshaven. The distance to be accomplished, as the crow flies, was only about sixteen miles, but the inlets of the fiord, and the inequalities of the ground, cause that distance to be, in reality, doubled.

The land extends in a north-north-east direction, the fiords which run into it from east to west being branches of the Sound between the islands. Our road led us over many hills and dales in succession, varying in height from 200 to 2,400 feet, which rendered the travelling extremely tedious, but when we commenced our observations, and had measured some heights with the mountain barometer, we began to be rather proud of our undertaking. Whenever we could, we selected the top of

* Edited by Captain J. E. Davis, R.N.

the ranges for our road, in order to obtain a good view of the surrounding lower country. Passing a little below the summit of the heights at the back of Thorshaven and round the head of Kalbaksfiord, we reached Kollefiord in the evening, at the head of which we saw the first dwelling since our departure, and, having accomplished a good day's work, we made up our minds to remain there for the night. The proprietor, Ole Christian Dane, of Ore-enge, received us with much cordiality. He seemed to be a man in good circumstances; his house and buildings appeared in good order, and there was none of the uncleanliness with which, in general, all descriptions of Færöe houses abound; on the contrary, it looked a pattern of order and cleanliness. The room into which we were conducted had a well-scoured floor, and an unmistakable air of comfort about it, but, remembering the old German proverb, "Aussen blank, innen krank" (Outside bright, inside rotten, or tarnished), I made up my mind for a little closer investigation, after having asked our host's permission, which was readily granted. In another room, which had a rent in the roof to let the smoke out, I found the host's five daughters busily engaged in knitting, spinning, carding wool, &c. Some of these young women were so good-looking that I almost felt inclined to give up my intention of further investigation; but my determination to convince myself of the truth of the existence, or the contrary, of filthiness, was so great as to overcome this temptation, and then, continuing my inspection, I was glad to find everything as I could have wished it—clean and neat.

After visiting the outhouses, which were in keeping with the house, we returned to the *salen*, where the handsome Louisa, a charming picture of homely Færöe industry, seen by the light of a bright crackling fire, presented a study for a Rembrandt, but my enjoyment of the picture was stopped short by the mistress of the house, who made her appearance, and invited us to a smoking hot repast, which she had prepared expressly for her "aristocratic visitors," and which, after our heavy tramp, we enjoyed with truly plebeian appetites; afterwards Louisa brought in some excellent coffee.

The hearty hospitality of Ole Christian Dane will not be forgotten by any of our party, and as a Dane I felt much pleased when the Doctor exclaimed, "How gloriously happy must be the mother-land which possesses such peasants as these in her dependencies! Indeed, I must go and see it"—and if such should come to pass, I hope that the mother-land will give this famous Arctic traveller a reception that will not fall short of that of our Færöe peasant.

We came to the conclusion that the tales of the filthiness of the Færöese were greatly exaggerated. We visited these people quite unexpectedly, and were unanimous in our opinion that the accusation is unfounded. Some one may say that we had become partial, that Louisa and the coffee had made a very favourable impression.

One of our guides, Jacob Jacobson, a peasant twenty-three years of age, was so interested in our barometer that he was not content until he understood its application; he also evinced a particular desire to learn the foreign language we spoke. Dr. Rae won his heart by presenting him with an English book for beginners, and I feel assured he will soon be able to make himself understood by Englishmen.

The following morning we were early afoot. It was arranged that Shaffner, with one of our guides, should follow the valley of Kollefiord, and await the arrival of Rae and myself at a house a few hours' march from Ore-enge, while we, with the other guide, ascended Ben Skarling, a hill immediately to the west of Ore-enge, and the highest in Stromöe. Our host insisted on showing us the way, as the side of the mountain was steep and dangerous, and consequently never ascended by strangers; besides, he would like to "see the gentlemen ascend the mountain;" and, having taken leave of our kind friends at Ore-enge, we commenced our ascent, which, however, was not so easy as we imagined. We were soon enveloped by the morning fog, which covered the upper half of the mountain, and hid the summit from our view; soon the fog was lying like a vast cloud below our feet. We had now reached an altitude of about 1,600 feet, and found ourselves on a spot so precipitous that it seemed impossible to get any further. We were obliged to lean on the side of the hill in following our host (who was an experienced and reliable mountaineer) in a path scarcely a foot wide. The fog spread out below had one advantage—it hid the abyss beneath from our sight, for the least giddiness would be sufficient to cause an unaccustomed climber to lose his footing, and precipitate him into the depth below; and even experienced as we were, feelings akin to dread came occasionally over us, and caused us to stop, draw a long breath, and press convulsively with all our energy against the mountain side, before we went further.

We reached the summit of the mountain at ten o'clock, and for a short time enjoyed a glorious view. A finer glimpse of wild island scenery could not well be imagined. Scarcely had we time to realise the beauty of the vision, and complete our barometric measurement—which, by Rae's computation, made the mountain 2,506 feet above the sea, this agreeing with that of Forchammer—when a thick fog enveloped us, and as we were dressed in light summer costume, and were warm from the labour of our ascent, a cold shiver crept through us, and as a strong gale began to blow at the same time, our situation became suddenly anything but comfortable. The wind soon dispersed the fog, and hastily donning some warmer clothing, and following the Highland custom of depositing a stone on the existing cairn (as the mountain is but seldom ascended), we commenced our descent. Snow soon succeeded the fog, and the weather became bitterly cold. Rae and I reached the foot of the mountain before our guides, from whom we received great praise.

Crossing the valley of Kollefiord, which is well watered by a stream, which we crossed at a ford a little more than knee-deep, at two p.m., we met Shaffner at the rendezvous, which was at the house of Sens Christian Jacobsen, a peasant. It was Sunday, and the whole family—four sons and four daughters, with their children—were assembled, and their Sabbath service had just concluded when we arrived. We intended to continue our journey, and declined the offer of change of raiment, but gladly partook of some food which was quickly prepared for us. At the further end of the room I discovered two young mothers supplying nourishment to their little ones; they innocently looked up and smiled as I noticed them.

At Qualvig we put up at the house of one John Johansen, a peasant, whose house was the picture of cleanliness and neatness.

We here obtained much information relative to the island, and, after a refreshing night's sleep, which we much needed, we started the next morning, and, following the trend of the coast along the Sound, got safely on board the *Fox* in the evening.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—V.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY (*continued*)—ALSO METEOROLOGICAL NOTES, AND ETHNOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVE TRIBES.

On the line of coast between Cape Blanco and the mouth of the Gambia there are but few safe anchorages. About 45 miles to the south of the cape, and 270 miles north of the mouth of the Senegal, is the roadstead of Arguin; little is known of it, and it is deemed by the French as of no practical utility. A little further to the south is the Bay of Portendik, but here it is difficult to make the land, and the approach to the anchorage is dangerous. The best holding-ground for vessels wishing to communicate with St. Louis is Guet N'dar, opposite the town, where there is a depth of from 40 to 50 feet, with a bottom of sand and ooze. The holding-ground in the roadstead outside the bar of the Senegal is good, the depth of water varying from seven to thirteen fathoms, at distances of between two to five miles from the bar. Inside the bar the anchorage is very good, with seven or eight fathoms. At Gorée, the roadstead is to the north-east of the island, and is sheltered from winds blowing from the south-south-west to east-north-east. It is deemed perfectly safe during the eight months of the year between November and July. About two and a quarter miles from the north point of Gorée, on the mainland, between Dakar and Bel-Air Points, lies the Bay of Dakar, in which, in 1863, the French Government commenced the construction of a jetty 820 feet in length, with a view to forming a port of call for the steamers of the Brazil line. The only lakes in Senegal worthy of the name, are Lake Cayor, on the right bank of the river in the Trarza territory, and Lake Guier, in Ualo. In the winter time, these lakes are filled by the waters of the Senegal, and in the dry season the river is, in turn, fed from the lakes. Near the mouth of the Senegal, at Gandiole, there are several salt-pans, which furnish large quantities of salt for the use of the colony and for traffic with the interior. These pools or pans are from 600 to 1,100 yards long, and from 400 to 800 yards broad, and the water is so thoroughly saturated with salt, that the yield is quite one-third of its volume. There are also some salt marshes at Nguiel, in the centre of Ualo, but these are only worked for domestic purposes.



VIEW ON THE SENEGAL.

Senegal and its dependencies are divided by the French into seven *arrondissements*, the chief centres of which are St. Louis, Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, Bakel, Gorée, and Sedhiou.

These *arrondissements* comprise the following tracts of country: namely, St. Louis, the whole of the French territory bounded on the north by Ndiago and a line running from this point through Maka, Ndiol, and Merinaghen; on the east by Lake Guier, and the district known as Dakar-Mégnélé; and on the south by the frontier-line of Cayor as far as M'bidjem.

The arrondissement of Richard Toll comprises the whole of Ualo; that of Dagana, the native and French villages of Dagana, with its suburbs and all Dimar; that of Podor, the native and French villages of Podor with the suburbs, the whole of Toro and the post of Saldé; that of Bakel, the posts and villages of Bakel, Medina, Sénoudébou, and Matam, the eastern portion of Guoy and Damga; the arrondissement of Gorée comprises Cape Verd, Diander, the French posts and establishments at Dakar, Rufisque, Mbidjem, Joal, Portudal, and Kaolack in Salum; that of Sedhiou, the whole of the French possessions and establishments in Casamanza, and all those that may yet be established to the north of the Casamanza River.

The temperature in Senegal is extremely variable, and, at the mouth of the river, with an east wind blowing, has been known to vary as much as 20° in one day. At St. Louis, during the month of January, which is the coldest month of the year, the temperature is seldom or ever lower than 52° (Fahrenheit); it commences to rise from February, and usually reaches its maximum (95°), in July, August, and September. In the dry season, however, with an east wind, it is sometimes as much as 97° in the shade, and 146° in the sun. The temperature in the upper districts, as a rule, averages 7° or 8° more than on the coast; and at Podor the thermometer generally registers as much as 149° in the shade. But though the hottest season of the year at the coast is, as has been said, from July to September, the same is not the case in the interior; at Bakel, for example, in 1860, the temperature was as high as 107° in April; fell with the rains during the months of May, June, and July, and, in September was as low as 90°.

When an easterly wind prevails at St. Louis, the atmosphere becomes excessively dry, and it is not an unusual thing to see the hygrometer (Saussure's) registering zero, indicating a total absence of moisture in the air. On the western coast of Africa there are only two seasons, the wet and the dry. This latter generally lasts in Senegal for about eight months, from the last days of October to about the middle of June, during which time scarcely a drop of rain ever falls; from December to May, however, fogs and mists are very prevalent. The rains are generally heaviest from the middle of June to the end of September, and are accompanied by heavy storms. In the month of November, the land-winds from the east-north-east, commonly called the *Harmattan*, commence to blow during the morning, after which they are almost invariably replaced by sea-breezes from the north-north-west. They increase, however, day by day, both in force and duration, until, in January, they last almost throughout the entire day. After this, they gradually lose their strength, and, by March, have ceased altogether, and are replaced by sea-breezes, which gradually gain strength as the land-winds die away; and, in their turn, blow during the greater part of the day, from April to the end of May. In June, these again give place to winds which blow less regularly from the same quarter, and oscillate between west-north-west and west; and, in July, August, and September, shift still more to the south, returning to north-north-west in October.

The heaviest "bores" generally occur between the months of January and April, and last sometimes as long as twelve days; they, however, almost always cease at the new and full moons.

Independent of the Europeans in Senegal, there are two distinct races of fair people who are met with on the right bank of the river—termed, respectively, the Berber and the Arab. In the opinion of such writers as St. Augustin, Ibn Khaldoun, and Léon, all three themselves Africans, the former are descendants of Ham, and are not Semitic, like the Jews and the Arabs. But, considering the very few good reasons adduced in favour of such a conclusion, one is strongly tempted to doubt the Canaanitish origin attributed by the Arabs to this race, and to ask why they may not be regarded as the aboriginal race of this vast and beautiful plateau. It is true that Ibn Khaldoun, an Arab writer of the fourteenth century, and the historian of the Berber race, says that, according to tradition, Northern Africa was a mere desert previous to the immigration of the Canaanitish nations; but, as this assertion is merely founded upon popular traditions, no great importance can be attached to it. As regards the name Berber, which the Arabs were the first to assign to this people, some think the name merely implies the term for barbarians which the Romans gave to them, as they did to all foreign nations, in consequence of their social condition; however this may be, it is certain that they had, and still have, a language of their own, unique, although embracing many dialects, and that they were divided into many nations, each of which was again divided into several tribes. They occupied Northern Africa before the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans, had formed any settlements on its shores; and their residence in the country is of more ancient date than that of any historical record. Ibn Khaldoun, in his historical accounts, is even obliged to confine himself to such vague statements as the following:—"The whole of Northern Africa, as far as the country of the blacks, has been inhabited by the Berber race during a period of which we know neither the commencement nor anything of its former history." Elsewhere he writes, "All the facts we have cited in our history, prove that the Berbers were always a powerful people, brave and numerous; a distinct nationality, like many others in the world, such as the Arabs, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans." The two most noted nations of the Berber race were the Zenata and the Zenaga (which the Arabs write Sanhadja). These latter spread themselves over the regions south of Morocco, as far as Senegal. Nomads, brave and fierce, they wandered through these hot climates with their camels, which constituted their chief wealth, and trafficked with the negro races, from whom they received gold and slaves in exchange for camels and rock-salt, which they brought from various parts of the Sahara. If it be true that camels from Arabia were only introduced into Africa in the third century, the peregrinations of the Zenagas towards the south could not have an earlier date, for a nomadic life in these parts is impossible without camels.

In the fifth century of the Hegira—corresponding to the eleventh of our era—the Zenagas of the Senegal,* played a conspicuous part in the events of that period. They formed a sect called Almoravides,† and, impelled by religious enthusiasm, retraced their steps northwards, swelling their numbers as they went, and founded, under Yousef ben Tachfin, a Senegalese of the tribe of Lemtouna, the empire of Almoravide, which com-

* Arab writers have often confounded it with the Niger, under the appellation of "Nile of the Blacks."

† *El Morabetin*, which has been corrupted into *Marabout* by navigators and traders.

prised the whole of Barbary, the Sahara, the Balearic Isles, Sicily, and one half of Spain. At the same time they commenced a religious war in Senegal and the districts of the Niger against the idolatrous blacks, which resulted in the conversion of a portion, and the expulsion of those who resisted: they also founded Mohammedan colonies, which eventually became the most important centres of commerce in Soudan. The power of the Almoravides was not, however, of long duration, and succumbed altogether about the middle of the thirteenth century, when an Arab tribe, the Beni Hassans, said to be natives of Yemen, spread themselves throughout Africa, as far as the borders of Senegal, and conquered the Zenagas, imposing a tax upon them; they also completed the subjugation of the negro races, whom they converted to Islamism, and were supreme on both banks of the river. At the present day the Moors on the right bank of the Senegal are divided into three great tribes—the Trarzas, the Braknas, and the Douaichs, who, again, are divided into families or clans. The Arab and the Berber elements are equally apparent in these great tribes; in the two first, the original Berber families are tributary to the warlike Beni Hassan; but in the case of the Moorish Douaichs, the Berber race or Zenagas, formerly conquered by these Arab warriors, have regained the pre-eminence in Tagant.

The territories of the Braknas extend, on the right bank of the Senegal, from the affluent Mahguen to El Modinalla. The Braknas of the present day are a composite race, as, indeed, are also the Trarzas; that is to say, they consist of one-third original Arabs, descendants of the Beni-Hassan; one-third Berbers, descendants of the Zenaga; and one-third full-blooded negroes, slaves, or freedmen, who lead a nomadic life with their masters or employers.

The institutions of the Braknas and Trarzas are also identical. The king is selected from a branch of the Brakna family, properly so called, with the sanction of the other principal branches of the family.

The ancestors of the Braknas * was Berkani, son of Haddadj, as Terrouz was the father of the cognate family of the Trarzas. He had five sons—Caroum, Litama, Asman, Aouissé, and Abdel-Jabar. Caroum was the father of Abdallah. Abdel-Jabar was the father of Ahmed, from whom is descended the tribe of Ouled-Ahmed. The Litamas, descendants of Litama, inhabit the country near Matam; and, although Braknas, do not acknowledge the authority of Sidi Ely, the present King of the Braknas. The Ouled-hiaïé-ben-Asmans inhabit Adrar, and choose a king from amongst themselves. The Aouissiats dwell partly in Tagant and partly in Adrar. Abdallah, Berkani's grandson, had eight sons; first, Mohammed, the father of Siid, from whom sprang the Ouled-Siids; Nocmach, Oubeich, and Nageuz, from whom sprang, respectively, the Ouled-Nocmachs, the Ouled-Oubeichs, and the Ouled-Nageuz; these four tribes are especially privileged to bear the title of Ouled-Mohammed. Secondly, Ely, who had four sons—Heyba, Nasri, Baccar, and Seddoum, who were respectively the fathers of the Eel-Heybas, the Eel-Nasris, the Eel-Baccars, and the Eel-Seddoums. Third, Mansour; fourth, Baccar; fifth, El Moctar; sixth, Aïmid; seventh, Kreichat; and eighth, Aouissé, from whom the Ouled-Mansours, the Ouled Baccars, the Ouled Moctars, the Ouled-Aïmids, the Ouled-Kreichats, and the Ouled-Aouissés take their names. All these tribes collectively style themselves Ouled Abdallah, and each one has its own chief. Sidi Ely himself is only head of the tribe of Ouled-Siid, descendants of Berkani-Seddoum, and is more an Arab sheikh than a king.

* Brakna is the plural of Berkani.

Between Abdallah—the patriarch of the Braknas—to Ahmedou, there reigned eight kings. Ahmedou was a remarkable prince. He was raised to the throne in 1817, and, up to the day of his death, in 1841, was remarkable for his great sagacity, firmness, and success in war. During this quarter of a century he raised the power of his country to the highest point it had ever attained, while he showed his wisdom in keeping on terms of close alliance with his formidable neighbours, the French, with the exception of a brief period in 1819, when the King of the Trarzas raised the whole country against the white colonists. On the death of Ahmedou, the Brakna state became torn with civil dissension, so that the power he had cherished with so much assiduity became almost annihilated. Two of the most influential chiefs of his party died at the same time as their master, namely, his paternal uncle, Mohammed, and his paternal uncle Khoddich, a very influential prince; but still the partisans of the late prince succeeded in placing on the throne his son, Sidi Ely, a child aged eight years, his cousin, Mokhtar Sidi being named regent, and successor in the event of his decease. But this prince arrogated to himself all political power, and though he gained the adhesion of the Ouled-Ahmed and Ouled Nocmach, who had been in opposition during Ahmedou's reign, the Ouled Siid were now, in their turn, malcontent. A civil war raged between these two parties. The French Governor, M. Bouet, declared for Mohammed-er-Radjel, a cousin of Ahmedou, who was the nominee of the chiefs of the Ouled-Siid, which tribe had always possessed the right to select a monarch from among the descendants of Aghrichi, fifth King of the Braknas, himself one of the tribe. Mokhtar Sidi, the regent, having interfered with and robbed some French caravans, as well as fired at and killed merchants under the protection of the tricolour, the Governor seized him and sent him prisoner to Gaboon, where he died. As he left only an infant child, Mohammed-el-Habib, the powerful king of the Trarzas placed his partisans under the orders of his nephew, Mohammed Sidi, aged fifteen years. This youth was then named king of the Braknas by his uncle, and soon the party hitherto led by Mohammed-er-Radjel also acknowledged him. Mohammed-el-Habib, not finding his nephew submissive enough, afterwards named as king Mahommed Sidi, the son of Ahmedou. During the hostilities that ensued, the French, whose only desire was to retain Brakna as a state independent of Trarza, first sought to come to terms with Mohammed Sidi, who was recognised as king by the majority of the tribe. This prince, personally, desired nothing better than to be on good terms with his powerful neighbours, but he was overruled by his uncle. On their overtures being repelled, the French acknowledged Sidi Ely, who was allied to the Douaich Moors, and this prince finally established himself on the throne.

According to M. Caille, the population of Brakna numbers some 63,000 souls, of whom 23,000 belong to the warlike races, and 40,000 to the tribes of Marabouts.

The tribes are, individually, very jealous of each other. Even Sidi Ely is only the head of the Ouled Sidi; every tribe has its own chief, or sheikh; and, like the Highlanders in the times of the early Stuarts, the tie of allegiance that binds

them together is very slight. The Brakna chiefs ally themselves with the neighbouring tribes. Thus Mohammed Sidi sought the alliance of the King of Toro, while Sidi Ely secured the friendship of the most powerful chiefs of Fouta. Besides the division of the Braknas into tribes, each tribe is again divided into families, each family having its own particular head. The following are the five principal military tributaries of the princes of Brakna, named Zenagas :—

1. The tribe of the Ahralin, composed of mulattoes of Arab origin. These pay tribute to the Ouled Siid only, and are engaged in war with Sidi Ely, these latter do not pay tribute.*

3. The Ahratins, a word which signifies "freed captive." Where a captive has been a long time with a tribe, his social condition improves, and frequently his master gives him his liberty and some property. He then becomes an Ahratin, and his condition is still further improved, for a master has the right to kill his captive whenever he chooses; but when once an Ahratin, it becomes necessary to obtain Sidi Ely's sanction before he can be put to death. This consent is very rarely given, and, indeed, is very seldom sought, for the *régime* of the



A MARABOUT.

in time of war place themselves under the orders of these princes, and constitute their chief power. They are good warriors, mustering some 1,300 tents, and are most devoted to Sidi Ely. It generally happens that the tributaries are more wealthy than their princes, who pride themselves upon possessing nothing of their own. They receive their tribute, which consists of a milch cow, twice a year. As a rule, the tributaries own flocks of sheep and goats, as well as herds of cattle, and are altogether much better off than their masters.

2. The tribe of the Llama, which is subdivided into three families:—The Gueddala, who are always in camp with Sidi Ely; the Chellouha, tributaries of the Ouled Siid, also with Sidi Ely; and the Bassins, one portion of whom follow Sidi Ely, and the other the leader of the opposing faction. Whenever the princes to whom the Ahralins or Llama are tributaries tributaries is more paternal than anything else. The Ahratins are subdivided into four families: the Ahratin Ouled-Siids, who pay tribute to the Ouled-Siids and Sidi Ely, whose camp they follow; the Ahratin Tanacks, who are tributaries of the king, to whatever family he may belong; the Ahratin Ouled-Mansours, who, together with the Touabirs, hold the country between the Braknas and Douaichs, and pay tribute to the Ouled-Mansours; and the Ahratin Ouled-Elys, who follow the fortunes of their prince, Ahratin Ouled-Ahmed. The Marabouts also have Ahratin tributaries.

4. The large tribe of the Touabirs—who are as numerous as the whole of the Ouled-Siids, Ahratins, Ahralins, and

* Colonel Faidherbe, in his valuable work on Senegal, speaks of the Gueddala and Chellouha as two tribes of tributary warriors, of Berber and not Arab origin. Our account is derived from the pages of M. Bourel, who traversed Brakna in 1860.

Llamas together, or Sidi Ely's party—are turbulent and undisciplined, and, taking advantage of the internal wars of the country, do not acknowledge any authority, and refuse to pay tribute. The kings and principal chiefs are their suzerains; Baccar, king of the Douaichs, taking precedence. The others are Rassoul, chief of the Chratit, in Tagant; Sidi Ely and Brahim Ouled-Ahmeida, chief of the Ouled-Nocmachs. Sidi Ely has a strong party among them, whom he turns to good account in time of war, but is quite unable to keep them in subjection.

5. We now come to the large and important tribe of the Marabouts, which numbers some 50,000. Their mode of living is different from that of the warlike tribes; they lead a quiet, patriarchal life, and are under the chief of their tribe, or family, who settles all their differences, appealing, when necessary, to the great Marabouts of the country, Chirr Sidia, chief of the Ouled-Bierys, and Chirr Seibeta, chief of the Dhiédébas.

They live quite independently of the warlike tribes, though they sometimes declare in favour of one particular party, to which they render assistance in the shape of horses and clothes; but by so doing they do not incur the enmity of the opposite side; and they are, in fact, treated throughout the country with a degree of consideration almost amounting to veneration. The Marabouts are exempted from all service to the princes; should the latter, however, in any of their expeditions come across a Marabout camp, they expect to be provided with food and shelter; whilst the fighting tribes are obliged, not only to afford them assistance of a like nature, but are compelled to ensure their safety, an undertaking often difficult of accomplishment.



A PORTER OF SENEGAMBIA.

In a Marabout camp, all Mussulman practices are strictly observed. The children from their early youth are taught to read, to write, and to cypher; they are also instructed in the Koran and the *El-K'halil*, or "Book of Justice." With the princes, on the contrary, learning is regarded as useless, and they are therefore compelled to employ one or two Marabouts in their camps, who act as their judges and advisers, and carry on all correspondence. The Marabouts employ their captives to collect gum, which they themselves take down to Podor every year between the months of January and June, bringing back supplies of millet and cloth. They also rear large herds, and cultivate millet, which they harvest in May. By their industrious habits, they are enabled to enjoy comforts which are quite unknown to the other tribes. Their tents are quite luxurious, being large and comfortable; they are divided into two compartments by grass mats very nicely plaited, and on the floor are spread lambskins, neatly sewn together, which form a good carpet. Everything tells of comfort; and within there are to be seen cabinets from Adrar, in which the women keep their beads and other ornaments; coloured bags of goatskin, and cases with shelves. in which are kept, under lock and key, books with gilt edges, bound in morocco leather, containing the verses of the Koran, and the precepts of religion and justice. Their children are clothed from their infancy, whilst those of the fighting tribes attain the age of twelve or thirteen before they wear a garment resembling a shirt without sleeves. Abundance reigns in their camps, and they are never reduced to extremities like the princes, who often have nothing but milk to live upon. Although they are a religious sect, the Marabouts are not, as we have seen, altogether unmindful of the good things of this world; they have large numbers of captives who work entirely for the benefit of their masters, who give them but little to eat, and employ them all day in collecting gum. Should the supply be small, there is scarcely any torture to which these unfortunate wretches are not subjected; for instance, it is a common thing for them to be tied to a board, and left exposed to the sun, having most probably been beforehand well thrashed with a stick. Strange to say, such is not the case with the captives of the fighting tribes

who are much better off, and are looked upon by their masters as belonging to their own households; and, indeed, a captive, after he has been any length of time with his master, generally exercises considerable influence over him.

The Marabouts are of Berber origin, of which race they have all the characteristics; their faces are full of deceit, and they have an uneasy expression of countenance. They are better educated than the fighting men, but are not naturally so intelligent; they are also more fanatical, and at heart stronger opponents to civilisation. They have tributaries, Marabouts like themselves, and Ahratins.

The Moorish tribes, then, may be said to be divided into four principal castes: the Hassans or warriors, the Marabouts, the tributaries, and the captives; the two former retaining all rights and privileges, and making common cause against the two latter. The tributaries are vassals or slaves, and the captives are looked upon as the *pariahs* of the country.

The princes are allied by a federal bond; and Sidi Ely, whose proper title is "sheikh," is the head of the federation; but he is not permitted to engage in any undertaking without first consulting the other princes, and assembling the council, or *jèmaha*, as it is called, and each of the princes has the privilege of refusing to join him in time of war, if he considers it would be prejudicial to his own interests to do so.

The power of the king is, as we have seen, very insecure, and various attempts have been made to subvert it, from time to time, by the Ouled-Nocmachs and others; but Sidi Ely, being a staunch ally of the French, has, with their assistance, been able to maintain his supremacy.

Next in authority to Sidi Ely come the chiefs of the tribes. In each tribe or subdivision of a tribe, there is a head of a family, and last of all come the heads of families proper, whose authority, though lowest in order of precedence, is undoubtedly the most absolute. Each prince, or sheikh, is master among his own people, and treats all the other princes as his equals. The only privileges belonging to Sidi Ely, are the possession of all the Ahratin-Tanacks, the crown tributaries, and the collection of the taxes on trade, in addition to which he is the final appeal in cases in dispute between any of the sheikhs, and enjoys certain honours attaching to his title, such as marching at the head of the camp, the right to order the *tabala*—a sort of tomtom—to be beaten for the council, &c. The tributaries are the vassals of the princes; they are supposed to follow them in time of war, and to remain under their orders, a law which is, however, frequently infringed. The tributaries have likewise their own chiefs and heads of families, who are elected by the tribe and confirmed in their appointment by Sidi Ely. When Sidi Ely has an order to transmit, he sends a messenger to the chiefs of the different tribes, who inform the chiefs of the camps; the *tabala* is then beaten, and the people assembled, and the intelligence, whatever it may be, is communicated. The Marabout caste follows that of the princes; they do not mix themselves up directly in political affairs, but the princes, and especially the chiefs, seek their suffrages because it strengthens their influence.

The dismantling of a Moorish camp is a curious sight. After the prayers at sunrise—which no good Mohammedan ever neglects, and as soon as the cows have been milked, the tents are struck, and in the twinkling of an eye they are folded and placed on the camels' backs, on which are also stowed their goods and chattels, and on the top of all sits a Moor, who drives the camel by means of a stick and a rope attached to a ring passing through its nostrils. The women ride upon a saddle called a *jeffé*, and have their children by their side, driving the camels themselves. Their position to one unaccustomed to it would at first appear somewhat perilous, but the camel is sure-footed and can be trusted, which is more than can be said of the bullocks, which in some parts are employed as beasts of burden, for they will carry a tolerably heavy load quietly for a certain time, and will then suddenly roll on their side, precipitating both rider and load to the ground. It is quite an undertaking to start them again, for they have to be completely unloaded before they can be made to rise and be re-loaded. On resuming their journey they are sure to repeat the performance before they have gone very far. Some excuse may certainly be made for the eccentricity of their proceedings, as the poor beasts are invariably loaded to excess. The country is not generally favourable for cattle, as the pasturages are very scant, yet the Brakna cows give excellent milk. The wealth of the Moors consists chiefly in cattle, sheep, and goats, which they possess in large numbers. They get their camels from Tagant, where they are plentiful and well-bred. Horses, which are very scarce, come either from Fouta or Tagant, and are small in size, but very strong and hardy.

The order of march of the king's camp is as follows: in front go the cattle, driven by the captives, and guarded both in front and rear and on the flanks by mounted escorts, who have their matchlocks slung across their shoulders. After the cattle follows the camp, Sidi Ely, with the principal chiefs, leading, all armed and on horseback.

When the camping-ground, which has been directed by the chief, is reached, each tribe is allotted its own particular site: the Ahratins next to the Ouled-Siids, who are in the centre, the Ouled-Mansours taking the other flank. In every camp a park is formed for the cattle, which is surrounded by prickly shrubs, to ensure their safe custody. Each person superintends the unloading of his beast and the putting up of his tent, the work being actually done by the captives, who then go and fill the goatskin gourds at the nearest marsh, the shepherds also taking the flocks to water, and by the time they have satisfied their thirst, there is little left but liquid mud. This, however, is a matter of trifling importance to the Moors, whose first care is for their cattle. The water in these marshes is often not more than a foot in depth, and of small superficial extent, and, as the vegetation in these swamps is generally very rank, the supply is not only insufficient for their numbers, but is also in most cases exceedingly impure. When each family has found its proper camping-ground, the captives set to work to put up the tents. The tents of the Moors are made of pieces of woollen material manufactured in the country, cut into strips, with small pieces of twisted leather fastened to the extremities. The tent is first spread upon the ground, the pickets are then driven in, the poles are then adjusted, and the whole thing set up. Entrances are formed by removing some of the pickets, and when more air is wanted, the corners of the tent are raised on a pole or props placed in a slanting position. In windy or rainy weather the pickets are driven well home, so that nothing can find its way underneath the walls, and a trench is also dug all round the tent to drain off the water, so that they are kept cool during the hot weather, and can also be made perfectly secure

against the effects of storm or rain. Inside, the women place grass mats, sewn with thread, made from the bark of a tree. On one side is placed the *séra*, another sort of mat, made of a particular kind of reed (*gérit*) found on the banks of the river. These reeds are placed lengthwise, side by side, and strips of goatskin, coloured red and yellow, are interlaced so as to form patterns of stars, roses, &c., which have a very pretty effect. By the side of the *séra*, and in a corner of the tent, stands the *tagal*, a sort of camp bed, made of very small branches of the *imjija* tree, tied together with strips of leather; the tagal rests on three wooden sleepers placed upon the ground, which raise it and keep it free from wet. A compartment for the slaves is formed by means of a mat-screen. Other bags in which their effects are stowed are then unpacked, and lambskin carpets or rugs, or real carpets, if the individuals are rich, are spread over the mats. The saddles, bags, and whatever else is not wanted, are stowed away in one corner.

In addition to the above, the Moors also carry with them cabinets, containing their trinkets, beads, and other knick-knacks, goatskin bags tanned and coloured, two or three calabashes, an iron saucepan, a supply of butter and millet, a pestle and mortar for pounding the millet, and other necessaries, all of which are carried by one camel. After the tents have been set up, the Moors generally take a rest. During the heat of the day they eat but little, seldom or ever taking anything but a little sour milk; their morning meal or breakfast, if such a term can be applied, is also very scant, consisting merely of milk; but at night they make up for lost time, and eat most heartily.

The Moors reckon their periods of time by the moon, in conjunction with the sun, and each month dates from the first appearance of the small crescent after the sun has set; at this time the Marabouts are always more earnest in their evening devotions. As the moon rises in the heavens, so is the time and duration of their evening merry-makings regulated; the men chat in front of their tents, or, perhaps, go out of the camp for political discussions; during these parleys tobacco is freely exchanged, and any one whose tobacco-box (*garba*) is well-filled, is sure to meet with the approbation of the audience. These tobacco-boxes are very simple, and consist merely of a sort of wooden horn with a stopper; but their pipes (*touba*) are works of art—they are composed of a stem, or tube, and a bowl, the latter being made of a hard wood, which is blackened; inside this is inserted a second bowl of iron, shaped to fit the casing; the stem is also of polished iron, and patterns are traced upon the wooden bowls by the smiths in brass wire. The greatest care is taken of these pipes by the Moors, and those possessing handsome specimens generally have them attached to a chain, which they wear round their necks. Hanging beside it is an ornamental leather bag (*beït*), with several divisions; the steel for striking a light (*zénad*) is placed in one of these, and in another the tinder (*gapta*), and in a third the flints (*témiché*). When a Moor lights his pipe he takes a whiff and passes it to the most important personage present, who, in turn, passes it to his neighbour, each one being restricted to two whiffs. Conversation now becomes animated, though the Moors are very sensible on this point, no more than one person ever attempting to speak at a time. The women, meantime, will perhaps go out in troops with the camp *tabala* and sing their war-songs; the *tabala* beating the cadence, and the women beating an accompaniment with their hands. These songs, far from being as wild and savage as those of the blacks, are sometimes really melodious.

Perhaps the most merry and lively of all the Moorish classes are the *griots* (musicians), who sing of the exploits of Ahmedou and Sidi Ely, to the accompaniment of a kind of guitar, which they carry about with them. Their songs, which at the end of each verse are followed by a few chords on the *tidint* or guitar, are monotonous, but the words are often poetical, generally quite in the Oriental style, full of comparison and hyperbole. On the occasion of any particular event, it devolves upon the *griots* to compose a song suitable to the occasion, and at once to give utterance to it. After a battle, they are especially happy in their compositions, and praise to the utmost all the heroic deeds and good qualities of their chiefs, especially if he is known to be of a generous disposition, and likely to acknowledge their efforts by some substantial reward. It is astonishing to what an extent some chiefs are carried away by their feelings on hearing their praises sung, so much so, that to the tributaries it is a time of deep anxiety, lest a chief, in a moment of ecstasy, should be tempted, as is often the case, to deprive them of their flocks and herds, and thus effect their ruin, in order to fulfil his promises and satisfy his sudden thirst for liberality. The poets are quite aware of the advantages they enjoy, and profit accordingly. Their persons are, to a certain extent, regarded as sacred, and, in time of war they go from one side to the other without molestation; indeed, each prince strives to prove himself more generous than his enemy; and, as a result, the *griot* often acts as a spy in one camp, and the next day will do the same for the opposite party.

Lahore and Amritsir, the Capitals of Runjeet Singh.—I.

THERE is much in Lahore and Amritsir, the largest and most celebrated cities of the Punjaub, to interest the traveller. Though Mooltan has, from a military point of view, owing to its strong fortifications, always been regarded as of chief importance, and its acquisition in 1848–49 cost us a long siege, yet Lahore and Amritsir were respectively the secular and religious capitals of the Sikhs, who were for the most part congregated about those cities. Lahore traces its origin to Lo, the son of Rama, whose wife Seeta is still worshipped. This Rama was the ancestor of the Rajpoot princes of Meywar—whose history the author of this paper has detailed in an article on Rajpootana which appeared in Vol. V. of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

When, in the beginning of the eleventh century, Mahmoud

of Ghuznee, "the Destroyer," swept through Upper India in his career of victory and desolation, Lahore fell into his hands in 1009, and remained in possession of the Ghuznevide dynasty until 1186, when it was captured by Mahomed Ghore. Subsequently to this event, Lahore frequently changed hands, as the Punjaub became the prey of a succession of weak and turbulent rulers, among whom the Afghans generally predominated, until in 1526, Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, gained the sanguinary victory of Paniput, and for more than 200 years his successors, including such great names as Akhbar and Aurungzebe, were supreme throughout the Punjaub. In 1748, Ahmed Shah, an Afghan of the Dooranee clan, finding the power of the Moguls broken by the capture of Delhi,—when Nadir Shah, the sovereign of Persia, led his victorious legions against the degenerate descendant of Timour, who, it was said, "was never without a glass in his hand and a mistress in his arms,"—overran the Punjaub with an Afghan army, and made himself master of Lahore, and eight years later the Mogul emperor formally ceded to him these conquests. Soon after these events, the power of the Sikhs began to assume a formidable aspect, and in 1768 they made themselves masters of the country east of the Jhelum. Thirty years later Shah Zemaun, the Dooranee King of Cabul, for the third time invaded the Punjaub, and captured Lahore, but being immediately recalled by an insurrection in Afghanistan, quickly left the country. This monarch, whose sudden and successful invasion caused grave disquiet in Calcutta, and excited the apprehensions of the great Marquis of Wellesley, was destined to afford a signal example of the instability of human greatness, of which the history of the states of Afghanistan, Persia, and the Punjaub during the past century present such numerous examples.

Zemaun Shah, not many years after his invasion of Upper India, was deprived of sight, became a British pensioner at Loodiana, from whence he was sent to Cabul in the evil days when his brother, Shah Soojah, was our puppet king, and on the return of Sir George Pollock's victorious army in 1842, was once more brought back to his former residence, and reverted to his pension of £3,000 a year.

The expulsion from Cabul in 1809 of the weak and intriguing Shah Soojah, and consequent subversion of the Afghan monarchy, facilitated the rise of Runjeet Singh, one of the most remarkable men the East has produced during the century.

Runjeet Singh, whose ancestors were Hindoos of the Jaut caste, was the grandson of Charat Singh, a common highwayman, who raised himself by his courage to be the leader of a division of Sikhs. This man's son, Maha Singh, was also a famous chief, and married the daughter of Gajpat Singh of Jhend, by whom he had a son, the celebrated Runjeet, who was born on the 2nd November, 1780. Soon after his birth he was attacked with small-pox, and though he recovered, his face was much disfigured, and he lost the sight of one eye. Hence he was called Runjeet Singh Kana, the One-eyed. His father died when he was twelve years of age, and, after living for five years a life of debauchery, at the early age of seventeen he seized the reins of power, caused his mother, a debased and designing woman, who had brought him up in ignorance and vice, to be poisoned, and dismissed his guardian. When Shah Zemaun advanced into the Punjaub, Runjeet Singh did homage through a deputy at Lahore, and when, in January, 1799, that monarch suddenly returned to Cabul, Runjeet, having restored to him some guns, was invested with the government of Lahore, of which he obtained possession by stratagem; for all through life this extraordinary man displayed little generalship, but gained his ends by cunning and diplomatic tact.

In 1809, having extended his power over the greater part of the Punjaub, and either by chicanery or violence secured the territories of independent Sirdars when they died or quarrelled among themselves, he concluded with the British Government a treaty, which was negotiated by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe, which provided that Runjeet Singh was to confine his conquests to the north bank of the Sutlej. In 1810 he failed in his attempt to capture the strong fortress of Mooltan, but, having reorganised and carefully trained his army on the European system, he effected the capture of that stronghold eight years later, as well as of Peshawur, from whence the Afghans were driven never to return.

He now styled himself the Maharajah of the Sikhs, and in the following year conquered the territories to the west of the Indus, and Kashmir. In 1831 took place the celebrated interview between this remarkable man and Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, who placed in his hand a document promising him the friendship of the British Government. This interview was remarkable for the lavish magnificence displayed by Runjeet Singh, whose tents and equipments were the talk of all British India. At this interview the wily Sikh chieftain imbibed a wholesome fear of the white troops, who were manœuvred before him, and it had been well for the independence of the nation he consolidated had his successors been inspired with equally sagacious views as to the certain result of a struggle with so superior a military power. Four years after this interview, Gholaub Singh, a vassal of the Maharajah, reduced to subjection the extensive hill state of Ladakh, or Middle Tibet, and a few years later, the district of Balti, or Little Tibet.

The conclusion of the famous tripartite treaty between the Maharajah, Shah Soojah, and the British Government in 1838, was the last political act of importance of Runjeet Singh, who died in July, 1839. He was succeeded by his weak son, Kurruck Singh, who died soon after, it was believed of poison. He was succeeded by his son, a prince of rare promise, who was killed by the falling of a beam, which also was the work of assassins. Shere Singh, a reputed son of the old "Lion of the Punjaub," also met a violent end at the latter part of 1843, and on his decease supervened a period of chaos and sanguinary anarchy, which eventuated two years later in a Sikh army of 100,000 men suddenly crossing the Sutlej, with the avowed intention of sacking Delhi and Calcutta. The struggles at Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, and Sobraon taught the Khalsa soldiery a terrible lesson, but the insurrection of 1848–49 showed that no measure short of the annexation of the Punjaub, and disarmament of the magnificent army drilled with such assiduous care by Runjeet Singh and his European generals, and terrible even in their death-struggles at Chillianwallah and Goojerat, could secure peace to the Christian domination which had raised its power on the ruins of the Mogul sovereignty, and testified its right to rule by subjugating the Goorkha, the Mahratta, and every other aspirant for empire.

Lahore is now the capital of the provincial government of the Punjaub, and close to its walls are the military cantonments of Meean-Meer.



TEMPLE AT AMRITSIR.

One of the sights of Lahore is the Shalimar* Gardens, situated about three miles from the city. The road is through a suburb, over which are strewed remains of palaces and serais of vast extent, though of no great antiquity. Near them are the more modern palaces, constructed by the Sikh Sirdars of Runjeet's day, and the road from Lahore to the Shalimar leads through the serai of Noor Jehan, an extensive structure like a fortress.

The Shalimar is a large building, for the entire garden is in fact an edifice, and not a garden at all. It is about half a mile long, with three successive terraces rising one above the other, and formerly contained 450 fountains, the water from which descended into marble tanks. Masson says that Runjeet Singh barbarously defaced this superb monument which the Emperor Shah Jehan had constructed with vast labour and expense, and removed a large portion of the marble embellishments to his new capital, Amritsir. The Baron von Hugel, who visited the Shalimar Garden, speaks of it as being a mile and a half long, and a quarter of a mile broad. He says, "The entrance of the building, which is constructed of fine marble, is the prettiest part of it; from this spot the ground falls, and at a quarter of a mile further on is a large reservoir, which is nearly as extensive as a lake. Close to it are several buildings huddled together, some tasteful enough—indeed, the whole might well have served as a model for the pleasure gardens of the age of Louis XIV. The Shalimar is well kept, and many very fine trees, particularly the Santareh oranges, thrive abundantly. Runjeet Singh frequently passes a day or two at this place. Here Nur Jehan was wont to hold yearly fairs, where pleasure became madness. A straw hut, built by Runjeet Singh, has a strange appearance in the midst of so much that breathes of royal magnificence."

One of the greatest ornaments in the neighbourhood of Lahore is the tomb† of the Mogul Emperor Jehangir. It is very extensive and beautiful, of a quadrangular form, with a minaret at each corner rising to the height of seventy feet. The principal material is red sandstone, but there is a profusion of ornaments executed in marble, arranged in elegant mosaics, representing flowers and texts of the Koran in Arabic and Persian. These texts consist of a hundred repetitions of the name of God in different modes of expression. This beautiful monument, which is situated about three miles from Lahore, is separated from it by the river Ravee, which has undermined one side of the building, leaving it open to the influences of the weather. Of the three lofty cupolas, one is rent asunder in the middle, and the Ravee threatens to engulf the entire tomb. Runjeet Singh gave it as a residence to a French officer, who caused it to be cleared out and put in repair, but died shortly afterwards. His fate was considered by the Mohammedans as a retribution for his impiety in desecrating the sacred pile, which has since been closed up. There are many other similar tombs, among them being one erected, according to tradition, to a youth named Anarkalli, a favourite of one of the Mogul emperors, who, having seen him smile at a lady of his zenana, caused him to be built up in a brick cell, and raised this splendid mausoleum over him.

In the days of the Sikh ascendency, the wall around Lahore was twenty-five feet in height, but the British Government caused it to be lowered. Runjeet Singh ran a good trench around the wall, and beyond this constructed a line of works round the entire circumference, mounted them with heavy artillery, and gave orders for clearing away such ruins and other objects as might yield shelter to assailants. The circuit of this line of fortifications, says Moorcroft, exceeded seven miles. In the north-west angle of the city stood the fort or citadel, containing extensive magazines and manufactories of warlike stores.

Lahore contains several handsome mosques. One of the largest of these is the Padshah Mosque, said to have been built by Aurungzebe, though Hugel attributes it to Jehangir, a lofty, massive structure of red sandstone, ornamented with spacious cupolas. Runjeet Singh, with his intolerance for Mohammedanism, converted it into barracks.

Another mosque, the Vizier Khan, is also a fine edifice, ornamented with lofty minarets, and covered with varnished tiles inscribed with Arabic sentences, which are popularly supposed to comprise the entire Koran. The Senara Mosque is another splendid edifice; but during the occupation of Lahore by the Sikhs, all these fine structures were desecrated by the ruling sect, who killed swine and stalled their horses within the court.

The streets of Lahore, which are very narrow, contain numbers of lofty but gloomy houses, enclosed within extensive dead walls. The bazaars, though numerous, and stocked with a profusion of costly wares, are in general mean, and of no great size. There is an abundant supply of water from wells in the city; and the neighbouring country is well cultivated, and provides fruit and vegetables, which are sold at a cheap rate in the bazaars. Lahore is still one of the most considerable and populous cities in India; but it is a mere shadow of its former greatness in the time of the Mogul emperors, when, according to Rennell, it was nine miles in length, with a population of probably not less than one million souls.

Like the rest of India, Lahore and the Punjaub generally have benefited by the educational advantages which have resulted from the policy inaugurated by the famous despatch of Sir Charles Wood (now Viscount Halifax), of the 19th of July, 1854. Before this date an establishment had been founded at Lahore, which was at once a vernacular school and a college for the study of Hindoo and Mohammedan learning and European knowledge, through vernacular media. A portion of the funds was contributed by the British Government, and the greater part by subscriptions from Bhopaul and other native states, the chiefs and people of which regarded the maintenance of the school as inseparably connected with British protection and supremacy, so that, as Major Cunningham, the author of the "History of the Sikhs," wrote, "it is a kind of fashion to contribute to the school." So early as 1849 the number of pupils was 541.

But a new educational era was inaugurated in the establishment of three universities at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, conferring degrees on the principle of the London University, to which all colleges and schools capable of supplying the higher education were to be affiliated. The Calcutta University, which was incorporated in 1857, exercises functions over Bengal, the North-West Provinces, the Punjaub, Oude, and the Central Provinces, and has an endowment of £23,700 a year. In the Punjaub, according to the last-published Blue Book on the "Moral and Material Progress of India," there

* Shalimar means "House of Joy."

† This and other monuments are described in more or less detail by Moorcroft, Burnes, and Von Hugel.

are 1,325 Government, and 547 aided, schools and colleges. The two colleges affiliated to the University are at Lahore and Delhi, and each of these colleges has fifty-six students. The Punjaub University College has for it objects the encouragement of the study of Eastern classical literature, the improvement of the vernacular, and the diffusion of European science.

Its scholarships amount to the value of about £840. Among special schools in the Punjaub is one at Umbala for the education of Government wards, and the sons of natives of rank, where there are ten pupils; and there is also an Anglo-Arabic school at Delhi under Government management, which gives instruction to 243 Mohammedan students. In the province there are also five Government and eleven aided high schools, and 103 Government and fifty aided middle schools. The village or primary schools number 1,060 Government and 166 aided, with an average of thirty-five scholars each. There are also three Government and six aided normal schools. The condition of the female schools in the Lahore circle is described as improving, there being 125 Government and 314 aided girls' schools, with about 8,000 scholars. Yet out of about three million children in the Punjaub, only some 100,000 receive instruction, which is disseminated at an expenditure of about £62,000.

On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1849, Sir Henry Lawrence introduced the system of settlement and land revenue in vogue in the North-West Provinces. But there was one peculiarity, for whereas in the latter government the village communities were only partially preserved, in the Punjaub, including the Delhi district, all the old village communities were often perfect, each with a cultivating body and a complete internal system of management. In the Punjaub the bulk of the proprietors are cultivators, and each village undertakes the payment of the revenues assessed upon it, such payment being contributed by the individual members of the community in proportion to the extent of their holdings. The revenue is very punctually paid, and sales of land unknown. The settlement officers, who are invested in this province with judicial powers, make the assessments with the proprietors of the village for a term of years, under the orders of the financial commissioner. When, in 1849, our annexation rendered a settlement of the land revenue necessary, payments in cash were exacted, instead of in kind, at rates so high, as to rack-rent the whole country. This cruel and impolitic course pressed hard upon the people, and denied them the possibility of accumulating funds to provide against the rainy day of a famine or drought (to employ a paradox). Mr. P. Egerton, the present financial commissioner of the Punjaub, made the first regular settlement. In the account of the land revenue settlement of the district of Lahore by Mr. Leslie Saunders—a successful administrator, who has since been promoted to the commissionership of Ajmere—it appears that by large remissions of arrears and future reductions, the people were encouraged to return to the lands from which they had been driven. Over the whole district, covering 3,600 square miles, he reduced the land-tax eleven per cent. This was the root of all prosperity. Population at once began to increase, by natural means as well as immigration, till Mr. Saunders' new settlement finds that it has just doubled, being 789,666 in 1868. This sentence in his report expresses the truth, and it would be well for India if it could be applied to more of our districts:—"I found the people in the highest state of prosperity. Cultivation had largely increased, owing to the moderate assessment." And yet only half of the cultivable land is under the plough. Because of this, and of the increase of canal water, the Lieutenant-Governor has committed what many may consider the mistake of sanctioning the new settlement for only ten years, instead of thirty. As it is, this brief ten years' settlement has raised the land-tax from £65,505 to £77,623, of which latter sum £14,179 consists of cesses for roads, schools, police, and municipal purposes—a total increase of sixteen per cent. Surely that is high enough to justify the Government in letting one generation of peasant proprietors alone in the enjoyment of the little margin of profit left to them. Mr. Saunders, who fixed this increase, recommended that the assessment should not be changed for the usual term of thirty years, and the people undoubtedly expected this.

The population returns for the Punjaub for 1872 give the number of the inhabitants as 17,600,000, with a density of 172 to the square mile. The Mohammedans largely preponderate, numbering nine millions, the Hindoos six millions, while the Sikhs, the ancient lords, only number one million. In Lahore and the surrounding district the proportion of the population to the square mile is 218, or 527 to each village which has an average of 1,500 acres. Rather more than half of the inhabitants are Mohammedans, and there are only 3,000 Christians as yet. The rest are Hindoos, half of them of the ordinary type, and half Sikh dissenters. There are some 80,000 low-caste men, whom no religious sect acknowledges. The toiling, patient Jâts form the prevailing element of all these classes, for they were forcibly converted to Mohammedanism in large numbers. The lower classes of Mohammedans are the cattle-lifters of the country, who find an asylum in its hilly and desert portion, and troubled us much in 1857, when their leader was killed. As much as three-fourths of the whole 2,319,585 acres is held by 76,147 peasant proprietors, and the rest is cultivated by 51,715 tenants who still pay their rent chiefly in kind, at the rate of one-fourth of the produce on irrigated, and from a half to one-third on unirrigated, land. Competition has not yet unseated custom, as in more populous districts which have been longer under our rule. All classes live on the wheat that they can raise. Each proprietor holds on an average twenty-seven acres, and each tenant cultivates twelve. The farmer's wife works as hard as he does. In one of the little dark rooms opening out into a courtyard, she may be seen all day long, except when she carries the mid-day meal to her husband in the field. In a corner the old mother in-law is at work on the spinning-wheel, while the children feed or milk the buffalo and dry the dung for fuel. At night the family sleep on the flat roof of the house, after the second meal. Occasionally the flesh of the goat or kid is eaten with the "scone" of wheat or millet. "Post," or water in which the pod of the poppy has been steeped, is the drink of all classes, while the Sikh takes ardent spirits when he can get them. Wrestling is the national amusement, and next to that, ram, quail, and cock fighting. The favourite ballads are love-songs. The wife keeps the purse and manages the family marriages, though she is more a domestic servant than a companion in the European sense. Every village has a guest-house. The brother-in-law must marry his deceased brother's wife by the easy rite of "Chudderdalna," or throwing a sheet over the parties. The market price of a wife varies from ten to fifty pounds.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—V.

BY "MONTA."

ON THE KÔSHIUKAIDÔ.

I HAVE often since thought what an impression the sight of the different travellers and people we met on the road first made upon me. The *samurai* of gentle blood walking along slowly and sententiously, with his retainer following close on his footsteps, his luggage carried by a shuffling coolie in those two convenient wooden boxes, attached to each end of a pole; the lady travelling in shut-up *kago* (called by foreigners a *norimon*, whereas *norimono*, or "drive-thing," is the generic term for all these conveyances, open or shut, which are borne by coolies in their scanty dress); then the lightly-clad messenger, who runs express from post to post, with his packet of letters or despatches attached to a pole resting on his shoulders; Buddhist priests with their bald heads; whole families of the lower class journeying slowly on foot; men on pack-horses riding high and uncomfortably upon the top of their baggage; beggars in rags squatting by the road-side, and bowing down to the ground as we passed, whilst they muttered glibly their demand for alms. The great processions of daimios, and of other high and mighty personages, are now-a-days but seldom seen; the nobles have found out the comfort and economy of a voyage in a steamer, lasting two or three days, compared with a long and expensive journey, lasting twelve or thirteen; and those who came up to the capital of the Shôgun in days gone by with a thousand men-at-arms, are content to land at Yokohama with a following of six or eight *samurai*, and from thence a short railroad journey brings them to the seat of government of the restored monarch, the divine Mikado, who drives about in a European carriage, and shows his face to the lowest of his subjects.



TYPES OF THE SHOPKEEPER CLASS.

But on the day we reached Shimonosuwa we found that the principal lodgings were engaged for the Prince of Owari, who was returning to his country with a large number of retainers, and so we pushed on to Kaminosuwa at the other end of the lake, close to Takashima, then the seat of a daimio, and there we stopped the night. All about here are hot springs of sulphur, and there was one in the *honjin* where we alighted. The people of the house brought in some splendid eels, and some *koi*, a coarse-tasted fish of the carp species. The lake, which is devoid of picturesqueness, seemed about three miles long and half as broad.

At Kaminosuwa, one of the retainers of the daimio of the district (Takashima) paid us a formal visit, and stated that he would have the honour of escorting our party for some distance through his lord's territory, and the following morning he appeared, and preceded us on horseback as far as the post-

station of Kanazawa, and several two-sworded men followed us still farther. I wonder if this system still continues, and if so, whether the escort wear Japanese clothes and their two swords, or European clothes, and how they are armed. That the swords are mostly given up is one reform, at least, with which we can sympathise. But what a change it is! That deadly instrument is laid aside which used to be looked upon as "the living soul of the *samurai*," as "the precious possession of lord and vassal from times older than the divine period." No greater proof is needed of the change in Japan. In the first attempt at a kind of parliament, after the restoration of the governing power to the Mikado (see papers presented to Parliament, Japan, No. 3, 1870), two clauses were brought forward for debate. The first was that it should be made optional for every one, except government officials and soldiers, to wear swords or not, as he pleased. The second was that it should be made optional for government officials and soldiers to dispense with the short sword or not as they pleased. These propositions were unanimously rejected by 213 members. It is curious to read through the debate, and see the arguments of the speakers. Here are some of them.



SHOPKEEPER.

The custom of wearing two swords is the natural offspring of the national disposition to do honour to the soldier caste, and deserves our warmest admiration. If this custom be now abolished, the first step will be taken towards curbing the high spirit of the *samurai*. Even if it be made optional by law to wear swords, what *samurai* is there with a spark of the *yamato damashii* (national spirit) in him who will throw away his sword? The sacred vital energy of our divine country depends upon this weapon. While the words "soldier" and "*samurai*" exist, its use should not be abolished. If it be made optional to dispense with wearing swords, it will become impossible to distinguish between *samurai* and merchant. Swords are worn as a necessary article of dress; the morals of the empire will be injured and become effeminate; literary habits will spring up if their use is dispensed with.

In a paper read on the 26th of November last, before the newly-formed Asiatic Society of Japan, and due to the pen of Mr. Thomas McClatchie of Her Majesty's Consular Service, much valuable information is contained respecting "The sword of Japan; its history and traditions." We learn, for instance, that the four makers of swords who seem to be best known in Japan are Munéchika, Masamuné, Yoshimitsu, and Muramasa. Of these Munéchika is by far the oldest; he was born in 938 A.D., and his swords were famous from 987 A.D. downwards. Masamuné and Yoshimitsu acquired their renown towards the end of the 13th century, while Muramasa did not appear till nearly a century after them. These makers, as indeed all smiths of any note, had their own marks which they engraved on the hilt of the sword, most frequently accompanied by a date, but as, of late years, the practice of counterfeiting the marks of well-known makers has been largely indulged in, these are not always to be depended on. The profession of the smith was deemed an honourable one, and those who engaged in it were generally men of good family. Of late years the famous smiths received from the Court a honorary rank, which was in proportion to the renown they had gained.

When I was in Yedo, I gradually collected the different parts and ornaments for a pair of swords. I began with the long sword; bought the blade, and then chose a *tsuba* or guard of metal, curiously wrought, and illustrative of a Chinese legend, which Mr. Mitford happened to have translated when in China, and which I cannot resist inserting here.

"Wên Wang, the father of Wu Wang, the first Emperor of the Chou dynasty, and a contemporary of Saul, King of Israel, dreamt a dream. He dreamt that he saw a beast like a boar flying. Not knowing what to make of this, he applied to the Court seer for an explanation. The seer replied that the interpretation of the dream was that he should have a wise minister. So Wên Wang sallied forth in quest of this wise man. At last he came to a river called Wei-shiu-ho. Here he found an old man fishing. This was Tai Kung, who, during the reign of the wicked Emperor Chou Hsin, had lived in a cave in a mountain, and passed his time in studying. Wên Wang had with him his two sons, and sent them to ask the old man the way. Tai Kung replied, 'The little fishes have come to me, but the big fish stops away.' On hearing this oracular response, which conveyed a reproach to Wên Wang for his bad

manners in not asking the way himself, but sending his children instead, he at once knew that Tai Kung was the minister promised by his dream, invited him to get into his chariot, and carried him off. He was then eighty years of age. After the death of Wên Wang, his son Wu Wang treated Tai Kung with the honours due to a father, for it was by his wise counsels that the dynasty was consolidated on the throne. Tai Kung lived nearly a hundred years, and at his death received divine honours; in some books he is made the captain of the other genii, assigning to each their particular duties."

The *tsuba* represents on one side the old man fishing, and on the other are seen the tops of the large palanquin (not a chariot) of the Emperor, and of the smaller conveyances of the two sons, together with the flag, &c. It was a great pleasure and occupation picking up the different ornaments, and finally they were placed in the hands of a skilful man, and the two swords were turned out in the best native style.

The road we pursued to Kôfu, the principal town of the province of Kôshiu, was particularly stony, and prevented our horses from often breaking into a trot. In the villages we observed patches of hemp growing in most of the cottage gardens. No doubt much of the inhabitants' clothes were made of this hemp. After crossing a watershed, we descended by a dreadfully stony road into a well-wooded valley. Here we came upon some beautiful trees of the willow species, hedges of *Cryptomeria*, and a few mulberry-trees. We arrived at the town of Tsutaki about one o'clock, and rested for nearly two hours. When we started again, we were still accompanied by some of the two-sworded men who had come on foot all the way from Kaminosuwa. They walked before us as far as a bridge just outside Tsutaki, and then made their humble bows as we passed on our way. This was the boundary between the provinces of Shinshiu and Kôshiu. The afternoon was delightful, and another hour and half, by a roughish road down a valley, brought us to Daigahara, a small place full of unsophisticated people, and a dirty inn full of little creatures that shall be nameless. There was, however, a delightful absence of the two-sworded element, and types of the class shown in the illustration on page 140 were not wanting. We walked about, and found a shop where there were a number of polished crystals. The stone is found in the neighbouring hills, and seems to be of a very pure kind.

N.B.—If you travel on horseback, provide yourself with several pairs of extra horse-shoes. It was about this time we began to be sorely troubled for the want of such. The only man of our party who had the forethought to bring an extra set never required it; and these shoes were too small for the other horses. At this village, however, as luck would have it, we found a native who had been in a blacksmith's shop in Yokohama.

Next day we had again a rough journey. The valley we followed was poorly cultivated, and the bed of every torrent, now containing but little water, was so broad, and so full of great stones, that we could easily imagine how violent these torrents would be when filled in the rainy season, or after the melting of snow from the mountains. In some cases strong stone breakwaters were thrown out at intervals, at a certain angle, into the beds, in order to turn off the stream, and thus prevent the fields from being inundated. As we proceeded, we had a glimpse of the summit of Fuji, peering out from amongst the clouds—but that was all. In clear weather the view must be very fine.

What with one or two horses' shoes getting loose, and the stony nature of the road, we all eventually took to walking, and it was near midday when we reached our halting-place. After a fresh start we soon arrived at the bottom of the valley, and, passing over a slight eminence by a better road, looked down into an extensive plain surrounded with hills. Once more we saw cultivation; paddy-fields, and trees, and villages dotted here and there; but little of Kôfu was visible, and all was in marked contrast to the wild country we had left behind us. By four o'clock we were housed in a comfortable inn in the large town, which, as already mentioned, is the principal one of the province.

Here we were again amongst the military class. Men with two swords abounded, for there was the usual castle in the midst of the houses, and we were told that it had been one of the strongholds of the last dynasty of Shôguns. Let us transport ourselves for a moment to the Middle Ages, and let us suppose ourselves in this castle-town. Now look at the two illustrations—the one representing a common shopkeeper, with his book and his *soroban*, or calculating board (page 141). As he was then, so is he now. The other (page 144), warriors in armour, things of the past. As they were then, so they are not now.

In the account of "A Trip into the Interior of Japan," by Lieutenant Sandwith, R.M., the author mentions his visit to the castle of Kôfu in 1871.

"The moat," he says, "surrounding the castle is full of lotus-plants. On crossing a very dilapidated wooden bridge, the guard told us to be careful of the snakes, and hinted that wild animals in the shape of foxes were occasionally to be seen amongst the ruins.

"Inside the gate was a piece of grass-land with a large house standing in the centre of it, but slowly falling into decay. The gateway was wide and strong, made of stout timber, the shape of the gate following the shape of the wood. The copper bindings had been torn off in the same ruthless manner in which all castles have been stripped since the commencement of the revolution.

"The castle walls are strongly built, and a terrace surrounds the edifice, with small holes every three or four feet for arrows and guns to be discharged from.

"The citadel is in a very decayed condition, trees having fallen and broken the walls down in many places. Grass and weeds grow everywhere, giving an untidy appearance; in fact, the whole place is allowed to go to ruin."

Kôfu is a straggling town of some 15,000 inhabitants. It contains a famous confectioner's shop, where we made divers purchases of dried fruits, which are sent in quantities to Yedo.

Kôfu to Hanasaki. A long day of some twenty-five miles. We were off before eight o'clock, delighted to find a better road commencing from the farther side of a river which we had to ford. We continued along the plain, divided into numerous paddy-fields; and as we proceeded, the mulberry-trees became more and more plentiful. In every village, trays of silk-cocoons were drying in the sun, now rather powerful. The tops of the high mountains were covered with clouds. At Katsunuma we began to ascend; and here, on the slopes, we observed a quantity of vines, trained on horizontal trellis-frames, resting upon poles at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground. Dried preserves are made from the grapes; but, as far as I could learn, no species of wine was fabricated from them. I

would not assert positively that there is no wine in Japan, but I have never in my various journeys to different parts of the empire seen any.

We now entered a beautiful ravine, the sides of which were finely wooded and precipitous. Soon after eleven we reached Komakai, a little straggling village on the side of the hill, and there we made a halt, and applied ourselves diligently to investigate and consume the contents of a small basket of provisions sent on for the midday meal. At two o'clock we mounted our horses again, riding up to the top of the Sasagé Pass, and thence by a long descent on the other side to Hanasaki. Mulberry-trees were in abundance, both in patches and bordering the fields. They are mostly old trees, which are cut down every year. The *honjin* at Hanasaki was full of cocoons; so full that there was no room for travellers; and we were therefore obliged to put up at a smaller inn, and were much cramped. To add to our troubles, the provisions did not arrive till ten o'clock; but we had some compensation in a dish of excellent trout—one about a pound in weight—caught in a big river not far off.

We found nothing but mares in this province; and as in other provinces we had only seen stallions, it was clear that there was some cogent reason for this arrangement, and it was not difficult to understand that in a mountainous country where there are steep defiles and narrow roads overhanging precipices, the mixing of the two sexes would prove dangerous. No wonder, we thought, that a man of inferior rank, when travelling on horseback, dismounts on meeting a superior in rank, and holds his horse on the narrow path whilst his superior passes by. Such a measure would be dictated not only by the feudal system, but by the simple law of safety. There are breeding establishments in different parts of the country, and there people can make their purchases. The best horses seem to come from the north. All their mouths become hard and spoiled from the habit of sawing away at them which the mounted *samurai* indulges in when he wants to urge on his animal to a sharp trot.

On the following morning we soon reached Otsuki, whence there is a road to Yoshida, at the base of Fuji. Two days more, and our pleasant trip was finished, and I found myself once more in the eastern capital.

As I write these lines, I am sad with the news of the burning—on the night which ushered in the New Year—of the great temple at Shiba; one of those sights which, with the shrines and tombs of several Shôguns of the Tokugawa dynasty, every foreigner hastened to see. And not only is the loss of the temple, but also of the great bell, to be deplored. The columns of the *Japan Mail* are before me, and from them let me borrow (the courteous editor will excuse me) a few details respecting the bell. They are written by an English resident in Yedo, in a series of papers entitled, "Our Neighbourhood." He says:—

"The great bell of Shiba is no more! As the polestar to the mariner, so was the bell of Shiba to the simple-minded neighbours. For twice a hundred revolving years its glorious monody was heard, telling to the farmer by the clear or muffled tone of its vibrations, a coming change of weather. To the old folks listening to its peal from early infancy to green old age, its familiar voice spoke hopefully in youth, encouragingly at man's estate, solemnly in life's decline. And now—it will never more be heard! Its voice is silenced for ever. Its last expiring note was throbbed out on the chill night air of New Year's Eve, when the roaring flames which swallowed up the temple beside which it had hung for so many years, extended their fatal embrace to the structure which surrounded it, and temple and bell, so long associated, perished together.

"Two hundred and two years ago, the third Shôgun, Iyémitsu, superintended the casting of this bell, and presented it to the Temple of Zôjôji. A princely gift! It is said that of a still summer's night, as its golden notes rolled forth, the country round, for incredible distances, was flooded by the melody; nay, that the Daimio of Odawara in his castle could hear on such occasions the mellow music, now swelling and now falling, as wave piled on wave, crested, rolled shoreward, and was broken.

"Alas! for the grand old bell. Its deep-toned vibrations will never again diffuse themselves in eddying circles at dead of night across the slumbering city. Some vulgar clock will henceforth proclaim the time of day with hideous regularity. No more little by-ringings at off times and festivals; but two o'clock will follow one o'clock with punctuality, and the pleasant element of uncertainty will be eliminated for ever.

"As might have been expected, the last moments of the bell were a mixture of the sublime and pathetic. Aroused by the cry of 'Fire!' the aged custodian, emerging from the box in which he slept beside the bell he loved so well, was seen to take his place, and ring the double stroke which betokens alarm—unwonted accents for the bell, which hitherto required that each series of vibrations of its solemn monotone should die away before it spoke again. It seemed now, however, as if the danger made its pulse beat quicker. Its voice was as clear as ever, but its utterance more rapid. How sublime it seemed, as it tolled its own knell amidst the crackle and roar of the fire!

"But now the air grows thicker. It is hard to breathe, as the flames, leaping forth from the main building, are seen to lick the belfry with their forked and gleaming tongues. In the old bell-ringer's face, lit up by the fire, agony and despair are plainly written. Yet, though scorched and half-stifled, he will not quit his post. What to him is life without his bell? So, regardless of all around him, he continues to toll. But now a dull red glow is seen in one side of the ponderous metal, the dragon on its summit, in which, it is said, the spirit of the bell resides, is white with heat, and the crackling of the burning timbers betokens that the end is at hand. Already, under the influence of the heat, the note is changing from a pæan to a moan. The ring by which the bell is hung grows hot—is melting—a moment more, and the glorious old relic, its last utterance strangled in its birth like a stifled sob, has fallen! A shower of sparks flies heavenwards, and, save for the fire, there is silence, and the Temple of Zôjôji and its great bell are among the things which were.

"Of the three celebrated bells of Japan, that of Shiba held the second place as regards size and importance, Kamakura has the largest, that of Miidera is the third of the series."

What the origin of the fire was, does not seem to be known. It may have been, as suggested, an act of incendiarism on the part of some shaven-pated Buddhist priest, furious at the changes which have come over the temples of his creed since the restoration of the governing power into the hands of the true sovereign. Or it may have been—more likely perhaps—

the result of accident, or of some miserable piece of carelessness which, in these *insouciant* people, is but too common. But it is sad to think that the devastation which came upon the big temple in the enclosure of Uyéno, where others of the Shôguns lie buried, should have equally come upon the one in Shiba. In the former case it was the effect of war, and was done to dislodge a number of swashbucklers who had gathered together in the beginning of 1868, and were robbing and plundering peaceable citizens at night. There can be no question of rebuilding either temple, at least in the former style. Simple Shintô shrines might perhaps be substituted; but this government will rather let the burial-places of usurping Tycoons go to ruin.

Luckily the night was perfectly calm, and therefore the flame and smoke rose almost perpendicularly, so that there was no fear of the fire spreading, and the neighbouring shrines and temples were never in any danger. It is some consolation to think that of the glories of Shiba very much still remains. The fine entrance-gate, too, was spared.

The firemen, as usual, were at their posts, and if reckless exposure of life could have saved the building, they surely would have done it. But there was little work for them to do. Their leaders, according to the *Japan Herald*, were distinctly visible when the smoke lifted, standing immovable on the interior platform of the temple. They were in a double line, grasping their strange standards, and surveying the scene with the stolidity of statues. Their uncouth head-dresses, parti-coloured clothes, and livid faces, lighted up by the flames which swept round them and scorched the emblems in their hands, made a picture so ghastly and unearthly in its blazing framework, that it could hardly be looked upon without a shudder. There they stood, until a part of the roof had fallen in, and then, quite unseen amidst the mass of smoke which followed, withdrew—nobody but themselves knew how, and presently they reappeared in the gallery of the lofty gate, where they presented an aspect as weird as before, though no longer surrounded by exciting peril. These standard-bearers assume the positions of danger solely to stimulate their followers.



THE TYCOON'S GUARDS.

A Trip to Livonia and Back.—III.

BY MRS. M. G. HOGG GARDEN.

June 23rd.—I heard a curious anecdote of court etiquette, relating to an occurrence at the imperial court two years ago. A certain lady, not of the highest rank, or distinguished by the highest cultivation, certainly, but yet exalted enough to be admitted at court along with her daughter, who was handsome, and admired by one of the Grand Dukes, was, by invitation, present at the ball given by the Empress. Madame —— and her daughter were received by the Empress, who condescendingly, as is her habit, addressed a few polite words to Madame ——. Mademoiselle had the imprudence and audacity to reply. Of her doing so the Empress took no personal notice, but, summoning one of her state *dames*, said, loudly enough to be heard by all in the neighbourhood,—

"Tell this lady, she must not dare to open her lips here, unless she is addressed."

The court *dame* obeyed; the young lady nearly fainted, retired, and afterwards had a fever for many weeks, brought on by the affront which her forwardness had brought upon her.



RUSSIAN SENTINEL AT RIGA.

July 20th.—This being the birthday of our kind *nachbarin*, Madame B——, I was wakened from my first sleep at midnight by the strains of music. Three excellent male singers serenaded the lady. Very good singing and very good music it was; "Sleep sweetly" being one of the songs selected. And, as good luck would have it, the matron fulfilled the wishes of her friends, for it was only after repeated shaking that she could be roused from her slumbers. The good *frau* had, German-like, worn herself out in preparation for her birthday, and I suspect she got little additional sleep till four a.m. next day. The *mutter's geburtstag* must be a festival.

She received upwards of thirty bouquets, three monster cakes, besides gifts from all the members of her family, including a roll of rouble-notes from her husband, and offerings from her grandchildren.

In the evening there was a large party assembled *sans cérémonie*, of which we formed a part. Things did not proceed exactly like a similar party at home; and, to English eyes, it looked curious to see the girls in high walking dress, and the young men in morning clothes, although it was a dance. Except while they were dancing, the gentlemen and ladies keep quite apart, and flirtation must be a luxury enjoyed only in private. The moment the dance concludes, each cavalier leads his partner to her seat, bows and retires. So afraid are they of being *too* attentive, that a gentleman during a round dance changes his partner very often. When he has made the circuit of the room with her once, or at the most twice, he takes her to her seat, says, "Danke sehr," and takes up another young lady. I suppose it is prudery, for the Germans are no doubt quite as fond of a little flirtation as we are, and as dress and the mode of living are not so extravagant, the men marry younger here than at home, where a young man dares not to venture to submit to the nuptial knot unless

well able to keep the smart young lady of his choice in silks and hairpads.

When it grew dark, we were summoned to see the garden illuminated with coloured lamps hung on the trees, while from time to time fireworks were sent up and, except for heavy rain, all went merry as a marriage-bell, although it was only the birthday of an old woman.

We left before midnight, but dancing was kept up till four in the morning. Thus ended the *mutter's geburtstag*, the jollity of which was justified on the plea, adduced on other similar occasions, that it only comes once a year.

July 22nd.—This is the birthday of the Empress of all the Russias, and is observed as a holiday, as a matter of course. The Greek Church has some pretty customs, one is that all such holidays shall be treated as religious festivals, and, in consequence, this was a high day. Unfortunately we did not hear of it in time to be present; but my husband reached the door of the cathedral just in time to witness the exit, in stars and silver, of the excellencies who had been devoutly praying for Her Serene Highness. She is a German of the house of Hesse, and as such is not a favourite with the advanced patriotic party of the empire. More need to pray for her.

The English are in great favour just at present, the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna with Prince Alfred having been announced. This marriage seems to give universal satisfaction here; and as the lady is said to be rich, amiable, and plain-looking, we may calculate on the conjugal happiness of our sailor prince.

OUR DEPARTURE FROM RIGA.

"All that's bright must fade," says the poet; so just as we are beginning to feel at home, and to make some pleasant acquaintances, word comes that we are to leave Riga. So be it; for there is no use attempting to gainsay the cantankerous humours of certain parties at home, whose will in this matter must be law. So to England we must return.

Strange as it may seem, I regret to leave Riga. I did not think, three months ago, that I could ever have felt such a sensation as that of regret, if told that I was to leave it. Homesickness, however, having once been got over, one gradually falls into the ways of a strange place and of strange people, and although Riga is in itself a place destitute of attractions, yet we have grown to like it, and would willingly have remained over the winter.

July 26th.—As usual, it has proved very difficult to obtain correct information about the departure of the steamers. It seems impossible to say whether the Hull boat will sail on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday: each of these days having been named by the different individuals connected with her as that on which she is likely to be ready.

July 30th.—Yesterday we went to St. Martin's Church—the pretty white edifice on the hill overlooking the Dwina, and standing sentinel, as it were, over the burying-ground lying beneath in the hollow. This parish church and the large cemetery beyond occupy the very prettiest position one can imagine. The graves here are curious, each being a little raised mound, surrounded by a narrow footpath, and covered, not with grass, but with a small low-growing green plant, and planted here and there with flowers, the whole kept with much taste. Head-stones of all kinds, as at home, are here, from the handsome granite column of the wealthy, to the humble wooden cross of the Lettish peasant. These are all the graves of Lutherans, the Greek Church having separate places of interment. All the inscriptions on the tombstones, without exception, begin with, "Hier ruhet in Gott;" and many have, on the reverse side, and especially when the grave is that of a young girl or child, "Schlummere sanft;" which is pretty and appropriate, meaning, as it does, "Slumber softly."

But to return to the church, from which we have strayed for a little while among the graves of the parishioners. On arriving, we found the building filled to overflowing. Lettish was the language in which the services were conducted, and it was the Communion Sabbath. The whole scene reminded us of just such an "occasion" in a parish kirk in Scotland, although the language was strange to us, and the customs a little different.

We were glad thus by chance to have the opportunity of witnessing the celebration of this ordinance in a sister Church. It was very simple, resembling more the Episcopalian than the Presbyterian form, although in other respects the Lutheran ceremony is more like the latter. The communicants knelt at the altar, when the pastor put into the mouth of each the broken bread, and held to their lips the poured-out wine, saying the same words to every communicant separately. But he used no book, nor gave any address, merely pronouncing a benediction, and making the sign of the cross, after which the communicants retired, a new set taking their places.

It was quite a country congregation, only a sprinkling of bonnets being visible. The singing was solemn and hearty, and the organ fine for a country church. The pastor seemed an earnest, pious individual; but we have learned he is not the regular pastor, but a stranger from the interior, who has been supplying the place for a few weeks. Martin's Kirche is not usually well attended; but under the ministrations of this stranger it is so crowded that it is difficult to obtain a seat. Thus it supplies one more instance in confirmation of the old *dictum*, that wherever there is a good preacher there is sure to be found a good congregation.

When the morning service was over, the marriage ceremony was performed, the young couple having entered alone while the communion was being dispensed. The bride, with a blue gown and a long white veil, and wreath of white flowers. It seemed all a matter of course, and the ceremony produced no flutter in the rest of the congregation. The service was extremely simple and pretty, and being in German, I followed a good deal of it. The bride and bridegroom stood alone at the altar, there being neither bridesmaids nor best man, nor did any one give away the bride. The pastor placed the ring on the finger of each, and then blessed them, laying a hand on the forehead of each. Thus they were made man and wife for evermore.

Perhaps not for evermore, however, for the marriage tie is easily dissolved here. One couple I heard of who are at present trying for a divorce simply because of incompatibility of temper. The gentleman in question had married his niece after having educated her. This grade of relationship is no barrier in the Lutheran Church—at least, so we are informed—but the result seems to have been unsuccessful, as she tells him now she can only love him as an uncle, not as a husband. This ill-matched pair have one child, who is to remain with the mother, the husband supplying her with funds for the main-

tenance of the little girl; while both of the parents, I suppose, will be free to marry again.

July 31*st*.—To-morrow we are to have an auction of our goods and chattels, fortunately few in number; after this was decided on, we went to the steamer, about the sailing of which there seems as much doubt as ever.

August 1*st*.—To-day saw our small household broken up, our goods for the most part bought up by Jew furniture-dealers, and ourselves once more in our old quarters at the Hôtel Belle Vue for the night. It was with a saddened spirit that I bid adieu to Sassenhof and our kind friends there. So much is our happiness or unhappiness founded on the minor circumstances of our daily lives, that I, who only a few weeks before was ready to shed tears on account of our forlorn condition, was now equally ready to weep because I was being torn from the place which had then looked so desolate; but which I had now learned to love. But this is life. How true it is that "here we have no continuing city."

This has also been a *feiertag*, namely, "Apple-day." It is a curious, but possibly a very salutary, custom in a country where cholera is a yearly visitant. Until this date apples are not regarded as safe to eat. To-day, which is a church festival, the apples are blessed, and pronounced good for food.

VOYAGE HOME.

I here begin to quote from a species of diary kept by my husband.

August 12*th* (New Style).—Had a sale at Sassenhof, when Herr H—— sold all our dishes, our pots and pans, *trummel* and brushes, and last, but not least, the handsome furniture which had formed the honour and glory of our happy little establishment. This done, and the money in hand, I hurried off to Riga, leaving him to follow with all *gepäcke*, great and small, by rail. We once more found ourselves in the Hôtel Belle Vue with our little friend the Kellner, and his ready welcome.

August 13*th*.—Found that the *Metz*, the steamer belonging to Kiel, in which we had secured a passage, was positively to sail this afternoon. So we get our traps all ready, our roubles converted into London drafts, dined with our kind Russian friend, Madame ——, in the park restaurant, bade her an affectionate adieu, and then took train for Mühlgraben. Here we found one of the seamen of the *Metz* waiting with the long-boat to take us on board.

Sailed at eight p.m. Passed a tolerably comfortable night, and hoped for fine weather and smooth water. But, alas! Thursday opened with a head-wind, rough sea, and sea-sickness. Both of us were forced to keep close to our cribs. Meanwhile, we passed the coast of Courland, and bade adieu to Russian territory. We were able, with an effort, just to look out now and then, and saw distinctly the islands of Gothland and Oland; and retired finally with promises of better weather, both from the captain and the setting sun.

Saturday.—On awaking, I was charmed to find the *Metz* sailing along in smooth waters, so we both ventured to go on deck after having breakfasted below. In due time we were able to enjoy a good dinner of soup and roast beef.

To-day we have been sailing for hours along the Swedish coast, which we saw clearly at a distance of about three miles. This portion of the coast is lower than the southern part, but not so flat as that of Courland and Livonia, which we had left behind. We marked the lighthouse of Sandhammern, the village of Torp, and many white churches and grey windmills dotted at intervals along the shore. The churches are invariably white in Sweden, and serve as useful landmarks to seamen, while, we trust, they hold up also the Gospel beacon to those on land.

We have likewise sailed through a perfect navy of ships. I counted more than forty on one side of us alone, at one time. The weather is lovely. We saw a solitary seal disporting himself (*seehund*, our German mate called him). Yesterday the captain shot an eagle, a bird which is rarely met with at sea. It had perched on the top of the mast, but unfortunately, in attempting to fly, it fell overboard, and Captain Heinrich Stiffen lost his spoil.

This afternoon we sighted the island of Moën, belonging to Denmark, passed the lightship *Falsterbo*, and shortly after discovered the lighthouse of the same name, with the white church close by. Falsterbo is an imposing red building with two towers.

With an occasional glimpse of Denmark on the left, and with the Swedish coast ever more or less clearly seen on our right, we pass inside a lightship, and at eight p.m. cast anchor off a small Danish town of the same name. We anchored, because the captain did not consider it advisable to pass through the Sound without daylight.

We were now, however, distressed to learn that one of the stokers was so seriously unwell that the captain would be under the necessity of calling at Copenhagen; landing the sick man there, and procuring a substitute.

Sunday morning, about six o'clock, we anchor in Copenhagen Roads, and, running up the white flag, inform all whom it may concern, that the *Metz* has sickness on board. We send for a doctor, and a shrewd-looking Dane comes. There is much cholera in the Baltic ports at present; Copenhagen, however, has a clean bill, and quarantine regulations are very strictly enforced. After considerable delay, and the arrival of many bottles of disinfectants, the poor stoker is taken on shore, and conveyed to the hospital. Although it is not cholera at all from which he is suffering, the Danish doctor informs us that we cannot land. No one on board must land, except the captain, to seek fresh hands, and that only under protest. So we chew the cud of disappointment and set ourselves to watch, as far as possible, what is going on upon the shore.

We manage to get a good view of Copenhagen through our powerful glasses. The entrance is protected by three forts, between which and the town boatloads of soldiers and marines continued passing and repassing during the day. We saw the church steeples and heard the bells, and even remarked passengers walking on the boulevards. The Schloss, also a large building in the town, we could see; but were told by our pilot that the royal family were not there, but at a country palace where we now know from the newspapers they, on that day, entertained the Prussian Crown Prince.

The harbour for men-of-war vessels is quite filled with the same, all happily laid up at present.

The number of ships of all sizes and of all nations—steamers, many huge ones, and others the smallest ever built, I should fancy—vessels, boats, and canoes is something quite enormous. Crowded passenger-boats are continually arriving

and departing for Malmo, Helsingborg, and other neighbouring ports, and all this life and bustle, together with the repeated firing of guns in honour, first, of a boyish Danish prince visiting a man-of-war in the roads, and again of a Russian man-of-war which had arrived with a Russian prince on board, did not impress us with the idea of Protestant Denmark being a Sabbath-observing nation.

Monday at five a.m. we were again under weigh. Passing through the Sound we see the island of Hveen (*Anglicè* "Wain") with its lighthouse, and presently are off Elsinore.

Elsinore is a rather flat, low-lying town, with nothing "stern" in its aspect. Wherever Thomas Campbell may have picked up his idea of it, it is not a correct one. It proved rather a disappointment to find the lines we had been familiar with from childhood, and which I had been repeating all the morning, turning out a delusion—

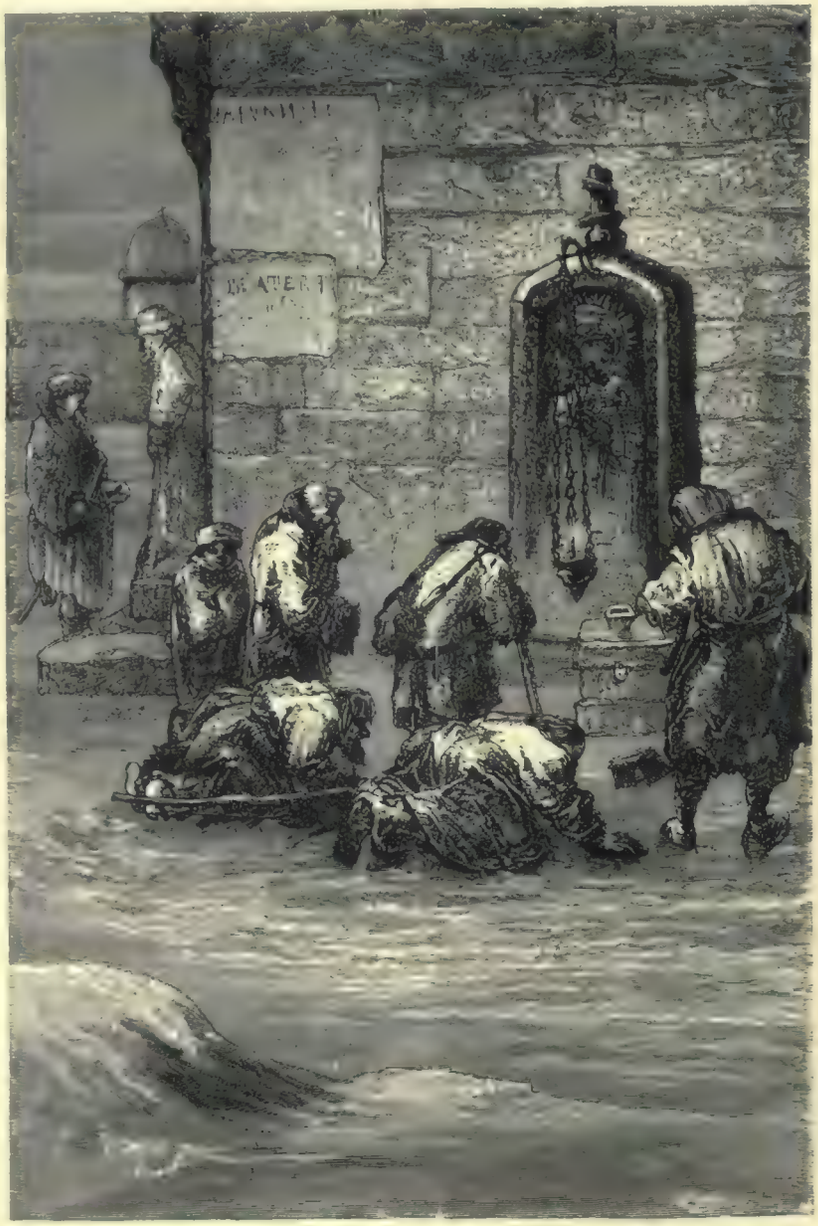
> "On thy stern and stormy steep, Elsinore."

Nevertheless it is an interesting spot, and, with the fortifications in the foreground, looks very picturesque.

Here we see a vast multitude of shipping bearing the flags of all nations. On the Swedish coast on our left we see distinctly the town of Helsingborg, and further along the coast many handsome residences. That coast is now bold and rocky, fulfilling better our expectations of Swedish scenery than what we had seen on Saturday, and looks very inviting with its sea-girt outline of hills and cliffs, castle and town.

The coast of Zealand is also here very beautiful, but of a softer character than the opposite shore. The Danish coast is all along thickly studded with substantial-looking villas, and here and there pretty little villages nestling among the trees beside the sea.

Elsinore looks a quaint old place. Here, formerly, all vessels paid toll to Denmark—a sort of black mail levied by the sea-kings, and handed down to the present generation. Now, however, the custom has been discontinued, and the passage is free. Judging from the fleet of ships now there, it must have proved a rich source of revenue to Denmark. The only tribute now observed is honorary, and every vessel displays her colours to the descendants of the Vikings as she passes this, their capital of the sea.



RUSSIAN DEVOTEES, RIGA.

The Danish or Zealand coast now gradually receded from our sight, but we keep that of Sweden still in view till the afternoon. We pass the village of Wiken, with its white church conspicuously roofed with red. Then follows a picturesque village with its windmill and beacon. At 9.30 a.m. we are passing the revolving lighthouse of Kullen, when Sweden in turn disappears. We are now in the Kattegat, and make for the lightship of Anholt, which we see at 2.30.

Here terminates my husband's journal, and with it the record of our excursion to Livonia. Of our voyage home it is not necessary to say anything, for there is nothing to record in the open sea but a succession of many yawns and ineffectual longings for *terra firma*. In addition to these drawbacks, we encountered again, as before in the North Sea, a head-wind, a rolling sea, and—worst of all—sea-sickness. Had there been anything to see, this last so prostrated our powers of observation that we most certainly should not have seen it. Query: Is there always a head-wind in the North Sea? I can only say that my slight experience goes far to answer the question in the affirmative.

However, in time our tedious voyage was over, and the event we looked forward to arrived at last; the English coast hove in sight, and landing at Middlesborough at 6 a.m., we found ourselves at the end of our journey.

The Tragedy of Mitiarò, in the South Sea Islands.

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

When standing on the eastern shore of Atiu (south-west of Tahiti) and looking towards the edge of the horizon, a distance of thirty miles, the eye is attracted by a fringe of cocoa-nut trees apparently growing out of the sea. This is the island of Mitiaro, about nine miles in circumference. The land is low, and the shore rugged. From its size, it ought to be capable of sustaining a population of several hundreds; but on close inspection, it proves to be a very barren islet. The centre, which in most of the islands of the group is occupied with small valleys and valuable taro patches, is in Mitiaro a lake of brackish water, a mile across. Abundance of fish is found in this lagoon, which is deep and has a subterranean communication with the ocean. The inhabitants of Mitiaro probably never exceeded two or three hundred. In 1819—about four years prior to the introduction of Christianity—a fearful massacre almost bereft the island of inhabitants.



NATIVE OF TAHITI.



A SANDWICH ISLANDER.

This barren islet was originally peopled from Atiu. Entire similarity of traditions and language incontestably prove this. Latterly the intercourse between those islands became very infrequent. Occasionaliy a canoe of young men, anxious to see the world, would start from Atiu for the little fringe at the edge of the horizon; but none of them ever came back. The Atiuans could see the mat-sail canoes half-way to Mitiaro; and from the continuance of favourable winds believed that they safely reached their destination. Their non-return was an enigma.

In reality, all these luckless voyagers had been slain and eaten by the Mitiaro Islanders; a perilous gratification, truly, seeing that they were so few in number compared with the natives of the large and fertile island of Atiu. Unfortunately for these cannibals, out of a canoe-load of Atiuans appointed to die, three ran away to the bush, and at night threw themselves upon the mercy of Nukuhiva, eldest son of Māro, King of Mitiaro. They were saved by Nukuhiva, but Māro and all the islanders well knew what their fate would be should these Atiuans ever get back to their own island. They accordingly sought opportunity day by day to kill the guests of Nukuhiva. But their intended victims never once left the presence of their protector day or night, until a favourable wind blowing for Atiu, Nukuhiva himself led them to the beach, and launched their canoe. Very dismal were the forebodings of Māro and the majority of the people, as the homeward-bound canoe was lost to sight.

The three Atiuans, as soon as they got back, told their tale of horror, and demanded vengeance. This was most heartily responded to by Roma-Tane (Rongo-ma-Tane), King of Atiu. New canoes were to be at once hollowed out, and old ones to be put in thorough repair, for a descent upon Mitiaro. Nearly a hundred canoes, large and small, were got ready. The largest would carry twenty warriors, the smallest four. At that time, Atiu was densely populated; of late years the attractions of a dissipated life at Tahiti have reduced the

population to 1,000. All males above the age of sixteen were required to join the expedition. Probably upwards of 800 men started for the little island of Mitiaro, under the auspices of Teronga, titular god of Atiu. The significant name given by Roma-Tane to this miniature Armada was "Exterminators" (*Tupa enua*), or, literally, "land-weeders," regarding the devoted natives of Mitiaro as noxious weeds to be entirely rooted out.

Long before this fleet reached Mitiaro, excellent preparations for defence had been made by Māro and his mere handful of people. A strong fort was built on the eastern (the weather) side of the island, which is exceedingly rugged.

In building this fort they were materially assisted by the arrival of a double canoe-load of Aitutakians,* one of whom is still living.

Some years previously, a drift canoe from Tahiti, a distance of 400 miles, had been well received at Mitiaro. As Jobā and his friends left Tahiti prior to the destruction of the idols, they could not impart a ray of light on the vital subject of Christianity; but he had a wonderful tale to relate about the "puffers," or guns of the white race; for Jobā himself shot a man at Tahiti. To avoid retribution, he and his friends preferred to trust themselves to the unknown ocean. These refugees had become incorporated with the islanders where Providence had conducted them, and taught them how to make their fort impregnable to invaders unacquainted with the use of fire-arms.

The fort was round, built of large blocks of coral. Upon the top a flooring of iron-wood timbers was laid, with an opening communicating with the lower chamber. All around was a stout railing of iron-wood stakes firmly lashed together with strong rivets. Piles of rounded stones for slinging were placed at convenient distances on this elevated platform. In the lower chamber were stored a large quantity of husked cocoa-nuts, and large calabashes of fresh water.

The brave Mitiaroans did not immediately take refuge in their fort, upon the arrival of their foes. They resolved to contest their landing. The invaders finding it to be impracticable to land at the usual place one canoe at a time, took advantage of the favourable surf to run their canoes ashore at all points of the reef. This unexpected plan gave them the advantage of numbers; so that the Mitiaro natives, despite their fierce onslaught, were forced to retire. At this crisis, the chief of Atiu discovered that a party of the defenders were Aitutakians, and appealed to their leader Ruāpu, as his blood relative, to come over to his side. They did so. But the Tahitians proved faithful to their adopted country, and with the Mitiaroans made for the fort on the opposite side of the island. The women and children and the aged occupied the lower chamber defended by a rough wall of coral. The warriors alone occupied the open platform.

But where was Nukuhiva? As he was distrusted by all, he was ignominiously thrown down amongst the non-combatants. The fort was not immediately attacked. The invaders busied themselves with building extempore houses on the beach, close to their canoes. The thatch consisted merely of plaited cocoa-nut branches laid thickly on. It was now arranged that a third of the invading force should next day attack the fort. They did so; but whilst scarcely a missile of the besieged missed its mark, those of the attacking party either went over the fort, or harmlessly struck the breastwork. So effectually were the Atiuans repulsed, that some were in favour of putting back to sea at once.

After waiting a couple of weeks for the healing of their wounds, a grand united assault was made upon the fort—to little purpose, however. As on the former occasion, the stones of the besieged told terribly upon the advancing party; but not a man inside the little fort was harmed.

The Atiuans drew off to a safe distance to consult upon this very unfavourable state of things, when the traitor Nukuhiva suddenly rushed up through the opening, carrying a fair daughter, and putting her over the breastwork, shouted to Roma-Tane to come and fetch her as his future wife. His countrymen were paralysed by this treacherous act, but no hand was uplifted to kill the son of their aged king. The invaders now for the first time were permitted to get near the fort. They took the girl from her father's hands, scaled the fortifications, and dragged every living soul out of it by main force. Thus the entire population of this little coral islet was led in mournful procession to the encampment of their foes near the sea. They had not proceeded far when Pone, the great warrior of Mitiaro, was slain. The rest were blandly assured that they would be treated kindly by the conquerors. It is in allusion to these deceitful promises that the Atiuans themselves originated the ironical nickname so well known throughout the group, "the meek-faced Atiuans" (*mata-mata vaine Atiu*).

Upon arriving at the beach, they were divided out four or five to each house, and carefully guarded lest they should escape into the bush. Parties now set off; some to collect firewood, others to cut banana-leaves for the ovens—and mighty ovens they were. The sun was just setting in all its glory before their eyes, when the work of slaughtering the defenceless captives began. The fellows appointed to this task by Roma-Tane slew the captive inmates of each house in succession; men and women dying first, the little children being reserved awhile, as they were unable to run away. In one instance, whilst they were slaying the other captives, a mother snatched up her infant and slipped unperceived through the plaited cocoa-nut leaf covering the side of the house, and ran as fast as her legs could carry her into the neighbouring thickets. When at last her escape was discovered, there was a great hubbub, and parties went off in search of her. Happily they did not discover the trembling victim. Akeamimitama contrived to subsist with her little girl until the invaders returned to their own land. When a few years later Christianity was introduced, she became a regular and attentive hearer of the word. She has been dead several years; but the "babe" is yet living, and is a member of the little church at Mitiaro.

The bodies of the slain were piled up for the purpose of being counted, divided out, and cooked. One poor woman had her skull cleft by the stroke of a wooden sword. She was laid on the ghastly pile by the side of many others. The murderers returned for a new batch of victims; upon depositing them on the top of the former ones they found her missing. This was very extraordinary. Could one of their own number have carried off the body? That could not be, for the Atiuans had resolved to devour all save Nukuhiva. As it was by this time quite dark, torches were lighted to discover what had become of this poor woman. The trail of blood leading to the bush revealed the singular fact that consciousness

* The people of an island which is situated at a distance of over one hundred miles from Mitiaro.

had returned, and the victim had actually slid off the gory pile and crawled to the bush. Great excitement prevailed amongst the Atiuans, who were resolved to find her. Very carefully did they scrutinise the track of the fugitive, but had at last to give up the search, consoling themselves with the thought that it was impossible that she could live.

She *did* live, however. Her own account of the event in after years was, that on coming to consciousness her first endeavour was to press together the two sides of her head, and whilst thus engaged she slipped off the heap of dead. She now thought it possible to escape, and slowly entered the bush, which was hard by. In her heathen darkness she invoked the aid of Mo'o, incarnate in the blackbird, who was supposed to delight in hiding fugitives from their pursuers. Though exceedingly faint from loss of blood, she managed to get to some distance, and crouched behind a rock in the forest, listening in terror to the voices of her pursuers. When these died away, she tore off a piece of the only garment on her—her petticoat—and bound it as tightly as possible round her head. She now slept soundly, and on waking looked for a few juicy ripe "nono" apples (*Morinda citrifolia*) to satisfy her hunger and raging thirst. She wisely remained in her hiding-place a few days, until it seemed probable that the invaders had taken advantage of a favourable wind to return home. She now went in search of her relative, Nukuhiva, who would certainly be spared.

Her conjectures were correct. The Atiuans were gone, and Nukuhiva received her kindly. The frightful wound in her head was dressed and bound up afresh. She was then a young woman, and eventually was married to an Atiuan who came to live on the island. She attended the instructions of the first teachers, and discovered that Jehovah, not Mo'o, had saved her from her pursuers, in order that she might hear the message of mercy contained in the Gospel of peace. When Rauraa, a native of Mangaia, who was for several years teacher at Mitiaro, completed the first stone church in 1850, she attended the opening services, although very feeble. She soon afterwards passed away, we may hope, to the better land. She was bald from the forehead to the back of the head, in consequence of the cleaving of her skull. Her son, Toa, was appointed evangelist at Penrhyn's in 1860. He was a fine young man, and of irreproachable character. Unhappily he was not versed in the wiles of unprincipled white men; for, in 1862, he and his people were enslaved by the Peruvians, and are believed to have all perished in South America.

To return to our story. As many of the slain as possible were cooked and eaten that night. But there were too many to be disposed of at one meal. Stories are related of 'Atiuan warriors claiming the bodies of entire families who had in former years been guilty of devouring their sons. Such victims were arranged in a circle; the Atiuan father addressing the spirit of his long-since deceased boy thus, "Bravely hast thou been avenged, my beloved son. I have glutted myself on the flesh of those who ate thee!" And thus the satisfied warrior slept in the midst of the dead!

Little children—vainly calling "Ake!" ("mother")—were literally skewered together, three or even four at a time, and singed over a huge fire, like pigs, previous to being placed in the oven!

In a day or two the invaders were ready to return home, after parcelling out the island amongst the chiefs of Atiu. The flesh of their victims was re-cooked and carefully packed away in their canoes, so that their wives and children at home might partake of the horrid banquet. As, after all, several bodies remained uncooked, these were dragged to the long sandy beach facing Atiu, and arranged at proper distances as sleepers (*oropapa*), over which the heavier and more valuable canoes were run into the sea. The Atiuans returned in triumph to relate their achievements to their families. Nukuhiva remained on Mitiaro as their vassal, after his old father Māro had been cooked and eaten. Roma-Tane added the Mitiaro girl to his harem.

A number of Atiuans were appointed to live on Mitiaro as representatives of the chiefs who still claim the whole of the island of Mitiaro. There are at the present time about 180 inhabitants on the island, of whom forty are church members.

It is a wonderful thing that God should have converted this Roma-Tane, and made him the chosen instrument for the destruction of idolatry and the establishment of Christian worship at Atiu, Mitiaro, and Manki. Truly God's ways are not like man's ways! The destruction of Mitiaro took place in 1819, only two years prior to the introduction of the Gospel. Most of the parties concerned in the horrible tragedy of 1819 were known to the present writer and his missionary brethren.

The Victorian Aborigines.

BY JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE TASMANIANS," ETC.

Some thirty-two years ago the writer fell in with a man who had for a great portion of his life lived with the wild blacks in the country now called Victoria. William Buckley was the name of this wild white man.

A soldier of the King's Own Regiment, he stood six feet six inches in height. But his intellect was not corresponding to his towering stature; and his lack of mental vigour may have led to that weakness of morals which brought him from the barracks to a convict ship. A new place of exile was to be settled, and the fleet sailed to Port Philip, some five hundred miles from Botany Bay. Three months' trial of the locality satisfied the Lieutenant-Governor, Collins; and, in removing to Van Diemen's Land, the colonisation of Port Philip, now Victoria, was delayed for more than thirty years.

Before the camp was broken up, Buckley made his escape. It was naturally supposed that he died of hunger in the bush, or that he had been killed by the natives. But when John Batman's party, in 1835, re-settled the shores of Port Philip, a tall figure in the midst of a tribe arrested attention. Though in the undress of the nation, with long and shaggy hair, he

proved to be the runaway prisoner of 1803. Gradually recovering his English speech, he told his simple tale. He was then induced to leave his black friends, whose affectionate attachment to him was strikingly evidenced. For a few months it was believed that, being trusted by the wild men, he might be a great protection to the squatters' flocks, as the tribes had taken a great fancy to mutton, and exchanged spears with bullets. But the giant was too feeble for any enterprise, and retired from his old haunts to Hobart Town.

This was the man to give the story of Victorian savage life, and relate the traditions of a people ignorant of any whites but himself. But the silent man, who when he walked the streets stared at the clouds in front of him, noticing no one around, had no story to tell of the Victorian aborigines. The little drawn from him was so unintelligible as to be unreliable. He had lived as they, teaching them nothing. He was neither brutalised nor degraded by contact with them. If not displaying virtues, he had no apparent vices. Provided by the Colonial Government with his rations, he glided through his remaining days as a being whose thoughts were far from the common haunts of his countrymen.

But the history of the Victorian aborigines differed little from that of other tribes in Australia. Small parties, wandering as families or subdivisions of a native community, knew no change but the hunt by day and the gossip by night. Occasionally, yet very rarely, there might be the excitement of a fight. But usually the contest was brief, the casualties were few, and the evening corroborrie of conciliation most frequently ended the struggle. Still, as the retired tenants of our wayside hamlets have something for their tongues to tell, or to stir their sluggish blood, the aborigines in the forests of Victoria had pretty scandals to amuse their fireside parties, whilst chronicles of the day's doings beguiled the evening hours.

Europeans came to disturb their solitude. As a sudden storm after a peaceful summer day alarms and scatters both winged and creeping roamers of the woods, so the advent of the clothed strangers brought terror and desolation to the aborigines. The white man's *woolly kangaroo* seized the pastures which the meek-eyed marsupial had thought its own, and the territory mapped out with tribal boundaries was afterwards fenced across to keep off native trespassers.

Gradually conflicts ceased between the native inhabitants and the new-comers. The blacks submitted to their fate. Some retired to the few solitudes left, and respected property while they hunted. Others were willing to fraternise with the settlers for a bit of white bread and a glass of rum. Almost the only known people without an intoxicant for drinking or smoking, they readily accepted the liquor and pipe of civilisation. They thenceforth worked or begged for means to indulge the habit of drinking.

The following story will illustrate one phase of this pseudo-civilisation

In 1852, I visited a storekeeper at the new diggings of Ballarat. The site of the present flourishing township was then a charming grassy plain, dotted over with trees, amidst which gleamed the white tent of the Gold Fields Commissioner, who could thence overlook the miners washing in the creek below. On my way round the hill, I fell in with a party of drunken natives, men and women, who had been treated for fun by some of the rougher diggers. The yells and laughter of the maddened throng disturbed the night's rest of many, myself among the number.

Rising early from my grassy couch, I strolled through the forest, along the paths of which men were already proceeding to their claims. All at once I came upon a black fellow, lying groaning upon the turf. As two or three diggers approached, he lifted aside his ragged shirt, his only garment, and showed his bowels protruding through a gashed wound. Shivering with cold, and groaning with the pain, he could only reply to our question—

"Long Tom, him do it, him drunk."

A doctor was sent for, but no hope of recovery was entertained.

The fate of woman in the tribes may be conjectured. Her fall was the greater, and her suffering was the worse. The saddest sights it has been my lot to see here have been connected with the fall and suffering of the dark-skinned *lubras*. Whatever their sorrows in a native state of barbarism, these have been intensified in the last days of the tribes.

The extinction of the Victorian aborigines is near at hand. It is easy to say, with Captain Burton, that the savage "is but a temporary denizen of the world, who falls in the first struggle with nature;" but there have been savages who have been raised by a superior race. Still it must be admitted that the Australians are, as Mr. Markham says of the Indians, "marching slowly down the gloomy and dark road to extinction."

The Victorian blacks for a time resented the white man's occupation of their forests and plains; but the number perishing by violence could not be considerable. Food is so plentiful in the bush that none could die of hunger. Epidemics in so healthful an atmosphere have ever been mild. And yet, upon the authority of the police magistrate of the Omeo District, there were 500 natives there in 1835, and but two men and three women alive in 1858. Mr. Commissioner Tyers declared that in fifteen years the Gipp's Land men decreased from 800 to 80. Mr. Protector Parker knew of 178 around him, in certain recognised tribes, reduced to ninety-one in a few years. Only two dozen remain of two tribes once mustering 300. The *Geelong Register*, speaking of a neighbourhood well known to Buckley when he sojourned with the blacks, says: "The Corio tribe is nearly extinct, as King Jerry and one male companion are all that are now known to reside in the district." Dr. Thomson, the earliest settler there, told me he had seen corroborries of several hundreds of that tribe.

The work of destruction is going on. The coast tribes of Port Philip Bay mustered ninety-two in 1848, and thirty-six in 1858; and yet all this time every possible care was taken of the race by officers appointed by Government. From so early a period as 1838, "protectors" were set to guard the interests of the original inhabitants, and supply their wants. The protectors were in most cases men of Christian life and feeling, who honestly sought to do their duty to the poor creatures; and yet they saw them perishing around them.

The mortality among the women is greater than with the other sex. Again and again, in my rambles through Victoria, have I been assured that the *lubras* were rapidly disappearing. In one tribe I counted fourteen males above the age of boyhood, and but three females of any age. Of the sixty natives at Carr's Plains, one writes, "the women are old and decrepit, with the exception of two." Others tell the same sad story of "nothing but old women left."

What, then, are the causes of this wholesale slaughter? Unquestionably *one* disease, the product and consequence of vice, has hurried many to an early grave. The want of cleanly habits, the removal from medical attendance, and the very recklessness of despair, operate in the multiplication of victims. But *drink*, the active incentive to the vice referred to, is directly and indirectly the great cause of aboriginal decline. All authorities bear testimony to the insatiable desire for liquor among the natives.

Similar reports to the following are being addressed to the Victorian Government by magistrates:—"I regret to have to report that the aborigines still indulge to excess in intoxicating liquors, and have greater facilities than formerly for procuring them, owing to the great increase of public-houses and beer-shops." Legislative enactment failed to check the evil. Mr. Colin Campbell, the much-esteemed settler at Buangor, officially complained thus:—"The vicinity of the public-house is a great temptation, and I have already pointed out that the Publicans Act is unavailing, as it only prohibits giving liquor in any quantity which shall produce intoxication, with a penalty of only five pounds. The giving of liquor under any circumstances should, I think, be severely punished."

The Australian blacks are worse affected than Europeans by drinking habits. When in liquor, they are apt to quarrel and murder one another, being especially brutal then towards the women. They cast aside what little clothing they may have, and lie exposed in the wet and cold. Already debilitated by excesses and the ravages of disease, consumption comes on, and rapidly carries them off. We may well have an official say, "I regret to have to report that the thirst for intoxicating drinks is as great as ever, and the miserable remnant of a once powerful tribe is fast drinking itself into the grave."

Consumption is the fatal form taken by disease. It is a common saying in the colony, "Touch a black fellow in the chest, and he dies." Some medical authorities assert that the malady is contagious among the race.

While this decline is going on among the native population, there are few births to fill the vacant places by the camp-fires. In one year, recently, there were but two children born in the Portland Bay District, a part of Victoria covering many thousands of square miles. Count Strzelecki had a theory that a native would never have a dark infant after having had offspring by a white man. The simple truth is that her habits and state of physical system had arrested the process.

Half-castes are, singularly enough, almost the only children born in the aboriginal camp. In spite of a natural feeling of shame and jealousy, the men often treat the little ones with kindness, and are proud of the prattlers. But upon arrival at a certain age, they in almost all cases disappear. Although the whites have been nearly forty years associated with the blacks, it is rare indeed to recognise a half-caste, other than an infant.

In physique the Victorian aborigines are not to be despised. I have seen specimens of the race worthy to be models for the studio, with grace of movement and becoming dignity. Their eyes, for expression of emotions, are very attractive, especially in the gentler sex. This is the description of a Port Fairy man, by Dr. Ludwig Becker, who perished in the expedition of Burke and Wills:—"His age was eighteen years; height five feet two inches; complexion light chocolate brown; flat nose; jaws very much projecting; mouth large; lips sharp, edged with a reddish hue; teeth complete, and pure white; chin small and receding; well shaped eyes, the iris nearly black, the white of the eye has a light yellowish tint; eyelashes long and black; head well-formed; forehead rising nearly perpendicular from horizontal; black and bushy eyebrows; hair jet-black and full; his voice is a fine manly baritone."

Major Mitchell, who named this fair country *Australia Felix*, is not of the opinion of one who declared he was at a loss where to place the bush natives—"whether as the next link above the monkey, or below it." On the contrary, in referring to one, the traveller writes: "He was a very perfect specimen of the *genus homo*, and such as never to be seen except in the precincts of savage life. The deep-set yet flexible spine; the taper form of the limbs; the fulness, yet perfect elasticity of the muscles; the hollowness of the back, and symmetrical balance of the upper part of the torso, ornamented, as it was, like a piece of fine carving, with raised scarifications most tastefully placed; such were some of the characteristics of this perfect piece of work." Mr. Gellibrand, the co-founder, with John Batman, of the Port Phillip Settlement, said of the natives, "They are a fine race of men; many of them are handsome in their persons, and all well-made."

While the old women among them are assuredly ugly, the younger ones have often excited pleasure from the grace of their forms, the vivacity of their eyes, and the beauty of their busts. A Murray River lady is thus described: "Her breasts were spherical, her hair was parted in glossy ringlets, her mouth exhibited a noble show of ivory, her head was thoroughly Caucasian in shape, and her eyes—brilliant, restless orbs, with thin, long, black, voluptuous lashes—completed her fascinating appearance. Her opossum rug was worn with the taste of a drawing-room belle. The occasional coquettish partial fall of her robe to expose her beauty, with the half-bashful, half-delighted gaze at the spectator, when she discovered her wilful and naughty inadvertence, could not but provoke a smile."

In intellect the Victoria aborigine shines, as says Mr. Westgarth, "with a lustre of his own." Mr. Protector Parker went too far in asserting that "they are just as capable of receiving instruction, just as capable of mental exercises, as any more favoured race." Having seen lads and lasses in native schools, I can testify to their aptness in learning geography, but sad defect in arithmetic. They delighted in oral lessons, though delivered in a foreign tongue, and were quite susceptible when the story appealed to their feelings.

In character, the race has not the cruelty and treachery of some savages. They are most tender-hearted and indulgent parents. While favouring their weaker partners with an occasional waddying on their thick skulls, the sufferer generally owns to a fault at the bottom. In wars there was little bloodshed, and no injury was ever perpetrated upon women and children. Though unwilling to name a departed friend, the mourning for him is sincere. I was once present at a camp where an old man was sitting over his lonely little fire in sad grief about the loss of his wife. Presently, his married daughter arrived, the news having been carried to her at a distance. Then the old man rose up, leaned his head upon her neck, and burst into tears. The other natives near set up a sympathetic cry in unison, as father and daughter wept together. The aged were ever held in respect, and the choicest morsels reserved for their taste. Sir George Grey left this noble testimony

respecting the Australians: "In their intercourse with each other I have personally found the natives speak the truth, and act with honesty." Many have formed an adverse opinion; but from those who have treated them fairly, and have known them the best, I have always heard the kindest view expressed.

Their commonest kind of dwelling is a rude, *brack-wind*, brushwood hut, with its back to the wind, and front to the camp-fire of the family. One sees strange fashions among them. I remember a native whose beard, duly greased with emu fat, and curls tended by fingers, would have excited the envy of a pasha.

Roasting was their only mode of cookery. Wild animals, birds, ducks, eggs, fish, and native roots and fruits were their food. There were roots that were poisonous in a raw state, but which they learnt were wholesome after roasting. Sometimes a hole was made, the provision being laid upon heated stones, and clean grass spread above it. While the men hunted kangaroo with their spears, fetched down birds with a stick, trapped smaller runners, and netted or hooked the fish, the women were busy gathering grubs from decayed wood, catching snakes and lizards, picking up sea-shells, or digging up roots with sticks to deposit in their net-bags.

In their home life, if sources of enjoyment were limited, the causes of trouble were circumscribed. They had neither the varied joys nor the accumulated annoyances of civilised life. But they were not without a desire to attract attention, and not without a sensitiveness to applause. In decorations they relied upon simple efforts. A few judicious strokes with yellow and red ochre, charcoal, or pipe-clay, were employed to set off their persons, though feathers, flowers, and bunches of leaves were not neglected. A necklace of stringed bits of reeds, with a narrow apron of emu feathers, sufficed to adorn the beauty at a dance as far as dress was concerned, since skins were only required in cold or wet weather. The beau well greased his hair and beard, though the belle contented herself with a cropped head.

For amusements they have many playful games, with plenty of romping, and much laughter at funny stories or witty sallies. They are decidedly opposite to the Indian, for they are a laughter-loving race. In songs of an improvisatore order some are remarkably clever, bringing in many a local hit for effect. Traditions, with so easy-going a people—so scattered, and so wanting in national sentiment—have little point and but trifling antiquity.

But their dances are often highly suggestive and beautiful. To the thoughtful colonist, a visit to a corroborrie is deeply interesting. He looks upon performances nearly allied to the religious rites of Assyria and Phœnicia. He recognises a symbolic worship, wholly unintelligible to the Victorian aborigines now, but which must have been derived long ages ago from a higher condition of being. Some of the symbolical dances of the Australians resemble those still practised in other and far-distant places, and are similar to some described by classic authors of antiquity. The "dance of death," described by Mr. Protector Parker in his pamphlet, and personally spoken of to myself, may have a dim reference to the legend of weeping for the death of Thammuz or Osiris, and rejoicing at his renewed life. He saw the natives assemble upon a dark night, and conduct some singular movements beneath a mass of foliage carried by the dancers. Then followed a very long interval of solemn silence. All at once a joyful cry was raised. the women beat their opossum-skin rugs with vigour, the chant was in a high and jubilant key, and hearty laughter and congratulations closed the corroborrie.

The moonlight nights of summer, in the delicious atmosphere of Victoria, were ever the chosen times of friendly tribal greetings and lively dancing. The men are the performers with feet, and the females with hands and tongues. The first are only dressed in pipe-clay and ochre lines, with bunches of leaves round knees and ankles, or held in the hands, which rustle pleasantly in harmony with the dance, and vibrate to the peculiar muscular quiverings of the limbs. The old wives and maidens loudly testify their approval, though no accepted lover receives an English reward, since kissing is unknown to Australian and other benighted races.

Love matches are not unknown in the leafy *gunyahs* of Victoria, though primitive habits remain. As in the days of Abraham, an engagement is made without the girl having the pleasure of courting, though she is not, as at that time, a purchasable article. Usually, in her infancy, she is promised to some friend of the family. Should her betrothed die, or change his mind, she is given by her parent or brother to whom she pleases; though, in the forest of the wilds, as in the *salons* of Paris and Berlin, a father seldom forces a child to wed an objectionable person. In the case of a native girl, as with Rebecca of old, she is content to go with the man, for such is the custom of her people.

The old story of the maiden being felled by a waddy, and then dragged to the lair of her wild beast of a husband, is a libel on the tribes. For all that, there is at the last moment a well-understood and arranged-for little battle between the parties, and the lady prides herself upon resisting until blood is shed. Mr. McLennan has, in his work, many a story of bride-stealing, and of the sham-fights between the friends of the two parties for possession of the pretty one. The same fashion is kept up still in many out-of-the-way parts of Europe, even in Wales.

The wife has few rights to desire or have in a propertyless nation. Her wants are few, and easily obtained; her toils are few, and easily performed. Tribal customs shield her from violence, or procure her sympathy. She may be jealous of her husband, or excite the jealousy of her lord. He would resent an invasion of his hearth-privileges with the eagerness of a Turk, but is sometimes as generous as was Cato in pleasing male visitors at home. When the indulgence of a new love subjects a lady to trial, the pair may seek shelter within the boundaries of another tribe. But since the quasi-civilisation of modern times, there is far less delicacy or decorum among the aborigines of Victoria. Their land is gone, their nation is lost, their camp-fires are few, their dignity has departed, their laws are dead, and there is no longer a majority to observe the rules of propriety.

Their burial customs are not kept as in olden times. But weeping and wailing are known, while women gash their bodies, or heap hot ashes on their heads. The deceased is doubled up, knees and chin together, and put into a hole; or the corpse is placed in a hollow tree, on a scaffold of sticks, or in the branches of a tree. Some used to burn the body, as the Romans did. Affection led a mother to carry along with her the mummied form of a child, and a wife to suspend from her neck some bone of her departed partner.

Hope of a future gave a dim light to the darkness of their

sorrow. The tribes had a belief in spiritual existence, and evidently held the doctrine, now again revived in modern times among us here, that the spirits of men hung about them; though, like as with ourselves, there was more thought of spirits of darkness that might injure, than of spirits of light to bless. Aboriginal dances had repeated reference to this belief. At times, a party, to the accompaniment of energetic songs, would seem to be sweeping some ghostly agencies away with boughs.

Superstitions are abundant, though less cruel than elsewhere. As the whites, even when missionaries, had difficulties of language to prevent a knowledge of native views, and as the people themselves, from shame or fear, gave often incorrect or contradictory versions of their rites, our means of learning the bush creed have been limited indeed. Subsequently, however, the teachings of settlers brought further confusion into aboriginal metaphysics. Though never idolaters, though never even worshippers of fetishes, without religious services, and without a priest, they have certainly, in their man-making ceremonies and corroborries, a shadowing of belief, with some comprehension of a First Cause. But there is little doubt, however, that, from their talk of the dead "jumping up white fellows," they believe in re-incarnation, or the old doctrine of transmigration of souls. Their language and customs evidently connect the Australians with the aboriginal tribes of Southern India.

In addition to the work of "protectors," missions have been established among the dark ones of Victoria. I have been delighted to visit the native schools, and ready to acknowledge that some aborigines have left this earth with a perception of higher, nobler truths than they heard from their fathers. The Moravian missionaries in particular have done much good. In Gipp's Land they have got men and women to labour a little, as well as learn something of a Christian faith. But hope is nearly dead in the native breast. Death is busy with the miserable remnant, and there are no infantine smiles to cheer the living. Again and again does the black rush for comfort or stupor to the bottle, and the lesson of the school is forgotten.

In a few years the forests of Victoria will cease to echo the *coo-ee* of the aborigines.

An Australian Search Party.—IV.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

Our next day was a repetition of the last; camps in abundance, but no blacks, and we had as yet seen no signs of the Townsville party. At night we camped by the side of a large creek, and, after supper, were lying down, with the intention of making up for the broken slumbers of the previous night, when Ferdinand, who had moved higher up the stream to get a private eel for himself and his lady, came back and shook Dunmore, saying—

"Marmy, big fellow fire sit down up creek."

We were on our feet in a moment, and, stealing quietly through the bush, soon saw the glare, and on our nearer approach, could make out many recumbent figures round the fire, and one man passing to and fro, on guard.

"By Jove! it's the Cleveland Bay mob," said Dunmore; "we must take care they don't fire into us. Lie down, or get behind trees, all you fellows, and I'll hail them."

"Holloa there!" he cried, when we had all "planted" (in Australian parlance signifying "concealed") ourselves. "Don't fire, we're Cardwellites!"

In a moment the sentry's rifle was at his shoulder, pointed in the direction whence the voice came; but it was my old friend Abiram Hills, ex-mayor of Bowen, a thorough bushman, and possessed of great nerve, whose turn it then happened to be to keep watch over his slumbering companions. As quickly as it had been raised, his rifle fell into the hollow of his arm, and shouting out, "Get up, you fellows, here are the Rockingham Bayers!" he rushed forward, and in a moment was shaking hands with Dunmore, while the sleepers, uncertain whether it was an alarm, stood rubbing their eyes, and handling their carbines so ominously as they peered into the darkness, that we deemed it the best policy to remain under cover until their faculties had grasped the fact that we were not enemies, and as such to be slain incontinently.

It is a startling thing to be hailed suddenly in the silence of the bush, and had a less experienced sentry than Abiram been on guard, he would most likely have fired. We had also before our eyes the case of a party who not long before had gone out to chastise the blacks, and having split into two divisions, opened a brisk fire upon each other when they drew near again, luckily without effect. Some of these warriors we knew to be amongst curselves, so it behoved us to exercise caution.

Our greeting was most cordial, and we were soon all assembled round the fire—now blazing up with fresh fuel—smoking the pipe of peace, which we moistened with a modicum of grog from the well-filled flasks of the Cleveland Bayers, and comparing notes, previous to making our plans for the morrow. Like ourselves, they had found plenty of camps, but not a living creature in them; and they were as perplexed as we were as to what had become of their occupants. On their way up from Townsville, they had seen smoke-signals thrown up from the mangroves at the mouth of the Herbert River, and these were answered both from the range behind Cardwell, and from Hinchinbrook, so it was evident there were blacks on the island, though most likely concealed in some of the hidden valleys, which, from the volcanic nature of the country, were so plentiful, and so difficult to find.

Lizzie was now brought forward, and subjected to a most rigid cross-examination, with which I will not trouble the reader. She said that they must have crossed over to the

main-land, for every place had now been searched. We were in despair, when Abiram Hills said—

"Baal bora ground been sit down along of Hinchinbrook, Lizzie?"

A "bora ground" is a particular place to which the blacks are in the habit of resorting at certain seasons of the year, to hold "corroborries" or dances, and also to perform divers mysterious rites on the young people of both sexes attaining the marriageable age. What these solemnities really are, is but little known, and they seem to differ widely in each tribe. In some, the young girls have a couple of front teeth knocked out; in others they lose a joint of the little finger; and at that time the hideous lumps with which the men embellish their bodies must be raised. These curious ornaments are formed by cutting gashes in the flesh three-quarters of an inch long, and stuffing the wound with mud, which prevents the edges from adhering, and when the skin grows over, leaves a lump like an almond. The number, proximity, and pattern of these adornments are according to the peculiar tastes of the family, and vary considerably, but the breast, back, shoulders, and arms are usually pretty thickly sown, giving the appearance of a number of fresh graves, placed close together in a black soil field.



NATIVE AUSTRALIAN.

Abiram's question was one of those lucky inspirations that sometimes strike one, changing, as by magic, obscurity into distinctness, and pouring in a flood of light where no ray could be seen before.

"My word!"—cried Lizzie, her whole face lighting up with eagerness and joy—"my word, close up mine been forget. Mine know one fellow bora ground, plenty black fellow sit down there, mine believe. My word, plenty d——d fooly me!"

We could see from the girl's face that we were now on the right scent, and having ascertained that she could take us to the "bora ground" by the following evening, we finished our pipes, and lay down to sleep, thankful for what promised a possible solution of the mystery.

The Cleveland Bay party consisted of seven white men and two black boys, so we now mustered a strong force. Lizzie would hardly allow us time to swallow our breakfast, so impatient was she to be under weigh; and one wretched man, lingering for a moment later than the rest of us, over a slice of beef and damper, found himself the object of general attention, when our little guide stamped her foot, and, trembling with indignation, said—

"Plenty big bingey (belly) that fellow. Baal he been fill 'em like 'it sundown!"

The travelling was worse than ever now; up and down steep ravines in which the tangled scrub grew so thickly that progress was almost impossible, and we were compelled to wade along the bed of the creek; now tripping over a sharp ledge of rock, now floundering up to the waistbelt in a treacherous hole; past the base of a beautiful waterfall, where the action of the torrent had worn a hollow basin in the rock, in which it sparkled, cool, transparent, and prismatic, in the rays of the burning sun, and where the view, so unlike the generality of Australian scenery, was perfectly bewitching; on, through more scrub, through swamps, and over stiff mountains, wet, draggled, moody, and cross, crawling along after the little black figure in front, that held steadily on its way, as though hunger and fatigue were to it things unknown.

At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we found ourselves in a sort of natural funnel in the rock, the end of which grew narrower and narrower as it wound about in curious curves.

"Close up now," said Lizzie, "water sit down along of other side; baal black fellow get away."

We halted for a few minutes to get breath, and to steady ourselves, and then, keeping close together, stepped out of the gloomy passage into the broad daylight. It was a beautiful sight. The "bora ground" had been selected in a miniature bay, of about three acres in extent, closed in by perpendicular rocks, and attainable only by boat, or by the passage through which we had just arrived. In this secluded spot a quantity of cocoa-nut palms were growing, waifs, carried there by the ocean from the distant South Sea Islands, fructifying and multiplying on the hospitable shore, and shielded from the tomahawk of the native, on account of the shelter they afforded his mysterious retreat. Under the palms stood several conical huts, or lodges, of considerable dimensions, used, I presume, on state occasions for the deliberations of the elder warriors. But the thing most pleasing to our eyes, was the sight of some two hundred natives, of both sexes, and all ages, who now started to their feet, with wild cries of alarm, and motions expressive of the utmost terror, at this sudden invasion of their retreat by the dreaded white man.

Some of the blacks flew to arms at once, and stood with poised spears in a menacing attitude, whilst the gins and piccaninnies cowered together on the beach. We had our carbines in hand, cocked, and prepared to defend ourselves in the event of hostilities, which we earnestly hoped to avoid. Lizzie, who had at last begun to understand that slaughter was not our object, and who had been reconciled to our tame proceedings by the promise of much finery, now advanced towards the threatening natives and made a speech in their own language, to the effect that we wished to do them no harm, beyond ascertaining whether there were any whites among them, though, if we found murder had been committed, we should discover the perpetrators, hold them answerable, and punish them. Rewards were offered for any information that would lead to a knowledge of the real fate of the shipwrecked crew, and an exaggerated estimate of our strength, and the capability of our firearms, was given by our interpreter, on her own account, and was perfectly intelligible to us from the signs and gesticulations she made, and the scorn with which she pointed to the rude weapons of her countrymen; for the intrepid little girl had marched fearlessly up to the group of warriors.



AUSTRALIAN GRAVE.

After delivering her speech, Lizzie withdrew to us, and we waited, rather anxiously, the turn that affairs would take; for a peaceful solution would be far preferable to a fight, in which, though we must ultimately be the victors, yet success would only be achieved at considerable loss of life, probably on both sides.

Whilst matters rested thus, and the blacks were holding an animated discussion, one of the troopers espied a solitary dingo on the rocks overlooking the "bora ground," and distant from us about fifty yards. Lizzie at once said—

"Suppose you shoot 'em that fellow dingo, plenty that frighten black fellow."

"By Jove, Lizzie, what a good idea!" we said. "Who's the best shot; for it will be fatal to miss?"

"Let your boy fire," said Abiram, "it will astonish them much more if they see it done by a black; and let Lizzie warn them of what is going to take place."

"You believe you shoot 'em that fellow dingo?" asked Dunmore of Ferdinand.

"Your (yes), marmy, mine believe."

"Plenty big glass of rum, suppose you shoot 'em bony (dead)," added Abiram.

The trooper's eyes glistened, and he licked his lips as if the spirit were already won.

Meanwhile Lizzie had told her countrymen to watch the dog, and they would see him killed, and the blacks stood straining their eyes at the doomed dingo, who, with pricked ears and drooping tail, stood motionless against the sky-line, intently surveying the unusual scene beneath, and wondering probably how soon he should get the relics of the roasted fish, whose fragrant odour had assailed his nostrils, and drawn him into his present position.

It was a moment of intense suspense while the trooper raised his carbine—slowly and deliberately; no hurry, not even the quiver of a muscle, for his mind was on the rum, and he recked little of the moral influence of a successful shot;—we drew a long breath of relief as the weapon flashed forth, and the dog, making a convulsive bound forward, fell stone dead at the foot of the rocks, where it was instantly surrounded by the awe-struck savages, who carefully examined the body, and thrust their fingers into the bullet-hole, for the ball had passed clean through the animal, just behind the shoulder-blade.

The trooper first loaded his empty barrel, and then twitching Abiram by the sleeve, whispered, "You give 'em rum now. Plenty you make him strong, mine believe." His task was accomplished, and that the reward should immediately follow was with him a natural consequence.

Ferdinand's shot and Lizzie's eloquence had, however, rid us of all further trouble. The blacks laid down their arms, and expressed themselves quite willing to assist us in any way. They vehemently denied having seen any white men, but acknowledged that some had been heard of on the Macalister River, and thought they were detained by the tribes inhabiting its banks. They were cognizant of our expedition up the

Herbert, and knew that we were searching Hinchinbrook, but never thought we should have found them in their present position.

It was now evident that further search on Hinchinbrook was useless. There was no reason to doubt the truth of what they told us, for Lizzie would have gathered information had there been any outrage, or some small piece of rag or blanket would have betrayed them. That the unfortunate men might be on the Macalister was not improbable, and thither we must bend our steps, as the last resource. If we were unsuccessful then, we could only conclude that the vessel had foundered at sea, and we should have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that we had done everything in our power to rescue the sufferers.

We camped for the night at one extremity of the little bay, while the natives occupied the other, in which there was a well sunk, where we supplied ourselves with fresh water. We soon became on friendly terms with our wild neighbours, but took care never to linger amongst them singly, and always had our weapons ready for immediate use.

In the evening Lizzie came over from the blacks' camp, where she had been holding a great palaver, and asked us if we should like to see a "corroborrie," or dance; and, much pleased at getting a glimpse of the native customs, and glad of anything to break the monotony of our lives, we followed her to the group of palms, and there took up our positions to watch the proceedings. A tremendous fire was soon flaming on the beach, near it the gins and piccaninnies assembled, with bits of stick, clubs, and calabashes, on which to beat time. Some thirty of the men then stood up, armed with spears, tomahawks, nullah-nullahs (war-clubs), and boomerangs, and commenced a series of ludicrous antics, to a most melancholy dirge chanted by the women, a kind of rude time being observed. Gradually, however, they grew excited, and worked themselves up by going through a sort of mock fight; and when at the last the women danced round them with torches, all howling and shrieking at the top of their voices, and banging the calabashes with kangaroo bones or anything that would add to the noise, the whole scene reminded one of the infernal regions broken loose. This lasted an hour, at the end of which time we withdrew, after expressing ourselves highly gratified, and the whole camp was shortly buried in repose. We kept double sentries, but we might have all gone to sleep, for there was no symptom of treachery. At daylight we had breakfast; gave the warriors and gins a few trifling things we could spare, such as knives, two or three blankets—for we hoped to reach the township that night—and, wonder of wonders to the savages, some matches (nearly all of which they expended in verifying the fact that they would go off), and then took our departure from the "bora ground," guided by a native, who showed a very short way, unknown to Lizzie, by which we arrived at the *Daylight* early in the afternoon, to find that the latter had been joined by the *Black Prince*, the steamer that had brought up the Cleveland Bay party. We quitted in our little craft for Cardwell, and the Townsville men went south in their steamer, intending to get some shooting at the Palm Islands before going home for good. Eleven o'clock that evening saw us at our township, fully determined to carry out the work thoroughly by searching the Macalister River, an account of which I hope to give in a future chapter.

In the Colorado Country.

I PROPOSE in these notes to give some description of my adventures in the western wilds of North America after leaving Denver, the "City of the Plains," of which, however, I tired completely after a couple of weeks' sojourn in a society made up of sick men and roughs out of work. Everybody who ever came to Colorado has described the journey by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway to Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles south of Denver. During the ride you pass over a point 8,500 feet high, and can catch a glimpse of Spanish Peak in Mexico, 170 miles away. They say that when Major Pike of the American army first discovered the mountain called after him, Pike's Peak, he expected to reach it that night, but did not for a week afterwards. By this you may imagine how curious the effect of the atmosphere is—for instance, from my window here, the aforesaid Pike's Peak looks about five miles distant, though it is at least twenty-five miles to the base of the mountain.

Well! the journey to the Springs was most interesting and beautiful, in spite of the endeavours of an indefatigable Yankee next me, who seemed resolved to have my answers to at least twenty questions regarding myself. The first of such questions usually is, "Whar was you raised?" and it is a little puzzling to a "Britisher" to find himself addressed as if he were a hot-house plant, possibly being transferred, by way of an experiment, to another climate. My friend told a good story of a Chinaman, an ingenuous native of San Francisco, whose object in life, strange to say, was to resemble a white man. At last an idea struck him: he went to a barber's and had his sacred pigtail shorn off; then he imbibed half-and-half until he was heard to say, with delight, as he staggered out of the saloon, "Hoop! me all same as 'Merican now, hair cut short, and dead drunk! hurrah!"

When I got to Colorado Springs, I endeavoured to find some place to "board" at, and should have succeeded most likely too, if the good lady of the house I inquired at had not been out. Her husband, poor creature, was there, but, as he confessed at last, "my wife's boss here mostly;" so the "boss" being out, I had to try elsewhere. I noticed there was a grand piano in the sitting-room, though the house was very dirty and poor-looking. People here I found very kind and ready to oblige one, at least as a general rule.

My great object had been to go up into the mountains, or at any rate to move a little out of the way of civilisation; so when I heard of a good "ranch" (or farm) about forty miles

from the town and in the heart of the mountains, where the ranchman's wife made the "best coffee in the territory" (they nearly all do that), I resolved to make a start up immediately. The ranchman, or farmer, happened to be a regular old Western man, one of Mark Twain's "Glorious Forty-niners;" that is, he had been in California in the early days of 1849, when one long string of wagons stretched across the plains from the Missouri River to Sacramento, and when hostile Indians made times pretty "lively" for them. In those days men lived exclusively on wild meat, even for months, sometimes having *nothing else*, neither bread, salt, nor anything. One man's food for three months was antelope meat and beans, and it is a singular fact that of all luxuries you can offer him now he cares least for "antelope and beans."

It is most amusing and strange to listen to the yarns of the old Western men one meets out here, yarns that—like the "tiny passenger" who, once admitted, kept on increasing and taking up more seats than belonged to him—if the innocent take them in readily, will grow and grow till even he is obliged to confess that, in Yankee parlance, he is "crowded considerable." Some of their yarns are true—indeed, many of them—if you take off extraneous ornament. Early times in the West were full of adventure.

The road up to the mountains, after leaving the valley, winds through the Ute Pass, a succession of deep gloomy *cañons*, mountains, torrents, and beautiful back glimpses of green pines and snow-covered mountains. The transparency of the atmosphere, I think, adds tenfold to their beauty. On the way we stopped to take mountain fare at a little wayside house, where, by the way, there lived a perfect Amazon in the shape of the fair daughter of the ranch. Her father would fondly declare that his "gal could just ride any Texas steed you ever seed." She *was* a splendid rider, and of course had been accustomed to riding bare-back nearly all her life. Old L—— remarked to me that she would as "lief be on the back of a 'bucking broncho' as anywhere." Nearly all the horses out here are what are called "bronchos," and you do not often get one that has not a strong tendency towards "bucking." If a man seeks for a quiet animal, one at least without vice, he asks for a "mustang" or a "States' horse," or even an Indian pony. Many ponies are raised from Indian stock, as the horses of the Indians are always gentle, though their *good* ponies are very fleet and lively. My own little pony is of full Indian blood, as gentle as a lamb, and very fast for his inches.

Talking of Indians, it is only a short time since I went to see the Utes' camp near here, and I was much amused too, though I had expected to find the camp only a scene of uninteresting dirtiness. Their wigwams were picturesque and larger than I anticipated. Some were painted very gorgeously. Indeed, paint was the predominating impression left on my mind after seeing their camp. The "bucks" were painted, the squaws were painted, and even an intelligent-looking little papoose that appeared to have some curiosity respecting me, had one side of its face red and the other yellow. All these papooses had bows and arrows, and were taking "pot" shots at different marks. I believe they can shoot very well, but I had no opportunity of observing. I went up to one wigwam. There was the copper-skinned gentleman lying at full length on the ground, rolled in blankets (the Government provides these Indians with blankets, and with firearms to kill the white folks with). The "lady," a wrinkled and smoke-begrimed squaw, was cooking something over the fire and attending to business, while that splendid personage, her husband, was trying to distract his thoughts by a little sleep. That is the way it happens that the Indians die so much from consumption as they do now-a-days. They procure as many blankets as they can afford, and wrap themselves in them, being all the grander the *more* clothes they have on; then perhaps they gamble their blankets away, or trade them off with one another, and are obliged to lie on the ground exposed to all weathers, the consequence is they get ill and die off.

These Utes always bury a man's belongings with him (I do not mean his grandparents, but his rifle, &c.); and they take his horses and kill them over the grave, for they bury in the ground and do not burn or put the corpse in a tree, as some tribes do. The Utes, who are our nearest Indian neighbours, have been peaceable for some time towards the whites; but they are constantly on the war-path against their "hereditary" enemies, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. The Utes I visited had about forty ponies that they had just captured from the Arapahoes. Nevertheless I do not think the Utes are great warriors; they are a comparatively small race, and only brave to the Indian extent of not being afraid to fire at a white man from behind a tree. In their own battles they are very cautious. in the fear that "someone might get hurt," like Tweedledum and Tweedledee in the "Looking-glass" sequel to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Their great idea is to capture ponies. "Uncle Sam" is supposed to keep these Indians on their reservations, but they appear to go exactly where they like, as I saw in a paper the other day, "using their reservations merely for a place of refuge after doing harm." The Cheyennes are now giving serious trouble at Fort Laramie, north of Denver and have killed quite a number of ranchmen and others. In deed, only last year the Cheyennes made a raid within six miles of this place, and carried off a large quantity of cattle. They were pursued by a number of citizens hastily organised, but nothing was done. People out here say, very naturally, "What is the use of an Indian policy which sets apart reservations for the Indians, forbidding them by treaty to leave them, and then takes no notice of the fact that there is scarcely a time of the year when the Indians are not off their reservations?" It seems a farce to have reservations at all. The Utes here at present declare that their "great father Grant" has bid them go in peace and scalp the Arapahoes, for some of the braves have just returned from Washington with their annual allowance of pocket money, and have been treated, as usual, as "Pets of the President." Now they have ordered out the military against those that are giving trouble near Fort Laramie.

There is no danger to speak of from Indians here usually, as a few men well armed are enough to keep them from being troublesome. If you happen to be where they *are* troublesome—the time, as they say, to be apprehended is not when you see Indians, *but* when you *don't* see them. An old man remarked in a mysterious manner to me one day that no one would ever know how many Indians *he* had killed.

"Ah!" said I, "how many do you think? Have you often been in danger with them?"

Closing his left eye he exclaimed, "*I* never killed no Indians. Yet," he added, after a minute, "I've had 'em within six foot of me with their tomahawks."

"Then," said I, "I presume you *must* have found some means to prevent their getting your scalp."

"It may be and it may not be," he said, "but no man will ever know anything about it."

That old man, having been one of the first settlers, had probably saved his "skelp" many times at the expense of the life of an "Injun" or two. He told me that when the Indians once surrounded a train of wagons in California and demanded bread, some one got hold of a bottle of strychnine and doctored some loaves before the Indians got them, and the next morning, said he, "there was the Injuns just a lying around." This is an illustration of the value set on the life of the red man. Whether the story is exactly true or not—I fancy it is—those first settlers, the miners, were a terribly rough lot.

I have heard people confirm what Mark Twain relates in "Roughing It," regarding the strange enthusiasm of the rough men when they caught sight of that strange and long-forgotten object—a real live woman; how they would collect in crowds and cheer and wave their hats when the rarity came among them. Men lived there for years without seeing a woman, for it was some time before women could come to live in the wild Western country.

The mountain road up to L——'s ranch is a very beautiful one, there are such lovely distant views of eternally snow-clad mountains. They look like icebergs exactly, the same sharp-pointedness about them, and the same shade of deep unfathomable blue. This "Snowy Range," as they call it, is from fifty to one hundred miles away, so that the effect is most curious and lovely; the intervening space between one's point of view and the snowy mountains is filled up with pine-clad mountains of greater or less height, looking a little like the waves of the sea as you look over them to the distant peaks. Indeed, by climbing to the top of any small mountain here, you get the most wonderful panoramic views I ever saw, reaching to mountains one hundred or more miles away on each side of you. The mountains are full of what they call "parks," open level flats covered with luxuriant grass. The predominant formation for the peaks is the "sugar-loaf." When you ask to be directed anywhere, the number of parks and sugar-loaf mountains you have to shape your course by is most confusing, for you cannot for your life see much difference between one sugar-loaf mountain and another, and the parks are often as much alike. Pike's Peak from one point of view, looks, I think, a little like Table Mountain, but it presents a different aspect from each quarter. The refining influence of scenery appears not to be very observable in the ingenuous natives of these parts, but that is possibly because they have not been born and bred in it. Stopping at a mountain house of refreshment, you are lucky if you escape the almost inevitable beefsteak, nearly always of a most unyielding texture. I always thought that England was proverbially the home of the beefsteak, but out here there is no end to the dish; you never get anything else. Mutton is a rarity, the only change from beef being wild game. Since I have been here I have become acquainted with elk meat as well as mountain sheep and buffalo. Elk meat I do not like, the flavour is too coarse. I fancy the mountain sheep is the best tasting game in the Rocky Mountains; it is not so very unlike mutton, with a delicate gamey flavour. But wild meat soon palls upon one, of course — even venison one gets heartily tired of.



UTE CHIEF.

When I reached L——'s ranch, I found it a compact little frame-building situated just on the Platte River, which is at this part of its course of no width at all. It flows almost from south to north, which puzzles one as a thing that ought not to be, until one gets used to it, and comprehends that it cannot now be altered. I found here the luxury of a bed and clean sheets, although it *was* in the Rocky Mountains. We are, you see, on the road up to Fairplay, which I remember seeing quoted as the highest town in the world some time ago—it is over 10,000 feet. Now there are several little towns above it, so that its pre-eminence is taken away. The name of the town—Fairplay—arose thus: a man in these regions, having committed a mortal offence against another, his enemy "waited for him" with a double-barrelled gun, somewhere near where the town now stands. He did not get behind a stone wall, as the fashion is in Ireland, but stood in the open, as the other advanced unarmed towards him. When he was going to fire and avenge his wrongs, his enemy appealed to him in this wise, "My friend! let us have fair play, you have a gun—I have not—suffer me to go and procure a weapon, and *then* let our little differences be adjusted." His generous enemy consented. Strange to say he *did* appear again, this time armed to the teeth, and—further the deponent sayeth not.

Lahore and Amritsir, the Capitals of Runjeet Singh.—II.

In the Punjaub there are 110 hospitals and dispensaries, being one to every 160,000 persons. The grant-in-aid system, by which, when the people erect a hospital at their own cost, and guarantee a fixed subscription, the medical staff is granted and paid by the Government, was introduced in 1866, since which time the number of dispensaries has been increased by forty-one. The Mayo Hospital, connected with the Lahore Medical School, was completed in March, 1872, with accommodation for 114 patients. A system prevails in several districts of the Punjaub by which medical aid is furnished to the people through the instrumentality of native doctors, or *hukeems*, whose sons are now frequently educated at the Lahore Medical School, and then sent back to their own districts for employment by the local authorities.



TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.

The police of the Punjaub numbers 20,070 men, of whom fifty-three per cent. are Mohammedans, thirty Hindoos, and seventeen Sikhs. Of the entire number 8,540 are armed with muskets, 11,000 with swords, and the remainder with batons only. The total number of murders in the Punjaub in 1872 was 366, and of the culprits 105 were convicted and sentenced to death.

About thirty-two miles from Lahore, and half way between the Ravee and Beeas Rivers, is situated Amritsir, the sacred city of the Sikhs, and the cradle of their religion. It owes

its importance, to a *tulao*, or reservoir, which Ram Das, the fourth Guru, or spiritual guide of the Sikhs, caused to be made here in 1581, and named Amrita Saras, or "Fount of Immortality." It thenceforward became a place of pilgrimage, and bore the names of Amritsir, or "Immortality," and Ramdaspore.

It is recorded that nearly two centuries later, Ahmed Shah, the Afghan chief who founded the Dooranee dynasty, alarmed and enraged at the progress of the Sikhs, blew up the shrine with gunpowder, filled up the holy *tulao*, and desecrated it by the blood of kine, which were slaughtered on the site. On Ahmed quitting the Punjaub, the Sikhs repaired the shrine and *tulao*, which now presents the appearance of a square reservoir of 150 paces, containing a great body of water, pure as crystal, notwithstanding the multitudes that bathe in it, and supplied apparently by natural springs. In the middle of the tank, on a small island, is a temple of Hari, or Vishnu; and on the bank a small structure where the founder, Ram Das, is said to have spent his life in a sitting posture. The temple on the island is richly adorned with gold and other costly embellishments, and in it is deposited the *Grunth*, or sacred book of the Sikhs, of which Dr. Trumpp is, we believe, preparing an English translation. The original is carefully preserved at Kartarpore in Jullundhur, and is often referred to for the correction of interpolations in copies. The Adh Grunth consists of the sayings of the founder, Baba Nanuk, and there is also the Grunth of Govind, the last Guru, after whom the Fort of Govindghur is called.

A curious spectacle of human credulity and folly is afforded to the visitor who witnesses the crowd of people of all ages and conditions of life who throng to the golden temple in the sacred pool, there to listen to the holy words which are chanted night and morning, while the devotees throw money and grain around the book. There are some hundreds of priests attached to the temple, and the good houses occupied by these saintly personages show that their piety is not unmixed with love of mammon.

Amritsir is a populous and extensive city. The streets are narrow, but the houses in general are tolerably lofty, and built of burnt brick; and Amritsir may claim architectural equality with most of the large towns of India, omitting such renowned cities as Delhi, Lucknow, and the Presidency capitals. Amritsir has a considerable transit trade, and also possesses such manufactures as coarse cloths, inferior silks, and shawls in imitation of Kashmere.

The huge fortress of Govindghur dominates Amritsir, and forms a most striking feature in the landscape. Govindghur was built by Runjeet Singh in 1809, ostensibly to protect the pilgrims, but in reality to overawe the visitors to the holy shrine of the Guru, and to be the depository of his treasure. Near Amritsir is the famous Baree Doab Canal, so called from the Doab between the Beeas and Ravee Rivers, which contains both the great cities of which we are treating. Before the British annexation of the Punjaub, there was in existence a canal, which followed the natural line of drainage by a tortuous course of 110 miles, and passed through the land not standing in need of irrigation.* It was called the Husli Canal, and was constructed about 1633, by Shah Jehan, in order that the royal fountains at Lahore might be replenished with water; for this magnificent despot would squander vast sums on his pleasures, but had no thought for his wretched subjects, who might have waited for ever before their sovereign would have dreamt of laying out a rupee of the taxes he levied from them for irrigational purposes. In Runjeet Singh's time a branch was led to Amritsir to supply the sacred tank. Lord Dalhousie's Government projected a great central canal which was to traverse the high land of the Baree Doab for 247 miles, receiving its water from the Ravee, where that river debouches from the lowest of the Himalayan ranges at Madhopore. Emerging from a deep cutting on the high bank of the Ravee, the canal crosses two mountain torrents, and gains the table-land, where it revivifies numerous ruined cities and villages, and rejoins the Ravee fifty-six miles above Mooltan. There were also to be branches to Kassur, Sobraon, and Lahore, and it was estimated that the entire expense, including the scheme of making the canal navigable, would be about £530,000. This great work was commenced in 1850, and water was first admitted into a portion of the canal on the 11th of April, 1859, when it became evident that the scheme must be remodelled, owing to the great declivity of the bed in the upper portion, and the small discharge from the Ravee, which had been overrated. Hence the original estimates were here greatly exceeded. In 1870 the cost, without the Kassur and Sobraon branches, had risen to £1,260,250, and when completed, with these branches, to £2,000,000. According to the last published official report, 212 miles of the main canal is now completed, with 692 miles of distributing canals. The net receipts for water were £39,606, or three per cent. on the outlay, and there is also an indirect income estimated at £26,000; so that the Government of India may be congratulated on having accomplished a beneficent and vast scheme of public utility without loss to the exchequer.

Originally, the rates charged for water were uniform for all crops, being four rupees six annas and eight pice per acre for water given in flow, and one-half that sum for water lifted. After much consideration, it was resolved that the rates should vary for different crops, and be divided into four classes: the scale per acre being for sugar-cane six rupees; for rice and gardens, four rupees twelve annas; for wheat, barley, cotton, and indigo, two rupees eight annas; and for other cereals and pulses, one rupee and eight annas. At the time of the issue of the report there were 300,000 acres receiving water from the canal, and the estimated value of the crops was eleven times the price charged for the water.

The cynical remark made many years ago that, were the English rule in India to cease, no trace of our occupancy would remain to attest the fact save a heap of broken beer-bottles, can no longer apply; for during the last two decades of the hundred and seventeen years that have elapsed since Clive founded the British Empire in India, on the plains of Plassy, successive Governor-Generals have expended annually a large portion of the taxes raised from the people on public works. At the present day, railways and telegraphs intersect the country with a perfect network of lines, while canals have caused large tracts of country that were periodically afflicted with drought, "to blossom like the rose."

The main system of Indian railways is nearly completed, and the State railways, which are now under construction, are, for the most part, supplementary to the trunk lines. There are now 5,204 miles of railway open for traffic, of which only sixty-eight were constructed by the State, the remainder being by guaranteed capital; but no more lines will be constructed by

* Blue Book on the Moral and Material Progress of India, 1873.

private enterprise, and of 2,438 in hand, only 935 were by companies. The most important of these State railways is that from Lahore to Peshawur, 270 miles in length, a work of no small engineering difficulty, owing to the numerous rivers in the Punjaub. It was originally intended to construct this line, of which the section between Lahore and Rawul Pindee was first put in hand, on the narrow gauge principle; and in spite of the warnings of some of the highest Indian military authorities, including Lord Napier of Magdala, the work would have been completed, had not the only body a Government dare not thwart, the majority of the House of Commons, passed a resolution against a measure that would have necessitated a change of carriages for every soldier and article of war material *en route* from Calcutta to Peshawur, as the line to Lahore from the Presidency capital was on the broad gauge. And so the Indian Government was saved at the last moment from the perpetration of a gigantic, and what might have been, in the event of hostilities, a suicidal blunder. The next State railway in order of importance is also a Punjaub line, being what is called the "missing link," the Indus Valley Railway, 480 miles in length, running between Mooltan and Bhawulpore and Roree, where it crosses the Indus, thence proceeding to Kotree along the right bank of the river. This line will complete the railway communication between Kurrachee and the districts of the Punjaub, bringing that important and rising seaport into communication with the railway system of the country.

In consequence of the general want of wood throughout the Punjaub, owing to past neglect, exertions have been made since the formation of the Forest Department, about sixteen years ago, to preserve the supplies in existence. About forty-four miles from Lahore, in the Baree Doab, is the Changa Manga Plantation, which is supplied with water from the canal, for irrigating the young trees. When completed next year, it will comprise 7,000 acres, of which 5,000 acres are already planted, and is expected to yield in 1881 a revenue of £3,300 a year. Plantations are also being established on the Jhelum, near Loodiana, and near Delhi; and there are avenues along the banks of the irrigation canals. The dry belt of the Punjaub has woods, on the high lands between the rivers, called *rakhs*, composed chiefly of the *jhund* or *kundi* (*Prosopis spicigera*), an acacia-like tree (*Salvadora*), and an arborescent leafless caper (*Capparis aphylla*). The principal forests of deodar are in the valleys of the Sutlej, Beeas, Ravee, Chenaub, Jhelum, and their tributaries. Forest conservancy has had to struggle against numerous difficulties arising from natural causes as well as from such practices of the natives as burning the jungles. In the spring, when the leaves and grass of the deciduous forests dry up, the smallest spark suffices to create a conflagration, and fires are intentionally made, either for cultivation, or to cause fresh tender shoots of grass to spring up as fodder for cattle. Within the past few years about 8,000 square miles of jungle, forming a portion of the *rakhs* in the *doabs* between the rivers, have been made over to the Forest Department, the principle of arrangement between the Government and the people being that the former should concede definite rights to certain portions whence the villagers can take fuel at their pleasure, while the Government right to the rest is considered absolute.

The very name of Lahore and the Punjaub brings to the mind the figure of the formidable old warrior whose rule was almost coeval with the entire period during which the Sikh nationality was the most powerful in Upper India. The personal appearance of Runjeet Singh, the "Lion of the Punjaub," is thus described, with photographic accuracy and minuteness, by the Baron Charles von Hugel, an intelligent Austrian officer, whose work on the Punjaub and Kashmere is one of the best and most interesting we have perused. Writing in 1834, after an interview with the Maharajah, he says:—"Runjeet Singh is fifty-four years old. The small-pox deprived him, when a child, of his left eye. His beard is thin and grey, with a few dark hairs in it; according to the Sikh religious custom, it reaches a little below his chin, and is untrimmed. His head is square and large for his stature, which, though naturally short, is now considerably bowed by disease; his forehead is remarkably broad. His left eye, which is quite closed, disfigures him less than the other, which is always rolling about, wide open, and is much distorted by disease. This large, brown, unsteady and suspicious eye seems diving into the thoughts of the person with whom he converses, and his straightforward questions are put incessantly, and in the most laconic terms. His speech is so much affected by paralysis, that it is no easy matter to understand him; but if the answer be delayed for an instant, one of his courtiers, usually the Jemadar, repeats the question. The scars of the small-pox on his face do not run into one another, but form so many dark pits in his greyish-brown skin; his short straight nose is swollen at the tip; the skinny lips are stretched tight over his teeth, which are still good; his grizzled beard, very thin on the cheeks and upper lip, meets under his chin in matted confusion; and his head, which is sunk very much on his broad shoulders, does not seem to move easily. He has a thick, muscular neck, thin arms and legs, the left foot and the left arm drooping, and small, well-formed hands. Without exaggeration, I must call him the most ugly and unprepossessing man I saw throughout the Punjaub. He will sometimes hold a stranger's hand fast within his own for half an hour, and the nervous irritation of his mind is shown by the continued pressure on one's fingers.

"His costume always contributes to increase his ugliness, being in winter the colour of gamboge, from the *pagri* (the tartan, or Sikh cloth, on his head) down to his very socks and slippers. The Sikh *pagri* consists of a long narrow piece of linen, in which the hair is wrapped up. It is so fastened either in the front or a little on one side, that one cannot see either end or knot. It lies down smooth on the head, one end hanging half way down the back. Runjeet Singh hides this end under his upper garment. The *angraka* (coat) is tied over the chest, and reaches to the knee, and the trousers fall in many folds down to the ankle. Over the whole is worn a mantle lined with skins. The entire costume is, as I have said, of yellow *pashmina*, green being worn sometimes by him, but not commonly.

"In summer he wears white muslin. At the festival of the Basant, he was particularly disfigured by the straw-coloured dress he wore with a slight intermixture of green in it. In earlier days he used to appear in divers ornaments, but this custom he has long discontinued; and I never saw him wear any embroidery, brocade, or rich ornament of any sort. When he seats himself in a common English arm-chair, with his feet drawn under him, the position is one particularly unfavourable to him; but as soon as he mounts his horse, and with his

black shield at his back, puts him on his mettle, his whole form seems animated by the spirit within, and assumes a certain grace, of which nobody could believe it susceptible. In spite of the paralysis affecting one side, he manages his horse with the greatest ease."

The special interest of Lahore and the neighbouring district of Amritsir is that they form the cradle of the Sikhs, or "disciples," the number living in the Maugha, their original home in Lahore, being 118,360. The founder of the sect, Baba Nanuk, who died in the sixteenth century, left, says a writer, two sons, who became the heads of the two divisions of Sikhs —the Udasses, who abstain from worldly matters, and the Bedees, who, though priests, with the right to claim a penny from any Sikh they visit, engage in secular pursuits. But Nanuk's spiritual descendants were his more religious disciples, after some of whom parties of the Sikhs are called. After the slaughter of the Guru by Aurungzebe, the Sikhs became more united. Nanuk's successor, Guru Govind, first enforced the wearing of the long hair and beard, which are never cut and trimmed, and the rite of initiation. He also forbade the use of tobacco, and the Hindoo thread worn across the shoulders, and gave the name of Singh, or "lion," to every initiated Sikh. This rite of baptism is called the *Pauhul*, and is described by Saunders. The neophyte and the officiating priest first wash their feet in water, and then the latter puts some sugar into a basin of water, and stirs it with the *khanda*, or iron knife kept in the turban. He reads passages from a sacred book, and five *shlokas*, or verses of a sacred song called "Samarak," in which the people join. The first of these has thus been translated by the Baron von Hugel, of whose interesting work we have already spoken.



RUNJEET SINGH.

"I have traversed the world. Jogi and Jeti, in short, all sorts of devotees have I seen—
Holy men and hermits, absorbed in the contemplation of God, of every sort and form.
I have traversed every land, but a truly God-fearing man have I never seen.
Without God's grace, brother, the works of man are not of the least possible merit."

The convert is then called on to recite this formula :—"Our God; his name is truth; the omnipotent; without fear; without enmity; immortal; ever immortal; say by the Guru's power that God is best. God ever and will be ever. And Nanuk has said the truth." The sugar and water is put into his palm, from which he drinks five times, exclaiming between each two draughts, "Wah! Guru-jee-ka-Khalsa;" "Wah! Guru-jee-ka-Futteh!" or, "Victory to the Brotherhood, victory to the Priest." The novice is then sprinkled with the liquid on his face and head five times, and is then enjoined always to possess the five articles whose names begin with the letter K, as long hair, a comb, bangles of iron, knee-breeches, and a knife. He is forbidden to associate with certain dissidents, and with those who shave the head. Such is the *Pauhul* of the Khalsa, or brotherhood, whom we so often met on the battle-field as foemen worthy of our steel. If any of the five heterodox sects of Sikhs are present at the ceremony, they receive sweetmeats; but no further communion is held with them. Converts are received from almost every Hindoo caste, who become equals, eat meat, and drink strong drink. The lowest class of sweepers were admitted by Guru Govind, and as Muzbees did great service in the siege of Delhi, while many have become Christians. But other Sikhs do not receive them as equals.

Of all the Sikh sects, the Kookas, who venerate Nanuk, but will not own Govind, have of late become the most notorious. The sect was founded about twenty-seven years ago in Rawul Pindee, by one Balâk Singh, who died in 1863, when his principal disciple, Ram Singh, became the chief priest. He denied the sanctity of Govind, and placed faith only in Guru Nanuk. His teaching is described as "moral and monotheistic; idol-worship was prohibited, distinctions of caste forbidden, marriages of widows permitted, and morality and sobriety enjoined." Ram Singh was the son of a carpenter, and was born near Loodiana. He was a man of considerable ability, and as he acquired a reputation for extreme sanctity, his influence and the number of his followers increased. The tendency of Ram Singh's teaching soon became political and aggressive; opposition to idolatry began to take an active form, and there were many disturbances during fairs and gatherings of Sikhs, which were due to the intolerant behaviour of the Kookas. On the 24th of June, 1871, they attacked the Mohammedan slaughter-houses outside Amritsir, when four men were killed; and on the 14th of January in the following year, a body of two hundred of Ram Singh's followers attacked the little town of Malod to obtain arms, in order to make an assault upon Malair Kotla, a few miles to the southward, in the territories of the Rajah of Puttiala. After a sharp fight, they were repulsed; but the Darogah, or head native official of Malod, and several others, were killed. Troops were at once dispatched from Delhi, where the Camp of Exercise was assembled. Mr. Forsyth (now the able head of the Yarkund Mission) who was Commissioner of Ambala, and the Rajah of Puttiala, who were both at Delhi, hurried back, and the latter caused Ram Singh to be arrested. The main body of Kookas, being without leaders and arms, became powerless, and took refuge in the jungles, where they were attacked by the Puttiala rajah's troops, and surrendered to the number of sixty-eight, of whom twenty-nine were wounded. The first British functionary to arrive on the scene, was Mr. Cowan, the Deputy-Commissioner, an able and high-spirited officer, who had already rendered good service to his country. In order to make an example and strike terror into the Kookas and similar fanatical sects, which are always cropping up in some quarter of our Indian empire, Mr. Cowan caused the whole of his prisoners to be blown from guns. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub approved of this act, but the Governor-General (Lord Mayo) considered it high-handed and unnecessary, the rebellion having already collapsed; and the Home Government took the same view as the Calcutta authorities. Ram

Singh was banished to Burmah, and the Kookas have since remained tranquil.

Golab Das, the founder of another sect, who bear his name, is also still alive, and sometimes very busy in initiating disciples, who first present him with sweetmeats, then pray for knowledge of the right faith, then repeat the "sohang" and declare themselves immortal. Their morality may be imagined from the fact that their priest is living in open adultery. But they are cleanly in their person, admit any caste, though they do not eat or intermarry with them, and dispute much in behalf of man's immortality, by which they mean absorption into the substance of the Deity. The "Updes Bilas" is the sacred book of the Golab Dasses.

Such are the Sikhs at the present day, whose fathers were recruited from the lowest castes of Hindoos, and from the Jauts.



BURMESE NOBLES.

Notes of a Naturalist in Burmah.

BY MAJOR G. E. BULGER, F.L.S.

ASCENT OF THE RIVER SITTOUNG.

About the middle of the "cool season," some years ago, I was travelling in a native boat, on the Sittoung River, between the cantonments of Toungoo and Shwè-gycen. The weather was, as usual in January, characterised by warm days and chilly nights—the former bright and pleasant, with clear and brilliant skies, and the latter sufficiently cold to render a blanket or two agreeable additions to one's bedding. The changes of temperature were very great during the twenty-four hours, the thermometer ranging between 90° in the afternoon, and 55° in the early morning. A dense fog, also, usually set over everything as the air cooled, and this was not dispersed until the sun was pretty high next day.

The Sittoung, even at a hundred and fifty miles' distance from the sea, is a wide and imposing stream, though it is generally shallow, and occasionally, in the dry season, rather sluggish. During the rains, however, when its waters have been swollen by the great downpour of the south-west monsoon, and the influx of a thousand tributaries, it rushes onward with great force and rapidity, through the most tortuous and winding of channels, to its grave in the Gulf of Martaban. According to the latest authorities, the Sittoung has its source amongst the hills south-east of Ava; but beyond the British frontier, about thirty-five miles above Toungoo, little is known of it, as that part of the country has, I believe, never been explored.

The upper portion of the river is called Pounloung, and the whole length of the valley through which it flows is estimated to be about three hundred and fifty miles. For some short distance below the frontier the banks are bold and high, and picturesque mountains in the vicinity add features of grandeur

to the scenery; but, after passing Toungoo, the stream flows, for the most part, through a flat and uninteresting country, rarely displaying anything more attractive than a dense, level forest, which degenerates below Shwè-gycen into a scrubby jungle of thorny bamboos and elephant-grass, increasing in extent and monotony as the river widens in its journey to the sea. Occasionally, however, the blue hills, which are generally visible in the distance, approach the course of the river, and present, in combination with the sloping and forest-clothed banks, views of uncommon beauty.

The Sittoung has a most remarkable bore—probably the worst in the world—which is caused by the conjunction of two portions of the tidal wave of the Indian Ocean. It rushes up the funnel-shaped estuary, it is said, at the rate of nearly twelve miles an hour, and with a height amounting, at times, to nine feet. In consequence of this phenomenon, the navigation of the estuary is almost, if not wholly, incompatible with safety.

The native boats are curious but not uncomfortable vessels, though, of course, they vary in the latter respect, according to size, shape, and other peculiarities. They are nearly all built on the same plan, and consist of a large canoe, usually of "thingan" (*Hopea odorata*), hollowed out of a solid log, in the same manner as the "dug-outs" of North America, and about a foot and a half in depth. Additional height and beam are subsequently added by ribs and planking of teak, until the whole depth of the vessel is about three feet, and the breadth about four. It is partly decked and lined with split bamboos, but the thwarts are of teak. Over the after-part, which is the cabin—so to speak—there is an awning of bamboo matting, well thatched, of sufficient height to allow a person to stand upright under it when the movable deck is taken away. People arrange their cabins according to fancy, and I usually disposed mine as follows:—Having put my bed as far astern as possible, I removed a portion of the bamboo decking, just in front of it, so as to admit of a table and chair being placed under shelter of the roof, and there I used to sit during the day, with my books, gun, and writing materials, so that I could take notes of the scenery as I went along, and be ready, also, for any passing birds, or sleeping alligators. We stopped every night about sunset; but with the first peep of dawn next morning were on the move again.

There are generally two rowers in each boat, with sometimes an extra hand or so, and a captain or helmsman, who sits at the stern in a huge lofty chair, and steers with a large broad paddle. These chairs are often elaborately carved, and made to resemble monstrous beasts or birds. The cooking is done in the fore-part of the boat, where a fire is constantly kept burning for general use. Occasionally, in the shallows, better progress is made by poling with stout bamboos than by rowing, and sails are always used when the wind is favourable.

The banks of the river are scantily cultivated, and thinly settled, though the number of small villages is considerable. These villages are usually little collections of huts, constructed chiefly of split bamboos, and raised upon posts of teak or other wood, from three to six feet above the ground—probably to keep them out of the water, which, in the rains, covers much of the low land. Beautiful trees, for which the Burmese evince an especial fondness, are grown abundantly, and particularly in the neighbourhood of pagodas and *kioungs*, or *phoongie*-houses, where the yellow-robed priests of Buddha reside. Cocoa-nut palms (*Cocos nucifera*) and palmyras (*Borassus flabelliformis*), occasionally a tamarind (*Tamarindus Indica*), now and then a peepul (*Ficus religiosa*) or its relative (*Ficus cordifolia*), together with gaungos (*Mesua ferrea*), and numerous others, are found in these localities—all of them evidently chosen for their ornamental qualities, or for the fragrance of their flowers.

The peepul (*Ficus religiosa*) is, perhaps, the handsomest of all the large Indian figs, and its heart-shaped, poplar-like, tremulous leaves are so constantly in motion as to give it a very peculiar and airy appearance. It is the most sacred of all trees with the Burmese Buddhists, who regard it with feelings of the deepest veneration, almost equal to those which they entertain for Gaudama himself. But, far more charming in my eyes, is their famous gaungo (*Mesua ferrea*), the "nagacesara" of the Indian poets. Its foliage is exquisitely beautiful, not only from the individual loveliness of the leaves, but from the elegant drooping growth of the branches; and its fragrant flowers, which look somewhat like little white ivory roses with golden centres, have long and often been celebrated in Oriental literature. In the Eastern spring-time, too, an additional beauty is given to its already redundant charms; for then the young leaves and leaf-buds are of such a brilliant crimson, that, at a distance, the branches seem to be loaded with blood-red blossoms. The tree is sacred to Buddha, not only in Burmah, but in Ceylon, where it is called the iron-wood, on account of the durability and intense hardness of its timber; and Dr. Mason states that the Burmese believe their next god will enter the divine state under the shade of its holy branches. Wallich found it growing with *Jonesia asoca*, and the famed *Amherstia nobilis*, when he first met with the last-named glorious tree, near a deserted temple on the banks of the Salween River, in Martaban. The white-petalled flowers, with their golden stamens, are so eminently beautiful and fragrant, that the addition of graceful foliage was hardly requisite to render the *Mesua* worthy of the eulogium passed upon it by Sir William Jones, who styled it the most delightful tree on earth, and declared that the delicate odour of its blossoms justly gave them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, the Hindoo god of love. It is to them that Moore probably refers in the two last lines of the following passage from "Lalla Rookh:"—

> "Then rapidly, with foot as light
> As the young musk roe's, out she flew,
> To cull each shining leaf that grew
> Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
> In this enchanted wreath of dreams;
> Anemones and seas of gold,
> And new-blown lilies of the river,
> And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
> Their buds on Camadeva's quiver."

The dried blossoms are sold in the bazaars of India for their perfume, and it is said that the Burman grandees stuff their pillows with the anthers.

The wild trees and lesser plants of the Sittoung jungles were, to a great extent, unknown to me, though, in my short explorations, I recognised many that I had seen in other parts of the East. Among them were the gorgeous red-cotton tree (*Salmalia Malabarica*), destitute of leaves, but crowded with crimson-scarlet, tulip-shaped blossoms; several acacias, bamboos of, at fewest, three kinds, including *Bambusa gigantea*,

the largest known species; the *sai* (*Shorea robusta*); a brilliant *Erythrina*, or coral-tree; a *Gardenia*, with a curious, hard, pear-shaped, many-seeded fruit; and the splendid *dhak* or *palasi* (*Butea frondosa*), rich in its flame-hued papilionaceous flowers. Epiphytal orchids were to be found in great abundance, as also ferns of many kinds; and the jungles were laced and adorned with exquisite *Convolvuli* of almost ethereal beauty, as well as other climbers which I did not know.

Vegetation, during the rains, when the river is full, stretches down, in most cases, to the water's edge, and is often so thick as to be almost impenetrable; but in the dry season, wide strips of naked sand are exposed to the busy investigation of many kinds of wading birds, which are sometimes found in great numbers. Alligators are then frequently to be seen sunning themselves upon the edges of the uncovered banks, and monkeys, deer, and elephants, as well as other wild animals, are plentiful in the neighbouring forests.

Birds do not show themselves very much during the heat of the day, and, with the exception of a few wagtails, and little sand-pipers, the shores of the river are generally almost tenantless until the approach of evening. Then, indeed, the ornithological world wakens up from its noontide sleep, and feathered creatures of many kinds are constantly on the wing, busily flying hither and thither, in search of food or roosting-places.

The spotted king-fishers (*Ceryle rudis*) are most indefatigable in pursuit of their prey, and as they are plentiful and constantly on the move, even during the day-time, the traveller has abundant opportunities of observing their mode of action. I have often watched them take up positions in the air, so to speak, about fifteen or twenty feet above the water, and there continue, with their bodies apparently quite stationary, and their wings vibrating rapidly, until some tempting fish appeared: then, like rockets, down they went beneath the surface, whence they generally returned with prizes, which they carried off to the bank to eat. I have seen as many as three of these birds engaged in this performance at the same time, and rarely noticed a failure, though I have frequently remarked them check their descent, when they had gone but a yard or two, and then resume their original posts of observation.

Parrakeets of two kinds (*Palæornis rosa* and *schisticeps*), as well as the Indian lorikeet (*Loriculus vernalis*) were usually on the move early in the evening, screaming harshly as they passed my boat; and I often saw flocks of the little cormorant (*Graculus Javanicus*) and the glossy ibis (*Falcinellus igneus*) flying close to the water, and at great speed; while, high overhead, parties of adjutants (*Leptoptilos argala*) and grey pelicans (*Pelecanus Philippensis*) swept through the air with a singing noise like the moaning of a strong wind. Adjutants, vultures, cormorants, paddy-birds, and egrets roost in great numbers on large trees, and nothing, perhaps, appears so singular to a stranger as these vast assemblages, more especially those of the egrets, whose white plumage renders them very conspicuous. I have seen hundreds of them upon a single tree, and have passed as many as a dozen trees so loaded in the course of an evening. As my boat passed down the stream in their proximity, the birds stretched out their long necks and bodies and kept them erect and motionless, presenting an astonished and rather stupid appearance, which was almost ludicrous.

I procured good specimens of the spotted sand-piper (*Actites glareola*), the spur-winged lapwing (*Hoplopterus ventralis*), the small godwit (*Limosa ægocephala*), the lesser-winged plover (*Ægialitis minutus*), and a species which I believe to have been *Chettusia inornata*, although that most accurate observer, Dr. Jerdon, states, in his "Birds of India," vol. ii., p. 647, that he never saw it out of Bengal. The description of my bird corresponds with his, both in generic and specific characters, excepting that, when shot, the orbital skin was orange instead of yellow. I also saw a goose (*Sarkidiornis melanotus*) and a large kind of plover, which, I think, was *Ædicnemus crepitans*: he rose with a single "weet," and flew away beyond my reach. I occasionally observed sand-martens (*Cotyle Sinensis*) hunting in large flocks, near steep banks, which were everywhere perforated with their breeding-places, and I frequently came across small parties of beautiful terns (*Seena aurantia* and *Sterna Javanica*). I was fortunate also in securing a darter, or snake-bird (*Plotus melanogaster*), and, besides *Ceryle rudis*, I obtained specimens of another king-fisher (*Halcyon fuscus*), the grey and yellow wagtail (*Calobates sulphurea*), the white-faced wagtail (*Motacilla luzoniensis*), the little stint (*Tringa minuta*), and a splendid golden-backed woodpecker (*Chrysocolaptes sultaneus*) which was shot near Shwè-gycen.

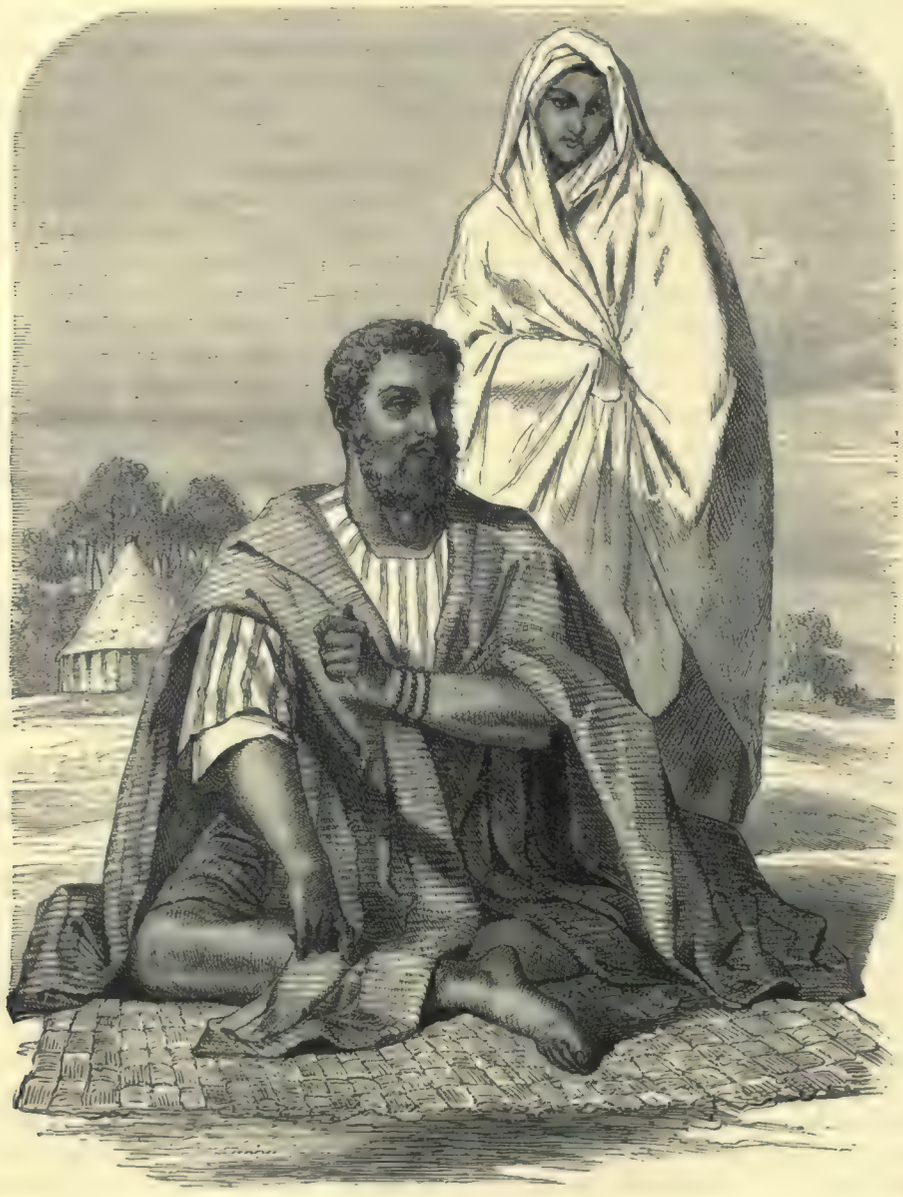
One fine evening, towards the end of my voyage, as we slightly altered our course to follow the winding of the stream, a scene of wondrous beauty opened to my view, such as I never saw before, and such as I shall probably never see again. Before me, stretching for about three or four hundred yards to the eastward, lay a broad reach of the great river—the usually dull and muddy-looking water appearing of a pale and delicate blue in the slanting beams of the sinking sun; then came a narrow strip of bank, entirely clothed with luxuriant elephant-grass—green as emerald and crested with its blossom-spikes of waving silver; next a wall of tropical forest, in all the exuberance of its profuse and varied beauty; then the mountains, with their outlines softened and rounded by the haze of distance; and, lastly, the pale, cloudless azure of the evening sky. The forest displayed every phase of form and colour, from the massive and comparatively gloomy foliage of some of the more ponderous-looking trees, to the light feathery frondage and delicate green of the acacias, or the still more airy-looking plumes of the graceful bamboo; but, conspicuous above all, and standing out in glorious relief from the rich background of verdure, were the gorgeous crimson blossoms of hundreds of gigantic cotton-trees (*Salmalia Malabarica*) and the less imposing, but still magnificent and fiery flowers of *Butea frondosa*. The declining sun shot his beams athwart this blooming wilderness, and lit up every glade and hollow of the woodland, so that each tree, and bush, and flower—even the mountains in the distance, the river, and the celestial arch itself, assumed new aspects under the influence of the golden light, and revealed themselves in all the pride of their fullest and most radiant beauty. It is rarely that the necessary conditions for such a magnificent forest landscape present themselves in the same happy combination as on the occasion I refer to, for though none of the elements of the scene were in themselves very peculiar, I never, in all my experience of India and Burmah, beheld any prospect of the same description so imposingly grand as that broad reach of the wild river, with its background of woods and mountains, glowing with light and colour, and sparkling in the lustrous beams of the setting sun.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—VI.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

ETHNOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVE TRIBES—THE TRARZAS—THE DOUAICHS—THE NEGRO RACES: FOULAHS, MALINKÉS, OUOLOFS.

THE last chapter was devoted to a description of the Braknas, and we will now detail what is known of the Trarzas, which



MOORS OF WESTERN AFRICA.

come of the same stock—the Beni-Hassan. As has been already said, the Zenaga Berbers were the first white race who obtained dominion over the negroes in Western Africa. They were supplanted in the eleventh century of our era, by the Beni-Hassan, who were themselves a fraction of the Makil. This race, numerically weak when they issued from their native Yemen, gradually increased in numbers as they marched westward, until they became one of the great powers of Africa. The Makil were subdivided into three fractions—the Beni Obeid-Allah, the Beni-Mansour, and the Beni-Hassan; this last, whose instincts were purely nomadic, extended themselves through the Great Desert until they founded an empire on the banks of the Senegal, conquering the Zenagas, on whom they not only imposed taxes, but the religion of Mohammed, which owes as many of its victories to the sword as to the conviction that comes from within.

The country of the Trarzas is situated on the right bank of the Senegal, from the sea to the affluent called Mahguen,* opposite Gaé, where it adjoins the territory of the Braknas, and has a variable breadth, averaging over 300 miles. The

* Mahguen is the native term for "funnel."



GROUP OF MOHAMMEDANS OF WESTERN AFRICA.

name is, properly speaking, applied to some ruling Arab families known as the Ouled-Dahman, Ouled-boo-Alia, the Aleb, and the Moussat; these tribes rule all the population within the above limits, whether they be Arabs, Berbers, or Negroes. The French have applied, indiscriminately, the name Trarza to all these races, and the potentate they style King of Trarza is really only Sheikh of the Ouled-Ahmed-ben-Dahman, elected to this position by the suffrages of his own people, and consequently ruling all the above subject races. The king is more or less powerful and respected according as he is able to enforce his decrees; and, like most of these desert chiefs, holds his tenure only by the sword.

The Trarzas, then, are a branch of the great family of the Beni-Hassan Arabs, themselves a fraction of the Makil, who, having conquered the Zenaga Berbers, occupied the country between the sea and the river Mahguen. A portion of these Berbers, on account of the religious influence they acquired as Marabouts, or priests, afterwards escaped the imposition of the tribute imposed on their countrymen—and as at Senegal the name Zenaga has become synonymous with tributary—they repelled the name and called themselves Tolba, which is the plural of "Taleb," signifying students, or monks. Thus the inhabitants of the Trarza country are composed half of Berbers, and half of Arabs, but as both these races have intermarried much with the negroes, who have adopted the habits and vices of their masters, it may be said that one-third of the people are either half-caste Arabs or Berbers, who, whether free or enslaved, are nomadic in their mode of life. As the term Zenaga has come to bear the general signification of tributary, so the word Hassan denotes prince or warrior. Among other tribes of the Beni-Hassan, not holding a prominent position, are the Ouled-Rezg, who assert that they ruled the country before the arrival of the Trarzas, and that they are of nobler origin; but driven by them to the south, they have become almost amalgamated with the Negroes of Ualo, and have little more political importance. The King of the Trarzas, Mohammed-el-Habib—who has reigned for nearly forty years—is absolute sovereign, and has less to fear from the hostility of any of the tribes, Arab or Berber, within his dominions, than from rivalry in his family. For during three years he waged a destructive war with his neighbours, the French, and pertinaciously refused to come to terms, although his people, who had been ruined by the ravages of the contending forces, sought to induce him to yield.

After the Beni-Hassan come two Arab tribes of a distinct origin, called the Mehalla. They are named the Bouidat, who came from Morocco about the eighteenth century; and the Ouled-Reguig, from the same country, who settled more recently. Of the tribes of Berber origin, only one exists at the present day possessing martial qualities. This is the Nirzig, the two fractions of which were the last to submit and pay tribute to the Ouled-Dahman. Of the other tribes of Berber origin, all of whom are either Tolbas or Marabouts, the principal are: the Ouled-Diman, inhabiting the interior; the Koumlailen, who chiefly carry on the commerce of Cayor; the Tendagha, who live near the French settlement at Senegal, and supply the city with milk and butter; the Ntabou, who have ceased to speak the Berber language; the Tachedbit, who have also most forgotten their mother-tongue; the Aid-Rmadjik, famed, on the other hand, for the purity with which they speak it, and other less notable tribes. The Aidou-el-Hadj, whom the Negroes call "Darmanko," and the French "Darmancours," are an important tribe of Marabouts of Berber origin, and have accorded to them a certain independence of the Trarzas, which they claim from having been the first to sell to Europeans the gums which are a chief source of the wealth of the native inhabitants of Senegambia. Lastly come some minor tribes or fractions of freedmen, who are called Ahratin, of whom the principal is the Zomboti. The Ahratins are almost full-blooded blacks.

We will now describe another division of the Trarzas, who are not only geographically distinct, but whose habits and modes of life are dissimilar. These warlike tribes are called El Guebla (Southerners), and more than any of the others frequent the river, on the left bank of which they chiefly make their homes. As during the winter season the banks of the Senegal prove fatal to camels and high-bred horses, they breed chiefly immense herds of cattle, which find good pasture. These tribes, which are much given to brigandage, are incapable of traversing the desert, and thus it has happened that during hostilities with the French, or internal dissensions, they are, like the Marabouts, the chief sufferers. The following are the chief tribes of the El Guebla: the Azouna, and Ouled-Rezg, who are of the Beni-Hassan Arabs; and the Nirzig, who are Zenagas. Probably they will become completely separated from the Trarzas, and join the Ualo, but their predatory habits will always make them a source of trouble to the French lords of Senegambia. The Trarza Moors—who, one hundred years ago, paid tribute to the Ouolofs of Ualo, for permission to pitch their tents on the banks of the river—at the beginning of this century, seized on the right bank, and, more recently, established their supremacy even in the Ualo territory on the opposite bank. As the protection of these native states against the aggressive policy of the Moors did not appear to the French Government of that date of sufficient importance to warrant them in taking up arms in their favour, Guimbotte, Queen of Ualo, in order to avert the complete subjugation of her people, and having no other resource, contracted a matrimonial alliance with the King of the Trarzas, Mohammed-el-Habib. In a previous chapter we have already detailed the political results of this marriage, as regards the struggle for the possession of Ualo, which ensued between the French and Mohammed-el-Habib, acting on behalf of his son by Queen Guimbotte. It is certain that the French, by the treaty of 1835, renounced their claims to this territory in favour of the heirs of the queen; but, although a son, Ely, was born to the royal pair, after many campaigns, in which the Trarzas assisted their weaker neighbours, Ualo was, in 1854, finally separated from the Moorish state on the opposite bank of the Senegal, and became an integral part of that colony.

Under the reign of Mohammed-el-Habib the power of the Trarzas was extended on both banks of the river, and he not only acquired a preponderating influence over some of his neighbours, the Braknas, but also over the desert tribes of Ouled-Aida, and the Douaich Moors. In recent years his influence has greatly decreased, and the tribe no longer inspires the dread it did some forty years ago.

The French traveller, M. Caillé, who was for many years in political charge of the river, estimated the population of Trarza at 55,000 souls, of whom 25,000 belong to the warlike tribes, and 30,000 to the tribes of Marabouts. During the three years' war they waged with the French, the resistance

they made was less than might have been expected, when it is taken into account that they were armed with 6,000 muskets.

The Trarzas sell to the French, on an average, about 400,000 or 500,000 kilogrammes* of gums, and form caravans for journeying into the interior with the articles of merchandise they get in exchange.

The Moors did not trade with the French until the year 1854, when annual fairs were established at certain places on the river, selected in accord with them. The Government sent an officer to superintend the fair, to which all the Moors of the desert, whether merchants or not, would flock as to a *fête*. The French authorities paid a stipulated toll to the Moorish chiefs, who, in addition, levied dues on the merchant vessels which traded to the fairs. At length, on the repeated demand of the French merchants, who were restive under these exactions, this system was abandoned, notwithstanding the opposition of the Moors. Since that time the French buy the gums, which form the staple of the country's products, at their fortified posts, Saint Louis (Senegal), Dagana, Podor, Matam, and Bakel, and that all the year round, instead of at stated intervals, while free trade exists in gums and all other commodities. The Douaichs were the first to accede to the new conditions imposed by the French, according to the terms of which the Moorish kings, instead of levying customs on all merchandise, levied certain dues on exports as an equivalent.

The mode of succession to the Trarza throne is hereditary in the males, but with the consent of the principal branches of the royal family. All the Trarzas, properly so called, are descended from Terrouz, from whom they derive their name, Trarza being the plural form of that word.

The Ouled-ben-Alia, the Aleb, and the Moussat are now the least powerful among them, the Ouled Dahman, descended from Dahman, forming the ruling tribe of the nation. Of these the Ouled-Ahmed-ben-Dahman, whose name implies that they trace their ancestry to Ahmed, son of Dahman, are the chief fraction. They again are divided into two branches: the one descended from Brahmin, son of Ahmed, called El Tounsi, who do not furnish the kings, but have a voice in their election; the other, descended from Addi,† the eldest of the sons of Ahmed, is again subdivided into two branches, one tracing its descent from Cherghi, son of Addi, called El Cherghi-Ouled-Addi,‡ who exercise much authority in the elections of the Trarza kings, though they are not selected from their ranks; and the other sub-branch descending from Ely-Chandora (mentioned in the history of the Père Labat), and in which the royal stock of the Trarza kings is recognised to exist.

The eldest son of Ely-Chandora was Amar, who succeeded him, and all the kings up to 1817 were brothers, sons, grandsons, and great grandsons of this Amar-Ould-Ely. At length, when the succession rested with two princes, both too young to reign, Prince Amar-Ould-Mokhtar, a member of the royal family descended from Ely-Chandora, but not from Amar, the progenitor of the reigning stock, was appointed regent, but usurped the throne. Mokhtar, one of the young princes, after having struggled ineffectually against the usurper, resigned his rights, and after having led a wandering life, was shot at Saint Louis for having murdered a French subject. Amar-Ould-Mokhtar remained in peaceable possession of power, and when dying, bequeathed his seat to his son, Mohammed-el-Habib, who, since his accession about 1834, remained undisturbed, and we believe is still on the throne. There are, however, rivals, for Mokhtar left a son who has not resigned his rights as the legitimate heir, and there is also a second candidate in the person of Alia, grandson of Amar-Coumba, himself a grandson of Amar-Ould-Ely. Mohammed-el-Habib had six brothers, some of whom have died, and most have had no children. He himself was not the eldest, and he lies under the imputation of having assassinated one of his brothers, called Ould-el-Eigat. Another of the family, Ely Khamleck, was killed in Cayor, and has left a son called Ould-Ely-Khamleck. Mohammed has named as his heir to the throne his eldest son Sidi, whom he had by a Trarza princess. He destines the left bank of the river to his son Ely, the fruit of his marriage in 1833 with Guimbotte, Queen of Ualo, as already recounted. Mohammed-el-Habib has also three other younger children by a princess of the Ouled-Dahman.

This prince has exercised considerable influence in the affairs of Brakna, and used his influence to force Mohammed Sidi to refuse the alliance of the French, with whom he had always been at enmity. It was in consequence of the unfavourable response to their overtures, that the European lords of Senegal turned to Sidi Ely, whom they recognised.

The territory of the Douaichs begins at El-Modinalla, on the right bank of the Senegal River, and extends beyond Guidimakha, though it is in the desert interior that their power chiefly extends. Unlike the Braknas and Trarzas, the Douaichs are not dwellers on the banks of the Senegal, for though they sojourn there for commercial objects or to make raids on the Negro races, their ordinary camping-grounds are in the far distant north, towards Tagant, which belongs to them.

Though the Douaichs present the same mixture of races as the Braknas and Trarzas, and possess similar customs and institutions, yet there is one point in which they offer a marked contrast. It is that the Zenaga race originally conquered and held in subjection among them, as among their neighbours, by the Beni-Hassan Arabs, have regained among the Douaichs the upper hand, and are now again lords where they were formerly slaves. Nevertheless, on account of the depreciatory significance attaching among the Braknas and Trarzas to the word Zenaga, the Douaich princes do not voluntarily apply the opprobrious name to themselves.

The name of Douaich, which is not a generic term, but a nickname, is properly applied to the families of princes and tributary warriors, who take part in their civil wars. About fifty years ago the Douaichs broke up into two parties, inimical to each other: one has taken the *sobriquet* of Abakak, because during the long war they waged with their brethren after the disruption, they subsisted in the woods to which they betook themselves, on a kind of gum called *abakak*, and the other call themselves Chratit, a kind of hyena, because, being reduced to similar straits during the progress of the fratricidal war, they were forced to sustain life on the hides of oxen, like their prototypes.

As we have already said, the Berber tribes, in the present

* A kilogramme is equal to 2·20 lb. avoirdupois.

† This chief has given his name to Portendik, corrupted from *Port d'Addi*.

‡ The two branches, El Tounsi and El Cherghi-Ouled-Addi, have received the *sobriquet* of Khandoussa (the name of an insect), under which they are known in Senegal. They are the richest of the Trarzas, and when they are discontented and cannot get the upper hand, they proceed into Adrar and join the Ouled-Yaya-ben-Othman.

day known under the name of Douaichs, were formerly tributaries of various Arab tribes, descendants of the Beni-Hassan, called the Ouled-Embarek, Ouled-Naceur, and Ouled-Bella.

About 1800, Mohammed-ben-Khouna, chief of the Douaichs, refused to pay tribute. After him, Mohammed-Bakar commenced the war of independence, which was finally brought to a successful conclusion by Mohammed-Chein, who drove the Ouled-Embarek from the country now occupied by the Douaichs. The war with Ouled-Naceur was of much longer continuance, and with regard to the Ouled-Bella, they are almost extinct, though some of them, who became Marabouts, still occupy the town of Tychit. In 1819, the son of Mohammed-Chein, himself called Mohammed, was on the throne when he constructed Bakel, on the Senegal River, which is now the chief town of an arrondissement of the same name, under the authority of the French Governor of Saint Louis, and has a population of nearly 3,000 souls. When Mohammed died, leaving six sons, the eldest, called Souid-Ahmed, usurped power in the place of his uncle, the legitimate heir; hence arose the division of the people into two parties—the Abakak, who supported Souid-Ahmed, the hereditary heir, and the Chratit, who ranged themselves on the side of his uncle El-Mokhtar. Souid-Ahmed left five sons—Mohammed, who succeeded him, Bakar, the present king, and three others. After the death of El-Mokhtar, Ahmed El-Mokhtar, his son, became the head of his party, and after his death, when his brother Bakar was assassinated by an Abakak, Racoud-Ould-Ely-Ould-Mohammed-Chein was hailed sheikh of the tribe. The Chratit are allied with Sidi Ely, King of the Braknas, while the Abakak have coalesced with Mohammed Sidi, his rival, and Mohammed-el-Habib, the Trarza king. Besides the warlike tributaries* of the two Douaich tribes, there are also tributaries of an inferior order, whom they force into their service whenever they can. On the side of the Abakak, there are the numerous tribe of Ladem, and on that of the Chratit, the Macht-souf, also very numerous and rich. Lastly, we must notice the tribes of Marabouts, or merchants, all of Berber-Zenaga origin, except the Kountah, a large tribe of Marabout warriors, of Arab origin, who inhabit the country of Tagant. Another powerful tribe is the Ouled-Sidi-Mahmoud, of whom some few of the oldest men speak the Berber tongue, which all the Douaichs have long since forgotten. These latter are allied with the Chratit, the Kountah being on the side of the Abakak, and often hostilities are waged between them. There are also the Tajakant, and the Lamtouna, who still speak the Berber-Zenaga, and were in past times the most powerful tribe of this race.† They say



ON THE UPPER SENEGAL.

* The tributaries of the Abakak are, Ouled-Tahla, El Chebli, and Ouled-Euouachkot; of the Chratit, Dayat, Idakfouni, Ideichelli. and Ouled-bou-Lahia. The Adjilat and Toghda are divided in their allegiance.

† The other tribes of Marabouts are, the Torkos, the Tagat, the Idoualy, the Idabou-Lhas, the Aghlal (very numerous), the Ideyboussat, and the Messouma.



WOMEN OF ELMINA.

the Douaich princes were their progenitors, which is good proof of the Berber origin of these latter.

The Douaich warriors make raids on the neighbouring districts of Gadiaga, Damga, Bondou, and Bambouk. Their chief trade is with Bakel, whither all their merchants convey the gums which form the chief article of commerce. They sell also large quantities of oxen and sheep, and butter, much esteemed in the market, and fine horses. There is great difficulty in making an accurate estimate of the Douaich population; but it is supposed by French authorities to be less numerous than the Trarzas or the Braknas. The Douaichs have the reputation of being good soldiers, particularly when mounted. They maintain friendly relations with all the populations of the Sahara Desert, extending northward and westward to Morocco.

To the east of the Douaich country, and fronting Kamera, Khasso, and Kaarta, there are other Moorish tribes of whom some keep up communications with the French in Senegal.

The Ouled-Embarek constitute a powerful Arab tribe, formerly lords over the Douaichs, and now their rivals. They are also of the Beni-Hassan tribe, of the same stock as the Trarzas and Braknas, for their ancestor, Embarek, was brother to Haddadj, father of Terrouz and Berkani. One of the most important fractions of the Ouled-Embarek is the Ely-Ouled-Ahmar, masters of Bakhounou, a country inhabited by negroes, and called by travellers and geographers, Ludamar, a corruption of Ely-Ould-Ahmar. The Ouled-Embarek pay tribute to the Bambaras of Kaarta.

The Ouled-en-Naceur were formerly an integral part of the Ouled-Embarek, but are now independent of them. They never approach the river, and therefore do not come into collision with the French, though frequently they are embroiled with their Douaich neighbours. The tribe of Askeur are distinct from the Ouled-Embarek, though they trace their descent from the Beni-Hassan Arabs. They are numerous and of martial spirit, and sometimes engage in war with the Douaichs and Ouled-en-Naceur. Their territory abuts on the Senegal near the highland of Makhana, where they receive certain tolls from French traders; they in turn paying tribute to some villages of Guidimakha. The Askeur rule the El-Ghouizi, formerly a fraction of the Ouled-Embarek, and make incursions into Bambouk* while they are allied with Khasso, with whose daughters they intermarry.

The Ouled-Yaya-Ben-Othman form an independent tribe, also descended from the Beni-Hassan, and living to the north-east of the Trarza country in Adrar, of which they are masters. Adrar includes some oases, of which the chief are Ouadan and Chinguéti, inhabited by some holy Marabouts, or priests, of the Berber-Zenaga tribe of the Aidou-el-Hadj. Though the Yaya-ben-Othman are less powerful than the Trarzas, they are very rich, owing to the trade they carry on with Morocco. Their sheikhs call themselves Ould-Aida, after their ancestor Aida. When the two branches of the Trarzas, known under the name of Khandoussa, were not strong enough to cope with the king, the princes took refuge in Adrar, and there the Yaya-ben-Othman became powerful enemies to Mohammed-el-Habib. The war between them was very protracted, and was waged with varying success. In 1854, Mohammed-el-Habib treacherously killed Ould Aida; and some time after, when he became involved in war with the French, being unable to hold his own against both belligerents, he recognised the son of Ould-Aida as Sheikh of the Yaya-ben-Othman, and made concessions to the Khandoussa princes, who returned to their country.

During the past twenty years the French have encountered two powerful enemies, both of whom were made to feel their inability to cope with an European power. These were Mohammed-el-Habib, King of the Trarzas, and Hadji Omar, the fanatical Mussulman sovereign of the races who were banded together under his rule, and waged a holy war against the small Christian colony in Senegal.

Like the comparatively fair Arab races above described, the black races of Senegambia are divided into distinct types, which are traceable in the more or less deep colouring of the skin, in the figure, and in features of the face, and in the degree of intelligence they exhibit. These races are much mixed with one another, but the surest way of distinguishing them is the study of their language and dialects. Confining our researches to the basins of the Senegal and the Upper Niger, we will briefly describe the black nationalities which inhabit the parts which either form a dependency of France or are subject to her influence.

There are three distinct races: the Foulahs or Fellahs, the Malinkés, which include the Soninkés, and the Ouolof race, to which are attached the Serers.

The Foulahs are of reddish-brown colour, with hair scarcely woolly in texture, almost European features, and fine slender figures.* This people, having intelligences well developed and capable of considerable cultivation, are the most powerful in that portion of the African continent comprised between the 10th and 18th degrees of north latitude. The Mussulman races who invaded the Soudan, found in these Foulahs a people having a greater resemblance to themselves than any other in regard of intellectual qualities; they also were the first to embrace Islamism, and showed their superiority in the powerful states they founded, such as Haoussa, Macina, Fouta-Senegal, Bondou, and Fouta D'jallon. As the Berbers and Arabs since the 11th century of our era played a great part in the destinies of these countries, so the Foulahs at a later date have exercised a predominant influence among the black races with whom they came into contact, converting them by force of arms to the religion of Mohammed. Thus the empire of Haoussa was founded in the commencement of this century by a warlike Marabout called Othman Fou Dir.† Fouta-Senegal (which, as well as Bondou and other states, has already been described) owed its existence to another conquering priest, Abd-oul-Kader, who flourished in the end of the last century; making his acquisition a fresh centre for the spread of Mohammedanism. This fanatic gave the French a difficult task in overcoming him. Again, the kingdom of Fouta D'jallon was founded in a similar manner about the same time by a Foulah Marabout from Haoussa named Alfa-Sidi, who sub-

* Bambouk and Khasso are situated on the opposite or left bank of the Senegal, in the delta between that river and the Falémé.

* As we have said, there is a great admixture among the Foulahs as many other races, and this description only applies to the pure-blooded Foulahs.

† Fou Dir, in the Foulah language, means "learned." If the statements of Foulahs, as gathered by French authorities, are to be relied upon, the founder of the Foulah supremacy in Central Africa, whom travellers call Danfodio, and whose true name is Othman Fou Dii, father of the Sultan Mohammed Bello, of Clapperton, was a Toucouleur of Fouta-Toro.

iugated the D'jalonkés, the natives of the country; Macina likewise owed its existence to a Marabout Sheikh, Ahmadou, who established his supremacy at the beginning of this century, and in our day the redoubtable Marabout, El Hadj, founded a new and vast Mussulman empire on the ruins of Kaarta and all the neighbouring states of the Upper Senegal, which might have flourished had he not made shipwreck of it by coming into collision with the disciplined legionaries of France. In the migrations and displacements caused by these wars of conquest and religion, the Foulah blood was mingled with that of subject-races, and their Negro neighbours properly so called. When, in any of their colonies, the black element assumes a predominant proportion, the mixed race is designated in the Senegal language Toucouleur, though of the origin of that word nothing is known. Of this hybrid character are the inhabitants of Fouta-Senegal, Bondou, and Fouta-D'jallon.

On the other hand, there are on the borders of Senegal some Foulah tribes who have not yet embraced Mohammedanism, having preserved their manners and pure blood amid all the influences around them; it is among these that may still be seen people of the type we have depicted above.

The genius of the Foulah race is pastoral; so to speak, they identify themselves with their flocks of cattle. In manners they are very gentle and tractable, but excessively inclined to theft. The more they mingle with the Negro races the more they devote themselves to tillage, and it may be added they do not gain by the loss of the Foulah peculiarities of face and character. The language of the pure-blooded Foulahs is sweet and harmonious, and has not the harsh Arabic *kh*, which distinguishes it essentially from all the languages of Southern Africa. We are not aware that it has been studied by European philologists, though it deserves to be. As a necessary consequence of their being Mussulmans, the Foulahs are animated by a desire to trace their origin from some personage of the Koran. The Marabouts have therefore invented for them a genealogy which traces their descent from one Felloben-Hymier,* though it is a mere hypothesis unsupported by any evidence. This fable, however, is less incredible than another by which their descent is traced to a Roman legion which was lost in the desert. The real ancestry and history of this race is one that might interest an ethnologist, and Colonel Faidherbe, in his valuable treatise on Senegal, throws out a suggestion that they are the representatives of the people who inhabited Egypt at the remote era when her civilisation placed her at the head of cultivated nations.

The pure Negro races are the Malinké and Soninké, who inhabit the country north of the mountainous districts where the Niger, Senegal, and Gambier take their sources. This tract includes at least fifteen more or less considerable states, named Segou, Kaarta, Bakhounou, Beledougou, Ouli, Kantora, Bambouk, Bar, Niani, Badibon, Sagala, Kismis, Soulimana, Limba, Timisso, Balea. The languages they speak are dialects of the same tongue, showing that they are one race, and, notwithstanding great diversities of blood, infinite territorial divisions, caused by wars and political events, and the varying names adopted by the fractions who speak the same dialect, it is evident that they belong to the same family. The most numerous fraction of this race, which in our day forms the most powerful state, gives the name to the whole, and is that known to English geographers as Mandingoes, though the French, restoring to them the name by which they are known among themselves, designate them Malinkés. According to the rules of the language, Mali-nké means an inhabitant of Mali, an empire referred to by Arab historians of the Middle Ages who have written of this part of Africa.

Under this general term, Malinké, are classed the populations of Kaarta and Segou, their language being similar. French writers also attach to them as a branch of the same race the widely-spread nationalities known at Senegal under the name of Sarakhollé, whose true name is Soninké, but whose common origin is attested by the similarity of their languages. In the Sarakhollé tongue, which, in this instance, as in numerous others, shows a similarity to the Mandingo language, Soni-nké means a native of Soni. But the signification of the word Soni is lost, as in the case of Mali, and it is not known whether it is indicative of a country or a people.

* The Arabic word *hymier* they affect to derive from the diminutive *haymer*, which means "reddish," and is descriptive of their colour.

A Boat Cruise in Greenland.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

FREDERICKSHAAB.

THE morning of October the 17th was fine, with a northerly wind. We were up early, but the state of the ice outside was such as to prevent a start in the ship for Julianashaab, so we took to the boats, and after breakfast went on shore for our women crews—men could not be spared—but found that we could not obtain the number to complete without going to the village of Quanöe. We then took four men, who were to go with us to that place, and then return in their *kyaks*, which we took in tow. We also found that the oars of our boats were too large and heavy for the women, so we substituted some of their own regular women's oars for them. We took our own coxswains, and Stephen and another as pilots.

All being ready, we left Frederickshaab with three boats before eleven o'clock, with a parting cheer from those left behind in the ship. Young and Woods were in one boat, Colonel Shaffner and Dr. Rae in the second, and Von Zeilau and myself in the third. Owing to a mistake in our order, the whale-boat (with Rae in command), was not fitted with a sail; but Rae, like a true traveller, was not to be stopped by trifles,

and started with a smoke-sail. I saw that he was very busy in the boat, and in a short time up went another sail, and before the day was out, by working up some pieces of old tent and some sheets, he had contrived to make a very respectable sail, and could keep up with the other boats.

We sailed up the fiord, at times passing through thin ice, and at one in the afternoon rounded the east end of Quanöe, and ran into a small cove close to the village. With two exceptions we here completed our lady crews, and two young gentlemen were induced to go in the whale-boat, the other men returning to Frederickshaab. Major von Zeilau, with much



NEAR FREDERICKSHAAB.

forethought and discrimination, had carefully selected the four best-looking young women for our boat, although, by the way, one of them was a widow. Philipina was my after oar, Christina next, Philipina (the widow) the third, and Juliana my bow-woman.

We did not remain long at Quanöe, but made sail across the fiord. The view was very fine, the mountains coming down with precipitous sides into the sea, the summits of some of them obscured in mist and covered with snow, which gradually diminished down the sides.

We next ran through Kassuslob Channel — only about two hundred yards wide—having the island of Kassusfjeld on the right and the mainland on the left. Soon after four, we passed the small village of Krikertok, eighteen miles from Frederickshaab, and half-an-hour after landed on the small island of Illuiluvsak, from the summit of which we would be able to see the state of the ice across the fiords to the southward. On reaching the summit we found that the northerly winds had driven the ice down against the southern sides of all the fiords, filling up Narsalik Fiord, and running a considerable distance to seaward.

The pilots advised our not proceeding further, as, if the boats got outside the ice, there was much doubt if they would be able to get in anywhere, and with women in the boats that might prove awkward, even if an advance had not been dangerous, so we returned to Krikertok and pitched our tents for the night, the women taking up their quarters with their own countryfolk in the huts.

In one of the houses we found Christina, the orphan girl we had subscribed for to fit out in clothes at Frederickshaab. It appears there had been some disagreement at the settlement between the governor and the pastor about the said little girl; Shaffner had very kindly offered to give a sum of money to enable the child to be educated, and the pastor wished to keep her at the settlement for that purpose, but Mr. Tweedie, the Governor, opposed it on the ground that if the girl were kept at the settlement all her relations would want to be with her, and it is against the interests of the Royal Danish Company to allow more than a certain number to reside at the settlement on account of the hunting and fishing; at all events poor Christina was sent off to her friends, and a great deal of ill-feeling was occasioned by the kind offer of the colonel.

We selected a clean spot of snow for our tents, and the whole village turned out to assist in hauling our boats up on

the rocks, and carrying our gear. We divided our party in the tents, and turned into our blanket-bags, which served for bed, bedclothes, &c. I cannot say that sleeping was very general, none of us having been accustomed of late to quite such hard beds, and towards the middle of the night the cold became severe, although only at 28°; but what was most provoking to me, when lying awake and shivering, was to hear one of our party snoring away as he would have done in a feather bed, and I could not help growling out, "That fellow would sleep on the top of an iceberg."

We were not sorry at early dawn to be stirring. Breakfast, boats, and all were ready about the same time, and after partaking of the meal we went across to the same island we had been to on the previous evening to look at the ice outside before venturing out. It had not altered much during the night, and the coast was still unfit for boat navigation; the water was tolerably clear outside the shore-ice, but the wind was blowing half a gale from the northward.

After consultation, Young determined to return to the ship and attempt to get south in her, as it was hopeless to think of doing it in the boats; so we started and made good progress with the tide until we came to Kassuslob Channel. Here we found the current running about three knots, and we could see the ice almost pouring into the fiord. It was as much as we could do to get through the narrowest part of the channel, for the wind, having the whole fetch across the fiord, swept down very strongly, and caused a sea against which it was hard to pull.

Our gallant crews behaved nobly, and we helped them by double banking the oars. We were anxious to reach Quanöe, as that was the only place we could stop at on our way without losing ground by returning. A great quantity of ice was in the fiord, but all travelling fast south.

At one o'clock we got to Quanöe village, all very cold and wet; so benumbed did I feel that I selected the oldest woman of the village, who had come down to see us land, and with



GREENLANDERS.

her had a regular dance on the rocks, much to the astonishment and delight of all hands. The old lady stepped out bravely, and would have kept it up much longer than I could; and although we might somewhat have failed as to elegance and grace, the desired effect was accomplished, and I left off in a perfect glow from the exercise.

We pitched a tent, proposing only to rest and dine, but the wind increased to a gale, and a nasty short sea setting into the fiord, Young resolved to remain until it moderated, and if it did not, to remain the night.

A kettle mess of preserved meat, salt pork, and broken biscuit soon made us feel comfortable, after which, seeing there was no chance of the wind moderating, we removed the tents higher up on to a smooth surface, and prepared for remaining the night.

Von Zeilau, who, in consequence of the cold, had passed a sleepless night, resolved to make himself more comfortable if possible, and accordingly took a lodge for the season; this was a hut built with a few stones and roofed in with turf sods as a storehouse for fish. He cleared away until he got space to sleep, and having obtained some heather and laid some matting over, he made his bed. I could not make up my mind to share his quarters, although invited to do so, the smell of the fish was too strong. He, however, went fast asleep, but previous to his retirement he and I indulged in a luxury not often enjoyed on a Greenland boating expedition, and had we been preparing for some great necromantic feat, we could not have attracted greater attention from the natives than we did when preparing for a wash, and as we made several of them useful on the occasion, they were much pleased at the same time; one held the soap, another a towel, while a third held a small looking-glass, a fourth a comb, and so on with every article of our toilet, all of which we placed in their hands with becoming gravity. Having divested ourselves of our coats and broken a hole in the ice of a small lakelet, we proceeded to wash, and whether the natives considered we were performing a religious ceremony or not, I cannot say, but not one of them smiled—it was evidently something new to them; but when we took a pannikin of water and began to clean our teeth, their astonishment was unbounded.

Dr. Rae went off shooting (he shot two ptarmigan), the colonel, Woods, and myself, decided to pay a round of visits to the inhabitants, and left the tents with that intention; but as we found nearly all of them in the first house we went to, we did not get further on our visiting excursion. The house was the schoolmaster's, the largest in the village; it had a comfortable appearance, and there was a clock in it. We found our three coxswains, our women-crews, and the villagers. Room was made for us, but the space was very limited.

Shaffner, who was a Virginian and an Anti-abolitionist, and who would not, in the United States, have ridden in the same car with a coloured man, was here seated alongside an Esquimaux, who was very dark and dirty, so I took the opportunity of testing the colonel's principles by asking him if that were a man or a "nigger" sitting by him. The colonel looked round at his dusky companion and was somewhat puzzled, but soon found an answer: "A *man* here, but worth 800 dollars in the States." The colonel had not travelled in vain.

The schoolmaster played the violin, so we insisted on a tune, and after that we had a song, and then several songs. Rae joined us, and we remained until the place became so hot and steaming that we could scarcely breathe, so were obliged to get out quickly.

I afterwards went into the house in which the old lady lived who had been my partner in the dance when we landed. She invited me in, and also invited me to sleep there, but that I declined. No doubt I should have slept warmly enough, but I had not been long enough among the Uskees to overcome my repugnance to the smell. I had also made my preparations for sleeping in the tent; a baby was asleep on the platform, and I had evidently disturbed the slumbers of a fine little fellow about four years old, who got up *in puris naturalibus* to look at me.

It was nearly dark when I got back to the tent. I found that the colonel had company, and they were singing and making merry; so I took a walk a little way above the village and looked down on it from a slight eminence. While standing there I could not help thinking of the strangeness of the situation I found myself in. That day three months I had been busy preparing for the reception of Her Majesty, and at that time may be said to have been associated with the highest society; but here with the lowest—as far as social position may be considered—in a cold bleak region, so different from the one I had left; and yet there was a charm in it all that causes me, even now, to recall that scene with pleasure, although I am afraid the remembrance would not have been so pleasant if I had had to endure the discomforts of that kind of life for any length of time.

I was aroused from my contemplation by a summons to a cup of hot coffee, which was very acceptable, after which several of our lady crew appearing at the door of the tent, we invited them in, and again we sang, and they sang, and we all sang until it was time to turn in.

A more good-tempered, laughing, willing set than these Uskee girls I never saw; nothing appeared to put them out; they did not feel cold (that might be expected); they pulled well; they carried loads; they were willing to sit up all night laughing and singing, or to go to sleep and be up with the dawn—nothing came amiss to them, and yet with all their love of fun, there was nothing of an approach to impropriety; they were never separate from each other, and being *sans crinoline*, and wearing sealskin breeches, they were better enabled to run about and mix among men than they otherwise would have been. Their pay was at the rate of five Danish dollars a month, or eleven shillings and sixpence (we paid them six) and their food, which consisted of a little coffee and a few rusks daily, and anything else they could pick up alongshore.

At nine o'clock we said good-night and turned in. We had taken the precaution to put oil coats and waterproofs round the weather side of the tent to keep the cold wind out, but during the night it shifted to the eastward and blew right in at the door of the tent; so, with the temperature at 22°, we found it extremely cold, but I slept more comfortably than I did the previous night. I have no doubt that at the end of a week I should have slept as comfortably as in my own bed.

We had kept our boats afloat ready for a start in the middle of the night, if the wind had moderated, and Young had taken the precaution of having a watchman to look after them, and well it was he did so, for when the wind shifted it brought a quantity of ice down on the shore, and they would have been crushed had they not been hauled up in time.

I got up about three o'clock to have a look at the weather. It was not so dark but that I could see to some little distance clear of the island. A quantity of ice had come round the north point and set right into the bay, large masses were setting out of the fiord past the island with such rapidity that it looked as if they were shooting a rapid. One cannot help being struck with astonishment at large masses being moved by machinery which give one such an idea of its power, and can look with mute wonder at the eternal fall of Niagara or Montmorency; but nothing impressed me with so much awe as seeing these icebergs, weighing thousands of tons, rushing past the land, without apparent cause, at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

I stood some time watching them, but the wind was so cutting I was glad to creep back again into my blanket-bag..

With the natural feeling of an Englishman, and with no more than five in a tent, I did not like coming in contact with my neighbours, and during the first night no sooner did I touch one than I hitched away as quickly as possible, but this night I happened to roll down on the top of the colonel without waking, and found him so comfortable when I did wake, that I did not care to hitch myself away, and enjoyed a nice sleep in consequence.

We were up a little after five, and fortunately found a small lane of water to the westward, which enabled us to launch the boats and get our traps in. Directly after breakfast we started, and, under sail and pulling, got on board our ship by nine o'clock.

"Long Tom" Gold-Washing.

My first sight of "Long Tom" was in February, 1852. "Long Tom," though never lying in a cradle, owed its existence to the cradle, and was, in fact, the offspring of the cradle. The illustration (p. 181) gives a representation of "Long Tom" and the important part played by the same in mining enterprises.

The earliest gold-mining was the extraction of the glittering morsels from the sands of auriferous streams. This was first effected, doubtless, by the primitive process of fingers and thumb. The coloured beauty whose hair was decorated by the pretty yellow grains must have been an object of envy to her sisters in the tribe, and nuggeting became a new and profitable industry. The calabash, or any dish contrivance, hastened the process of washing, and revealed many a sparkling hider in the sand. The cradle was a great advance upon the dish, and saved a deal of back-bending. "Long Tom" came as a more effectual worker. The trough could be placed in the way of running water, which would readily carry off the lighter particles of the washdirt placed in the arms of "Long Tom," and so leave the precious remains at the bottom of the trough.

The river Loddon, in the colony of Victoria, was the scene of the first "Long Tom" brought under my observation.

What a notable journey was that of our party from Melbourne to the Loddon! A bullock dray, and not a railway, was then the order of the day. But a good-looking horse undertook to carry us up in a spring cart. How jubilant were our feelings as we rattled over the macadamised street! But at the town boundary our first troubles began, for there the main road terminated, and a deep chasm opened to receive the wheels. Three miles on, the first stream had to be crossed. The driver, by useful engineering, and a liberal use of thong and entreaty, got the panting beast in safety to the other side.

The joys of the road were then our own. The "swag" of provisions, picks, shovels, dishes, and camp ovens proved to be quite enough for our horse, whose motions were henceforth slow enough to permit us to stroll at ease. The ungrateful beast, not satisfied with our walking henceforth and always, resolved that we should share with him the toil of the "swag," and took to studious reflection in the deeper ruts and mire-pits, as well as to the ill-mannered habit of jibbing. Fearing the safety of the vehicle on the steep and roadless slopes of the hills, where each one had to make his own track, we had the comfort of hanging on to the shafts and pushing up behind. It was in that early diggings' time when drays were occasionally a month or six weeks doing one hundred miles.

After traversing the basaltic plains spreading from Port Philip Bay to the ranges, we entered the gloomy and dreaded Black Forest, which had just gained its murderous reputation. The primitive digger can never forget that dozen miles' passage of horrors. The seemingly never-ending, short, abrupt rises, with the slough of despond on either side; the trees, giving no shelter from sun or rain, but displaying their grim blackness, from the forest fires; the constant view of broken-down drays; the repeated tale of sorrow—from cursing carriers who had lost their bullocks, from limping swagsmen repenting of their journey, from unfortunates stripped by bandits in the woods—together with the ever-present thought of some coming calamity, made the Black Forest the *bête noir* of the early miners.

Emerging thence, the basaltic country reappeared, with improved landscape and a soil delighting everybody having farming tastes. The magpie joyously cracked his jokes from umbrageous trees, the bell-bird uttered his musical complaints beside the streams, while the cheering note of the laughing jackass beguiled the tired traveller as he prepared his evening meal.

Most libellous stories are told of Australian birds. The "Kangaroo-home" has been even called the "Songless Land." But the feathered ones have their admirers. The poet sings of

> "The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of daytime!"

Speaking of the Australian October, "the maiden of bright yellow tresses," he adds:—

> "Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
> Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
> Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
> Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning."

Over and over again, in my wanderings in the bush, have I been charmed and soothed by those songs.

> "And softer than amber, and sweeter than singing,
> The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing."

But then there is the merry "whistling-duck," so independently jovial. The *Malurus* family can boast of superb warblers. Finches, peewits, honeyeaters, wattle-birds, larks, sandpapers, "cobblers' awls," robins, plovers, wrens, blue-eyes, fantails, "poor soldiers," rifle-birds, quails, and "coachwhips," have distinctive notes to please as well as interest. The black piping crow is quite musical. Then the parrots, whirling over the head of the tourist, are not unwelcome for their cheery notes, as well as for their rainbow hues. A flock of cockatoos will break the monotony of travel with their screams, whilst the whirring noise of the nightjar is not unpleasant to the belated traveller, whose lonely camping is saluted by the suggestive cry of the "more-pork," proceeding from that nocturnal bird.

The change of geology is accompanied by a change in the natural history not less than in foliage. The heavy, heartless sand region is relieved by the shaggy-looking, harsh-leaved, bottlebrush-flowered honeysuckle of the forest, which is the resort of crowds of chattering honeysuckers, that dip their brush-like tongues into the sweet cups of this repulsive-looking tree. The waving acacia and the full-leaved, verdant blackwood, love the rich soils. While the swamp-gum prefers the flats of rivers, the gaunt and naked limbs of the stringy bark stretch over the shingle, grit, and hungry loams of sterile wastes. Though forests came in our way up, especially when in the ranges, we were not troubled with scrub; that unpracticable plague of pedestrians is to be met with in the moist gullies of the higher ranges of Australia, as it is in the rain-favoured Western Tasmania and New Zealand.

Camping for the night in the bush is thought most jolly by the "new chum." He has a dim idea that he can sleep with perfect comfort on the green carpet of nature beneath the genial skies of Australia. I cannot say my experience has been so happy as the "new chum's" dream. If the weather be fine (for it does rain in Australia sometimes), the first part of the evening is jolly enough beside the roaring fire after supper, and in merry company; but before dawn one wakes too often to tuck the blanket or rug closer in to the person, while the dew may be unpleasantly heavy, and the fire need often replenishing. A shower in the night may send a cold stream trickling under the sleeper, and bringing rheumatism with it. One night we camped under our cart, in some fear of ruffianly neighbours, who had managed to get more rum than was good for them, and who warned off expectant robbers by a liberal and not too careful discharge of guns and revolvers.

We had the misfortune—we and the jibbing horse—to lose our way among the Jem Crow Ranges; they do "jump so" that they were rightly named. On another occasion I met with a mining wit in that neighbourhood, who undertook to explain, on geological grounds, the origin of Jem Crow. "Look you here, mate," said he, "you see these 'ere hills going nohow always." As I admitted the fact, he proceeded with the lecture. "Once upon a time, you see, when they'd made all the rest of the world, they found they'd a lot of stuff left, and so they chucked it down here anyhow."

How we did "wheel-about and turn-about" in that Jem Crow district! Our horse jibbed exasperatingly, and we had such a deal of shoving up behind to do. To make matters worse, while the wretched beast had a good stock of food in the cart, we had by that time consumed all our store. The quartz-gravel strewn over the hills was not satisfying to the appetite; though, when the twenty-fourth hour of our forced abstinence arrived, we began to look desperately at the tough hide of the stringy bark trees.

All at once we came upon a well-defined track that must lead somewhere. The jibber was released from the shafts, and one of the party mounted him for an exploration, taking a pair of awakening spurs for the occasion. We others made a fire, sat on a fallen tree beside it, said very little, but individually wondered whether that fire would have anything to cook, and if so, when? At length a distant *coo-ee* was heard, and soon after our friend was seen gallantly swinging a quarter of mutton, and bearing a white bag that was suggestive of flour. How provokingly savage we were with that mutton! It was scarcely warmed through. As to the flour, we mixed a little of it with water in our frying-pan, gave it a stir with a stick, and let it simmer awhile over the embers; then, half cooked as it was, we greedily devoured the "Johnny cake," pronouncing it the sweetest we had ever tasted.

Upon arrival at the banks of the Loddon, we found some hundreds of our interesting countrymen, not too foppish nor even clean in their person and dress, engaged in the supposed feminine employments of rocking the cradle and washing.

How changed was that place from the quiet, sylvan scene Major Mitchell discovered in 1835–6! Then only the wild man of the woods held dominion there, and curious kangaroos were for the first time made acquainted with the mystery of the white man's smoke and thunder. The squatter drove his flock up to the vaunted fertile plains of the flowing Yarrayne, or Loddon. There he continued, unmolested but by mutton-eating, fox-nosed dingoes, and mutton-stealing black fellows, till that still more to be dreaded irruption of diggers came. These soon changed this sylvan solitude, awakening it with echoes that were sometimes less musical than profane. Graceful trees were rudely felled, the greensward was ruthlessly torn away, the soil, never stirred by man before, was roughly hurled aside, and the crystal stream, that had hitherto only laved a bank of flowers, was now fouled with yellow mud from cradles and "Long Toms."

What a merry rattle there was of stones in the hopper! The cradle had a movable top of iron-plate with holes in it. When the wash-dirt was thrown into the hopper, water was poured in by means of a tin vessel fastened to the end of a wooden handle; then, while one hand rocked the cradle, a stick in the other beat the stuff in the hopper to break the lumps of moistened clay, till nothing was left above but well-washed stones, which were then pitched aside. The dirt dropped through the grating, and bars across the bottom of the cradle caught the heavier particles of gold, whilst sand and small pebbles were washed over the ridges. The cradling was stopped for the extraction of the deposit; this was put into a tin dish, carried to the stream, and washed with a peculiar rotatory movement of the dish, till all the weighty black iron-sand passed over the rim, and left the clear, bright yellow grains, spangles, or dust, to reward the rocker. "Long Tom" did a similar work. A man stood by with a shovel to keep the stuff moving, and to cast out the cleansed stones.

It was a beautiful metamorphosis that was produced by

this washing. Who that was not in the secret would suspect such a revelation of glittering gold from that heap of dirt? When I was by the Loddon, there was a certain old man, once belonging to the Emerald Isle, who could not possibly understand the operation. Arriving one evening, he noticed the care taken of a little heap of earth near the tent, and, upon asking for information, was told that it held some gold. The old fellow looked at it, poked it about, and looked at it again. He was sure he could see no gold at all. "Put on your glasses, daddy!" shouted one. He put on his spectacles and had a further search, but with no more golden result. He made himself merry at the expense of his deluded friends. In the morning some of the dirt was put into a dish and given to the Irishman, who was instructed in the mystery of washing. When, at last, this seeming goldless deposit showed the treasure, the astonished old man exclaimed, "Then sure the divil himself came in the night and put it there."

We were clumsy, careless washers in those primitive times; we too often gave the cradle a rock too much, and pitched out the gold with the sand as the dirtied current flowed away. Desperate workers with the "Long Tom" were surprised to find such small results from their own labours, while quieter toiling neighbours were seen putting lots of gold from the trough into old wooden matchboxes, the caskets of the day. When, therefore, Europeans had exhausted the wash-dirt of a locality, the cunning, oblique-eyed Mongolians crept to the spot, dug out the washed stuff, put it again through the cradle, which they rocked gently, patiently, and perseveringly, and realised a capital return for their venture. All over old diggings the refuse of cradles and "Long Toms" was afterwards thrown into the wide pit of the puddling machine.

This was the washer that improved upon "Long Tom." At a distance it has the appearance of a horse-mill. A circular wooden basin, nearly a dozen feet in diameter, is constructed of rude slabs of wood; to a strong upright in the centre rakes are attached, which revolve with it as the arm turns by means of a horse walking round beyond the area. One person is engaged keeping the machine filled with auriferous wash-stuff dug from the neighbourhood. Water is kept flowing into the vessel, while the motion given to the rakes keeps the material in a state of working sludge; this process goes on with fresh wash-dirt, the ingress of fresh water, with the outflow of the befouled liquid. The wooden bottom is made rather concave, so that while the earth is washed off the gold may be retained below. At the end of a week or so the work is suspended, and the bottom is cleaned out for the gold.



"LONG TOM" AT WORK.

The puddling machine, as a washer, is in its turn distanced altogether by the hydraulic process, which I have seen at work in the Sierra Nevada of Western America, but which is also employed by the Australian miners, who are indebted to California for "Long Toms," puddling machines, and Californian pumps.

To support the hydraulic action, extensive companies are organised for the supplying of water, which is paid for at a

fixed rate by the consumer, according to the hose used by the miner. The *flumes* along which the water is conveyed are often many miles in length. When on the Pacific Railway, I was repeatedly borne beneath the flumes. Hydraulic claims need be up among the hills, as a fall is essential to give force to the water, whose pressure, according to a well-known law of hydraulics, is according to elevation and the surface upon which it acts.

Pipes of several inches in diameter—as much as twelve to twenty inches—are made to fit into an iron box strong enough to resist the enormous pressure; flexible tubes of lesser size are connected with the box, and are held by sturdy miners when directed against a wall of earth. In this way it is not necessary to dig down some twenty to fifty feet, or more, to reach the auriferous wash-dirt; but the hydraulic pressure is sufficient to tear down the whole depth at once. Arrangements are made, as in the cradle system, for bars in the course of the sludge to retain the heavier golden grains. Such a mining claim must be of great extent, so as to allow for the deposition of the finer gold.

Some time ago it was calculated that there were in California eight thousand miles of fluming, costing twenty million of dollars. By this system of sluicing most effectual work is performed, leaving little puddling to be done by the succeeding generation. At Ballarat, in Victoria, the charge for water is dependent upon the number of men in a claim, being about £5 a day for a party of five. With a fall of fifty feet the strength of the discharge turned upon a man would kill him immediately. With a hundred superficial inches of water, a great many cubic yards of auriferous earth can be washed in a day by three men. Some sluices use 200 inches, and keep at work night and day. If one bushel of stuff produces but one-twentieth part of a grain of gold, the hydraulic process will pay well in California. It is said that a pressure of a thousand inches is now brought to bear in a stream of six inches, yielding a prodigious force, sufficient, literally, to carry off a mountain into the sea.

Anglo-Saxon energy and skill have strangely altered the system of gold-washing that prevailed in Brazil, and which was at first adopted by Californians. In Mr. Mawe's work we have the following account of the process pursued after the first rude precipitation:—"For this purpose, wooden bowls are provided, of a funnel shape, about two feet wide at the mouth, and five or six inches deep, called *gamellas*. Each workman, standing in the stream, takes into his bowl five or six pounds weight of the sediment, which generally consists of heavy matter, such as oxide of iron, pyrites, ferruginous quartz, &c., of a dark carbonaceous hue. They admit certain quantities of water into the bowls, which they move about so dexterously that the precious metal, separating from the inferior and lighter substances, settles in the bottom of the vessel."

Gold-washing has seriously interfered with the purity of streams, and the comfort of fish and men. Geological changes are being thereby effected; for rivers, finding their old beds filled up with material, have to make new courses for themselves, while ports are exposed to serious risk of being choked up by the sediment thus brought down. Some alarmists are already calculating upon the number of years required by the hydraulic hose to fill up the Bay of San Francisco, and close the Golden Gates.

But gold-washing in the olden times of the diggings was accompanied by circumstances that gave some romance to the trade. My two mates were my own medical man and the nephew of my lawyer; my near tent neighbour was a member of the Colonial Legislature, who rather luxuriated in the dirty discomforts to which he was exposed. Our living was hard enough, for food was not only dear, but difficult to obtain, unless it were mutton and beef. I have paid half-a-crown for a loaf of bread; but then there was only one baker. In winter, the flour sold at the rate of two shillings a pound because of carriage. As a rule we made damper or "Johnny cakes" of flour. The meat was converted into chops and steaks, or baked in a tripod oven amidst glowing embers. Our bedsteads were slab shelves or home-made stretchers; only the luxurious indulged in a straw mattress; sheets were not dreamed of.

Expenses were heavy enough outside. I have paid nine shillings for a small vessel of drinking water. My first load of wash-stuff cost thirty shillings for cartage to a water-hole for washing. But fresh air, hard work, simple diet, and jovial society brought health to many a delicate dweller of cities. Song-singing was a common evening's diversion around the forest fire. "A good time is coming, boys," was an especial favourite, for it was soundly believed in. This is part of another popular ditty of 1852:—

"With spades and picks we work like bricks,
And dig in gold formation;
And stir our cradles with short sticks
To break conglomeration.

"This golden trade doth not degrade
The man of information,
Who shovels nuggets, with the spade,
Of beauteous conformation.

"What mother can her infant stock
View with more satisfaction,
Than we our golden cradles rock,
Which most love to distraction.

"We dig and delve from six to twelve,
And then, for relaxation,
We wash our pans and cradles shelve,
And turn to mastication."

The gold-washing locality of the Loddon had an evil reputation in those ante-police days. Such names as "Murderer's Flat" and "Choke 'em Gully" had an awkward significance. For myself I can say that, knowing them both—flat and gully—I was never molested, and never felt in fear. The sly grog-shops were the seats of crime. Men under the inspiration of liquor, jocosely termed brandy, boasted of their wealth, and shook their nugget-holding matchboxes or wash-leather bags. When afterwards making their way to their tents, the boasters might be relieved of their gold-dust, and have a broken head in the bargain.

All was not dark at the gold-washing in those ancient times. Though the roughs, free from the official surveillance of Sydney and Hobart Town, played a few pranks for awhile, order was never seriously disturbed. Sunday, from the very first, was observed as a day of rest; public sentiment sanctioned no work, but prescribed shirt-washing and elaborate cooking. After a time, preachers found their way up to the gold-fields, and mounted a stump. The Bishop of Melbourne had a monster umbrella, under which he performed service to miners lounging upon the turf or sitting upon fallen trees. I heard him thus deliver an admirable and most appropriate discourse.

But our chief instructors were diggers themselves, who were enrolled Wesleyan local preachers.

Nobody in those days had a dream of quartz-crushing; it was nothing but gold-washing. In common with others, I used in my leisure to go and knock off pieces of auriferous quartz from the so-called Specimen Hill, which afterwards became a profitable scene of crushing labour. Among the earliest pictures of gold-washing that I remember was the following burlesque, entitled "Symptoms of Insanity," and contained in a Geelong paper, of September, 1851:—

"1. Rising early and proceeding to the creek, pulling the stones about, and washing the sand and gravel, then placing it in a box resembling a cradle, imagining the stones and sand to be *a child of earth with golden hair;* rocking the child to sleep; then taking the mud and gravel out and putting it into an *expecting dish*, mixing it with water and shaking it, all the while looking at the slush with the fondest solicitude for its safety; ultimately throwing it away with disgust, and assuming the appearance of intense disappointment.

"2. Repeating the above strange proceeding day by day.

"3. Troubled sleep at night, with frightful dreams of being pelted by Midas with lumps of gold, upwards of 106 lbs. weight [alluding to the first-found great block], and being unable to pick them up, or of smaller nuggets sticking anywhere but in your breeches pocket."

Although alluvial gold-washing is now of less consequence than the work of quartz-crushing, yet the old Australian days of surface washing, and the institution of cradles and "Long Toms," with the utter transformation of colonial society, will not be forgotten; nor can their influence upon civilisation and true progress be remembered without pleasure and gratitude.

Rambles in Rome.—I.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

So rapid is the march of modern affairs, that the lapse of only a few years may suffice to give to the traveller's recollections of a place an historical aspect, and separate him by an impassable gulf from all subsequent visitors of the same place. A change of government, or a great war, may impart a totally new character, and create a fresh set of impressions to affect the observer. There can be few cities to which these remarks have been more frequently applicable than to Rome. The visitor to Rome, when she lay under the dominant sway of a single ambitious mind, must have felt incapable of realising her state of free republicanism; and the same may be said of Athens; while the man who had seen either town in its time of self-governed independence would be stored with impressions which the other would either wholly miss or pick up imperfectly at second hand and from history. The Rome of the Popes is now as much a thing of the past as the Rome of the Cæsars. Both have fallen, dragging with them and shaking to pieces in their ruin ten thousand associations which had grown up round them from remote ages, clinging more and more closely as tradition was heaped on tradition, and idea moulded by idea, till Time's handiwork, seen in a tottering pinnacle here and a crumbling stone there, unloosened and set free many a straggling and high-climbing thought, as the final catastrophe drew nigh. Men's minds, however, may be ever so much unsettled and prepared for a change by signs or warnings, and yet it may not be till after the irrevocable event that it is realised how all their associations twined around the past. Rome and the Papal Government were intimately connected in every one's mind, and could not be separated without an effort, and those who put off till too late, or were unable to carry out a visit to that place, woke up to the consciousness that they would now never be able to compare their ideas with the reality, or deepen their associations by personal observation. Doubly precious, then, to the more fortunate travellers will be their recollections, as not only enriching their own mind with a vivid picture, but supplying senses, as it were, to others by which to gather freshness of detail.

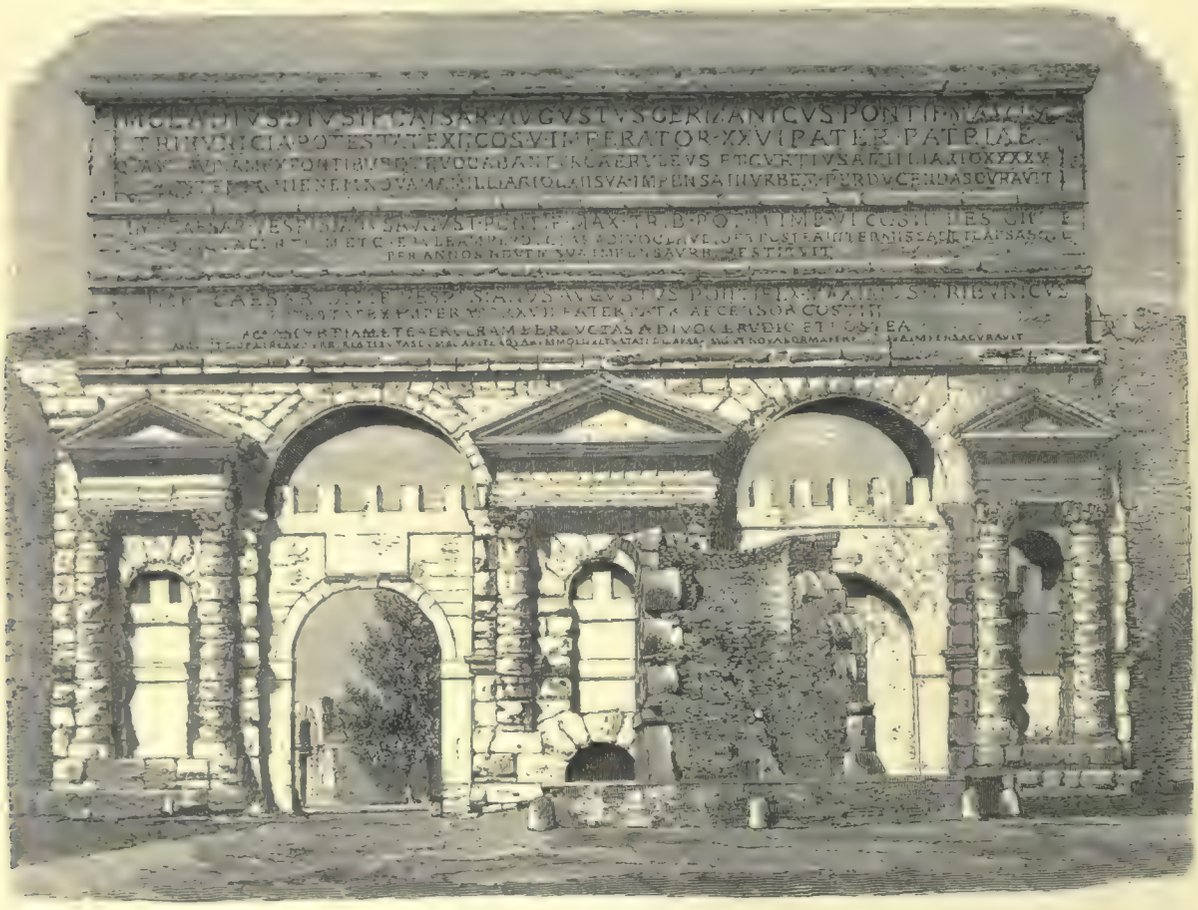
But it is not only when Time rudely jostles with his chariot-wheels a fabric of historical growth that he gives signs of his passage: on many a turning of the road, on many a stone, does he imprint traces of his flight, nor, indeed, it may be safely asserted, does he leave any part of the route which he has traversed exactly the same as before.

It is not only Rome herself, her people, her streets, her life, that will be seen in a different aspect now from what presented itself a few years ago; but among other changes of smaller import, the approach to her, new facilities having since sprung up, will—if time be an object—be made by a different route from that which the present writer was forced to adopt. In 1866, tunnel had not robbed the Alpine pass of its difficulty and grandeur, nor had railway beaten down to ordinary dimensions the unique and romantic beauties of the Cornice Road. There were, moreover, no through trains, and the connecting-links in Italy were uncertain. As time with us happened to be precious, and we were anxious, if possible, to arrive in time for a certain Church festival, we found that our only course was to embark at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia.

There are many, perhaps, who may still select this route for its own sake: my best wish for such will be that they may share the luxuriant beauty of the weather which made our slow passage a time of peaceful enjoyment.

Many an East Indian will have in his memory a vivid picture of the wearisome railway journey from Paris; and this can well be left to the imagination of my readers. The better, however, the latter realise the troubles of the train, the more refreshing picture will they be able to conjure up of the blue waves of the Mediterranean. But here I must cruelly repress the fancy which I have myself almost already set afloat. To

gain blue waves or any otherwise-coloured waves, a certain amount of inquiring after boats, and wharfs, and times, is requisite. And the dustier and more tired you are, the more brightly gleam the glimpses of the cool sea you catch from the scorching streets, the more precious your time—but I forget, we started with the supposition that your time was not particularly precious, or you would have selected some other route—so much the more you resent the imperturbable laziness, the vexatious delays that beset your path, and pervade the atmosphere. I will suppose you, by a mighty effort, to have discovered and rescued your luggage, and escaped, with temper indeed ruffled, but not an item of your possessions missing or rifled, from the station, and to be hurrying to the hotel—there was only one, I believe, but it was a good one—with a sort of notion (whether Bradshaw-imbibed or not, my wish to do justice to that most useful work, and my imperfect memory, lead me to prefer leaving an open question) that a start may be made that night, and full if not with the particular, at any rate with the general, British idea of saving time.* I will further grant that, arrived there, you have succeeded, amid the influx of fresh arrivals, in securing a waiter all to yourself, who will condescend to listen to your broken French—I beg your pardon, I keep confusing you with myself—after he finds that his English interruptions of "Baggage upstairs?" "Dinner?" "Two beds?" and the like, are of no avail, and from whom—if in reply to your eager question whether you have time to get dinner before the boat starts, he has not rejoined with alacrity, "Dinner! Oui, Monsieur, toute suite,"—you may succeed in eliciting the information that he does not think that any boat starts that night, or till a comfortable hour the next morning. But can he find out for certain? He does not know, but one will tell you at the port, and shall he call the *commissionaire* to show you the way? And before you can answer a word, I can see him dexterously slipping off and his place taken by the smiling and ready *commissionaire*, with whom, moreover, you have the advantage of conversing in your native tongue. It is the habit of these English-speaking gentlemen to assent, in some common phrase, to everything you say, whether they understand it or not, and the traveller thinks he is getting on swimmingly till he finds, when he forces a direct answer to a proposed dilemma for which monosyllables and smiles avail not, that his obliging friend has been totally ignorant of what he was talking about. You are informed, then, by this worthy, in reply to the question at what time the steamer starts, that he knows where the boat starts from, and will be happy to conduct you there. Disgusted with everything, you now resolve to find your way alone, and step out into the street with its nothing-to do inhabitants thronging the way, or basking in the sunshine. You have not, however, shaken off the attentions of your



PORTO MAGGIORE, ROME.

* We left Paris at 7.45 p.m., arrived at Marseilles next day at 1 p.m., and left at 8 a.m.

would-be conductor; with confidence still unimpaired, and bland politeness, as much at your service as ever, he dogs your footsteps, and it is only when the way is far gone that determined efforts make him understand that "monsieur" is not in the humour to be trifled with, or, what is more to the point, of a division of the road to plant himself firmly and in a defiant attitude, in the branch of the road which they were going to take; the guide noted his threatening manner, took the hint, and went off. Another time the same friend was left in charge of his companions' seats in a railway carriage:



THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL, ROME.

to give him anything. These men are endued with admirable perseverance and patient endurance of rebuffs. A friend of mine, who did not understand a word of any foreign language, was travelling with two companions who were better off in that respect, and to whom, accordingly, in ordinary matters, he left all transactions with the natives. On one occasion, however, when they were followed pertinaciously by a guide, and all linguistic persuasions were insufficient to induce the latter to turn back, my friend took the opportunity how much he was beset by chattering foreigners I know not, but he stood at bay in front of the seats, and they were vacant when his friends returned. The best story, however, which the party brought back with them was that in one of the towns a cicerone persisted in following and plaguing them, and turning a deaf ear to all remonstrances, till at last one of them, having in vain exerted all his eloquence, losing patience broke out, in German, into such vituperation as he could command, hurling at his head, "Donner und Blitzen!" and finishing

him off in decisive vehemence with "Gehen Sie zum Teufel!" The guide, who had hitherto, from motives of remunerative politeness, kept up the conversation in German, looked at him, and said with quiet emphasis, laying stress on the first word, "*All* right, sir!" and walked away.

Having shaken off your guide, and found the jetty and the boat, you will find things in much the same lazy condition as in the town. If you succeed in finding anyone on board, or if on board not asleep, you will learn that nobody ever dreamed of there being any hurry; there was never any thought of starting before to-morrow morning; so you had better stroll leisurely back and join the basking folk in the town, who know the habits of the place far better than any "Bradshaw" can teach you. As you leisurely return, no doubt your steps will be quickened by the more and more substantial proportions continually assumed by the idea of a comfortable repast, thrusting out the host of grievances as it expands; and that successfully accomplished, you may not improbably find yourself strolling out into the street and surveying matters in general with infinite satisfaction, assuredly convinced that basking was part of the original fitness of things, and finally ending your wanderings in the tempting *casino* over the way.

Let not, however, all be Capua. With me you will ere this have often turned a wistful eye to the hill above the town with its little chapel crown. With me you will have instinctively felt that this point once attained, human wishes could soar no higher; that from this spot alone would your eye be satisfied with a vista of town, and land, and sea. You will not only have this intuition yourself, but will have been exercising your diplomatic art to seize a favourable moment to impress the same on your companion; delicate hints, carefully thrown out, patient submission to incredulity or disapproval will have formed the staple of your thoughts or conversation, from the moment when you turned your back on the sleeping steamer.

I will picture you, however, successful, not only conjuring your friend, reluctantly persuaded at length, that it is just the thing to give him an appetite for his dinner, threading winding streets and ways to the base of the hill, and whiling him on and on and up and up, eloquently supported in your arguments or representations by joyful sunbeams and glittering water, and gentle sea-breeze unknown to the lower regions; but finally emerging on the tops panting and perspiring with a triumphant "There! I told you so!" And your friend sitting down and opening out his heart to the glorious view as breadth and expanse and distance break in upon him, and really sharing in your enthusiasm; but, partly to avoid stultifying himself, partly with a wholesome dread of creating a precedent, contenting himself with the remark, "Well, it's not so bad when you are once there!" And truly it is one of those scenes that does one good to gaze on. The town and its crowded harbour lie stretched at our feet, basking in the sunshine in blissful ignorance of the kind breeze that is fanning our brow. Behind us retires the broad vale that embosoms and sets far on its way the railroad to Paris; in front the wide glittering sea, joyously tossing itself, nay, actually quivering in every ripple with delight in the glowing sunlight, playing merrily with the islets which it fondles to its breast, and ever and anon in glee imprinting on them a kiss with white-foaming smile, or losing itself in dim blue distance far away to the right in faithful companionship with the gently-trending coast.

But why do our eyes so often turn with lingering glances to the islands embosomed in sparkling brightness? Are they not all sunshine and mirth, or do other memories struggle to invest them with a sadder tinge, memories of dark prisons and blighted lives, memories of iron masks and Monte Christo-like adventures?

Let us, however, leave the tiny boats which appear to be carrying the more curious to a nearer inspection of them, and turn into the chapel. Madonna of St. Lazarus, grateful landmark to the storm-beaten mariner! How joyfully he must have hailed thee, how eagerly he must have watched for the first glimpses of thy shrine that shall assure him he is nearing home; how fervently, when wrapped in the murky tempest, when life is in the balance, must he, almost picturing thy form hovering near him in the mist, pour forth from his heart to thee his humble vows, and then when safe at last, with what manful strides must he breast the hill to pay thee homage, and hang his votive picture on thy walls! With hundreds of such humble offerings are the walls crowded, and the imagination would find it a difficult task to realise only a small portion of the sufferings or deliverances thus piously chronicled.

But the reader will by this time be as impatient to be afloat as we were on our arrival. Well, then, we are steaming slowly out of the harbour, and then along the coast to the left, past the mysteriously-storied islands, still along the coast, rounding first one point, then another, and opening out a fresh romantic and rocky bay, as the last retires from view; nor is it till evening dusk that we begin to sheer out and slowly make the main. All has been bright and blue around us, till with the slanting sun headlands and islands begin to sink into obscurity. Before us stretches the vast unknown in dim blueness; behind, a glimmering haze of light, which is moulding into one bright indefiniteness, water and coast-line. Dimmer and dimmer grows the distance, and brighter and brighter the haze in the quiet calm which alone the unthinking paddles with sacrilegious plash disturb, till at last, in one glorious ecstasy of radiance, the prone sun dips his last spark beneath the wave, and distant coast or isle stand out clear and dark against the gleaming sky, while the evening chill creeps on, and at length, with reluctant gaze around, we retire below.

Having at this stage a little leisure, let us hope that a meal is going on, which though of the greasy kind, will at any rate be plentiful, and no doubt the keen night air will not have left us very particular. Not so, however, one of the passengers, who stays persistently on deck or in his berth, disdainfully slighting the repast and the olive-eating company, while his servant provides him with his wants. He is the only other Englishman on board, and we took note of him from the first, as there was some difficulty about getting his hunters on board. He is, of course, the "milord" of the occasion; but to us his companionship is pleasant; and, as he has spent several hunting seasons in Rome, the information he is able to give is attractive. The discomforts of hammocks and such matters over, we go on deck to find another glorious morning, but our way only half accomplished. The steamer we are in is one of a slow-going French line, and small and uncomfortable withal. It was curious to notice, and flattering to our maritime character, that the words of command to the engineer were given in English, and "Stop her!" "Ease her!" had a quaint sound from foreign lips. We see that we have another day before us; but what is that land that stands out so bold, and bolder and bolder as we advance? It is Napoleon's island birthplace; and we are off

Cape Corso, while the romantic Capreja occupies the attention on the left. We wind round, we examine each rocky point and deep gully as, seemingly one mountain mass, Corsica frowns at us, leaving scarcely margin enough at its feet for a town to stand on, nestling at the foot of the hills.

Gradually we leave it behind, and other islands come into view, between or among which we steer our course. The most remarkable of these is Elba, which presents endless variety of form as we move round it, making permanent recognition of its chief mountains or features a puzzling task to the sketcher. The eye ranges from base to summit, over every variety of jutting promontory or broken retiring valley; and, as the broad fertile bay which forms the whole of the side first opposed to us, fringed with its background array of mountain tops or ridges, slowly retires and is suddenly lost behind the long pointed headland which bounds it on the left, the peaks, till now seen in profile, leap into sudden and unexpected formations, afterwards reforming on the other front, and marshalling their crests and towers in a new and imposing array.

Very pretty these islands look, and endless the variety of interest they afford, whether some historical association stirs the mind, or the eye dwells on the changes which outline and colouring undergo, with the varying distance or position with respect to the sun's light. Now they revel in beautiful hues, now drape themselves in a mistier grey, or again, as the evening approaches, are pencilled out in mysterious outline and dark purple against the illumined atmosphere, every uncertain distance becoming certainty, and remote Sardinia herself making bold to lift up to view her pale peaks. But soon all our interest centres on the coast of the mainland, which we are nearing and gliding along. We have passed Cape Troja, and the last sun's ray sees us making for Cape Argentario. Every headland rounded seems to bring us nearer to our longed-for destination. We are to be there to-night; dim ideas even of being able to get on to Rome without delay float through our mind—of being yet in time for the midnight service under the dome of St. Peter's, due arrival for which we thought that we had nicely calculated when we left England. Let the reader take warning, or he will find with us that he has been reckoning without his host.

It was in the cold moonlight, at ten o'clock on Christmas Eve, that we steamed into the harbour of Civita Vecchia. Islands and sunset effects had long faded from the eye, and all was merged in pale glistening light, or colourless, heartless shade. Strangely gleamed the silent town and white harbour walls as we approached; so quiet was all, we might have been entering a port of the dead; furtively, almost noiselessly, we stole rather than glided in, no one to notice us, no one to hail us, till we came to our moorage, and lay dead and quiet ourselves, as if struck by the death-like spirit of the place—as if adding another phantom ship to the phantom fleet around, over whose lifeless shapes weird moonbeams were treading their ghastly dance.

So we, too, creep down to our berths and join the universal slumber. We aroused ourselves, however, betimes, and hastened on deck, eager to disembark. The moonbeams, indeed, had flitted themselves off, but their spell seemed to linger behind. There were no signs of landing—there was no prospect of doing so for some time yet. Certain officials had to be roused on land before operations could even commence; besides, what was the hurry? Who on earth wished to land, or thought of hurrying, except a couple of foolish Britishers? Look at "milord," he had not yet left his berth, and was not thinking of doing so; no, he knew better. On the whole it would be the best plan for the aforesaid Britishers to sneak downstairs, tail between legs, and get into their berths again. When the great functionaries on land had finally got out of bed, shaved, washed—but here I feel that my veracious history is passing into romance—not till then did they arrive at the conclusion that they might as well be thinking of putting off to the steamer. When this idea had been carried into execution; when thereupon had ensued and been transacted certain formalities; when each of us had received his *lascia passare*, which was obtained only after some delay, caused by the necessity of the document in question being signed by the cardinal in residence, whose reverence, if I remember right, we had been informed was at present engaged with his devotions, and it was a matter only for conjecture when these would be concluded; then, and then only, were we permitted to land, following in the wake of "milord," who by this time was on the alert, and who proved of service to us in seeing us safely through the remaining red-tape; indeed, I am not sure that it was not owing to his good offices and acquaintance with the cardinal which justified him in intruding our mundane wants on the good man's ears, that we were enabled to leave the ship at the early hour of half-past eight.

The train was now our concern; but there was no hurry; it would not start for a long time yet, in fact, not till nearly half-past two in the afternoon; and meantime we should have plenty of time to look about us. So, after breakfasting at the station, we sallied forth. This being the first time that our footsteps had been planted on Italian soil, we eyed with curiosity the little pent-up fortification-enclosed hat-box (I beg its pardon) of a town, with its fair and compact external aspect, and its internal array (excepting the open spaces on the side of the harbour and railway) of one respectable street and the rest packed in squalid misery, heaven knows where. It was now, however, lifeless and empty, everybody being doubtless at mass, a short visit to which we were feign to accept in lieu of St. Peter's. Was then the train also waiting for mass to be over before it started? Possibly; and, perchance, considering in whose dominions we now were, the signature of his reverence might again be requisite ere it was finally set in motion. However, time must be employed, and so, leaving the good people to their ceremonies and noisy music, we strolled into the country. Our first walk on classic ground! The very soil seemed to be sacred under our feet, and every turn of the road about to reveal some monument of antiquity. I am not aware, however, that we discovered any certain relics, or noted anything definite, except that the sun was blazing overhead in a fiery fashion quite contrary to English traditions of Christmas Day. Yes! we came across one object that interested us much, and caused us to speculate freely—a fine old aqueduct in a grass-field by the road, spanning a ravine, and then apparently continued underground, with masonry projecting above the surface at intervals, the object of which we did not understand, in the direction of the town. At length we are off! Our feelings had by this time become so dead and passive that I remember nothing of our start or manner of going, except my own feeling that we were moving through the heart of the old Roman Empire, that those barren hills were the outskirts of old Etruria, and that every road in sight might be the lingering

remains of Roman work in days gone by. If this was my frame of mind on the way, my condition may be pictured when we neared the imperial city herself.

The approach to Rome by rail, however, is not satisfactory; it would, perhaps, be difficult to make it less so, on this side at any rate. To enter Rome with due regard to feeling and anticipation, the traveller should halt at some station near, and take the road. A route might then be selected which would give vent to expectant feelings, and convey tolerably faithful first impressions. When I come to think of it, it would have been worth an extra week for me to have been dropped from the train on the Appian Way, and then allowed to walk slowly into the town alone, drinking in at every footstep each wall or gate or ruin that gradually unfolded itself as I passed under the old gate, contenting myself merely with general aspects and eager realisation, and gradually finding for myself the way that I knew so well by the Sacred Road under the triumphal arches, and past the Coliseum into the Forum. Thus, stirred by mighty and noble associations, and almost bewildered by heart-stirring impressions, I might have strolled on to the Capitoline, whence on one side I could have looked back at the marvellous vista of Old Rome; on the other side, when I had resolutely turned my back on the past, I should have spread before me, with its crowded streets and numerous domes, the modern city. Having duly studied this, I could then have walked along the Corso, and—and then it would have been time enough to inquire about such earthly things as luggage and lodgings. But, meantime, what impressions for life, never otherwise likely to be the same, would have been stored up!

But I left the reader on the Etruscan border, and, much as I dislike it, must get him thence somehow to the station at Rome. Well then, we sneaked round in some ignominious and ugly fashion till, almost without knowing it, we found ourselves edging up to the walls, and then round and round outside, fancying we recognised some mound here, or ruin there; but in reality seeing nothing well except the gravel on the sides of the cuttings, in and out of which we dived, till before we could well realise the fact, we were creeping into the station. But at any rate, says the incredulous reader, you must have passed through the walls by some opening or other, and then have noticed something for certain on right hand or on left. Once inside, I imagine that the view is mainly intercepted, and moreover the distance is short, one temple, however, contriving to make itself seen—that of Minerva Medica; but in the wall itself the entry is made so close by a remarkable monument that I may be excused making mention of it. I allude to the Porto Maggiore, whose noble dimensions, however, are due to the accidental concurrence at this point (as is also the case for some distance to the right) of the lines of the more recent wall, and of a grand old aqueduct with three water-channels. The gate, then, is simply formed by two arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, above which appear the three channels, each bearing its imperial inscription, the upper one being that of the originator of the aqueduct. In front of it is a curious monument—discovered in the present century when more recent constructions were cleared away—the tomb of the baker, Eurysaces; it is chiefly faced by the stone mortars used by bakers for kneading dough. I hope I have said enough now to make the reader agree with me that, even if he should have happened to have been looking out of the right window at the right moment, and the view should have been uninterrupted, it will still be his best, or rather only, plan to take the first opportunity of walking to the spot.

A railway station, in the most suitable place, is hardly a romantic object; how much less in Rome! It has, however, the advantage here of being close alongside of one of the oldest monuments of the city, the *agger* of Servius Tullius. Suppose, then, my antiquarian reader, that you emerge from your carriage full of this *agger* and bent on making sure of this, at any rate before doing anything so prosaic as taking a cab; besides, you will only have to look round a corner and then you will see it before you. Beaming, then, with anticipation, you burst out from the station, like a fox unearthed from a ditch, into the midst of an open-mouthed pack of vociferating cabmen, who probably would soon desist did they see you walking straight off; but with your first sign of doubt or indecision they have marked you for their prey; and you turn from one gate or siding to another, hopelessly unable to explain your want or see the remotest vestige of a clue towards satisfying it, till you give up the chase with a resigned sigh, returning at the same time to the consciousness of not having made sure of your luggage, which accordingly you probably arrive in time to see being carried off in different directions by unknown porters. If you succeed in collecting it, you are only too happy to be driven tamely to your hotel, hardly having spirit left to look about you on the road, and mentally reserving your future romance till the happy moment when your rooms shall have been secured and your dinner eaten, and everything mortal that intervenes between you and absolute freedom to stroll out unfettered happily disposed of. Had you, indeed, been a keener observer on the way, you would have been little better off. You might have noticed immediately on leaving the station a long convent wall on your right, but might not, perhaps, have guessed that it masked one of the most interesting monuments of the Empire, the Baths of Diocletian.

Having allowed you, my eager friend, to expend your first enthusiasm, I must now turn back to ourselves. It must have been nearly dusk when we arrived at the station, as it took us three hours and a half to perform the journey from Civita Vecchia, a distance of forty-five miles. After being safely bundled, effects and all, into a cab, we soon pulled up at the basement of a house of which all we saw was the open entrance to a large stone staircase, with its little porter's lodge on one side.

I must here, however, explain that we had written beforehand to engage lodgings at Madame P——'s, in the Via della Croce, to whom some friends had recommended us. Inquiry at the lodge produced most unsatisfactory results, as we could get no information about Madame P——; and it seemed as if we had mistaken the house. Dismay began to seize our already sufficiently timid hearts. At this conjuncture it was determined to divide our forces. My friend was to remain with the cab, while I made an exploring expedition up the large staircase; the reason for my being deputed on this mission being that I was the spokesman, as before coming I had taken care to acquire the rudiments of Italian, of which my friend knew not a word. It may be mentioned in passing that we were fully imbued with the following notions:—1st, that rapacity and a habit of overcharging were the characteristics of Roman drivers in general and ours in particular; 2nd, that Rome was in a marauding and thievish condition in general at that time; and 3rd, in particular that assassins had a peculiar fancy for the dark parts and corners of main staircases, from

which to dart out on unsuspecting lodgers in their passage. With undaunted courage, however, I mounted storey after storey, hoping to find some name on a door or other indication of Madame P——, climbing endlessly up and up till I got to the very top, and there (whether I rung a bell I know not) I came across Madame P—— herself. Delighted with this discovery, after a hurried explanation that we were the party who had engaged the rooms, and that the other gentleman was downstairs, I hastened down to inform my friend of my good luck. The difficulty of settling with the cabman arranged, we soon found ourselves, luggage and all, on Madame P——'s landing. Madame was prepared with a friendly reception, but on the introduction of my friend, who could not, when addressed, speak a word of Italian, she was seized with a fit of laughter, which communicated itself to her daughter, and in this state ushered us into our rooms, where, struck by the absurd aspect of affairs, we joined their mirth, till they retired to have their laugh out, and left us to our own devices.



THE RIVAL ISIMBONGI, OR COURT FLATTERERS.

Coronation of the Zulu King Cetywayo.

Mr. Thomas Baines, the well-known South African traveller and artist, accompanied last year the party which was organised in Natal for the purpose of visiting the territory of the Zulus, and being present at the coronation of Cetywayo, the new king of that once powerful nation. The result of his journey has been a series of spirited sketches and finished paintings, representing various incidents of the journey, an engraving from one of which we now present to our readers.

The coronation of Cetywayo was treated in Natal, and by our own Colonial Department, as a matter of considerable political importance; the ultimate object being to establish the subordination of the Zulus to British authority, by placing the king in a position similar to that of the rajahs of the Protected States in British India, and securing the colony against future aggression. Mr. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, a gentleman of great experience, was entrusted with the mission, and was accompanied by a force of volunteer artillery and cavalry from Natal. Much difference of opinion was expressed at the outset as to the policy of such a demonstration in honour of a savage chieftain; but the result proved the wisdom of its promoters. In the first place it brought about the willing submission of the whole Zulu nation to one chief, who was himself led to receive the badge of his sovereignty from the hands of a British representative. In the second place important concessions were obtained from the new king in favour of his subjects, such as the abandonment of the absolute power over their lives and properties which his predecessors exercised. Thus, in future, no man is to be put to death without fair trial for any crime he may be accused of. The mission had also other indirect advantages: an accurate idea was obtained of the military power of the Zulus, by the inspection of the host of warriors gathered together from all sections of the country to celebrate the event; it being estimated that the total number did not exceed 6,000, many of inferior *physique*, and all badly armed.

The journey from Durban across the Tugela River to the territory of Cetywayo was devoid of remarkable incident. But the cavalcade was a large one. It comprised, in the first place, a staff of distinguished officers, including officers of the Royal Engineers and Artillery, a considerable number of missionaries, who appear, however, to have failed in obtaining any important concessions with regard to missionary establishments from the Zulu chief; 160 Caffres from Natal; and, as escort, detachments from the following regiments:—The Natal Carbineers (33, officers and men), Weenen Yeomanry (13), Alexandra Mounted Rifles (17), Victoria Mounted Rifles (10), Richmond Mounted Rifles (5), and the Durban Volunteer Artillery (33), besides the wagon train and some fifty native servants. Mr. Baines' official position in the escort was that of "Geographer and Artist to the Durban Volunteer Artillery." The distance marched over from Durban to the site of the coronation within the borders of the Amathlabatini district, was 155 miles; the party having assembled early in the month of August last at Rendezvous Camp on the banks of the Tugela, and accomplished the remainder of the distance in ten days. The route from the Tugela for the first twenty miles was along the flat coast country; but after crossing the Inyingzane River, the expedition ascended to the higher plateau land, threading an ascending gorge past the missionary village (belonging to the Norwegian Mission) of Echowe. Thence the march continued, in a northerly direction, through forests, and along narrow defiles of the hilly ranges to the Coronation Kraal, in 28° 4′ south latitude.

The coronation, on the 1st of September, was a very quiet affair, having been solemnised in a marquee in the presence of only three witnesses; but Mr. Shepstone afterwards exhibited the crown on the outside of the tent to the assembled subordinate chiefs and warriors. Great displays of fireworks, military music, reviews of the native troops, and parades of the British force followed the ceremony. A prolongation of the festivities was not to be thought of, for the assembling of so large a host speedily exhausted the native resources; famine soon reigned in the camp, and the various sections of Zulu warriors were marched off to their respective homes.

Our engraving represents one of the incidents of the gathering, namely, a dispute between two court flatterers. Mr. Baines, in his explanation, says that during the visit of the Zulu sovereign to the British camp, on the 28th of August, and whilst Cetywayo was conferring with Mr. Shepstone in his tent, the crowd outside were amused by the antics of the royal *isimbonga* (court jester or flatterer) whose office seemed to be to proclaim his chief's titles, sing his deeds, and recite his illustrious pedigree. He was on this occasion armed only with a couple of sticks and a little shield, carried—for the same reason as gentlemen formerly wore swords—just to show he had a right to carry arms. He commenced by shouting the praises of his master, and reciting the mighty deeds of the Zulu nation. Thereupon, one of Mr. Shepstone's men, a Caffre wearing a head-dress of towering plumes, encircled by a head-band composed of gaudily-painted playing-cards stitched together, challenged the noisy swaggerer. A wordy contest ensued, accompanied by the most extravagant gestures. Mr. Shepstone's warrior, with his red-braided coat flying in the breeze, strutted and bounced like an excited turkey-cock, while the other, gaunt and scraggy, dressed only in a few strips of leopard-skin, shouted in return, dancing like a mad Caffre crane. He proved more than a match for the unskilled warrior, and by the vigour and dexterity of his movements, and the accuracy and precision of his memory, fairly drove the British champion from the field. In a short time, however, the defeated one returned, but became so excited, and brandished his assegais so menacingly in the face of the Zulu champion, that an official of the mission was obliged to disarm him and prevent him from supplementing the deficiency of his argument by a resort to physical force. To those of the party who were acquainted with the Zulu language, the dialogue of these two excited partisans was most amusing, from the flashes of wit and fine sarcasm with which the old and practised Zulu jester repeatedly silenced his opponent.

The Island of Minicoy.

Special interest is generally felt in adventurers shipwrecked on uninhabited islands, or in small colonies isolated from the rest of the world, like Tristan d'Acunha, or the small coral island of which we now propose to give some account.

The island of Minicoy, or Minikai, lies in the Indian Ocean, between the Laccadives and Maldives, about 280 miles west of Cape Comorin, on the direct route between Aden and Ceylon. It is crescent-shaped, the concave side being turned to the north-west. It is only six and a half miles long, and the northern part is very narrow; but the greatest breadth in the southern portion is not over 1,400 yards. The lagoon on the west is very shallow, and has a maximum breadth of three and a half miles; and the reef which encloses it on the west is always bare at low water. There are three passages through the reef, but the largest is only twelve feet deep at high tide; the others are only available for fishing-boats. There are, however, three moderately good anchorages off the island and reef. There is a small island lying in the reef near the south-western extremity of the principal one. The island rises only a few feet above the average sea-level, and some parts are still lower. A high dam, partly natural, and partly artificial, runs for two miles or more along the middle of the island, on the eastern shore. The whole island is covered with cocoa-palms, the richer inhabitants owning as many as 2,000 or more. At a distance from the village, the underwood chiefly consists of a thorny bush called "kéora" in Hindustani (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), which bears large white flowers of an agreeable odour.

The village of Minicoy lies nearly in the middle of the island on its western, or sheltered, side; it is half a mile long, and must contain at least 300 houses. The houses are constructed of coral rock and limestone, and thatched with palm-leaves. Each stands in a separate enclosure, the walls of which are formed of cocoa-leaf mats, while a hanging mat of the same kind forms the entrance. Drinkable water is very abundant

in the centre of the island, being even found close to the edge of the lagoon. Towards the extremities of the island it is less abundant, but drought is unknown. The water is slightly brackish, but by no means unpleasantly so.

The inhabitants are Mohammedans, and are of the same race as the Maldive Islanders, with whom they intermarry. Two hundred years ago, they placed themselves under the authority of the Rajahs of Cannanore, for protection against the Malabar pirates, and have remained subject to the former ever since. The population numbers over 2,000 souls, and is divided into five castes: the Malkufan, the Thuckurufan, Thuckuru, Kullu, and Raviri. The Malkufan are the owners of the island, and the women are alone privileged to wear flowered, golden earrings. The Thuckurufan women wear earrings of gold wire, with beads. The women of these two castes are partially educated; the other castes are foreigners, and the women wear earrings of black thread. In every other respect, the castes are dressed alike, and their costume is the same as that worn on the Malabar coast. The women wear a long silk robe reaching nearly to the feet, and generally of a dark crimson colour. The material is brought from Calcutta.

The men of the first two castes do not work, but employ the others as sailors and fishermen; but every employment on land, without exception, is consigned to the women, who clear paths through the jungle, collect firewood, gather cocoa-nuts, make cocoa-fibre, sugar, &c.

Polygamy is not permitted, although the number of women considerably exceeds that of the men; even the governor of the island, Ali Malikan, has only one wife. If strangers come to the island, the unmarried girls sometimes send them offers of marriage. The two first castes only intermarry among themselves, but the two next families intermarry with each other. The Raviri must, however, marry among themselves.

The men are skilful seamen, and their fishing-boats are the best which are to be seen on the Indian coast. They sail very rapidly, although the sails consist almost entirely of cocoa-nut matting; and when the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, *Colombo*, went aground at Minicoy about the year 1864, one of these little boats brought the news to Cochin. But beside the fishing-boats, the highest families possess twelve small vessels called "odies," in which they trade with Calcutta, Balasore, Ceylon, and Malabar. In navigating their ships, they use English nautical instruments, and determine their position by means of "Norie's Handbook of Navigation." When Captain Moresby surveyed these islands, he instructed one of the natives, who afterwards established a little school of navigation; but he is now an old man. The people have no numbers in their own language, and use English. Most of the men can speak Hindustani, but only a few are acquainted with Malay or Tamil. The inscriptions on the gravestones are in Arabic letters. There are gardens behind the village, where the inhabitants cultivate pisang, lemons, betel-palms, pán, bread-fruit, and papaws, and also vegetables; but corn and rice are not grown. Their provisions—rice, dal, ghee, &c.—are all imported. The chief productions of the island are cocoa-nuts, cocoa-fibre, cowrie-shells, sugar made of cocoa-palm sap, and salt fish. The salt fish goes to Ceylon; most of the other exports to Calcutta. The fish is first boiled in two parts of salt water and one of fresh, then dried, and lastly salted. It will keep for years, if buried in the ground; but becomes nearly as hard as wood. The cocoa-fibre is prepared differently in Minicoy from the usual process in the neighbouring islands. The husks are allowed to lie for a month or more in fresh water, instead of salt, and are then beaten with wooden flails on short planks, and are lastly spun into tow. This work, from collecting the husks to spinning the tow, is done by the women; but the cordage is twisted by the men. The upper castes buy the tow and cordage from the others in exchange for rice and clothing. The Rajah of Cannanore owns all the southern part of the island, and derives his revenue from the sale of cocoa-nuts and cowries. He has a monopoly of the cowries, but the women collect the cocoa-nuts for him, and receive five out of every twenty for themselves. The Rajah has no claim to the husks, and is consequently popular at Minicoy, which is not the case in the other islands which belong to him, where he has the monopoly of the husks.

There are a few lepers in the island, who have their own fishing-boat, and live in an isolated settlement about two miles north of the village, which they are not allowed to approach. The principal other diseases are ophthalmia, rheumatism, itch, and dropsy. A few years ago, the small-pox was introduced into the island by one of their ships, and carried off about 300 persons. About this time, and subsequently, the small island at the south end of the lagoon was employed as a small-pox hospital. All small-pox patients are removed there, and tended by nurses who have already passed through the disease; and those who die are buried there. After the epidemic, the Rajah of Cannanore sent an Indian doctor to the island, who vaccinated all the inhabitants.

The climate of Minicoy is very uniform; but the legions of mosquitoes are a great drawback to the enjoyment of life. They are very small, penetrate everywhere, and sting through everything. All the inhabitants sleep under calico curtains; and the ordinary punishment for common offences, is to shut the offender up in a house, naked, for a whole night, exposed to the intolerable torment of these insatiable insects. As in most small communities, serious crimes are of rare occurrence.

Last Journey and Death of Dr. Livingstone.

THE fresh rumour of the death of Dr. Livingstone which reached England in February last, and which was then disbelieved by all who remembered the many false reports previously circulated, has resulted in certainty. The mortal remains of the greatest and noblest of African travellers have been carried by his native followers from the distant interior, where he died, to Zanzibar; conveyed thence to England, formally identified, and interred amidst demonstrations of public sympathy such as have rarely before been witnessed, in Westminster Abbey.

Readers of Stanley's book, "How I found Livingstone," will know that he finally quitted the company of our great traveller at Taboro, in Unyanyembe, in March, 1872. At this place—a trading settlement of the Zanzibar Arabs, distant about 450 miles from the sea-coast—Livingstone waited five months for the men and stores which Stanley promised to send up to him as soon as he reached Zanzibar. They reached him in due time, and thus, freshly equipped and re-invigorated, he proceeded on what he intended to be his final journey—final, alas! in a sense different from that which he intended; to

visit the so-called "Fountains of Herodotus," and fix the position of what he believed to be the southernmost springs of the Nile. The men sent up by Stanley proved to be a tractable body of natives; but among them were six young Christian negroes from the Church Missionary College at Nassick, near Bombay; and it is to these faithful fellows that the world owes the preservation and conveyance of the traveller's body and his journals, thus preventing all the ill-consequences of uncertainty as to his fate, and securing for the world the results of his labours. These six negroes had volunteered, by permission of the Church Missionary Society of London, to accompany the first search expedition organised by the Royal Geographical Society; and had left Bombay for Zanzibar early in 1872, in obedience to a telegram sent from London to Dr. Price, the head of Nassick College. The collapse of the "Search Expedition" had left the brave lads at Zanzibar without employment; but they volunteered to join the party gathered together by Mr. Stanley, and arriving safely at Taboro, accompanied their chosen master on his onward journey. The new escort thus supplied to Livingstone had the advantage also of being well-armed with the muskets and ammunition that had been furnished by the War Office in London for the use of the abandoned Search Expedition of Dawson.

On leaving Unyanyembe, in August, 1872, Livingstone proceeded first in a southerly direction, and after a few marches turned westward, through the Ufipa country to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Here he was in an entirely new country, about 100 miles more southerly than the places visited by Burton and Speke, and afterwards by Stanley. The fragmentary descriptions of this part contained in some of his letters are, therefore, interesting. He says, "The eastern shore is very mountainous, and the rocks, chiefly mica-schist and gneiss, are tilted up on edge, like the leaves of a book when turned up on its back, and slightly opened. It seems as if a wedge, the breadth of the lake, had been thrust up from below, forming afterwards a cavity where the water now stands, and pushing the strata up on each side, in the way they now appear. The marching up hill and down dale was severe, and in many of my men produced subcutaneous inflammation in the limbs; but the able willingly carried the helpless. Not a shower had fallen, and the grass, mostly burned off, had left a surface covered with the blades scorched into ashes, from which the heat radiated as from the mouth of a furnace. Yet, out of this hard, hot surface, the flowers, generally without leaves, persisted in coming forth; a species of ginger, with its large purple and yellow blossoms, being the most conspicuous." Small rivers flowed into the lake at the bottom of most of the valleys; all of them crossed by a bridge—the usual felled tree. None were so broad as to need a ferry.

Doubling the southern end of this wonderful lake, the party—now in about ten degrees of south latitude—began to climb the steep slopes of the cold and humid plateau of Urungu, to an altitude of 4,700 feet above the sea-level. In this region it was the rainy season, when everything was green, and every place sloppy and slippery. Livingstone had visited this region before, and had spent several months with an hospitable chief, who had been of the greatest service in enabling him to complete the exploration of the southern prolongation of Tanganyika—the bay or gulf, Liemba—with its picturesque shores sloping upwards, 2,000 feet above the surface of the water, and dotted with villages and plantations. He now found the chief dead, and the whole country reduced to starvation, in consequence of the turmoil accompanying the election of a new king. To make matters worse, the sky was continually clouded, and it rained night and day. His followers had nothing but mushrooms, which grew plentifully on those cool and misty uplands, to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

From this country Livingstone proceeded to the shores of Lake Bangweolo, a vast sheet of water he had discovered four years previously, into which a vast number of streams, and one considerable river (the Chambeze), fed by the rains of these highlands, discharge their waters, and out of which the great Lualaba emerges on the north. It was during his marches through the inundated grounds on the borders of this lake that he contracted the malady which caused his death. Fevers and dysentery, the evil effects of overwork and hunger, many and many a time had attacked and been shaken off the strong frame of the lion-hearted traveller; but he had now tried his strength once too often. Sixty years old, toothless, as he described himself, and emaciated, his vital powers had lost their elasticity.

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, written evidently a few days before he was compelled to order his men to prepare his last halting-place, he says—"Many long return marches, for days together, had to be made to extricate ourselves from the meshes whose threads were from two to three miles broad. The poor fellows carried me through the waters, though it would have been more agreeable to me to wade, as I did when in former journeys I had unwilling freedmen for my escort. My thighs became sore from resting all my weight by the hour on their shoulders. They had hitherto done remarkably well. The highest praise I could bestow would be that they equal the Makololo. The rivulets flowing into this lake often spread out into estuaries, and make Bangweolo look as if she had a string of oblong pearls round her neck. The country adjacent is all flat forest. An hour's march in this brings you to a rivulet flowing in a meadow, with one or two hundred yards of weeping earthen sponge on each side. Crossing this, and ascending a few feet by a gentle slope, you enter forest again, or plod through great patches of ferns."

On reaching the western end of the lake, his ailments increased, and he could go no further, even supported on the shoulders of his escort. He bid them build him a hut for shelter, and told them he had but little longer to live. "He spoke much and sadly of home," records one of his servants. Dates, from the time of his departure from Unyanyembe, we have at present none, except the fatal April 27th, 1873, when the last entry in his journal was made. According to Jacob Wainwright, the best educated of the six Nassick boys before mentioned, the date of the great traveller's death was the 4th of May. The idea of preserving the body and carrying it home originated with the Nassick boys, who, having promised Dr. Price, on leaving Nassick for the "Search Expedition," that if Dr. Livingstone were dead they would not return without finding and bringing to the coast his bones, they naturally thought that the conveyance of the dead body was in accordance with this promise. The entrails, including the heart, were buried at Ilala, where the traveller died, Jacob Wainwright reading the English burial service over the grave. The same faithful lad accompanied the body to England, and was witness of the grand ceremonial in Westminster Abbey. The march of the sixty negroes who brought down the body extended over 1,200 miles, and occupied in all seven months.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—VII.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

TRIBES BETWEEN THE SENEGAL AND THE GAMBIA.—THE SERER-OUOLOF RACE.—NATIVE STATES BORDERING ON SENEGAMBIA.—MOORISH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—RELIGIOUS DEVOTION AND INDUSTRIES.—PRESENT POSITION OF THE FRENCH COLONIES; THEIR ADMINISTRATION AND INTERNAL ECONOMY.

THE Malinkés and Soninkés are generally of tall stature and muscular development, and, Negro-like, have heads of frizzly hair. But though they undoubtedly possess the physical traits of the race, these are not observable to the exaggerated extent we see among the Negroes of Equatorial Africa and the countries about the Congo; thus there are often seen among them faces which have nothing disagreeable in them, though without possessing the good looks that are traceable where there is an infusion of Foulah blood.

The Soninkés, and especially the Malinkés, are of warlike temperament, and are also much given to agriculture and commerce; indeed, the Soninkés are the most commercially inclined people of Western Africa. The same holds good of them as of most of the black races of the continent; they trouble themselves little about their origin, and we know absolutely nothing of it. Some European and Arabic writers, the sum total of whose knowledge we have indicated, have whiled away their leisure by surmises that these black races are descended from Shem; others say from Cain, without reflecting that, in common with the whole human race, they must originate from Cain, that is to say, from Noah.



NEGRO PORTERS.

We now come to the Ouolofs and the Serers.

The vast alluvial plains comprised between the Senegal, the Falémé, and the Gambia, are the cradle of a black race distinguished from all those around them by physical and moral characteristics no less than by language. This is the Serer-Ouolof race, speaking two languages which have the most complete affinity between them, one of the chief points of resemblance being that, with some exceptions, the words are monosyllabic. The word Ouolof is the adjective by which are designated the people or anything else belonging to the country which is called Djioloff. The borders of this vast, almost desert, tract are thickly peopled by a race formerly powerful, but, owing to disunion and the ceaseless raids of the Trarzas and Toucouleurs of Fouta, now reduced to the extreme of feebleness and political abasement. We have already briefly described Djiolof, the country inhabited by the Ouolofs and Serers, and also two of the independent states after that empire became subdivided, namely, Oualo or Ualo, and Cayor. The third, Djiolof Proper, was once powerful, but, like the others, was ruined by this disintegration. This unhappy state has been afflicted in recent times with a succession of irresolute or knavish kings, who pillaged the people, and made no efforts to give their subjects the advantages accruing from the most elementary forms of government, while they arrogated to themselves the vain title of Bour-ba-Djiolof. The French have constructed the fort of Merinaghen in the hope of

attracting the commerce of the country, but, we believe, with very small results. The inhabitants of Djiolof fear the Moorish depredators who lurk on the roads, and in their ignorance entertain a dread of the French, whom they have been taught to distrust by such men as Tanor, formerly King of Djiolof, but who, desiring to possess the neighbouring state of Cayor, fomented troubles therein, and established himself with a band of marauders between the two kingdoms. Some years ago, desiring a better understanding with their powerful white neighbours, they wrote to the French Governor of Senegal that they were prepared to pay 200 cattle for the construction of a small masonry tower at Bounoun, five leagues to the east of Merinaghen, so as to afford protection to a settlement there. Bounoun is a place of great strategical importance, being at the point of intersection of the territories of Ualo, Cayor, Djiolof, and Fouta.

This place is situated in the midst of an arid desert, and as water is found here at all seasons, it is a point frequently visited by marauding bands from all four nations, and by the Moors when on the march. The construction of a fortified post and a village must therefore exercise a beneficial influence on these warlike nationalities and the wretched people who suffer from their depredations. It is said that this scheme was one of the projects that emanated from the brain of the great warrior chief Al Hadji, then a simple villager of Oloar, in Toro, but who has since played so momentous a part in the politics of Western Africa; if so, it shows that he was capable, had his energies been properly directed, of conceiving other projects than those dreams of war and empire out of which was to arise a vast Mussulman state ruled by himself—dreams which brought such misery on his race, and ended in his own overthrow.

Senegalese Fouta—called by the French *Fouta Senegalais* to distinguish it from Fouta Toro—adjoins Djiolof to the northward, and extends 450 miles along the left bank of the river from Dagana to the small affluent known as Nguerer, near Dembakane, thus including the island of Morfil, formed by two arms of the river between Saldé and Doué. The province also possesses some villages situated on the right bank between Kaadi and Goumel. Senegalese Fouta is divided into territories, corresponding in general with the respective tribes that own them. Thus, starting from Dagana, we come to the province of Dimar, extending from Gaé to Doué; the province of Toro, from Doué to Boki; the country of Lao,* from Boki to Abdallah-Mokhtara.

There are also other minor subdivisions of little political importance. Dimar, the province in the extreme west, is partially under French influence, and partially tributary to the Trarzas.

The two towns of Gaé and Bakel, which lie nearest to Dagana, having taken part with the French in the prolonged war with the Trarzas, were granted their independence by their powerful allies. As for Toro, since the establishment of the French post at Podor, it gravitated gradually towards France. Between it and Damga lies Central Fouta, which has been already noticed in an earlier chapter.

Chief among the native states bordering on Senegambia, but which, from their remoteness, are not much under French influence, is Segou. Like Kaarta, its inhabitants are Bambaras. The reigning family of Segou was anciently that of Massassi-Courbari, but they were massacred on the occasion of a revolt of slaves. Some few escaped and founded the kingdom of Kaarta; others were retained as captives in the country at Segou-Koro, which was their capital, and their descendants, although treated with consideration, carry a silver chain as a badge of servitude. Since the sanguinary revolution that drove them from power, the throne has been occupied by the family of the chief of the slaves.

The present capital is Segou-Sikoro, near Segou-Koro, and is the most considerable city of any on the banks of the Joliba. Segou is a very commercial country, and employs, in place of money, a small sort of shell called *kouroukicé* (cowries), which is imported by Europeans. The navigation of the Upper Niger is conducted by means of the native boats called *pirogues*, constructed from the trunks of trees.

To the northward of Segou lies the powerful Foulah state of Macina, which, unlike the former, has embraced the Mohammedan religion. The founder of Macina, named Sheikh-Amadou, a Foula *taliba*, or Marabout disciple, of Djenné, carried on for forty years a great war with Segou, and the ravages committed by the soldiers of the opposing nations were of so devastating a character that a famine broke out in both countries, and wrought great havoc among the unhappy people, already decimated by the sword. After the death of Sheikh-Amadou and Da, King of Segou, their successors desired peace. Since that time Macina has always exercised a considerable influence on Segou, and in 1855 a singular instance was afforded of the changed relations existing between the two states. When Hadji Omar, the great Mussulman conqueror, after having subdued Kaarta, sought to turn his arms against the unbelievers of the adjoining state, the Marabouts, or priestly order, in Macina, not wishing that the conversion of their neighbours should be undertaken by any zealots but themselves, took the people under their especial protection, and thus succeeded in saving them from the tender mercies of the Hadji.

The French have little intercourse with the distant state of Segou, though occasionally some small caravans, with articles for barter, proceed from the latter country to Bakel and the frontier post of Medina. The French authorities at Senegal, during the palmy days of the Empire, proposed the extension of their posts along the Bafing, the main stream of the Senegal, thus gradually pushing their way towards the Joliba and Segou; but since their disastrous war with Germany, it is scarcely probable that these proposals for aggrandisement will find much favour with any government that may be uppermost among our Gallic neighbours.

During the period of the fifteen years' war between the Bambaras and the Djiavara,* the direct route between Medina

* The people of Lao are called Lao-nko-be by a strange mixture of different languages. Thus, in the Malinké and Soninké, the word *nké* is added to the name of the country to denote the inhabitants, and the word would be Lao-nke; in these languages the plural is formed by changing the final *a*, *e*, *i*, into *ou*, so that this word becomes Lao-nkou. In the Foulah language they add *bé* to denote the inhabitants of a country, and thus it has happened that to the plural form Lao-nkou has been added the affix *bé*, and the entire composite word appears, Lao-nkou-bé.

* The Djiavara are a Soninké race inhabiting a part of Kaarta. Subjugated by the Bambaras of that country, they proved restive under the yoke, and when Hadji Omar undertook the conquest of Kaarta at the head of the Toucouleurs of Fouta-D'jallon and Senegalese Fouta, he took part with the Djiavaras, and drove out their enemies, who took refuge in Fouta-Dougou. It will be remembered that in an earlier chapter we mentioned that the religious war undertaken by Hadji Omar devastated the continent

and Segou—that by way of Kaarta—was rendered impassable, and a *détour* to the northward was made, which occupied twelve days, or twenty with beasts of burden. There is also a second route from Bakel to Segou, by Bondou, Bambouk, and Fouta-D'jallon, though, being less direct, it occupies a longer time to traverse.

The principal products of Segou are slaves, gold, ivory, and *boubous*—already described as a species of shirt without sleeves—made from country cotton beautifully dyed with indigo, and embroidered in the most elaborate manner with silk imported by European traders, who find their way either by caravans over the desert or from Sierra Leone, which maintains some small commercial intercourse with Segou. The Moors, fearing that the external trade of Segou, which has hitherto been chiefly in their hands, will pass, like that of other countries, into the hands of European merchants, seek to excite in the minds of these ignorant people fear and hatred towards their successful rivals. One of the superstitions they have inculcated is to the effect that every Bambara king will die soon after setting eyes on a white man. The population of Segou is reputed to be half a million of souls, but this estimate can only be regarded as fanciful, as, indeed, beyond the town of St. Louis, and some villages near the French posts in Ualo, are all estimates of the populations of these native communities.

Among the Malinkés the succession to the throne is collateral; thus all the brothers and cousins of the reigning monarch attain supreme power in succession, and after the generation is exhausted by the death of the last, then it passes to the younger members of the family.

Fouta-dougou, one of the countries tributary to Segou, under a king of its own, is inhabited by Malinkés and Foulahs speaking the Malinké language, who are pastoral and agricultural in their pursuits, but not commercial. The country is mountainous, and is said to have 80,000 inhabitants. Beledougou is larger than the preceding state, and has a more numerous population—about 150,000 souls; these are Bambaras, having small aptitude for commerce, but are shepherds and cultivators of the soil.

Bakhounou, a tributary of the Ely-Ould Amar Moors—the Ludomars of geographers—is, like the preceding states, ruled by a king. The inhabitants, being Bambaras, follow the mode of life of their race in Beledougou; they also deal in salt, which they extract for the Moors, who sell it to the blacks. The other states dependent on Segou, namely, Gadougou, Maudin (including Balea), and Ouassoulou, are of little importance, and almost nothing is known of them.

Bouré is the chief gold-bearing country of this part of West Africa. It is situated on an arm of the Joliba, which flows between this river and the Upper Senegal or Bafing, and about ninety miles from this last. The inhabitants are Bidigas, and speak the Bambara language. Bouré consists of a dozen villages, distant only two or three leagues from each other, and situated in the midst of a vast wooded plain. The town of Bouré, which lies about half-a-day's march from the tributary of the Joliba already referred to, is the capital; it is of considerable extent for an African town, and is surrounded by a mud wall. The people sink pits from which they extract the gold, and in these holes they find the water which they drink. The gold is found not only in the form of dust, but is also extracted from lumps of stone which they break. The people of Bouré do not cultivate the soil, but they rear vast herds on the extensive pasturages. They are numerous, rich, well armed with muskets, and, when they are attacked by their enemies, take refuge in their mines. These pits are from 16 to 20 feet deep, with long horizontal galleries.

The Djalonkés (inhabitants of Djalonka-dougou, and formerly of Fouta-D'jallon) are in the habit of buying the gold for their own use in Bouré, and the people of Balea come here also for the same purpose, though they mostly resell it in Fouta-D'jallon, or at the European mercantile factories on the coast. Bouré is a monarchy. The ruling classes are Mussulman, having been converted to the faith of Mohammed by the Dioulas, travelling merchants, for the most part of the Soninké race. The great mass of the people are indifferent, and, contrary to the tenets of the Koran, indulge in strong drinks.

There is a route which leads from Bambouk to Bouré, and between the two countries lies the fortified village of Tamba, which is hostile to Mohammedanism, and is made to pay tribute to Bouré. The capture and destruction of Tamba was the first feat of arms of Hadji Omar in the holy war undertaken by him. After his departure, the town was rebuilt by those of the inhabitants who had escaped the massacre which was the usual fate of all who opposed the sword of this remorseless proselytiser of Islam. The non-Mussulman states which surround Bouré—Djalonka-Dougou, Gadougou, and Fouta-Dougou—were hostile to the Hadji, though the people of Bouré were devoted to the interests of that chief. Owing to this "religious difficulty," these latter were also habitually in a state of war with Ouassoulou, which placed no faith in the religious tenets of the Koran.

We next come to Guidimakha. A Soninké race were formerly supreme in Gangari or Gangara, a country situated on the right bank of the Senegal, a little in the interior to the west of Diafouna, a province of Kaarta, and opposite Gadiaga. Invaded, like all the others, by the Moors, who forced this people to pay tribute after having converted them to Mohammedanism, they were obliged to quit their former home in the interior, and strove to maintain themselves by a predatory life. Falling back to the banks of the Senegal, they were divided into two fractions; one formed a dozen large villages on the right bank, extending from Diaguila, in front of Bakel, to Khasso, under the Soninké name of *Guidimakha*, which means "the people of rocks;" the other fraction traversed the river, and established themselves in Fouta-Damga, under the name of Aéré-nké, which also means "the people of rocks," as *aéré* in the Foulah language signifies "a rock."

The principal village of Guidimakha—Diaguila—is perched on a scarped rock on the brink of the river. The Soninkés are cultivators of the soil and merchants. They have organised a sort of republic. In character they may be described as suspicious, turbulent, and fanatical; notwithstanding, as they have naturally commercial predilections, they maintain business relations with the French traders, though at the time of Hadji Omar's supremacy they were forced to engage in hostilities against them, and to plunder the Moorish *Kafilahs*, which carried

for a space of 300 leagues, extending from St. Louis to the basin of the Niger, and did not cease until August, 1860, when a convention was made with one of the lieutenants of the Hadji, who, repeatedly defeated by the French forces on the Senegal, was more successful in his struggle with the Bambaras of Segou.

gums to Bakel. Before the war which desolated all this part of Africa, the people of Guidimakha were tributaries of the Bambaras of Kaarta, and the Douaich Moors; but the Hadji freed them from this imposition. The population of Guidimakha is estimated to be 30,000 or 40,000 souls. Their villages are large, and are fortified with strong mud walls.

At the beginning of the present century, the whole course of the Joliba, between Timbuctoo and Djenné inclusively, was under the rule of the Foulahs, which had superseded in all these countries the supremacy of the Malinké or Bambaras, the Soninkés, and even the Moors. Within recent years the Touaregs or Berbers, and the Foulahs, disputed the possession of Timbuctoo; and, as we have mentioned when speaking of the country extending from that city to Djenné, between fifty and sixty years ago, Sheikh Amadou consolidated it into a powerful and compact Foulah state, under the name of Macina. On the death of Amadou he was succeeded by his son, who in 1856 successfully repelled Omar from his frontier. Macina has no trading relations with the French, and, owing to its great distance from Senegal, and the repugnance to aggressive movements on the part of the French colonial authorities, it is probable that the time is far distant before its political institutions can be a matter of much concern to our French neighbours in West Africa.



NEGRO MINSTREL.

Bondou, a Foulah state professing Mohammedanism, is situated in the western angle, formed by the Senegal and Falémé Rivers, and consists of a desert tract extending to the rear of the country lying along the former river, and occupied by the Soninkés. According to tradition, it was founded by voluntary cession on the part of the king of the Soninkés of Gadiaga to the Foulahs, who migrated from Fouta-Toro and other countries.

Since its foundation, Bondou has maintained its independence at the cost of its turbulent neighbour, Fouta. At first, although smaller in extent and inferior in population, the form of its government, an absolute hereditary monarchy, gave it a homogeneous power, which enabled it to cope successfully with the theocratic form of democracy prevailing in Fouta; afterwards it relied for support on the Bambaras, but during the religious war, excited by Hadji Omar, was torn by warring factions. All those who were swayed by fanatical considerations, or who were hostile to the reigning family, took part on the side of the Hadji and Fouta; while the partisans of the King of Bondou were constrained to seek refuge in Kaarta. At this conjuncture the French sought out Boubakar-Saada, son of a deceased Almamy of Bondou, who had sold them Sénoudébou in 1848, and declared him Almamy. At first without followers, he gradually gained a powerful party of adherents, and, thanks chiefly to the support afforded by the arms of his powerful allies, overcame all opposition, and became supreme in Bondou. The party hostile to his claims quitted the country, and settled, some in Guidimakha and others in Fouta. The founder of the royal house was Amady Aissata, who flourished towards the end of the last century, and waged war with Abd-oul-Kader, of Fouta, whom he killed. At the present time there are two branches of this family—that of Boulébané, to which Boubakar Saada, the reigning monarch, belongs; and the branch of Koussam, ruling in Upper Bondou, who is hostile to the French, but is said by writers of that country to have always shown a disposition to ally himself with the ruler of the British settlements at Gambier; though this probably is founded on a mistaken idea prevailing among our gallant neighbours that we invariably seek to thwart them in every quarter of the globe where they may desire to extend their colonial possessions. The French formerly paid custom duties for holding possession of Sénoudébou; but after Bondou, in 1854, made common cause with their enemies, they ceased to pay these dues, and maintain their hold of that post by the law of the strongest.

At the time the state under consideration was weak and

distracted, the Malinkés of Bambouk, who are only separated from it by the Falémé, occupied some villages on the left bank of that river; but as they acquired strength, the people of Bondou gradually drove their invaders to the opposite bank; and at last, having crossed over themselves, starting from Kéniéba, they conquered all the right bank of the Falémé, an auriferous country, the acquisition of which excited the envy of the neighbouring states. But as this part of Bondou declared for that firebrand, Hadji Omar, and impatiently supported the yoke of Boubakar-Saada, the French in 1858 established themselves in Kéniéba, thus playing off against one another both the Malinkés of Bambouk, who were humiliated at seeing the the Foulahs of Bondou lording it over them, and their ally,



HOUSE AT SEGOU.

Boubakar, who was gratified to see his hold of the right bank strengthened by the presence of his powerful allies.

Bondou is estimated to have a population of 100,000 souls. The country produces fine crops of millet, rice, indigo, cotton; also honey and wax. Soon after their occupation of Kéniéba, the French strove to turn it to account as a gold-producing acquisition, though without much success. They have long cast a covetous eye on the mines of Bouré, and do not scruple to state that Kéniéba is but the stepping-stone to the richer neighbouring country.

The inhabitants of Senegambia, like most barbarous races, are fond of music, though it must be owned their instruments are of the simplest construction, and their notion of harmony does not agree with ours. Two specimens of their instruments can be seen at the South Kensington Museum, and may be thus described:—The *sancho* is a sort of guitar having the body made of wood, covered with snakes' skins. It has ivory turning-pegs, not unlike those of a violin; and there is an F hole on one side of the body, from which one might conclude that the negro manufacturer of this instrument had taken a hint from seeing a European fiddle. Generally the *sancho* is tuned by means of movable rings like the *khasso*. At least such is the contrivance in several that have been brought from different parts of Western Africa. A *khasso* is also a negro instrument, the body of which is often made of a huge pumpkin and the strings of a tough fibre of a creeping plant.

The Moors have instruments differing somewhat in construction, and having other names. These are of three sorts—the *tedini*, a guitar with three horsehair strings; the *ardi*, a harp with eight gut strings, much used at marriage festivals, and a viola, called *turbab*, with three cords played with a bow, and much employed by shepherds. The songs are accompanied at the end of each line by a twang of the strings; but, though the airs are monotonous, the words are oftentimes poetical, being like the productions of Eastern poets, full of hyperbole and imagery. Most important of Moorish musical instruments is the *tabala*, or drum, made like the *tom-tom* of India, of a hollowed cylinder (*afrar*), over which calf-skin is stretched by means of twisted hide. This is beaten by two sticks, and one or two *deubouch-tabal*, or wooden balls garnished with leather, secured to the end of a leather thong fastened round the wrist of the performer. To play the *tabula* properly is an art. One man holds a stick, and another, standing opposite, holds a second stick and the *deubouch*. They commence by beating a roll with the sticks, and then they join in with frequent rapid blows from the *deubouch*, which give a certain pleasing though monotonous musical effect. The *tabala* beating the alarm can be heard at vast distances, and the rolling and rattling sound as it echoes through the still night air of the desert is stated to

have a magical effect. Every Moorish chief has his *tabala*, and if two or more camps are united, then only the king's drum—as in the case of a powerful prince like Sidi Ely—is beaten when the camp is broken up. To announce this, three blows are struck in the evening and at sunrise, and two blows at any other time of day. Again, the *tabala* announces important public notices. Thus ten blows for decrees which are published by the voices of the heralds; twenty blows to convoke the council (*jemaha*) or to assemble the warriors; and thirty to sound the alarm (*reitan*), which consists of a series of quick rattling blows. When Sidi Ely's *tabala* has ceased, those of the other chiefs commence in their turn, and thus the indolent can make no excuse for delay or inertness.

Though the Moors break up their camp in early morning, yet so much time is consumed tending and milking their flocks, that it is often eight o'clock before they are fairly on the march. The heat at this hour is of course intense, though they appear indifferent, and frequently march bare-headed in the sun at mid-day.* But the climate, though very hot, is perfectly healthy, and fevers, which are prevalent along the banks of rivers, are unknown in the plateaus of the interior, where pleasant breezes are constantly in motion, and render travelling possible. Much of this healthiness is doubtless due to the fact that the Moors, while on the march, subsist on such simple dietary as millet pounded and boiled in water. Sidi Ely himself, like the Somaulies of East Africa, takes nothing but milk, though M. Bourrel—from whom while they were travelling in company he occasionally begged a little rice and millet—expresses an opinion that the diet is not sufficiently nutritious, and predisposes them to certain skin diseases with which the Moors are much afflicted. However this may be, such is not the effect a milk diet has upon the tall and athletic warriors of Somauli-land.

The Moors are very strict Mussulmans, and, like the followers of the Prophet throughout Asia, the most ignorant and cruel of them will not fail to recite his prayers morning and evening, with the accompanying genuflections required by their religious code. Thus when journeying over the heated sands of the Sahara, they will as scrupulously fulfil these requirements as if they were kneeling before the sacred *Kaaba* in the temple of Mecca itself, the sights and associations of which may well be supposed to excite their enthusiasm to fever heat.

At daybreak the marabout of the Moorish camp calls "the faithful" to prayers, which he does in a recitative that has a melancholy, but not unpleasing effect. Every one turns out and makes his orisons before his tent at the rising of the sun; again at two o'clock in the afternoon; a third time at four o'clock; a fourth time at sunset, which is considered the most solemn occasion, and finally on retiring to rest. So that if prayer and much meditation were alone necessary to make these wandering tribes highly moral and virtuous members of the body politic, they ought to be models of all the virtues, which, however, they are not, for in spite of much and ostentatious prayer, they are habitual breakers of the decalogue, are cruel to their slaves, and harry the lands of their weaker neighbours on the left bank of the Senegal.

In performing the act of worship, the Moors commence by turning towards Mecca; they place the hands on the earth and rub the palms with sand; they then carry the hands to the forehead, the cheeks and the chin; again they rest the hands on the earth, and rub the arms as far as the elbow. After that they stand erect, the hands being raised above the head, and then let fall to the thigh as they give utterance to a prayer which always finishes with the ejaculation, "Allah Akbar!" (God is great). They remain still while saying the prayer, and bow when repeating the name of the Almighty. They then fall on their knees and twice touch the ground with the forehead, while repeating "Allah Abkar;" and afterwards rise and repeat the *raca*, as they call the act of worship, from the raising of the arms to bringing them twice in contact with the earth. In the morning prayers they make two *racas;* at two and four o'clock four *racas;* at sunset, three, and at night, when retiring to rest, four *racas*. Between each they remain a moment on the knees saying a prayer, and raising the forefinger of the right hand to signify there is only one God. The leading tenet of their religion is expressed in the aspiration, "La-illah-ila Allah Mohammed rassoul Allah" (There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet). The Mussulmans express their thankfulness after any mercy vouchsafed to them by the ejaculation, "Al-hamd-ool-illah" (Thanks be to God), and commence their writings with the prayer with which the Prophet heads each chapter of the Koran, "Bism-illah el Rakhman-el Rakheem" (In the name of God the Great and the Merciful).*

In a Moorish camp the blacksmith's trade, which includes others, is perhaps more conducive than any other to the comfort and necessities of its inhabitants. These useful workmen have two or three tents allotted to them, in which they manufacture the necessaries of their nomad fellow-countrymen,—such as calabashes, tent fittings, mallets to drive the tent-pegs, stools, saddles,† bridles, bits, and stirrups; while their wives make lamb-skin carpets, called "ekhlef," and leather bags, "tessoura," in the manufacture of which they exhibit much taste. For the purpose of tanning the hides they soak them in a calabash full of ashes and water. After some days, when the hair has fallen off, they plunge the skin into a concoction of water and pounded husk called *choumba*, and it is ready in about eight days. They also employ the bark of the sumac-tree (*Boscia Senegalensis*). Goat-skins are used for carrying water, which, though it loses its freshness, acquires a certain flavour which the Moors do not appear to regard as unpalatable. Calf-skins are also carefully dressed and dyed for covering saddles. To obtain the red dye, the Moors use the grain of a kind of wild millet, which is pounded and boiled in water mixed with ashes. They also employ the leaves of the *Ferkaia* tree, which they dry, pound, and boil in water. They then put ashes into it and drain it through linen. To get the yellow colour, they dry and pound the leaves of a tree called *Taleoulaket*, or they buy from the Negroes the tuber of a plant called *courcouma*, from which they extract the pigment by the same method. A black dye is obtained from the earth mixed with the dross of the iron of the forge diluted with water. These blacksmiths know how to work up the iron which abounds in the country near watercourses. In their forges they make swords, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, some of which

* "Voyage dans le pays des Maures Brakna." By M. Bourrel.

* See Sale's learned and exhaustive "Preliminary Discourse" to his translation of the Koran.

† The saddles are made from the wood of the *Adersaica* tree; and all other wooden utensils from that of the *Taicktaia*, as the Moors call the *Soump Senegalais* of the French, *Balanites Ægyptiaca* of naturalists, which has prickly leaves and a fruit much liked by the Moors.

are very ingenious. Did space permit, we might describe some of these utensils, such as the locks and the bellows for the forge, which are of curious workmanship.

Some few remarks are necessary regarding the present position and the administration of the French colonies in West Africa before we commence the chapters detailing the operations undertaken by our neighbours in Senegambia.

The population of the French settlements at Senegal and its dependencies was estimated in 1868 at 198,000 souls; and that of the dependent native states was computed at 150,000, while the people who were in commercial relations with the French colonies were placed at over one million. These two last estimates were only approximate, as it was almost impossible to number a nomad population, for the most part Mohammedans. Of the European population there were 292 civilians, of whom 204 were in St. Louis and 88 at Goree. In the military stations at the arrondissements of St. Louis, Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, Bakel, and Goree, there were stationed 643 native troops, 433 *laptots* or native sailors, and 1,462 European soldiers, sailors, and government *employés*, with their families.

The administration of the colonies is confided to the Governor of St. Louis. A commandant, responsible to this official, is placed in authority of the arrondissements of Richard Toll, Dagana, Podor, Bakel, Goree, and Sedhiou. These chiefs of arrondissements have under their orders chief of circles, chiefs of posts, and chiefs of villages, who are nominated by the governor. Two chiefs of administration, a manager (*ordonnateur*), and the head of the judiciary, direct at St. Louis, under the orders of the governor, the different divisions of the public service; a controller being placed to watch the regularity of the administrative service.

A council of administration, under the presidency of the governor, and composed of the two administrative and judicial chiefs, the controller, and two of the most influential inhabitants, assist by their advice the chief of the colony, vote the budget, and act in certain cases as an administrative tribunal.

In each of the arrondissements of the colony there is also a consultative commission which assembles twice in the year for the purpose of giving advice to the executive, and expressing the wishes of the European and native population in all that concerns agriculture, commerce, the plantations, the breeding of cattle, public instruction, the service of the militia, police, and public works. This commission, presided over by the chief of the arrondissement, is composed of the mayor (at St. Louis and Goree only), the principal authorities, two of the chief inhabitants, two merchants, a trader, and two heads of villages.

Native affairs, properly so called—that is to say, all that concerns the interests of the native population of the interior, whether under French rule or no—are regulated by a director reporting directly to the Governor, and assisted by two deputies.

The harbour-masters' duties are conducted by two port captains, one at St. Louis and one at Goree, two port-masters, and a superintendent of pilotage, having under his orders four pilots. The service of roads and bridges is under the direction of the commanding officer of engineers. The police duties are directed at St. Louis by a commissary and a sergeant, and at Goree by a commissary. There is, besides, a native corps of horse patrols, consisting of three brigadiers and 30 troopers, distributed throughout the arrondissements of the colony. At the two chief colonies there are officers for registering titles to real property.

Rambles in Rome.—II.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

To wake up in Rome! Of all wakings up this must be the most remarkable. In Rome, whose many century-stored history has moulded and influenced our thoughts from earliest years, even apart from our consciousness thereof, the aim of our journey and centre of our recent longings! In Rome, of which all we saw last night was a vociferous railway-station, and a brief whisking past sightless walls, and through a modern square, in the dusk, to a quiet street; a large, lifeless, stone staircase, and remote retired rooms on its highest landing! To wake up and have this gradually dawn upon us and half believe it, and finally, when fully persuaded and aroused to full consciousness, to get up and look out of window hoping to get a glimpse of a fragment at least of the mighty city; and, in fact, beholding a fragment of it—a narrow courtyard, with mysteries to boot, for its depth extends far below the limits of vision! As we dress, we may find ourselves reflecting that for all the world we may be in any other town, nay, in London itself, except for the absence of noise from the streets, and the primitive airy room, which difference will be presently increased when we find ourselves breakfasting without a fire, which is certainly somewhat against our Christmas habits at home.

Rome may be said to differ from most towns in this respect, that whereas in the latter the great point for the visitor to ascertain is what there is to be seen, in her case the chief problem is what to leave unseen. Where else will a three weeks' visit leave such a bewildering sense of deficiency? And that after resolute and persevering labour and contrivance! It is here as it was with the first Great Exhibition, while the thing was still a novelty, and men were under the infatuation that they must go round and see everything—a pleasing toil cut short in the middle, and otherwise surprised by the imperative reminder of a return excursion ticket. The hopeless dejection of a three days' fruitless pursuit of the impossible may be successfully imitated at Rome by a systemless and restless determination to see everything that is to be seen in three weeks. I have little doubt that considerable success of this kind is attained in especial by Americans, whose skill and practice in "doing the thing" thoroughly is only equalled by their amazing rapacity and power of gorging

themselves, so to speak, with course after course of the endless European banquet set before them, without symptoms of satiety or weariness.

Multiplicity of objects of interest only increases their activity and ardour, and they value a place by the thickness of its guide-book. The ordinary traveller, on his first morning in the imperial city, may well be excused if he feels a slight sinking of heart as his crowded ideal of the place and of what he ought reasonably to get done in the time at his disposal, mingles itself with his waking thoughts, or makes reflective his sipping of his coffee. In the steam that rises from the cup as he waits for it to cool, may there not fashion themselves and dance in misty confusion and never-ending succession, churches, palaces, Te Deums, catacombs, ruins, masses, galleries, museums, till his mind grows bewildered in contemplation and disentanglement? May not there also hover round these, still further involving their mazes, advices, warnings, anticipations, commissions, experiences, not only perplexing, when present, but by their very absence at times afflicting with the dread of having forgotten something that ought to have been remembered? But see our American friend, with what alacrity he is poring over his guide-book, how his spirit rises, and his zest quickens with the difficulty, how briskly he starts off with his cicerone for his first round! And with what a relish shall we hear him this evening dilate on his day's work—

"Well, I guess I've made a very fair start to-day: I've done five churches, two galleries, St. Peter's, and fifteen pages of ruins!" as with unimpaired eagerness he schemes what part of his guide-book to do to-morrow. Leave him, prudent reader, to his chatter and cicerone. With you this is no mere episode in a busy ceaseless devouring of the curiosities of Europe, though you too have come to feed—to feed mind as well as eye, and at a feast you feel to be unique. Leave him and such as him, and join us in a quiet ramble. I will promise you that our first day shall not be misspent, though a ramble be all it can boast of. Yes, one day at least we will dedicate to the spirit of the place—on one day we will give free play to the reverential aspect with which our imagination has clothed it. For this day let generalities float through our minds and impressions silently gather themselves together, and come, atom by atom, unconsciously here and there, and heap themselves up, and produce that effect, that internal picture, which is the measure of our superiority to readers of a description only, or inspectors of photographs; let them come free, whence they will, unimpeded, unhampered by details, not frittered away and confused by too near inspections, as little as possible diverted, tamed, print-sullied, by guide-books. Let them come, they are precious, their opportunity cannot be recalled.



STAIRCASE OF THE SENATORIAL PALACE.

Situated where we are, we cannot do better than ascend the Pincian Hill. It is close by, and commands a striking view of the town. There it lies, modern Rome! We see it



CALIDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

now for the first time stretched before our eyes. Before we wander in its streets we have done well to take a general survey of it. We overlook, in fact, nearly the whole of the modern city, and we can see it following the windings of the Tiber, or shut in by its walls. The old city is mostly hidden away almost out of sight behind the Capitol, embracing a space, however, as we are aware, larger than that which we are now contemplating. When I speak of the old city, I mean what has been left unoccupied by the modern, for ancient Rome covered more or less thickly the whole space within the walls. Still, we naturally turn beyond the Capitol for old Rome, for there was the centre of her life, and her densest population, there her noblest buildings have left their ruins. On this side, full in the midst of our view, was the Campus Martius, in early times open meadow-land by the river-side, and outside the walls, which then ran up towards us, inclining to the left from the Capitol, and used for exercise, public meetings, and parade, and afterwards, when included within the walls, and strewn with circuses, theatres, or temples, however gradually encroached upon by buildings, public or private, always retaining probably something of its open character. Nearer us, indeed, the clusters of habitations thickened, parted in twain as by straightest tape line by the Via Flaminia, which ran direct from the Capitol, from the very heart of Rome's iron rule, to her northern colonies, to the scene of her victories over one of her deadliest foes, from whose conqueror it received its name. Of the road, all that twenty centuries have been able to efface is its name; unswerving, its course still runs, as it ran of old, typical of the mighty empire whose last outward form indeed shrivelled up into the German reminiscence of it but just extinct, but whose spirit has shaped the thought and history of Europe. That road, or its northern continuation, was devised when the most skilful general in the world was preparing his invading army; and it hung as it were on the shifting of a pebble on Time's watershed, which way the stream of history would flow. Hannibal crossed the Alps, but the road runs straight as ever; and Rome's jurisprudence has filtered into the broad river of modern civilisation. Still nearer our point of view, creeping up to our very feet, were the gardens and villas of the rich, and the very spot on which we stand was then, as now, laid out in pleasure-grounds, which gave their name to this end of the hill. It is this quarter, then, that modern Rome has mainly chosen for her seat; and fortunate it is that it is so! fortunate that she has left untouched, free almost to their native desolation, the choicest remnants of her august predecessor. While in the Campus Martius one has to trace the site of a circus or a theatre by the configuration of the houses built over or round it; there, round many a monument of antiquity, the dust of centuries has been allowed to crumble and accumulate, however devastated the original building of which it formed a part may have been.

On surveying the modern city, one of the first things which we are struck by is the number of its church-domes. We are disappointed to find that the dome of St. Peter's is only one among many such—larger, indeed, and marked by its position, but still neither conspicuously larger nor distinguishable in form. Partly from this cause, and partly from its distance, St. Peter's does not impress us much from here: it does not, as we expected, tower above the other churches and the town, and has none of the unique and majestic aspect with which St Paul's lifts itself above the streets of London. Domes and campanili are the most striking feature of modern Rome: they meet us at every turn, from every point of view, in every place likely or unlikely, the campanili having especially the gift of omnipresence; starting up apparently sometimes from some old ruin or from nothing at all to keep them in countenance. With these are mingled the long monotonous roofs of churches, convents, or palaces, devoid of architectural elegance or individuality. Nothing is superior to anything else save in quiet grades, and we miss altogether the imposing grandeur and unquestioned eminence with which we have seen some Gothic structure assert itself in more northern towns. With all its drawbacks, however, the prospect can hardly fail to be pleasing and interesting, and amid a wilderness of sameness, three points at least serve as landmarks—the Piazza del Popolo at our feet, and the Capitol on our left marking respectively the northern and southern limits of the modern town; and lastly, between them, and across the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, guarding the entrance to the Papal quarter, and St. Peter's, which rises behind it. With these to guide and fix our wandering gaze, we shall at any rate carry away with us a correct general impression of the bearings of the town.

Before we descend, let us take a look round the hill from which our observations have been taken. That conspicuous building which we passed on our way up along the easily mounting drive from the Piazza di Spagna deserves more than a passing glance. It is the Villa Medici, now the property of France, and used by her for the education of certain of her young artists. Whatever be the value of its architecture, some of which, on the side facing the garden, is said to be due to Michael Angelo—there can be no question as to the pleasing nature of its site. Leaving the front, which commands the view of the town which we have been describing, let us pass to the rear, and stand under the shady portico. We have now in front of us the spacious well-kept gardens of the villa, which occupy the whole breadth of the hill. They are open to all comers, and form an agreeable continuation to the public promenade which covers the rest of the Pincian that lies on our left. The trees we see in the distance belong to the wide-extended grounds of the famous Villa Borghese, to which we shall, some time, pay a visit. Let us walk out into the sunshine along that low wing of the building on our right which bounds the garden on this side; we shall find it adorned in niche and recess by remains of ancient art; and, arrived at its end after satisfying our curiosity about these, we shall be standing on the brow of the hill looking over the city walls which form its facing. Our view hence is chiefly confined to the villa beyond; but still we shall find it a pleasant stroll along them to our left. So, continuing, we shall presently leave the Medici Gardens, and enter the public grounds, two sides of which we shall traverse if we adhere to our walk by the walls, as the latter here make a sharp angle in rounding the hill. This walk will bring us out at last above the Piazza del Popolo, and on to the promenade proper, from which we got our view of Rome.

During our visit, we shall doubtless occasionally revisit this spot, partly to enjoy the evening prospect, partly to note the world of fashion, for whom this is the Hyde Park of Rome. Bands will play, and thronging lines of carriages will circulate or form stationary blocks, and the whole aspect of things will be

near akin to that with which we are so familiar. The Romans know how to turn out their carriages, and hold their own against their foreign visitors. A fine day brings out large numbers of well-horsed equipages; and in no town have we seen so close an imitation of our own customs. We shall be much struck, as we stay longer, with the number of aristocratic loungers in the town, scions, probably, of good families, with no profession or occupation in life save to dress well and swagger out in their carriages. Not that I mean there is anything of the "swagger" in their manner; far from it; they are quiet, refined, and unmistakably gentlemanly young men in appearance, reminding us more of the English type of gentleman than any we have seen abroad, though having perhaps more monotony of face than the latter, and less vigour of expression. Their features, however, are prepossessing, and they perhaps have the advantage in easy grace of manner. They are as well dressed as English gentlemen, which is saying a good deal, in the quiet good taste which we associate with the class. The contrast with the Parisians in this respect, so far as our observation extends, is very great. We have made it a subject of remark in Paris that we rarely meet any man who, according to our notions, looks like a gentleman, here they abound. We have thought that in Paris, while the women dress decidedly better than our own, the men bear no comparison to ours. Perhaps this arises from a difference of national standard as to how a gentleman should dress, whereas international millinery law is much more indisputably established. Be this as it may, the first gentlemen we have seen in dress and bearing, according to our ideas, are in Rome. With respect to women, indeed, and the above remark on their dress, I know no town to compare with Paris so far as concerns the neatness and taste displayed in dress by the middle classes. It is a pleasing sight there to see the women who perhaps have been toiling and anxious all day, turn out cheerful-faced, chatty-tongued, with trim and becoming dress, in the evening, to sit listening, work in hand, to music in the gardens of the Tuileries. How about our trouble-browed matrons? Have they the knack or opportunity of thus discarding care and untidiness for the nonce? We do not observe in Rome either anything of the kind. But those elegant youths, how do they live? What can they do with themselves in the working hours of the day? No fields of ambition open to them such as allure Englishmen into healthy activity? What excitement, business of state, or arms, in the dominions of His Holiness? We cannot answer, and must leave them to their monotonous carriage rounds.

We have now done our duty by the Pincian, and will bid it farewell for the present, descending into the wide and sunny Piazza del Popolo. The piazza itself will invite us to linger. On the side of the town we shall perceive that we are at the converging point of three streets, which run like measured lines away from us, the central one, which sets forth flanked by a church on either side, being that which will mostly claim our interest, for it is the famous Corso, and its rigid perspective, retiring far away into dim obscurity, has already been noticed by us as shaped by the conquering republic of old. On the other side is the city gate, under whose modern arch the old road passes and never clears itself, so far as it continues in sight, of the lines of houses that stretch along it, replacing the tombs for which it was proverbial in days of yore. In the centre of the piazza is one of those obelisks which are conspicuous among the ornaments of Rome, and which carry us back further even than the oldest ruin in the town, for they tell not merely of the world-wide dominion which brought them there, but of the conquered country from which they came, and of mysterious ages of the past, a thousand years before Romulus was stranded in the Tiber. This which we are now looking at is one of the most celebrated of them, having been dug out of the Circus Maximus—where Augustus had planted it as a trophy of his Egyptian successes—in the sixteenth century. Previously to its removal by the emperor, which took place shortly before the commencement of our era, it was erect as now, in front of some Egyptian temple. What a compendium of the world's history are the records on that one granite block! Hieroglyphics of kingly exploits by the Nile, when history was first shaping itself into intelligible permanency; inscriptions of a Roman emperor in the "golden age," when the literature and civilisation of the old pagan world were in their prime; and of a Roman Pope, when that old world had passed away and succumbed or merged into the new influence which had begun to undermine it almost from the date of the imperial writing, and papal civilisation and religion had succeeded to it and attained their full pride of career. But already, when that last inscription was written, had the word gone forth against the papal, with even more evident menace than before against the pagan world. Already was the contest beginning to rage, and that fiercely, which has eventually displaced papal sovereignty from Rome, and shall eventually usher in a new world of human progress and enlightenment as surely as the old one was displaced by mediæval Christianity. The old granite block may have received its last inscription, but it has yet other phases of history to witness. It will remain unaltered, unworn, by Time's passage; it may stand erect and unmolested on its present site for ages; but in no two successive centuries will it look down on the same human beings passing below it. There is no granite law for the human heart; empires, superstitions, may come and go, but the great soul of humanity progresses ever with ceaseless uninterrupted march. Osiris-worshipping monarch, philosophic emperor, Mary-adoring Pontiff-king, have had their day, and have passed away, but the stubborn granite shall dissolve into its elements when the soul of man ceases to soar upwards.

Turning our back on this threefold monitor of the past, we will enter the Corso, and let it guide us whither we have been longing to go—to the heart of ancient paganism. The streets in Rome we shall soon find have one peculiarity, that besides their native narrowness and tortuous inclination, they are absolutely devoid of footways. We shall have to pick our way as best we can through the dirt—and this may be taken as a clearly-ascertained fact that dirt, if ever it lingers in streets and makes careful stepping necessary, does not lose this habit in the city of the Popes, whose purifying influence has apparently been more devoted to the moral and religious than to the physical condition of their domain, dirt and want of habits of decency being probably not amenable to infallible mandates—and to run, moreover, the gauntlet of every passing carriage, either splashed by its mud or jammed up against a wall. The Corso is certainly an exception to the lack of footways; even here, however, so inadequate are these, or so accustomed are the people to do without them in less pretentious streets, that we see them thronging unconcernedly the middle of the street, however numerous the carriages may be; but the latter, being likewise imbued with the custom, proceed at a foot's pace, and even are careful not to run down or alarm people, and a London hansom would indeed be a marvellous sight if it were allowed to go ahead in

its native break-neck fashion. The pavement, too, of the streets is of a trying kind, being mostly rough stones set on end, so that people wishing to ride out, do well to mount their horses outside the gates. We are not perhaps very highly impressed with the Corso, shops and even palaces somewhat disappointing us; but we are drawing nearer to the Capitol, and our eagerness increases as the bourn of our anticipations draws nigh. Piazzas, palaces, and churches we certainly pass worthy of notice, but we must reserve a detailed inspection of them for another time. The last piazza, however—di Venezia—will cause a halt, if only for reflection as to our route, for here the Corso is deflected to round the Capitoline, and we must consider which way we intend to enter that most sacred shrine of our associations—the Forum. Two ways present themselves—the most natural by the bending continuation of the Corso, which will wind round and deposit us, entering sideways, in the Forum itself, under the brow of the Capitol; the other, to which the reader shall be introduced, by one of the streets to the right, best probably by the Via del Gesú, which will bring us in front of the northern slope of the Capitol of which the Piazza di Ara Cœli opens out a good view. The height is not great on this side, and the incline an easy one; but the grouping of the buildings and broad flights of stairs with the statuary on the balustrade, save the place from meanness, though everything but the statues are modern. On our left is a special broad flight of stairs, leading up to the Church of the Altar of Heaven, which has displaced the temple of old Jupiter of the Capitol, so famous in history, so often besieged, blood-stained, burnt to the ground. Christianity has taken care to supplant her rival religion in its proudest seat; and kneeling pilgrims now painfully crawl to the spot where rope-dragged captives witnessed, if they got so far, triumphant sacrifice to Jove. But we shall visit the church another time, and then have more to remark. The sculptures on the balustrade we may leave for the present, after a general survey;



FRONT OF THE PORTICO OF OCTAVIA.



A GAME OF BOWLS IN ROME.

but, full facing us as we have mounted the last step, in the centre of the open space in front, is an equestrian statue that may well arrest our attention and make us look and look again, and yet be loath to turn away, for it is one of the finest statues in the world. That bronze figure, in this noblest of sites that even Rome could offer, is that of perhaps Rome's noblest emperor. Certainly pagan philosophy never couched itself in so amiable a form as in Marcus Aurelius. Of the statue itself I need say but little. It is familiar through its imitations. It is one of those works of art whose perfection strikes at once even the non-professional eye. Horse and man are instinct with life and action and vigour. It is easier to divert our thoughts from the perfection of the statue than from the character of Marcus Aurelius. He was an instance of a type of character rare in the world's history? Nay, where are we to look for a complete parallel? A deeply-conscientious, noble-minded man, and, at the same time, an able wielder of autocratic power. He was one who preserved the maxims and moral purity, the humble-minded amiableness and anxiety to do his daily duty, the highest soul-philosophy and heavenward aspirations, of his previous life intact, unsullied, fresh, as in his youth when he sat by his mother's side and listened to words of love and wisdom, through the cares and anxieties of state, through the splendours and allurements of the sovereignty of the world. Through the toilsome duties, conscientiously, unflinchingly, and successfully performed, of severe warfare against the barbarian foes that were more and more menacing the frontiers of the empire, and through the corruption and debauchery of a decaying civilisation around him, and of a court trained to the customs of some of the vilest and most worthless men who have ever disgraced a throne, through countless difficulties, trials, vexations, disappointments, despondencies, he preserved his moral purity to his dying day. Ay, we know of these heart trials, and we know him as we perhaps know no other exalted character of history. We can read his character in the pages of his own daily journal, and we can pronounce it to be perhaps the noblest in heathendom. Stoic philosophy, in many of its maxims, in its preference of duty before everything else, came near to the teachings of Christianity, but it never attained such a sweetness as in Aurelius, in whom humility and resignation to the divine will are mingled with the resolutions and rules which he forms for his guidance in life. "Simply and freely choose the better," says he, "and hold to it." "Life is a warfare, and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is oblivion. What, then, is that which is able to enrich a man? One thing, and only one—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the guardian spirit within a man free from violence, and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy. . . . Accepting all that happens and all that is allotted . . . . and finally waiting for death with a cheerful mind." Such was the noblest philosophy of Paganism, in the hands of its noblest exponent. We see Marcus, "wise, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless," says a much-respected writer, "yet with all this, agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond." So great an emperor, conqueror, and philosopher deservedly occupies with his statue the summit of the Capitol—a site interwoven with Rome's most ancient and glorious traditions; but there is something almost significant in the manner in which, as he is there placed, he is turning his back on ancient Rome with all its creeds and crimes, and is gazing steadfastly forward to the present, with right hand raised and pointing to the Church of Il Gesú, so conspicuous from there—the church dedicated to Him whom he unconsciously sought after and ignorantly persecuted; of Him who alone could and will supply the "something beyond."

Let us make our way now between the spacious buildings which surround the remaining three sides of the piazza on the summit, and a few steps will give us the view of old Rome which has been our dream since we left England. It is almost like a dream now, so like is it to what we expected, to what we have seen sculptured or illustrated almost from infancy; and yet it is itself something not quite these, however near; something that impresses us anew beyond what the imitations could do—a difference, a feeling, an impression that we should be perhaps hopelessly at a loss to define, perhaps hopelessly unable to recall. First impressions are often not easy to remember; they are modified and changed, before we are aware of it, by subsequent visits, till a new picture is gradually drawn over the old one in our mind.

We are standing on the slope of the Clivus Capitolinus, leaning against the wall which borders the road and rises some height above the space below, close under the wall of the Tabularium. It is unfortunate that the large and not very poetical building, of whose façade the latter forms part—a building which reminds one, looking at it from the Forum, of a factory, and surmounted by a central campanile, with less appropriateness than the chimney we might expect to see smoking there, though from our present situation we do not see its ugliness, as we are looking away from it—should prevent any possibility of getting a general view of the Forum from the Capitol itself; and it is only after descending part of the slope, here contracted into a narrow road, that we clear the building and obtain an uninterrupted prospect. At our feet is a recently-restored portico of white marble, called that of the Dii Consenti; to the left the elegant trio of columns we know so well which formed an angle of the Temple of Vespasian. The first temple we see is one raised in honour of an emperor, carrying us back to the most degraded ideas which the Romans of the empire conceived with respect to religion, the deification of the emperors; that which more than anything else precipitated the struggle between Paganism and Christianity, as the refusal of the Christians to sacrifice to the image of an emperor was a plain definite fact, implicating treason, which their enemies could bring against them or test them with. That beautiful group of eight columns, which we see in front of us, so associated with all our ideas of the Forum, is part of the Temple of Saturn, a much more venerable deity, in ill-keeping with his neighbour, bearing back our thoughts far beyond emperors and even consuls, to the earliest faith and worship of Italy, when gods were a reality, and religion a thing that had hold on men's lives, before a Pantheon was possible, and Rome had attracted to herself and fostered all the religious superstitions, vile and immoral, or otherwise, of the conquered countries, and regarded or disregarded them along with her own. On this side of the ruin we can see what recent excavations have made clear, the ancient *Clivus*, or ascent to the Capitol, which further on wound round behind it to the right, and joined the Via Sacra, which ran to the right of that single column which bears the name of Phocas, the latest remnant which we have noticed yet, the name being that of one of the emperors of Rome's declining old age; and then to the left of that nobler group of three

columns, over which, as over most of these Forum remains, many a battle has been waged by antiquarians, who cannot, however, quarrel about its beauty; and after passing this, makes for the Arch of Titus, which we can make out partly hidden by the trees which line the modern road. Thence we will leave it to pursue its course, while we return for a moment to notice a striking monument which we omitted, the Arch of Septimus Severus. It lies to our left beyond the Temple of Vespasian; but we need not further describe it now, except to point out how its base shows the accumulation of soil, as is indicated by the fact that the ancient road which passes under it is already considerably higher than the original road for which the arch was constructed, must have been. The Via Sacra, however, does not pass under it; and as we return to the latter, we may conjure up in our imagination the long streams of captives and spoils that the old generals of conquering Rome led in triumph up to the Capitol; and we may turn back to look for the entrance to the Mamertine Prison on the right of the Capitol, with a shudder as we remember one captive king at least, who, after thus gracing the triumph, was thrust into that cold hole naked, to starve to death. But this is in imagination, for we have not yet left our post of observation. Carrying our eye beyond the Arch of Titus, the Coliseum, that grandest monument of imperial Rome—we have seen that none of the conspicuous ruins in the Forum belong to the republic, or even the early emperors, with the exception of the Temple of Saturn, which was restored by Augustus—forms the background to our picture. It is not well seen, however, from here. Modern buildings intervene, and one impertinent campanile struts up before its very centre, as if to crow over the devastation which mediæval barbarism has inflicted on one of the noblest buildings in the world. We shall visit it more closely some other time, and then have more to say. We must for the present be content with this general view from the Capitol, for, so far from our American friend with his five-church-steam up having better occupied the day than ourselves, we find that we have rambled to such a purpose that we must forego our intention of walking on to inspect it now.

Leaves from my Journal of the "Fox's" Telegraphic Voyage.—I.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

FREDERICKSHAAB.

"Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

MUCH, indeed, did all hands enjoy the first uninterrupted sleep they had had since leaving Iceland, and much refreshed we were from it. The first thing done was to get a little cleansing, both with regard to the ship and men, but commenced with the latter by washing clothes, the men not having had an opportunity of doing it since we left Iceland, owing to the weather and scarcity of water.

We soon had a number of Esquimaux on board and around the ship; some had come out in their *kyaks* to meet us the day before, and to those of us who had not visited the coast before, their appearance created much interest. It is wonderful to see the ease and dexterity with which they handle their little craft, and to see one coming towards you end on, it seems literally as if the man were sitting on the water. We sent two of the men off to get some fish, and they soon returned with some fine cod, for which we paid a few biscuits; the fish were a very acceptable addition to our table after so much insipid and tasteless preserved meat.

At our men's dinner hour a whole troop of boys came off (I suppose having a natural instinct for that hour), to see what they could get, and they seemed greatly to appreciate a good dinner of soup and biscuit. These boys amused us very much playing their games, some of which appeared very dangerous; but we soon found that they had such a perfect mastery over their little kyaks that the danger was more apparent than real.

They were also very expert with their spears, for a biscuit hung by a rope-yarn at the whisker-end had such a shower of darts at it that it did not remain long suspended; there was no quarrelling as to the ownership when once the biscuit was struck, and the laughing, gabbling, and scrambling for their arrows heightened the amusement.

I selected some of these boys, and arranged them for Woods to photograph, and they remained in position like door-posts for nearly an hour while the chemicals were prepared, but at the time of operation some of them moved, and the attempt to take their likenesses proved a failure; I believe the principal cause was in the chemicals, which had got out of order from being shaken so much.

My first object was to obtain observations for time, which I was enabled to do that afternoon. Some little boys were about me, and at first I was rather alarmed lest they should shake the ground, but they remained very quiet, looking on with mute astonishment. When I had completed my observations, I amused them by spilling a few grains of mercury on the rock, which they all tried to pick up, laughing heartily at their repeated failures.

On the 3rd of October the mail arrived from Godhaab—not a mail as some of our readers may understand it to be, associating it with bags of letters conveyed by steamer or rail, or even by the familiar red post-cart: the mail consisted of one letter, and its conveyance a kyak, the Esquimaux himself concentrating in his own person all the functionaries of the postal arrangement.

The next morning was fine but very cold (temperature 19°), the whole distance from the ship to the settlement being frozen over; the boats had therefore some difficulty in getting to and from the shore. We had the notables of Frederickshaab on board to dine with us—the Governor (Mr. Tweedie), and the pastor or rector, Mr. Barford; also the captains of the three

vessels in port. There was much health-drinking and speech-making during dinner, which seems to be a Danish custom.

After dinner we went on shore, and I took my first view of the settlement; it consists of a few neat wooden houses, the residences of the Governor, rector, and Governor's clerk, the store, schoolhouse, and church, and the huts of the natives.

Of course the moment we landed we were the "observed of all observers," the children in the settlement turning out to see us, and following us up from the shore. Colonel Shaffner was soon a grand favourite. On reaching the Governor's house, the entrance to which is by a flight of steps at the gable, the summit of the steps having a small platform and rail, and as it had somewhat the appearance of a hustings, I proposed to the colonel that we should address the Uskees, soliciting their suffrages to elect one of us as Governor; and he immediately began a real Yankee stump speech. At first his audience stood looking very sedately, of course not understanding a word; but as we went on, they seemed to think there ought to be some fun in it, although they could not see it, and began to laugh and cheer lustily; this brought one after another from their burrows; a few coppers and raisins thrown amongst them increased their delight and cheering, until at last every boy, girl, and woman of the place came rushing from all quarters, joining in the scramble; as darkness approached, the difficulty of finding the *skillings* was increased and the confusion also. As our stock of skillings and raisins was exhausted, we were obliged to leave off, but our Uskee friends had evidently enjoyed the fun as much as we did.



AN OLD ESQUIMAUX.

The Governor's house, though small, was extremely neat and clean, and his wife and four children patterns of neatness; the youngest, in arms, was brought in by its Uskee nurse, a broad-faced, good-humoured-looking girl, who seemed to do justice to the better living of the Governor's house; the baby did not approve of so much company, and expressed its disapproval in the usual way, and retired.

Some books amused us until supper, the table being laid by the mistress of the house, and to which, when ready, we all seated ourselves; and here I may remark on a custom of the Danes, which to our ideas is at first extremely irksome and uncomfortable—it is that of the mistress of the house attending to the guests as a servant. I found myself continually about to jump up from my chair when handed things from behind it by the Governor's wife, and it was some time before I could keep quite still, and I dare say she thought my standing up as strange as I thought her actions; at last I naturally resigned myself to do in Rome, &c., and endeavoured to keep quiet and submit.

Some corned beef, cold ptarmigan, and white and brown bread with butter, constituted our supper, with Danish brandy (a weak spirit strongly flavoured with carraways) and rum to drink, and liqueur glasses to drink from, followed by some delicious tea with goats' milk.

After this supper, or "high tea," we had some singing and music. One of the Danish captains played some pretty Danish airs on the accordion very well; the colonel sang all his nigger songs over and over again, with the choruses very prolonged; and the captain of the Norwegian barque sang some very doleful ditties very suited to his own country in the winter, so altogether we spent a very pleasant evening.

As we left to go on board, six Uskee girls were singing very nicely, in excellent time, which in the clear atmosphere sounded very sweetly; and as my lady readers may wish to know the burden of their song, I am, by the kindness of the rector, who gave me the words, and to Mr. Kindler who, with a good ear, set the music, enabled to give both, which will be found on page 210; "Illerkorsout, &c."

On a careful examination of the damage our vessel had sustained in her terrible battling with the ice, we were thankful to find that we were all sound under water, a small leak somewhere not being deemed of much consequence; one of the iron shoes or fortifications just above the forefoot had been torn away and bent back, and there were some severe bruises above the water-line; the principal damage was confined to the upper works, the bulwarks and stanchions all along the starboard side as far aft as the main rigging being adrift, but, with the aid of two carpenters from the ships in the harbour, a few days'

work made all temporarily secure. Our prospects with regard to our mission were now most disheartening, and all idea of going to Labrador was given up.

From our look-out hill, the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with heavy and thick ice; the weather also, for the time of the year, was unusually severe, the temperature varying from 19° to 25°, while the newly-formed ice in the harbour was sufficiently thick to enable the crews of the ships immediately within us to walk to the shore, and the natives were obliged to bring their kyaks down to a point near the ship, so that we had the prospect of the winter rapidly setting in before we could beat a retreat; but knowing how almost miraculously vast bodies of ice disappear and return without knowing whither, Young was not one to give up, and although the captains of the other ships, accustomed to the coast, said that they would be obliged to winter where they were, we did not anticipate that, and every preparation was made to take advantage of the first movement of the ice, and as the repair of the hull and sails were still going on, the time was not lost, and the detention also enabled me to obtain a complete set of observations, although the state of the weather precluded surveying operations to the extent of being useful for the construction of a plan of the port.



GREENLAND FAMILY.

The skin of the bear we had shot was landed for the purpose of being cleaned, much to the delight of the natives, who seldom see one on this coast, and the man who brings in a bear is looked on as a hero: great were the exclamations, therefore, of delight and joy; the skin being produced, every one crowded to see it; even the men seemed to forget their usual apathetic mood, and were roused at the sight of it.

The 6th of October being the birthday of the sovereign of these realms, Frederick VII., King of Denmark, we prepared to do all honour to the occasion: all the ships, by a preconcerted signal, dressed ship at eight o'clock, at the same time the Danish vessels and the guns on shore firing a somewhat irregular salute of twenty-seven guns (the Danish royal salute) between them.

The rector was to do the honours of the settlement by giving a grand dinner on the occasion at two o'clock, to which, of course, we were all invited. Very punctually at that hour we assembled; the table occupied two rooms; the dinner consisted of—First course: cold corned pork cut in thin slices and handed round. Second course: venison from Godhaab, Arctic hare and ptarmigan (all very good with Arctic appetites); we also had some very nice small turnips, grown in the colony, and corned French beans from Denmark; all of which good things were diluted, first with schnapps, then wine, and a nice light kind of beer made at the settlement; and when the substantial part of the meal was over, some champagne was produced which was not an import of the colony, for it tasted very much like that so liberally supplied to the *Fox*.

The health of the noble Dane in whose honour we had assembled was then drunk with all honours and a salvo from the three guns outside; then Colonel Shaffner, and success to the "Telegraphum." I then proposed the health of the Governor, which was followed by that of our host and hostess; the major (Von Zeilau) having to do the double duty of translating our English into Danish and their Danish into English. Some one remarked that it was a pity that ladies were not permitted by custom to propose toasts. It was suggested, and a vote carried unanimously, that on this occasion the "standing orders" to that effect should be suspended, and the rector's wife was called on to propose one, and to my astonishment she at once acceded to it, and in a fluent little speech proposed the health of Mrs. Shaffner and son. So after one or two more toasts we rose from the table, every one shaking hands with every one (a Danish custom). We then retired to another room where those who liked it began to smoke, and the Danish national air was sung to the music of the accordion, after which six Uskee girls came in and sang several songs. The airs of two of them I am enabled to give on the next page (through Mr. Kindler); although I am sorry I cannot give the words of "Nullinuljanullji."

While singing, they open their lips very slightly—so little, indeed, that were their voices not heard, you would not know they were singing at all.

After partaking coffee, it being yet early, I went with the rector to make one or two calls on the natives, as I wished to see them at home, and we visited two houses, representing the extremes of Uskee society. One was of the poorest description—a wretched affair, and by no means so clean as it might have been; the other was that of the schoolmaster, a well-to-do Uskee. This was nice and clean, and well boarded above and beneath; but both houses smelt intolerably of seal oil. The plan of the buildings is such as I have already described; but the school-

master had a second room, and the outer, or living room, was ornamented by one or two pictures, and a clock, of which the owner was very proud, as he was also of his twin children, one of whom was asleep, and the other at the breast of the mother; to effect this last interesting operation the *anerak* had to be raised above the breast. The schoolmaster, with much pride, produced an accordion, that he had purchased with his own money, and had given seventeen Danish dollars (about £2) for it. He played some tunes very well.

As we were returning to the rector's house, a man had just come from hunting with two seals, which were being brought up by the ladies of his establishment; and when at a convenient place they commenced, with a woman's (small cutler's) knife, the operation of flaying, which they did very skilfully; a number of little boys were standing round waiting for their share of the blubber, it being a custom that every child should have a piece from each seal caught, orphans receiving double allowance. A long strip of the blubber was cut off and notched, and, according to the number in each family, divided, the little fellows taking it and sucking their fingers, ran off with the allowance for their family with great glee.

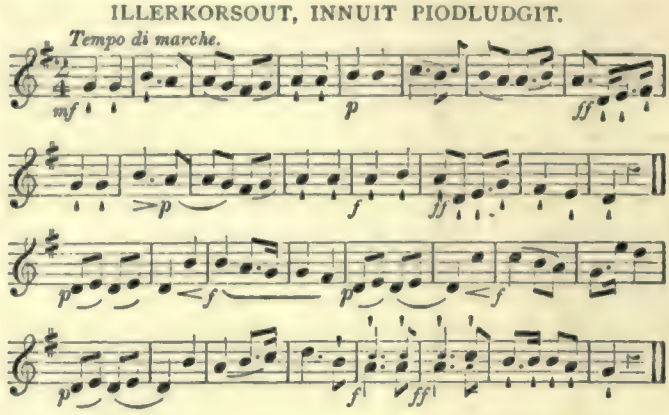
Young had arranged to astonish the natives with an exhibition of such fireworks as the *Fox* was supplied with; and accordingly, on a preparatory signal being given, the whole population turned out, and astonished they were, and as each rocket shot in the air, men, women, and children cheered most lustily. The finale was a blue light, burnt from each yard-arm; and as the men waved them round and round, it elicited tumultuous applause. The three shore-guns were fired, and all were delighted with the display; and as everything is enjoyed by comparison, these poor creatures, who had never in their lives seen a rocket or a blue-light, were as much pleased with the few that were let off as we should be with the most brilliant pyrotechnic display.

After the fireworks we went to the school-house, where, by permission of the Governor, dancing was to be allowed, the Greenlander being passionately fond of it. The room (not a very large one) was much crowded. The crews of the Danish vessels had been allowed on shore for partners to the Uskee girls; a strong smell of oil pervaded the room; two or three living candlesticks held as many candles, which shed a dim light on the scene, while three native fiddlers were hard at work in the corner; the dancing was going on fast and furious, and as close as they could stow, to move. It was evident that they thought no time was to be lost, for no sooner was one dance over than they struck up another. There was literally no breathing time. A reel, a polka, a waltz, and one or two native dances followed each other in quick succession, and the whole room shook to the well-timed beating of the feet. The dress of the young ladies on this occasion proved of great advantage, for had they worn either crinolines or trains, not one-fourth of them could have danced. The ball was well conducted, and with the greatest propriety. All seemed happy and to enjoy themselves. The girls did their part well, and at the conclusion of each dance passed a rag or handkerchief from one to another to wipe away the perspiration, which was the necessary consequence of their exertions, and then set to again with renewed vigour.

Early hours were the order of the day; and a beautiful moon and ribbon Aurora lighted us off soon after ten.

The following is the Uskee song mentioned in page 208 :—

ILLERKORSOUT, INNUIT PIODLUDGIT.



"AUANGNARPASIKSOME INNOUPUT." (F. T. Barfoed.)
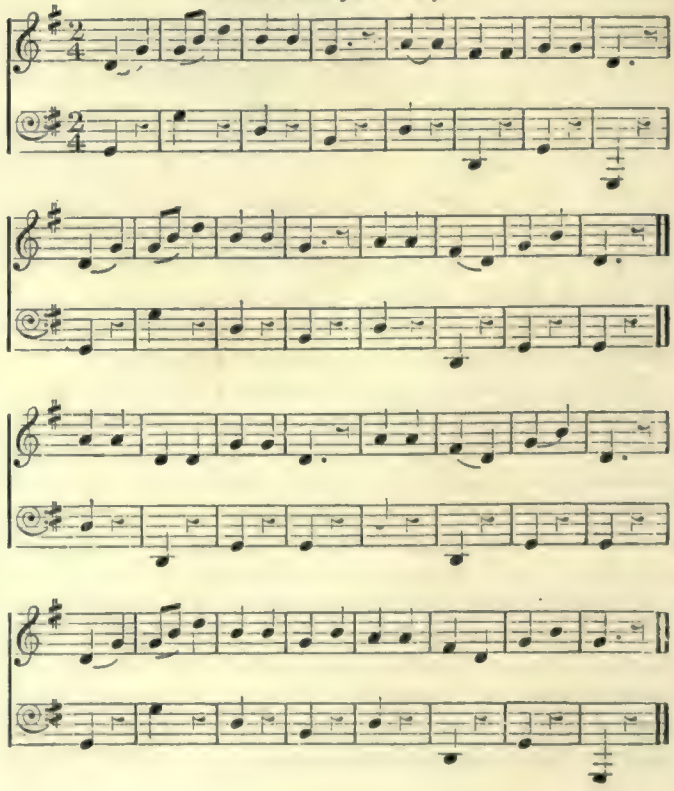
Erin. Vintren raser iblandt vore Fjelde,

Auangnarpasiksome innouput
Innuït nuænnersoussut,
Najorominartorsoussudlo;
Ipingijatujuïtsaraut,
Kakkakardlutigdlo aputilingnik,
Tæssane tuktoniartaramik,
Kajartoramik illulialingme,
Naviænartunnêtuardlutik.

Ila okiordlungniarânget,
Innuït kakutigôrdlutik
Angudlengoaramik, taimaimet
Kemektulliarfirkararaut
Innuïdlo unnuktussidlarânget,
Okalluktuarnek nuannarât,
Ama illerkorsortarnek; illaine
Kêmassout tapartarallutik.

I give but two verses, but I shall be glad to oblige any lady with the other four if she wishes to have them, but I think the two will suffice; no doubt in attempting it she will be struck with the inordinate length of the words, but she must remember that in the Innuit a word may, and often does, signify a sentence, which I can best illustrate by asking her to suppose the expression "ever-to-be-lamented-and-never-to-be-forgotten husband" to constitute one word; it would almost eclipse any of the words of the song; but much as may be the difficulty of acquiring the words, it sounded very sweetly as it died away in the distance amid the snow-clad hills of Frederickshaab.

NULLINULJANULLJI.



The Fiji Islands.

BY W. C. MICHELL.

DURING the last few years some attention has been directed to the Fiji Islands, mainly in consequence of the distressing narratives which have reached this country relative to a widespread system of slavery which has unhappily sprung into existence there. More recently, however, we have learned that proposals have been made to cede the group to Great Britain, and, in view of their becoming a colonial possession, some particulars regarding the country in question will be interesting.

Fiji comprises a group of islands, about 200 in number, lying between the parallels of 15° and 20° south latitude, and the longitude of 177° east, and 178° west; extending over an area of about 40,000 square miles of the South Pacific Ocean. Notwithstanding the number of islands, there are only about a dozen of them of any real importance, as the majority are not many miles in circumference, with few inhabitants. In approaching the group after a long sea voyage, the various islands rising up out of the sea present a very attractive appearance. As you draw nearer and nearer, the numbers of cocoa-nut trees in combination with profuse tropical vegetation scattered over hill and dale form a fascinating picture of natural beauty, which cannot fail to strike a visitor with admiration. It may here be said, that Fiji is distant 1,100 miles from Auckland, New Zealand; and 1,780 miles from Sydney. On going ashore, a lively interest is at once awakened by the novelty of the situation, which by no means diminishes as time advances. The coral reefs, too, lend a charm to the scene, surrounding, as they do, the islands in all directions. This natural belt fringes the shore at a varying distance of one or two miles, forming an effectual breakwater, and the ever rolling breakers dash against this formidable barrier with an unceasing roar. The waves breaking against the coral reef cause a sheet of spray to dash upwards, and curling into fantastic shapes ever maintains an irregular line of singular foam of great beauty. And when the prismatic colours are reflected by the rays of a tropical sun, the grandeur of the scene is much enhanced. Natural openings exist here and there in the reef-belt, causing gaps to prevail in the lovely picture, varying in width from a half to one or two miles, by which means ships of all sizes enter the numerous fine harbours of security. "Inside the reef," refers to the sheet of water contiguous to the shore, and is commonly without a ripple on the surface. This affords a highway of safety for boats and canoes of the smallest size, and, being a favourite mode of travelling, distances of hundreds of miles may thus be accomplished in safety. The islands are of volcanic formation, a feature so noticeable in the Pacific Ocean, showing indubitably that at some time or other great convulsions of Nature took place. Every kind of scenery presents itself for the delectation of the traveller. Mountains reaching an elevation of more than 4,000 feet are in Viti Levu, with numerous rivers of some importance to surprise a stranger. The Rewa, for instance, a few miles from its mouth is as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, but it is not so deep, however. This river is more than 100 miles in length, stretching into the interior of Viti Levu; and, as its source is still unexplored, an opportunity is thus offered for a man of research to tell us all about it. The truth, however, must not be overlooked, that in the region beyond thirty miles from its mouth, the country is still in the possession of cannibals; and it is from that cause alone that its source has not hitherto been traced by white men. This remark holds good with all the rivers of importance in Viti Levu. Settlers have established themselves by the sea-side, and a few miles up the rivers, leaving it to the process of time for further advancement to be made in security.

The natives furnish evidences of their Papuan origin; and as the thermometer is seldom lower than 65° they are not in need of much clothing. A beneficent Nature has happily placed them in a delightful climate, and a simple covering around their loins, named a *sulu*, of a coloured cotton fabric, is all that is necessary. Such is the usual habiliment of the *lotu* natives, but the cannibals have not yet even reached that stage of advancement. Much has been said of their idle habits, yet those who make such assertions can never reflect on the natural causes which tend to such a result. The generous soil and climate produces spontaneously fruits and vegetables, which are their main staples of subsistence; and as their remaining wants are so few, there is some reason for inaction. *Lotu* is a name given to the natives on their renouncing cannibalistic customs, at the period when they are said to embrace Christianity. It is, however, a sweeping assertion to make when it is contended that Fijians are cannibals one day and Christians the next. The truth is, that changes have been brought about among the masses of the native Fijians by their giving up the practice of openly eating human flesh, and in its stead their more or less observance of the Sabbath. Generally they are not by any means bad-looking, but in no way approaching the Tonguese or Samoans in appearance. A regularity of features is observable, however, among them; and this is especially noticeable in the children, for the majority of the little ones are really handsome. Their youthful good looks, however, soon disappear, caused by the exhausting nature of the climate and the privations which they experience through their irregular habits. The women are regarded as the workers of society, and a long file of them may often be seen carrying heavy burdens of wood on their backs for domestic purposes, which they collect in the bush. Young girls are by no means excluded from such toil, for they are often seen thus engaged as well as joining their seniors in fishing. The ordinary method adopted for catching fish is very primitive, and not rewarded with much success. A line of females is seen in the water a short distance from the shore, numbering from twenty upwards, when those at each end make a noise and beat the water with their hands as they advance in the direction of shallower water. When a semicircle is formed, a simultaneous movement is made for reducing the enclosed area, whilst shouting and beating the water with their hands becomes general. A halt is then made by the outer ones, who place and hold in the water small pieces of netting, whilst those from the shore rush outwards with great shouting and excitement for the purpose of driving the fish into the nets. In this simple manner do they follow the pursuit with much cheerfulness, and they consider themselves well

rewarded if, at the end of this tedious process, half a dozen small fish are secured. These are at once placed in small grass bags, which the women carry at their backs, when they gleefully proceed onwards, repeating the same action, it may be for many hours, and thus fish a considerable distance along the coast.

Another mode of fishing is by erecting fences, termed "fish fences;" and this may be regarded as the Fijian pot-hunting style of securing a supply, from the numbers of fish which are thus enclosed whenever the fences are kept in good repair. A considerable space is enclosed on the beach, at low water, by canes fastened together and placed at regular distances from each other, which is constructed as far out towards the sea as possible. Openings are left here and there, and at high water enabled to espy numbers of fish, which they spear with great dexterity.

In colour the natives are not black, for their skins are more akin to the brown colour of an ordinary well-used portmanteau than anything else we are acquainted with. A few may be somewhat lighter, and others again to be encountered are of a darker hue. The number of inhabitants cannot exceed 100,000, and of this number about 15,000 are cannibals. These latter, however, are only on one island, namely, Viti Levu. Still, that is the largest in the group, being about 300 miles in circumference. The next in size is Vanua Levu, then comes Taviuni, Kandavu, Koro, and the capital, named Levuka, is situated on the shores of Ovalau, facing the east.

I believe the ferocity of Fijian cannibals has been much



FIJI TYPES.

such gaps are closed by cane-work previously prepared for that purpose. As the tide recedes the fish that had entered are unable to escape, and thus at low water are left high and dry on the beach. In this way numbers of fish are secured, furnishing an ample supply to the native inhabitants, but as they are unaccustomed to any process of curing, this practice is repeated as often as they may be in want. Fish abound in all directions, but none of them are precisely similar to those with which the coasts of Great Britain are famous for. The same remark applies to the fresh-water fish, for although the rivers are well stocked they comprise only a variety of species peculiar to the country. In consequence of the common prevalence of rocky patches it is found impossible, however, to carry out any systematic course of sea-fishing after the English method, for in casting nets they would speedily be torn to pieces by the sharp edges of coral cropping up in all directions. Fishing at night on the reefs a mile or two from the shore is also followed. The natives use torches, and by the bright light thus shed around they are

over-rated. It is not intended to deny that they kill and eat each other. Nevertheless, they are not quite so bad as they have been generally represented. Three years ago an Italian gentleman named Martelli, with his partner Wingate, resided among them for nine consecutive months, in order to execute a survey of land of about 200,000 acres in extent for an insatiable Melbourne land company. The land in question is indubitably owned by cannibals, yet this survey was planned and executed with a clear knowledge of such a fact; and at some future day the Melbourne shareholders will advance claims to the same in order to be put in peaceable possession. The chief Thakombau is primarily responsible for this piece of jobbery, inasmuch as he informed the surveyors, who were strangers, that the land in question was his property; whereas in truth they subsequently discovered that his representations in that respect were a tissue of falsehoods. Be that as it may, those I have named encountered great difficulties —their lives were endangered—yet they showed their wisdom

by never using their fire-arms; for instead of resorting to violence in times of danger, they exercised a conciliatory policy. To this happy forbearance do they owe their lives. Their strange experiences, however, are of the greatest interest; and the particulars which they are enabled to furnish of social life in savagedom is singularly attractive. It appears that traditional laws are in force among the community of great excellence; inasmuch as they are calculated to promote industrial habits and the well-being of the people. Hard and fast lines, however, are drawn for the good regulation of the inhabitants, which are well observed; and this strikingly illustrates the fact that even cannibals have a common law for the



A FIJIAN DANCE

beneficial governance of their communities. No one suffers death—"clubbed," as it is locally termed—unless he or she has been guilty of an offence. Unhappily, there is no modification of punishment acknowledged by them. If any member of the community transgresses, death ensues. The will of the chief is absolute, and in some instances fatal punishment has followed on the perpetration of what, in our eyes, is a very trivial offence. Moreover, in their not infrequent tribal quarrels, the prisoners taken in war are commonly clubbed and eaten. Eating the flesh of their enemies is regarded by them as the only way of exhibiting the supreme contempt and hatred with which they look on their foes. This, however, may be said of Fijian cannibals, that, with the exception of their chiefs, they are the most moral people to be met with in any part of the globe. It is a well-known fact that among the subordinate ranks of native Fijians, whether cannibals or not, a higher moral standard prevails than can be found among other races of mankind. This is innate in their dispositions, and cannot in any way be ascribed to the religious teachings of Wesleyan or other missionaries. And it is my conviction, grounded on a knowledge of the subject, that a higher percentage of deaths occurs in civilised communities arising from the pursuit of vice than has ever prevailed in Fiji from the results of cannibalism. It is to be regretted, however, that, in common with many Polynesian races, the Fijians have not escaped the vituperation of the white observer, who appears to revel in painting the dark sides of their nature, and purposely neglecting to cite any of their virtues. In furtherance of such views, little or no credit is given for their natural traits of goodness, which seem to be designedly overlooked. Tribal communities with a chief at their head is the normal condition of aboriginal society in Fiji, and no exception to that rule prevails.

The first account we have of the discovery of Fiji is from the records of the Dutch navigator, Abel Jansen Tasman, in 1643, and we do not hear of the islands being again visited until Captain Cook lay-to off Turtle Island in the eastern part of the group, upwards of a century ago. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty* narrative, passed through Fiji twice towards the close of the last century, and about the year 1804 some English convicts from New South Wales reached them in safety. They experienced a lawless time of it, by espousing the cause of certain chiefs who were mixed up in relentless wars with their neighbours. The white man's knowledge was found to be of great assistance in such conflicts, and success usually attended the side on which they were on. They thus acquired considerable influence and power among the natives, for the help

they were enabled to afford in executing aggressive movements gained a widespread notoriety. Even in our day the natives who do not mingle with the white settlers are willing to adopt the same practice, for they would gladly hail the advent of certain white men among them to direct their movements; that is to say, among Fijians who are still in their natural state; and we are acquainted with a case in which the most liberal overtures were made to a white man by a powerful chief, less than three years ago, for him to permanently take up his abode in savagedom. The generous proposals included extensive tracts of fertile land, numerous wives, and, as it were, unlimited power. Such an offer was surely a temptation, but, under the cannibalistic circumstances, it was declined with thanks; and perhaps wisely.

In the years 1839 to 1842 the Fiji Islands were visited and surveyed by Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition. Commodore Wilkes published a most interesting narrative of his visit in the general work on his expedition, which appeared in five volumes in 1845. Among the illustrations to this work is a large and minute chart of the group, which is probably the best that was known until recently. Captain Denham also visited and examined the archipelago in H.M.S. *Herald*.

About thirty years ago Fiji attracted the notice of certain religious bodies, and the Wesleyans and Catholics established missions in the group. We have heard more of the Wesleyan movement than of that of their *confrères*, from the fact of their organisations for publishing their doings being so perfect. This, in combination with their greater numbers, has given them a name; whereas the Catholics have been content to work unostentatiously, and without the blast of the trumpet. Father Breheret, at the head of the French Mission, has been in Fiji from the outset of the Catholic movement, and his healthy appearance after a thirty years' residence in the tropics, speaks volumes in favour of the climate. The Wesleyans, however, made considerable progress; and in 1857 an important point was gained by the public acceptation of so-called Christianity by an influential chief named Thakombau. This was followed by the people over whom he ruled accepting the new religion, and their alleged renunciation of the practices of cannibalism. In order to bring about lasting improvements, transitional periods must be experienced, however, and the change of native Fijians from their former customs to those of professed Christianity forms no exception to the rule. And it is a trite observation, frequently made, that their Christianity is only skin deep, in which view unbiassed observers fully concur. Their religious impressions are of the nominal type, and if aboriginal Fijians are ever to be imbued with the spirit of true Christianity, other generations must arise who may enjoy the blessings of a real education. In such humanising experiments it is impossible that indubitable results of great promise can be achieved among the ranks of the primitive race in which it was begun; but if adequate machinery was provided for their offspring, very different results might accrue. So that in regard to the native races in Fiji, if good works are to flourish in their midst, far greater attention must be bestowed on the subject of schools for the young. Practically, there are only two places in the whole of the group deserving the name of scholastic institutions; and the united daily attendance is by no means considerable.

As time advanced, white immigrants arrived from the Australasian colonies, and representations being made, Mr. Pritchard was appointed Her Majesty's consul. This step brought the islands into greater prominence, and local influences being favourable, an offer of their cession from the chiefs to Great Britain was made in 1859. On this fact becoming known in Australia and New Zealand, many colonists were induced to proceed to Fiji in view of the immediate annexation of the islands to England. Mr. Consul Pritchard came to England for the purpose of communicating to the Government that Thakombau had ceded to Her Majesty the whole group over which his sway extended. The circumstances attendant on this step were as follow:—For various outrages asserted to have been committed against the life and property of citizens of the United States, the American Government had imposed upon the islands a fine of 45,000 dollars, and the corvette *Vandalia*, Captain Sinclair, was sent to enforce the claim. This sum was quite beyond the means of the Fijian king to pay; and the embarrassment led to the idea of the cession. Captain Towns, a patriotic citizen of Sydney, fully persuaded, like many other Australian colonists, that it would be highly desirable for England to possess the Fijis, offered to give a cheque for the whole amount, in order to remove one of the objections that might be urged against the acceptance of the king's offer. Her Majesty's Government, however, deemed it necessary to obtain fuller information before any decision was arrived at, and Colonel Smythe, R.A., was dispatched by the Duke of Newcastle in order to make inquiries on the spot, into the state of affairs; and his report being against the acquisition of the group, the offer was declined. Dr. Seeman, however, an eminent botanist, who had accompanied Colonel Smythe, was in favour of annexation; and he subsequently wrote a book on the subject, pointing out with much clearness the natural advantages of the islands. He dwelt on their inherent fertility; and satisfactorily demonstrated that under a beneficent government a state of great commercial activity would spring into prosperous existence. As the islands, however, remained in their original state of disintegration, little or no progress was made by the settlers, and an uneventful cycle was experienced. Moreover, a partial exodus set in, for many who had been attracted thither in view of English rule, departed in disappointment when they saw no chances of its happy realisation. Those, however, who elected to throw in their fortunes with the islands never forgot their former dream of annexation. It only needed the slightest encouragement in order to rekindle the flame afresh with undiminished zeal. In 1870 further efforts were made in this direction, which resulted in a petition being lodged at Her Majesty's Consulate, praying for Great Britain to assume the sovereignty of the islands. This was signed by all the native chiefs exercising a sway over the districts in which white men had acquired property, as well as by the settlers themselves. This memorial was duly transmitted to the Foreign Office by Mr. Consul March; but the authorities, however, did not deem the matter of sufficient importance to grant the petitioners any reply. By this time the culture of cotton had become the main staple of the islands, which had reached the point of success beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the settlers. This was due to the exceptional demand for cotton created by the frightful results of the American internecine strife. No heed, however, was taken of such a fact; and the most reckless expenditure was practised in establishing cotton plantations. Without an iota of expe-

rience, men were told that no one could fail in the enterprise of highly profitable cotton planting in Fiji; and such views being freely circulated throughout the Australasian colonies at a time of great depression there, led many to seek a home in a tropical clime at the Fiji Islands. Among the new arrivals were those who had literally no knowledge whatever of the cultivation of the soil; others had failed in previous undertakings, whilst many found in Fiji an Alsatia adapted to their proclivities. To use a gold-digging phrase, "a rush" took place; and Levuka became filled with an eager throng of strangers impatient to become cotton-planters. There was rich land in abundance, interspersed with tracts of very ordinary description, held by the natives and white settlers; and little or no difficulties were experienced in finding locations for the immigrants.

From the earliest days of settlement in Fiji, the white people have been constantly acquiring land from the original native owners. Hundreds of acres have exchanged hands for a few worthless muskets. Such unfair bargains were made in times of tribal wars. The unscrupulous settler watched the conflict with a keen eye from the outskirts, and embraced his opportunity when he perceived one of the combatants in straitened circumstances. At such a juncture overtures were made of supplying fire-arms and ammunition of the worst description to the defeated party, which in their ignorance, and the impossibility of obtaining anything better, were eagerly accepted. As they had nothing to give in exchange but their land, this was hurriedly parted with, and, under the circumstances, disputes often arose subsequently as to the exact boundaries of the land which was thus bartered away for war *matériel* with which to overcome their enemies. The crafty avariciousness of the white man has often been palpably displayed under such circumstances. Advantages of some magnitude have been taken of the natives in their ignorance, and there can be no doubt that more than one-half of the land claimed in Fiji by white persons legitimately belongs to the former. It is very doubtful, however, as to the natives ever obtaining their rights. One of the many shameful instances of this nature may be quoted in order to illustrate some measures adopted to acquire landed estates in an unsettled country. At a period of war between certain tribes on the Upper Rewa, about six years ago, a white man purchased for a few muskets a specific piece of land, about fifteen acres in extent. Interpreters were duly engaged for the transaction, and there can be no doubt as to each party to the contract being thoroughly acquainted with the exact area and boundaries of the property which had thus changed hands. The purchaser acquired possession, and it was not long before he took steps in order to claim from the Fijians a piece of land comprising about 1,500 acres. Accordingly he advanced measures in order to assert his ownership, when the natives, in a menacing manner, denied his authority. A serious contention resulted, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his fellow-settlers, he maintained that he had rightfully purchased the larger area. As he could not be turned aside from his wrongful intention of claiming the land at all risks, the Fijians (who were by this time at peace among themselves) unitedly threatened the settlers, and the matter became so alarming that all were compelled in haste to relinquish their land and homesteads. This occurred in one of the most promising districts in Fiji, and all the planters there irretrievably lost their worldly possessions, and consequently were compelled to start afresh in life. One of them had invested £700, which had been the means of producing a flourishing plantation. It may be added, that no re-settlement of this district has since taken place, nor does there appear as yet to be any signs of the white man again acquiring a footing there. Again, it is a well-known fact that at least half the land now in the possession of the white settlers was obtained from the natives by fraud; that is to say, in the initial land transactions, it has been demonstrated times out of number that when the Fijians allowed the white man to have possession of certain blocks of land it was their clear intention for such holding to be temporary only. In so doing they had no conception of alienating their patrimony to strangers. In other words, the natives regarded the transaction as one of leasing their estates, whilst the white man had no other intention than that of acquiring the freehold. This has given rise to endless disputes, and is one of the fruitful sources of outrages by the natives against their white neighbours, whom they universally regard as aggressors. The Fijians feel that a grievous wrong has been done them; and this injustice of the whites in Fiji, systematically upheld against the natural owners of the soil, is a very serious matter. It is likely, however, under any circumstances, that in the long run the white man will take the place of the native, and in course of time the recollections of the subtle measures which gained him the ascendency will be swamped in the success of his efforts.

The growing of cotton has not proved a remunerative enterprise in Fiji. Many unforeseen obstacles have arisen, and, after a few years of its trial, the majority of those who entered upon its cultivation have become more or less involved. Such a result has been caused by the absence of intelligent cultivation, and deterioration of the plant in consequence of hybrid seed being used. In some districts also, the rainfall is too considerable for cotton to be saved with success. In addition to cotton, the products of the coco-nut tree are largely utilised, for in copra and prepared fibre a somewhat extensive trade has sprung up, which has the additional advantage of being remunerative. Tortoiseshell and *beche-de-mer* also form articles of export. The collection of the latter was for a season neglected, but greater attention has been paid to it of late by some Chinese who have located themselves at Levuka. Coco-nut oil, maize, and bananas, may also be reckoned among the exports. The sugar-cane is found indigenous throughout the islands, and about a year ago general attention was directed to the propriety of its cultivation in the place of cotton. In sugar-growing, however, suitable mills are requisite for crushing the cane on its arrival at maturity, which needs a considerable outlay of money. In the absence of all confidence, however, in the stability of the local government, capitalists in Sydney were unwilling to advance the means whereby the adequate machinery might be erected; and therefore the commercial advancement of the islands has, from that cause, been seriously retarded. In spite of such circumstances, the planters grew large areas of sugar-cane, and the result is, as might have been anticipated, that cane to the value of £30,000 has already arrived at maturity which will be an utter loss in the absence of proper appliances for its conversion into sugar. It must be borne in mind that sugar-cane in Fiji arrives at maturity within fifteen months, whereas, in many places, where the growing of it has been attended with marvellous success, a period of thirty months

transpires before it becomes ripe. This transparently proves that Fiji compares very favourably with existing sugar-growing countries in a state of prosperity. At present the only means of deriving wealth is from the cultivation of the soil, as no local industries are in force from which remuneration may be drawn. Thus, in whatever form revenue may be raised, the soil is ultimately responsible for its production. Tobacco arrives at maturity in ten weeks, but in the absence of experienced hands in curing the leaf, and the want of capital, this branch of reproduction has not met with the attention it deserves. Such is the generosity of the soil and climate, that four crops of maize can be raised annually, whilst tapioca, sago, arrowroot, and other useful products grow in all parts like so many weeds, and, as such, have hitherto been neglected. Rice was tried by a planter, and found to be an eminent success; and it is to be regretted that its systematic cultivation has never been adopted. Again, the unfailing general rainfall renders the soil naturally favourable to the growth of luxuriant vegetation; and in the utter absence of droughts, plants of every description grow with unsurpassed rapidity. The average rainfall is upwards of 150 inches annually. This is more than three times as much rain as falls in London during the year, but the excess in Fiji is not by any means an inconvenience, inasmuch as the tropical sun readily absorbs the moisture which collects on the surface. By turning up the soil in all parts of the group at any season, the most gratifying moisture is observable; and it is from this unfailing circumstance, in combination with a high rate of temperature, that vegetation receives no check whatever throughout the year, and thus assumes that luxuriance which is the surprise and delight of every stranger.

From the number of new arrivals in Fiji it will be easily surmised that adventurous spirits were not wanting, and those that unhappily rose to the political surface had the worst reputations for turpitude. To the astonishment of every one, in June, 1871, a Government was suddenly created by a few white persons, who claimed to have established a constitutional rule under the dominion of Thakombau, a native chief, whom they dubbed "King." These people also created themselves "Ministers," and prefixed the title of "Honourable" to their names. Among the number, one was a fraudulent bankrupt, another had been dismissed the British and Victorian naval services for misappropriation of public funds, whilst a third had defrauded the people of Sydney to a considerable extent, and escaped criminal punishment by flight to Fiji. Of such unsatisfactory elements was Thakombau's "Cabinet" composed; and the *employés* whom the "King's Ministers" gathered around them had no better reputations. In fact, a public knowledge of individuals having violated the law in other lands appeared to be a recommendation for their employment in the Government service, and it was therefore difficult to pick out any one associated with the Fijian authorities who had not hitherto committed a criminal offence of more or less notoriety. In the face of such facts, it was natural that Mr. Consul March should hold himself aloof from such an organisation. He pointed out, with justice and perspicuity, the dangers likely to arise from the existence of any authority in Fiji composed of such heterogeneous materials, and his vaticinations have in every respect been since fulfilled. The excellent warnings, however, of Her Majesty's consul were not acted upon, and, to the amazement of unbiassed onlookers, the Fijian authorities were recognised by Her Majesty's Government. Throughout the islands considerable opposition was from time to time manifested against the local government, and its strength was sometimes greater than that of the authorities. This antagonistic party, however, were unwisely prevented from carrying into execution their meritorious views by the repeated wrongful intervention of the British naval authorities. The settlers were subjected to the greatest oppression, under the despotic rule of Thakombau's ministers, and they were incensed against the British navy, when they found that power ever arrayed against them for the purpose of upholding a corrupt administration with a puppet "king" at its head.

It is true, that at the initial stages of the existence of the Fijian Government, many planters favoured its growth from the fact that Thakombau had, just at that time, overcome treacherously a tribe of Fijians known as the Lovonis, who were sold by his "Ministers" into slavery, and thus realised upwards of £5,000. Such a golden opportunity of selling men, women, and children to the planters, was a means of gaining revenue as well as ephemeral popularity at the hands of the settlers. As we have remarked, notwithstanding the accuracy with which Mr. Consul March measured the Fijian Government, it was duly acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone's Administration. It has been designated "an interesting experiment;" but were those who coined that phrase aware that such "an interesting experiment" had involved the wanton sacrifice of hundreds of innocent Polynesians and the enslavement of thousands? Such, however, has been one of the unhappy results of a local government in Fiji; and, for more than two years of its life, the British naval authorities afforded it the most active support, in direct opposition to the views enunciated at Her Majesty's Consulate at Levuka. It is to that power that the prolonged existence of this iniquitous organisation is to be ascribed; and the British taxpayer can hardly realise that he is called on to contribute to a force avowedly maintaining a nefarious scheme for the perpetration of crimes which are unsurpassed for atrocity in the history of the world.

A high rate of temperature usually prevails, and it is in July and August that the coolest weather is experienced, whilst in February and March the heat is intense. The lowest reading of the thermometer recorded at Levuka last year was 64°, which was only of two hours' duration, between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning, whilst a south-east breeze was prevailing. Commonly the thermometer stands at about 70° through the winter months. In February and March, however, the thermometer is usually about 90° during the hottest portion of the day. The hills behind Levuka reaching an altitude of 2,000 feet induces a high rate of temperature to prevail in the town, and the mean average throughout the group is quite 5° lower than that which is experienced there.

It appears that Fiji has incurred a public debt of £80,000 since the creation of the Government, and that sum has been expended in addition to the revenue collected. That is rather a formidable item for a small community of producers, and testifies to the recklessness of Thakombau's ministers. On their accession to power by a *coup d'état*, there was no public debt in the islands, and therefore the sum named seems to be comparatively a large amount. The white settlers, however, who now number about 1,000, express great faith in the natural productiveness of the islands, and, as owners of large tracts of land, they are willing to accept the debt as it is, in view of the benefits calculated to accrue by annexation to Great Britain.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—VI.

BY "MONTA."

RETURNED to Yedo once more we found in a short time that the heat was becoming overpowering, and it was pleasanter to sit at home in light clothing during the day, with the paper slides drawn aside, gazing on the little garden with its dwarf trees and its rustic bridge, and, farther out, on the bay dotted with fishing smacks and other craft, than to brave the sun out of doors. It is an uncomfortable moist heat in the Yedo plain—a heat which makes one languid, makes the perspiration run freely, makes one's boots turn green after twenty-four hours non-use; so that one becomes indolent like the natives, and rarely goes out of the compound till the evening approaches. And then the creatures that infest the air! The mosquitoes buzz around you, and larger-winged things come bouncing in, attracted by the light, often even striking you sharply on the face. Till I at last established a punkah in Yedo, to the infinite astonishment of my native friends, there was no possibility of dining by candle-light without shutting the slides and being half-stifled by the heat.

In the early morning was the real time for work, and my teacher and I would sit together and pore over a lot of Chinese characters, few of which I ever understood, and all of which, I fear, I have now forgotten, and by dint of groping about and questioning, I managed to translate, accurately enough for my purpose, much that interested me about the people.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN YEDO.

There was a tale of vendetta, published officially, which particularly interested me, and I will attempt to put it down here in a concise form. The translation came out originally in a Yokohama paper.

There were two brothers, Suminoya, belonging to the Mito clan, one of the wildest and most anti-foreign in Japan. The father served in the guards of the last "Tycoon," at Kiôto, and both the sons were there in 1867, when they one day heard that their father was lying severely wounded in the Matsubara-gawara, which is the stony bed of a stream running through the western capital, and mostly dry. Upon this the retainers hurried to the spot, but found nothing. They then ascertained that the body had been taken to a spot close to the quarters of the Mito retainers, and there they found it, but the swords and pocket-book of the unfortunate man, now dead, were missing. One of the brothers then hastened back to the scene

of the murder, and there he found a beggar, who gave him the following account :—That the murderer and the man who took away the body were not the same ; that the former was of tall stature, with a hempen tunic, white Kokura trousers, long sword with dullish-red scabbard ; that he seemed to have one person with him, whose description was also given ; that these two came along with drawn swords held downwards, and, silently creeping up to a man, cut him in the back as he was crossing a foot-bridge, whereupon they fled away westwards ; that the language, form of face, and manner of dressing the hair, seemed to him, without doubt, to be those of Tosa men.

From the officials of the quarter certain particulars were obtained respecting the man who caused the body to be taken away, and the coolies who carried it declared that when it was left near the quarters of the Mito retainers, the swords and pocket-book were there, so that some one must have stolen them subsequently.

The brothers had now one sacred duty to perform. In Japan it is a good deed to avenge your father's death by killing his murderer yourself ; nay more, it is, or was, a sacred duty, which every true *samurai* must undertake at once, and never rest till he has fulfilled.

So the two brothers, with resentment in their hearts, searched night and day for a clue to the cowardly murderer of their father, but they could hear nothing certain in the capital, and therefore left their home with one fixed purpose of carrying out the vendetta. They first lay in concealment on the road to Fushimi, and then putting away their swords, the insignia of their class, they prosecuted their enquiries. One took service in the abode of a court noble in the province of Seshiu, and the other became a menial in the house of the chief of the Tosa clan. But time wore on, and they were no nearer the object of their lives, so that in the spring of 1868 they both gave up their places and put on their swords again. They frequented different spots in the neighbourhood of the scene of the murder, and took opportunities of hearing the gossip of the city. In this way they learnt from a woman who kept a shop that the previous evening she had been to see a relation, and had there heard a story from a man named Omiya Genzaburô that a retainer of the Tosa clan, called Yamamoto Hatarô, who used to frequent his house, had said that on a certain day of the preceding year—the very day of the deed, for it was the eve of the great festival of Gion—he had cut down a Mito man in the dry stony bed of the stream aforesaid. So the brothers went to Genzaburô, and obtained the man's description—"Tall, with hempen mantle, white Kokura trousers, sword with dullish-red scabbard of his own lacquering."

Here, at last, was a certain clue ; the murderer's name was known, and his clan. The brothers breathed again, and pursued their sacred duty with redoubled energy.

Now, so they found, on the 14th day of the 6th month of Udoshi, the very day in fact after the murder, a certain sword-sharpener had met Yamamoto, who forthwith asked him to sharpen his sword, and on looking at it he found its edge blunt, stains of blood (nothing uncommon) on the blade, and the point notched ; but two days previously he had seen the same sword, and then it was without blemish. After that, said the sword-sharpener, Yamamoto went down to Osaka, and so the brothers followed him thither, but he had already departed for his own country, with the intention, however, as they heard, of immediately returning to Kiôto. Then the brothers frequented two inns, where they were told he was in the habit of staying, being the resort of Tosa men. But it was all in vain. Then one brother pursued the calling of a coolie. But 1869 arrived, and yet they had no tidings ; then the elder brother fell very ill, and his brother tarried with him till he became convalescent, after which he journeyed to Yedo, where it was supposed the murderer might be.

Now, there was a certain Noguchi, who supplied timber to the Tosa clan, and the elder brother pretended to take service with him, and they went down to the castle town of Tosa, but there he learnt that his father's assassin had suddenly left for Yedo. So he went to see the latter's father, and obtaining a letter from him to his son, returned to Kiôto, whence he proceeded to Yedo.

It was now 1870.

In February or March he called at the Tosa *yashiki*, in Yedo, and succeeded for the first time in catching sight of Yamamoto. They went out together, and he delivered to Yamamoto the letter from his father, and also a forged letter, purporting to come from that Omiya who has already been mentioned as having been so useful in putting the brothers at last upon the right scent.

The contents of the forged letter were as follows :—

"This is a private communication. With regard to the occurrence at the Matsubara-gawara, on the eve of the festival of Gion in the Udoshi, a difficulty has arisen. A strict investigation is being made with respect rather to the lost things than to the slain man himself. In his pocket-book there was a bill of exchange from the Kajimaya in Osaka, and this is lost. The Kajimaya is much embarrassed, and detectives have twice come to me to ask whether, as you were his murderer, you know anything about the lost things. There is no trouble about the slain man, but if you have these lost things to hand there will be trouble about them. I beg, therefore, to inquire whether you have them or not?"

It will be remembered that the deposition of the coolies who carried the body away showed that the pocket-book was not then missing, so that Yamamoto could not have stolen it.

It was agreed that an answer should be ready by a certain day, and this was its tenor :—

"I write you this line. I congratulate you all in being in good health, and beg to assure you that all is well with me.

"I thank you much for the letter you have been kind enough to write. It was unfortunate that when you sent it to my country I was in Yedo. You were then good enough to have it forwarded to Yedo, where I received it on the first day of the second month. I understand thoroughly the meaning of your letter, and pray you not to trouble yourself, but to keep your mind at ease. As I have not been able to go up to the western capital recently, I have not been to see you, for which accept my excuses. Now, owing to your change of abode, your business is thriving, and your means of living exceedingly good, at which I am extremely rejoiced. With all these numerous customers you must be full of work at your new house. Now, as I am busy, you must have the goodness to take the foregoing compliments for an answer."

The brother read this missive, which was not enough for his purpose evidently. So he asked Yamamoto as to writing about the affairs of the slain man and the lost things as well. Whereupon the latter said :—

"Although I cannot write more in this letter, if afterwards

there is any stir in the matter, Omiya will not be implicated in the least. No trouble will come to him. Besides, I know nothing at all of the lost things. You can tell him so."

This was all Yamamoto would say, repeating it several times, and declining to alter the letter.

But this was not enough; so the brother, looking up into the face of his father's assassin, and concealing his hatred and thirst for the blood of the other, described calmly what had occurred at the Matsubara-gawara, in the stony bed of the Pine-moor stream, and then he asked him point-blank whether it was not he who gave the Mito man a sword-cut.

Yamamoto answered: "In truth I know nothing about the stolen things, but I do know about the slaying of the Mito man."

Still he would not, when asked, give the name of the man who was with him at the time, but brought the conversation to an end, and refused to utter a single word more with regard to the occurrence.

The two then, having agreed to walk out together on the ninth day, returned to their respective abodes.

Meanwhile Yamamoto had received news of the death of his father, so that he was obliged to go into mourning, and could not leave the *yashiki*.

More delay and more patience on the part of the brothers!

Now the elder brother had originally obtained access to Yamamoto by giving himself out as the agent of that Noguchi with whom he had pretended to take service, and with whom he had gone to Tosa. He, therefore, still retained the garb of a person of the lower class, and he had said that his coming to Yedo was on some business connected with a cargo of timber, adding details of the trouble he had experienced in this private matter. So at their last interview he had begged Yamamoto, if the matter were not speedily settled, to come to Noguchi's house in Yedo, and arrange it.

With this intent he went to Yamamoto on the 14th day of the same month, and said:—

"Yesterday a timber-ship arrived. Please come to-morrow night to Noguchi's house."

And the rendezvous was fixed at a certain eating-house.

As Yamamoto was in mourning, he could not go by the front gate, so he probably got over the fence or wall, and, taking a *kago*, he reached the eating-house before eight o'clock in the evening.

There he met the elder brother, still of course in his lowly garb. They walked on together some little way, when suddenly the younger brother, dressed as a *samurai*, sprang up from where he had been lying in wait, according to previous agreement, and exclaimed:—

"You are Yamamoto Hatarô, the murderer of my father at the Matsubara-gawara."

Yamamoto answered, drew, and they crossed swords.

Whereupon the elder brother drew a small sword from the bosom of his dress, and, thrusting at Yamamoto, closed upon him. The two brothers then killed him, thus at last accomplishing their vendetta.

At this moment an official of the Board of Punishments happened to be passing by, and, challenging the brothers, asked what had happened. They informed him that they had been avenging their father's death, and begged him to have the goodness to certify to the same. They then cut the head off, and said they would go with it to the Censorate, an office entrusted with various duties, but now abolished. Whereupon they left the body as it was, and carried away the head, not touching the sword or any of the things in the dead man's pocket-book.

Such was the tenor of the report of the Censorate, after an investigation had taken place, in consequence of the following request from the brothers:—

"In the sixth month of last Udoshi, our father, Toranosuké, was murdered at the Matsubara-gawara in Kiôto by some enemy then unknown. We travelled about to different places searching for a clue, and we discovered that Yamamoto Hatarô of the Tosa clan, was, without doubt, the perpetrator of the deed. In Yedo we confronted him and killed him, thus accomplishing the deed of vengeance which had long been our desire. Whereupon, according to law, we request that an investigation may be made into the matter."

The Government deemed that the brothers should be handed over to the keeping of the Mito clan, and that the Censorate should hand over the head, and the Yedo authorities the body, to the Tosa clan for temporary burial.

The punishment of the brothers was doubtless nominal, and would soon end, when they would re-appear as *samurai* of the Mito clan, and all men would praise their filial piety.

In a preceding article we followed the Nakasendô to the village of Shiwojiri. I was always disappointed not to have been able to continue that journey all the way to Kiotô. The whole length of it appears to be a little over 323 miles, and the latter part especially abounds in fine mountain scenery. But on the occasion in question we turned off to the right from the high road, and proceeded to the town of Matsumoto, some ten miles distant, and there made a halt. We had been treated to much changeable weather, and more than one of us had become unwell. Besides, I am convinced that the daily use of tinned soups and preserved meats is not wholesome. It cannot well be helped, for every one's stomach will not be content with Japanese food, but we gradually took more to fish, and fowl, and rice, and were the better in consequence. That very morning one of our party felt exceedingly unwell, and it was quite a touching sight to see his Japanese servant, not a two-sworded man, come up to his master's bedside, and finding him still suffering (he had been ailing for a day or two), give way to copious tears, saying simply enough that this would not have mattered so much at Yokohama, at home, where a doctor could be sent for and many comforts were at hand; but here, so far away as we were, it was terrible. Afterwards, he came to me with a very grave face, and I had to assure him that his master would soon be well, and so we got the latter a shut-up *kago*, and away he was carried. We had, as already mentioned, only ten miles to travel, along a perfectly level plain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, on some of which there were still streaks of snow. But then we were some 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Indeed, on the western side of the valley, snowy mountains are visible, which divide the provinces of Shinshiu and Hida.

Matsumoto is a town of somewhat over 3,000 houses, with a castle at the further extremity, then belonging to the daimio Matsudaira Tamba no Kami. Retainers of this noble, it may be remembered, were on guard in 1862 at the British Legation in Yedo when two English marines were killed by a Japanese. This was when Lieutenant-Colonel Neale was in charge, and for some time it was supposed that there had been several assailants, and, in fact, that a general attack on the

whole Legation was meditated, similar to that carried out in the previous year at the very same place, during the reign of Mr. Alcock. There certainly were suspicious circumstances pointing that way, but though the whole matter was never satisfactorily cleared up, the better opinion seems to be that there was only one Japanese concerned, who, for some reason perhaps only known to himself and his intimates, thirsted for the blood of an outer barbarian.

However that may be, we had no trouble in Matsumoto. Our own guards looked after us as usual, and the native officials did their duty. The town lies on the eastern side of the broad valley, and a low range of hills immediately to the north, running partly across, makes it almost appear at first sight as if the valley was a plain shut in on all sides, being about twelve miles in length, and six or seven broad. The



SHOP IN YEDO

low range being passed, the valley or plain again opens out, but is considerably narrower.

From Matsumoto we made an excursion by rough roads and over swift torrents to a village called Furumaya, distant about fourteen miles, where there are great plantations of a certain species of oak, on which the beautiful wild silkworm of Japan, the *yamamai*, feeds and spins in the open air. It is a most interesting sight, and we spent two charming days among well-to-do simple farmers, who showed every attention to the strangers. On the last evening, we invited the three principal men who had supplied us with information to a small feast, consisting partly of Japanese food and partly of our own. The tables were taken away, and down we all squatted on the mats. In came our guests, but almost on the threshold they stopped, and humbly prostrated themselves, keeping their heads down on the mats. "But come forward," we said. No forward movement, only more bobbing of heads and profuse excuses. "But do come forward," we repeated. Advance of about ten inches, and again a halt, heads on the mats, and more excuses. And so it went on, we urging them to approach, and they sweeping along the floor by slow stages, and then stopping, aghast at their own rudeness and presumption. At last we prevailed upon them to advance up to the festive board, or rather floor, and then, getting their feet under them, they burst out into exclamations of surprise, delight, and thankfulness, increasing in intensity as the meal proceeded. "This is indeed a thing to be thankful for!" they cried with one accord, as Crosse and Blackwell's best tinned meats were added to the food on their plates, already full of divers (to them) delicacies. They ate but little, being somewhat bashful in our presence, and being minded, like good fathers of families, to take this strange food home and share it with their wives and children. But it was a great success in a small way, and by degrees, as their native *saké* sent a glow through their veins, they took courage, and our host especially (he was one of the party) became very jovial. Next morning, his joy was at its full, when the artist presented him with a picture rapidly sketched with a native pen on a broad roll of Japanese paper, representing the whole of our party (characteristic likenesses enough) in the oak plantation hard by, with a view of a Fuji shaped hill in the distance. He rubbed his hands like a child, and looking up at us in his glee, uttered unintelligible sounds, and almost shed tears of joy. Sketches were made on fans for the other two men, and altogether we flatter ourselves that the impression left in this happy valley was none of the worst. There was one disappointment, however; the unknown is always magnified, and the inhabitants, who had been looking forward to our visit with much impatience, had expected to see nothing but giants, and unfortunately Nature had not favoured two at least of the party in that respect.

If one could only have heard the comments of these men upon the first foreigners they had ever seen! What is it the Japanese say of us? That is the interesting question, which is perhaps being somewhat answered in these later days.

Retracing our steps to Matsumoto, we proceeded from there to Uyeda over the Hofukuji Pass (27 miles). From the summit we had a splendid view of Asamayama, perfectly clear, and



STREET MOUNTEBANKS IN YEDO.

smoking moderately, and beyond it of Adzumayama, another mountain, which seems to be still higher. Below was the valley of Uyeda, with some of the houses of the town distinctly visible, the foreground being made up of tree-covered hills, thrown about disconnectedly in different directions. We had hardly begun the descent, when we came upon several officers whom the Lord of Uyeda had had the civility to send all this long way to greet us on reaching his territory. They bowed, and presented their cards, written as usual on small slips of paper, and then we passed on. There is indeed no end to the civility we have met with; once it was a guard of soldiers drawn up to salute us as we went through a village; again, another guard accompanied us into a daimio's town; officers were continually presenting themselves, either on the road or at the towns, and one delightful man, who belonged to the Ina Ken, accompanied us from Shiwojiri to Matsumoto, and again this day to the pass. Very different from the old state of things, as depicted by Sir Rutherford Alcock!

There were some bullocks feeding on the mixture of grass, ferns, &c., which was in plenty on either side of the road as we descended, and we could not help expressing the wish that there, as well as on many neglected grassy spots which we had passed, herds of cattle were browsing and being fattened up, so that a little more flesh and blood might be put into the Japanese of the future. That and good beer is what they want, and in general they have taken very kindly to malt liquor.

It was in the districts that we had been traversing for the last few days that we came upon a different species of dog to the ordinary wolf-like animal which infests most towns and villages known to foreigners. This dog is much livelier and brighter, it has a shorter head and body, carries its tail erect, and does not make a practice of slinking away or barking on the approach of the stranger. There is a reddish variety, which is particularly engaging, and we tried to buy a specimen, but without success.

We were now uncertain of our route, but finally it was settled that we should ride across the island, and reach the treaty port of Niigata.

Uyeda is on the banks of a swift river, there called the Chikuma. It is very puzzling at first to understand the names of the rivers. After you have got on quite right, as you think, you suddenly hear a river called differently. The fact is, that a certain portion of the stream is called by the department through which it is running, and then it takes another name further on, from some other department, or place, or province. The river in question we generally knew as the Shinano-gawa, Shinano or Shinshiu being the name of the province in which we were travelling. But at Uyeda and in its neighbourhood it was always called the Chikuma-gawa. And so with a number of others.

The Shinano-gawa eventually falls into the sea at Niigata.

There was a terrible night of heavy rain, and then we started on our way to Niigata. We soon left the basin in which Uyeda is situated, and, rounding the corner, seemed to come into a milder climate, where the valley contracts, the road winding round the cliff on the right side of the stream. Fifteen miles brought us to Yashiro, and then, turning to the left, we crossed the Chikuma in a ferry-boat, worked by men with a double rope attached on either side of the river; then along the wide valley, or rather plain, to Tambajima, where we were told that the Saigawa, a smaller stream which runs into the Chikuma somewhat further down, had swollen so much owing to the previous night's rain, that it was impassable for horses. "When will it be passable?" we inquired. They could not say. Hoped it might be to-morrow. A forlorn hope at that moment at least, for the mist or rain was gathering thick on the hills behind us, and especially on those where the sources of the Saigawa should be. We know the nonchalance of the natives; we know that often and often when we fiery Britishers would be pressing on, and burning the pavement, as the French say, they would so much prefer—as well as that artist sunk in sloth—to stay where they are, make a chair of their limbs, and smoke their pipes upon the mats. So we are incredulous somewhat, and have the horses taken down to the water; there was no difficulty in getting them and ourselves over the first branch in the ferry-boats, but when we arrived at the second we were fairly puzzled. This stream was a good deal broader and swifter than the first, the big ferry-boat and its ropes were not worth half a row of pins, and we ascertained that there was a third branch broader and swifter still to be crossed before we could reach Zenkôji. So we had to send the horses back to Tambajima, for the night at least, if not for a fortnight, and we were taken over the rapids in little boats which swayed about uncomfortably, and yet were handled by a couple of men with a certain amount of rough skill. Then we walked on to Zenkôji, the luggage and following coming in by degrees. We found a charming inn, and our Japanese companion comfortably doubled up on the floor writing his journal; he told us so quietly that it was such a common thing for Japanese when travelling to be kept one, two, or three days by a swollen stream; they thought nothing of that. Poor comfort for the fiery Britishers, but they calmed their angry passions and sat down to dinner.

The rain kept off, and next morning we were informed that the Saigawa had gone down considerably, and that our horses would be able to cross in the forenoon. So we felt comforted, and went off to see the big temple, which is famous in the land, and were taken round by obliging priests, and the curtain of some holy shrine, duly lighted up, was raised for us, to the great satisfaction of the crowd behind, who paid their devotions accordingly, and threw offerings of cash over our heads in the direction of the holy spot. After that, we were taken mysteriously down some stairs into a very dark place, in entire ignorance of the why or the wherefore (our native friend not being with us), and having groped our way painfully round, on the tip-toe of expectation, we simply came back to the original point of departure. It was an underground journey below the holy places, possibly of great supposed virtue in the eyes of the natives, but, as far as we were concerned, entirely unprofitable. Perhaps we were simply taken in by those wily priests. Verily they had their reward!

We were now approaching the Mikuni Pass. It is so called because on the summit the three provinces of Echigo, Jôshiu, and Shinshiu meet. *Mi* is "three," and *kuni* may be translated "province." It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that there is no plural in the Japanese language.

We left the little village of Futai at half-past nine, and by eleven reached that of Asakai, nestled close to tree-covered hills, and to the commencement of the ascent. The trees, I see by my diary, were beech, birch, oak, willow, besides many varieties of pine, but these latter disappeared as we mounted higher.

After our lunch we had an hour's ride up a very steep road to the top of the pass, where there is a little house devoted to some religious purpose. The view on each side was fine, but not particularly striking; in front a bold glen, with mountains in the far distance. We thought we had now finished going up hill, but not a bit of it. After descending for a short time, we mounted again and passed an old barrier house. The timber was very remarkable. Besides the trees already mentioned, there were chestnuts and magnolias, and some fine old wild mulberry trees.

Then we turned to the left, and continuing, sometimes up and sometimes down, came upon a point whence there was a charming view of the plain which ends at Yedo, and of the mountains towards Mayébashi. From there we descended rapidly to the village of Nagai, where we arrived a little before five. Day's march 7½ *ri*.

July 10.—Started a little before seven, followed the valley down, and came upon a silkworm district; the tall mulberry trees gave way gradually to pollards of three or four feet high.

This day's journey was about 9 *ri*, and we slept at Yokohori —that is, we remained the night there. But I find the following in my notes:—

"Spent an awful night! There was not a breath of air in our rooms, and I foolishly did not ask for a mosquito-net, thinking there would be no need of it. But after having been pestered with flies on our arrival, when I went to bed a quantity of small gnats came buzzing about me, and made my life miserable. Then the people of the house were stirring about and talking till midnight; other unpleasant little creatures hopped about in too near neighbourhood to my person, a rat was behind the arras, a dog howled outside, and after certain fitful snatches of sleep disturbed by dreams and put an end to by the same buzzing, and once by the artist calling out in his nightmare for the police, I was roused up by the crowing of cocks. Getting up tired, I was exasperated by the flies, which had awoke still earlier, and settled and crawled on me, till, after a slight repast, I rushed out and took refuge in the open air."

The descent into the plain was long and not particularly interesting, so that no further description was needed. I must confess to have felt a certain relief in leaving the mountains, in the midst of which we had been for many days, but still we missed the pure air and cold atmosphere, and dropped down into warmth and mosquitoes. The weather, too, changed, and instead of the brilliant days which had succeeded each other, with little exception, whilst we were in the mountains, we met with much rain, which, to some extent, marred the pretty scenery of the plain.

We arrived at the end of our long and interesting journey on the morning of the 14th of July, when we found ourselves once more in Yedo.

Forsyth's Mission to the Ameer of Kashgar.

THE news which has from time to time been received of the progress of the expedition sent out, last autumn, by the Governor-General of India, for the purpose of arranging a commercial treaty with the new King of Eastern Turkistan, or the Ameer of Kashgaria as he is sometimes called, shows that the mission has been attended so far with perfect success. The large party, consisting—besides its chief, Mr. T. Douglas Forsyth and his diplomatic staff—of an efficient party of scientific men—surveyors, geologists, and naturalists—has been everywhere received with Oriental hospitality, and the wished-for treaty has been obtained, signed, and ratified.

The country of Eastern Turkistan, formerly a portion of the Chinese Empire under the name of Chinese Tartary, now that we are becoming, for the first time, accurately acquainted with it, proves to be one of the most interesting regions on the surface of the globe. The mist of romance with which it had been invested by the "Arabian Nights," and the fabulous descriptions of mediæval travellers, is clearing away; but in its place a clear picture is developed to our mental gaze not a whit less calculated to excite our imaginations. In the first place, its situation and physical configuration are highly peculiar. It forms an elevated valley, or basin, in the very centre of the great land-mass of Asia, about 180 miles broad, and surrounded on three sides by the loftiest table-lands and mountain-ridges in the world. The altitude of the plain above the level of the sea is between 3,800 and 4,200 feet. Thus, it is an Alpine valley, like Cashmere, but on a colossal scale. Shut in by mountains, the cloud-bearing winds from the ocean, on various sides, are stripped of their moisture by the condensing ridges before reaching its surface; but the same clouds dissolve in snow on the ridges, which, by melting, gives rise to numerous perennial streams that descend to fertilise the valley. Thus, a sunny, bracing, healthy climate is produced, with sufficient irrigation to render the soil highly productive. The latitude, 37° to 40°, is that of Andalusia; the summers are exceedingly hot, at least in the day-time, but the winters are extremely cold. The thermometer appears, at least in the nights and early mornings of winter, to hover between the freezing point and some degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; but this is attended with a dry calm atmosphere, which seems to render the intense cold tolerable, even to constitutions acclimatised to the tropical plains of India.

On the eastern side, the valley of Eastern Turkistan is open to the more arid country which extends, broken only by a number of sterile mountain ranges, to the frontiers of Mongolia and China Proper. Long before the mountain streams which fertilise the plains of Kashgar and Yarkand reach those frontiers they terminate in salt-lakes; and all the large towns, including the civilised population of the country, is confined to the western part, where innumerable artificial canals have been cut from the streams, by the industry of the inhabitants, to irrigate the adjacent districts. The country, although more open on the side of China, is not much more accessible from that direction, on account of the great distance to be traversed and

the sterility of large portions of the intermediate country, much of which has not yet been visited by Europeans. The mountain ranges on the north, west, and south, consist of successive parallel ridges, with intermediate lofty plateaux. The width of the southern barrier, which separates Eastern Turkistan from India, is estimated by Major Montgomerie at 500 miles, and the lowest passes over it are not less than 17,000 feet in height. The western barrier, which includes the elevated table-land of Pamir, the "Bam-i-dunya" or "Roof of the World," has not yet been sufficiently explored, and its width is unknown, but the passes are of great elevation; this separates the country from the northern bekships of Afghanistan and from the more northerly khanates of Western Turkistan. The great northern barrier consists of the southern ridges of the Thian Shan, separating the Ameer's territories from the Russian Empire. There is a pass between the Pamir range and the northern frontier, leading to the Khanate of Kokand; but the passes leading directly north to the Russian military stations had never been explored until Colonel Gordon, with several members of Mr. Forsyth's expedition, ascended the principal one—the Turgat Pass—in the middle of last winter.

Captain Trotter, one of this party, in an account of this important journey which has just been received, says that the party left civilisation and the very comfortable quarters granted them by the Ameer, in Kashgar, on the last day of the old year. The whole of their personal luggage was carried on six ponies; all articles not strictly indispensable being left behind. The road at first passed along the east wall of the old city of Kashgar, some five miles distant from the new city, where the court resided. Like Yarkand, it is surrounded by a large mud wall, varying from twenty to forty feet in height, and of great thickness, strengthened at numerous intervals by square towers. The different branches of the Kashgar river were crossed by well-constructed wooden bridges. The river in mid-winter contained but little water; the time of flood being in spring, when all the streams of the country are full with the melting of the snows at their mountain sources. The direction taken by the party was to the north-west, first along the Artysh valley, and then up the narrower Tajend valley, where the mountain region of the Thian Shan may be said to commence. Here glimpses were obtained of the snowy peaks of the range, of which a distant view had been enjoyed from their residence in Kashgar. After a march of twenty miles up the valley they came to a point where it suddenly narrowed, forming a deep gloomy gorge, overhung by precipitous mountains, rising 2,700 feet above their camp. On the third day's march they proceeded steadily up-hill for twenty-one miles, to the Chákmák forts, passing on their way the Pas Kurgan, or Lower Fort, constructed to defend the pass against invasion from the north. They soon after reached the Russian frontier at Lake Chatir-Kul, finding the pass, at its summit, about 12,800 feet above the sea-level, with peaks rising around to a height of 15,000 feet; this, however, is only a low portion of the great range of the Thian Shan, which further to the north-east attains much greater elevation.

The ascent to the Turgat Pass is a gentle regular slope the whole way, and it is open to laden camels even in mid-winter, the slope from the Artysh Valley forming a gradient of about 100 feet per mile. The only difficulties the road presents are where it crosses the stream, which in winter is partially frozen over for almost its entire length. Near both the forts the overhanging heights are so precipitous and inaccessible that it would be almost impossible for an enemy to effect a lodgment in them. The Chákmák Fort is a place which Nature, aided by art, has made so strong that, if well defended, it would be almost impregnable. Otherwise, the road descending from Russian into Kashgar territory offers no obstacle to the advance of a large army.

With regard to the people, Mr. Forsyth reports them as having attained a high degree of civilisation, considering their isolated position. The numerous cities and towns are well built; and all classes enjoy a degree of comfort and well-being which surprised their visitors. They are industrious, peaceful, and, as a rule, remarkably intelligent; energetic, and likely to be quick to appreciate and adopt the advantages offered by European service. Agriculture, stock-raising, and gardening are carried on so effectively, that there is more food produced than is required for the existing population. During the few years of peace which have succeeded the successful revolt against the Chinese (which began in 1863), the population of the large cities has increased, and everywhere the British mission observed the signs of a progressive thriving people. The agricultural districts are studded with villages, farms, and homesteads, which are not protected against attack, showing that there is little fear of hostile inroads, robbery, or violence.

The population of the country was much scantier than the British mission had been led to expect; and they found a great deal of land available for cultivation, and capable of irrigation by the numerous streams and canals, which, owing to the scarcity of hands, was lying neglected. Sheep and fowls were abundant; cows not quite so plentiful. The double-humped Bactrian camel is very abundant, and makes a most efficient beast of burden; but the members of the mission reserve their warmest praise for the Yarkand breed of ponies. Captain Trotter says that each of his baggage-ponies carried over mountain passes a weight of at least 400 lbs., consisting of a couple of heavy trunks, with bedding and other lumber piled a-top of them, and the pony's attendant squatting on the apex of the pile. The Kirghiz sepoys in the Ameer's service in the Thian Shan district are mounted on these sturdy ponies, whose performances in climbing rocky slopes astonished every man of Colonel Gordon's party. These Kirghiz, some of whom served as guides to the party, thought nothing of making short cuts in the mountains by setting their ponies at the face of steep slopes, where there was no visible path, and up which they ascended by abrupt zig-zags to heights of more than 1,000 feet.

The bazaars and streets of Yarkand reminded Mr. Forsyth of Constantinople; and the restaurants and cookery, he says, would put to shame anything he saw in that city. In the streets numbers of barrows are wheeled about, loaded with excellent toasted patties, bread, cooked vegetables, and so forth, which perambulating tradesmen offer for sale to the townsfolk. It is the same with confectionery and other articles of common consumption. Wherever the British Mission went they were received with the most profuse hospitality; but they found still some traces of the jealousy which had prevented members of former missions from straying far from the vigilant guardianship of their hosts, and were not allowed, without check, to pursue their scientific explorations. A great deal of valuable knowledge has, however, been obtained; not the least of which is the clearing up of the geographical mystery of the Pamir table-land, which, according to the latest news, had been effected by a portion of the party in an excursion to the sources of the Oxus.

Rambles in Rome.—III.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

We were at the foot of the Capitol when the exigencies of our narrative compelled us to part company with the reader, and we had spent so much of our time in the rambles described in our last chapter, in talking by the way, that we found ourselves unable to see more that day, while at the same time we promised to continue our stroll, in our next. We left off with a hint that we were about to go back home, but in reality we had thoughts of lengthening our walk, and leading the reader to gather that we were only stopped from going back by our wish to take the post-office on our way, in order to send off some letters. Frankness sat on both our brows and looked forth from both our eyes as our companion went out of sight over the Capitoline slope, and left us gazing still at the Forum. Soon, one says to the other (I am free to allow that I was the chief beguiler at such times), "I think we might just stroll on to the Coliseum; we shall have lots of time, and we can go there again with our friend."

And so we will let it be supposed that thus it came about, and that we not only did this, but went round by St. Peter's on our way back. Our intention, then, in the present section of our narrative, is to give an account of what we saw and did.

Going down the hill, therefore, we were soon winding round and among the decayed buildings of which we took mark when we stood so long viewing them from above; and so far as the modern road and the bounds set up for hindering too near prying let us, were following the general course of, or going parallel to, the Sacred Road, which we also traced from there so far as we could. From fifteen feet of soil heaped up in more than as many hundred years, we could now look down on the stone-clad way, it may be once trodden with weary hopeless feet by our very ancestors as they were dragged in the conqueror's show. How little did either unhappy prisoner or haughty crowd reck of these fifteen feet of soil! Foot by foot, with march more relentless than ever Roman general's, the centuries passing on have done their work! and surer work too than this: work not to be undone by craft of man. The spade has dug out and cleaned from dust and earth those stones, and they are as they were; but buried for ever are the flinty times which then curbed men's souls. March on, proud Roman,



MARKET IN ROME.

with thy sullen downcast Briton behind thy car: thou knowest not that the triumph to which thou art, as thou thinkest, leading him, is brief and fleeting; whereas thou art in reality leading him, and his, to a triumph of which thou hast as little idea as of the fifteen feet of earth that are now above the spot which thou art scornfully treading, not of thy nation but of his, by making a first clearing for it, and starting it in a growth whose wide-spreading arms, moral and intellectual, should overshadow the countries of the world—countries for the most part unheard of by thee, and unknown to thy legions—with a force and endurance far mightier and higher than thy iron sway.

Near or along the old road we went, and at last on its very track as we came to the arch built to the "divine" Titus; passing under which, what a glimpse of a new and yet more wonderful page of by-gone chronicle did we get, as those stone-cut Jewish captives and emblems of a diviner worship mocked their great conqueror's triumph by the contrast which they seemed to call forth. But we left this for the time, and went on to the Coliseum now close before us. We will not now try to say much about, as we did not then to see much of, this great building; partly because we had not yet risen to the height of the subject, and our words are too feeble to grapple with what is so fraught with thought and so well-known, and partly because we have hopes of being able to return to the subject. Till then we will reserve what we have to say; and meanwhile it is a comfort to be freed from the need of it now. One thing easy to be seen we may remark, that the most decayed side of the building is unluckily that of which we most readily get sight. The other and more whole side is both turned away from the Forum and the Palatine, and, besides, ill-seen from the district over against it, owing to ground rising at once behind it. The reason is as plain as the fact, with which, indeed, luck had as little to do as decay. Had the building been left to be worn down by time's touch, it would have been standing now, save a crack here or a stone displaced there, much as it was when it was the chief masterpiece and pride of imperial workmanship. The gap was made where cartage was easiest; and besides siege havoc, it was for long years a quarry for Roman nobles, wherefrom they might build themselves shrines, forsooth, for Rome's art. And yet perhaps it is well that the Coliseum should be half pulled down, and that old Rome's most lasting trace should not be that of her deepest shame—the scene of senseless barbarity and luxurious profligacy without an equal in the history of civilised man.

We turned our backs on it, and on the Forum and the Capitol, and left the old town, and all the thoughts belonging to it, behind—it and its age, and the greatest type and truest growth of that age, of which we have just spoken—and set our faces towards the new, and the most real embodiment of the worship and thoughts of this, St. Peter's Cathedral. We are in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and there rises the dome before us. Fifteen feet of earth have been heaped up, and fifteen centuries rolled away, since the crumbling decay we have left was standing strong as the hills and full of life—a life, alas! more crumbling and doomed than any downfalling wall, a life of overgrown godless debauchery;—and now before our eyes, fair and new is the sacredest shrine of the worship and culture which overthrew the old and grew out from amid the rotting ruin. The new civilisation has trodden under foot and taken the place of the old, the new morality of the old, the new religion of the old; and this was the subtle work of the Christianity whose followers were a mean laughing-stock within those other walls. That Christianity which has done all this and more, which has fought to the death other kingdoms of sin than that of Rome, and shall yet fight them, which has overspread with its light and purity a wider than Roman world, has built up here its mightiest and costliest temple; and has set in it to worship the Great Father of all, whom the best of the pagans but ignorantly sought after, and the sin-steeped mass sank further and further from, its highest and most revered priest, whom it has delighted to honour, and crown with befitting dignity and rank, as one of the kings of the earth. Let us go into this holiest shrine of Roman Catholic Christianity, and see its chief priest and what he is doing, and if we are at the right time we may see him—great Heavens! we may see him kissing the toe of one of the feet of St. Peter's statue—a statue itself, some say, originally of an old pagan god! Again and again will he kiss it, and will fondly hold it to his forehead, and awe-struck worshippers will devoutly watch the wondrous sight—the great head of the earthly church paying homage to his greater forerunner, the rock on which that church was built. With wistful, prayerful looks will they watch, on bended knee, or stooping to the ground in their deep feeling of it, the solemn deed which they are allowed to behold so near, something so far above them and yet so simple and akin to them, nay, which they may even draw near and do themselves—they, the humble lowly ones, even as the holy vicar of Christ himself: and as all this sinks into their inmost souls, will not they be ready in their so near presence to fall down and kiss the very earth in their bliss and abasement? Suitably the while to the warmth and peace thus shed on these poor people's hearts by this source to them of heaven's light, a mild soft ray from God's sun is being poured aslant over pillar and aisle.

But what of *it*, the statue, whether it be of Galilean Peter or Capitoline Jupiter? Is it indeed of Peter, the lowly fisherman? Of him who little thought when he was being crucified, head downwards, by Old Rome, that his very statue's toe would be kissed for reverence by the loftiest lordship of New Rome in a temple reared by her in his name? Or do we more easily join it in our thoughts to the king of pagan gods, and trace it back to the old days when it stood garland-decked and drinking in the savour of sacrificial rites, wielding perchance forked lightning in the hand now raised to bless; while the same sun shining athwart the pillars of its heathen temple glanced on priests and victims and soldiers and people in long line far down the sacred slope; receiving now a general's battle-field vows made good, now a peasant's muttered prayer? Whatever it be, whatever it has coldly allowed and granted with that upraised arm and meaningless look, the very mystery of its origin, and its stiff roughly-cut shape, widely unlike the productions of classical art, and differing equally from the florid statues which line the nave of the cathedral, make it a sort of fitting link between the new and the old. It is difficult to assign its true age, but it gives to the mind a vague idea of the past coming down to the present, the old superstitions merging into the new, without readily made out mark of severance of the one from the other. However, by whomsoever brought, there it is; a thing dusky and grim, with but a chilly answer for the warm hearts below—chilly as the stone which the stately pale-robed pontiff is kissing.

And that other old man that we might have seen had we gone to St. Peter's on any day of a certain month many years ago, what is he doing, stooping down to the floor? Is he going through some penance or devotion that bows him thus? No, as we should have seen on coming nearer, he is scrubbing the floor with a brush, a pail of water at his side; scrubbing it too with a will, as if his heart was in his work and it meant something. Had we asked him what it *did* mean, and why he was so at work, he would have scarcely raised his head as he gave us the curious answer, "To marry my niece!" Which answer would doubtless have shown good grounds for the decrepit old man's eagerness, but hardly at first sight the manner in which his toil was to bring about the longed-for end. By further asking we might learn that, on going to his father confessor for a dispensation to marry his niece, he was told that this should be given him if he cleaned the floor of St. Peter's every day for a month. His love for the young lady, who no doubt sometimes comes to cheer the brave heart, and watch the pious task which is to win her, enables him to endure the labour, and he scrubs away hopeful and unwearied.

Did Jupiter of the Capitol, whether hewn in that stone or any other, ever behold within his walls a stranger sight than those two old men; the stone-kissing head priest of Christianity, and the stone-scrubbing lowly worshipper thereof?

"But you have not yet made known," the reader may object, "your first impressions of St. Peter's or the approach thereto." First impressions are like burnt paper, hard to catch hold of, and apt to crumble in the holding, and we would advise young travellers, if at any time they wish to hold them fast and think they may be wanted, to write them down one by one then and there, as they pass through the mind; even then, when they come to look at them again, they will hardly believe them, and perhaps wish to change something. *We* indeed took little note of our first impressions, and on that ground will be brief. Something more, certainly, might have been said about the approach. The bridge of St. Angelo, as it opened out to us the best view of the Cathedral, so was a fitting entrance to the Papal quarter. Those soldiers drawn from other lands by zeal to defend the faith, who were loitering under the walls of the castle which gave its name to the bridge, and was the Pope's stronghold, led us on by the temporal to the spiritual greatness. It was legions that paved the way for Popes; and who can say that the Church would have held her own, but for the fleshly arm on which she afterwards leaned? But also, who can say how far her meddling with the courts of men, if it strengthened the rind of the faith, marred the kernel? The street which now led us towards St. Peter's should, if it had known what a chance it had, have made straight for it; whereas, by glancing slightly aside, it allowed no sight thereof, till the piazza unfolded it to our eyes. Now was the time for pencil to jot down feeling! Perhaps our friends may know from our letters what this was: we do not. The square-shaped end of a large building lay before us, coming to meet us with colonnade-arms on right and on left, but hardly taking the place of our ideal cathedral, or severed enough from the kindred blocks at its side; looking, in fact, more like a sham street front hiding narrowness and ugliness behind, than the mere end of a building of like height and beauty. Nor is the architecture itself of this façade such as to give the impression of size; for, while it is neat and in keeping with itself, it is only an exaggerated form of what would be in a smaller building of the same style; the windows and pillars not of themselves making us think that they are so much larger than common, as in fact they are. The closing up of the colonnades too, while it may give greater beauty to the piazza, seems to box up the façade and make it more unreal, not allowing that free openness around, which is one charm of our English cathedrals. The latter, moreover, if sometimes too much choked up, gain greatly by the comparison with trees or houses (and what more fitting to be near than the grey-grown close?) and by towering over the rest of the town; whereas St. Peter's, as seen from here, not only loses all this, but has this square end, which is all we see of its nave, the roof too being hidden, outtopped by the ugly galleries of the Vatican, which seems to form a united mass of building with it. And where was the dome, that dome put beside which that of our St. Paul's was as the moon to the sun? If so, when we thought of ours, *this* was as a sun behind clouds to the full shining of the queen of night. Far back it lay, its lower part sunken from sight.

The inside, again, hardly came up to our expectations; it was less gorgeously fitted, and the huge statues in the nave somewhat took off from its size. This, it is likely, has been a feeling often expressed, as well as the after effect on the mind. In short, our first impressions of this renowned edifice were not of an elevated kind.

But vesper sounds were not so much stealing over our senses, as taking them by storm with high-pitched jarring, and we hurried on to the chapel in which was being held the service, which it had been our aim to attend, and for which we were now late. We had been looking forward to it, since we had seen the notice of it the night before, bethinking ourselves of pleasant reverent-seeming cathedral services at home, and sweet, soothing chants, softly swelling with deep-toned organ through quiet aisles from central choir; and we found, packed away in a side chapel, nasal twang, incense-swinging, and flippant behaviour. These three points mostly laid hold on our mind. Priests there were and robed dignitaries far more than at our chief cathedrals; but they, not holding even the outward seeming of what we think reverence needful, as if the thing were something to be got through, it mattered little how, might be seen lounging, yawning, or whispering. Besides these and shoals of lesser church grades, who undoubtedly were more earnest in their behaviour than those above them—perhaps as men still struggling in life, and not having reached the easy-going stage of winners of prizes—the rest of the people there were mostly listeners and strangers like ourselves, and they, I think, not very many. As to the music, we will keep what we have to say for another time; much of what we heard now issued from harsh, piping ecclesiastical throats as they answered each other in grating intonation. Long did the catch of some of this twang sound in our ears! Incensing had no mean part to play; curious to watch, if puzzling in meaning. Whether the number of times that each ecclesiastic was incensed betokened his rank, we cannot say. Anyhow, there was a strange going to and fro and swinging, now here, now there, now in front of this man, now in front of that, as if mighty things hung on the due handling of this censer-ritual. Wave your censers, ye worshippers in the foremost church of Christendom, till each great one among you has had his fit share of savour; stir your coarse-voiced changeless echoes; fill yourselves with your own and your church's loftiness, till

you seemingly lose reckoning of the end and meaning of what she teaches you to do! Better than such are most melancholy ravings and self-comfortings of Methodists in stifling meeting-house, for they, at least, are in earnest. From this time we shall mostly have other things to do than to come to vespers at St. Peter's.

This over, we had little else on our mind save to wend our way back to dinner; after which we went straight to Piale's and read the news, as was our pleasant custom during the whole time of our stay in the Eternal City. And thus is completed the account of our first day's ramble.

felt the delay all the more keenly as we were in a hurry to get back in time for those vespers we have been descanting on.

Now that we are here, let us look round Piale's. It seems to us rather a nice place to come to when we have nothing to do in the evening, as we can see the papers and learn what is going on, and being in the Piazza di Spagna, it is close by our lodging. Besides, as the shop-people speak English, we have the comfort of getting rid for the while of our awkward essays at Italian. Not to speak of the library, there are piles of photographs here, large and small, with which we can amuse ourselves, till we some time or other make up



THE VILLA PAMPHILI-DORIA, NEAR ROME.

But stay! there is still a portion of our first day's work left undescribed, although it was alluded to at the commencement of this chapter. If Rome be as new to the reader as it was to us, he may forgive our garrulity, which has been the chief cause of neglecting this portion of our programme. The post office, however, is rather a prosaic subject, and moreover, to say the truth, it took us a long time and much wandering about to find the building; we were chagrined at our stupidity, and still more so at our clumsiness in speaking the language; and our failure to make the people in the streets understand, as a rule, much more than the first two words of our pet phrase, beginning "dóve è;" our own courteousness, on the other hand, in affecting to understand their replies was really praise-worthy, but we always afterwards went down the wrong street. However, we did find it at last, staring at us unmistakably, close by where we had been walking round and round. We

our minds to what amount we will beggar ourselves by buying. It is an endless comfort to think that this bother may be put off for three weeks. We shall most likely find by then that we have settled our liking on a good fifty old friends, more than half of which we shall have sorrowfully to bid farewell to. We will not, however, groan over the thing beforehand, but rather buoy ourselves up in reckless ease or unbelief of such ills.

There is a list here of the chief things going on in Rome during the week; come and look if anything especial is down for to-morrow. Why, there's "High Mass at the Lateran!" Just the thing for us: we are lucky to come in for it. We shall hear some good music at last, and be able at the same time to see something of the Lateran itself. The reader must accompany us there, as it is one of the chief sights of Rome, and one of the most interesting events of these rambles.



THE POPE AT THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

Good morning! We have got a fine day for our walk to the Lateran, which is lucky, as it is a long way. The street is certainly straight enough almost from the Piazza; there does not seem anything else, however, to remark about it till we get to that big church at the end, except that we ought to be looking out for three of the seven hills, over whose slopes our road undoubtedly runs. It is lucky that we are aware of this, as we may now fancy each height and hollow having something to do with it, though perhaps we may find ourselves already at the church before we have made up our minds whether we made it out. However, it is something to know now that we are there, that we have passed over the Quirinal and Viminal, and are now standing on the top of the Esquiline. Have we time to go into the church? We have not much to spare, still we may go in and take a look, and we can always come back another time to do it thoroughly. But first, what do we think of this façade? We don't know; and when we get to the other side we shall see another façade, and shall not know what to think of that either, save that we like one worse than the other. To say the truth, we are rather tired of these façades, and don't understand them. Sham faces we are wont to think them, which serve only to dress up the side next the street, while all the rest is left bare and ugly brickwork. We are beginning to be rather uncomfortable at the thought that we are not enough impressed with the beauty of church architecture in Rome, it not being much to our taste or training. Perhaps had we been longer in Rome we might praise St. Maria Maggiore more, for it is really a very fine building, and one of the oldest basilicas. Inside, of course, when we had time to see it well, we were struck with the fine nave and fair pillars of marble, and the confessional before the high altar curiously wrought with choice stones. We may safely, however, leave to the reader's fancy our minuter impressions of these things.

Turning our back on the church, we find that the road branches, without, however, leaving any doubt as to our way, for the right one makes straight as the one we have just left for the end of our walk. A little further, and we find ourselves clear of the houses and the modern town whose edge we have been skirting, and can now look about us and mark where we are. We are standing on the slopes of the Esquiline, and are nearly in the midst of the Rione Monti, the largest in Rome, and embracing a great part of what we have before spoken of as the old town. With this its people are in keeping, for they boast old Roman blood. What we see of it from here is open ground up to the city walls, which enclose it on the far side; free from streets, that is, not otherwise open; we wish it were, and the rest of old Rome left to its decay and self-grouping lines of fallen greatness, amid which we might be free to wander as we listed, and clothe it with thoughts such as no other corner of the world could call forth. Alas! so far as we are able to look forth from where we are, we look forth on a mingled maze of church or villa-grounds, each jealously fenced in, from above which peep out old wall and modern roof. In mass, when we are in the midst, it will yield us so little clue from its sameness, that our best understanding of it will be from our maps; in detail, it will challenge our wrath by straitly hemming us in between pairs of high walls, one of which is no sooner tired of dogging our steps, than another is told off to take its place. Had we kept right on past the church, we should have been on another road, making straight for the walls like this, and like this ending in a pile of church building, and St. Croce would have been our guiding star, as now the Lateran. A little further a third as straight would have split off from it to the left, making for the walls at the Porta Maggiore, being the old Via Labicana, besides which are two more branches to the left. The region is thus cut with straight roads, mostly converging from the walls, or some church to which they owe their being or custom, on the great church of St. Mary. If then we are much bent on strolling hereabouts, our chance of avoiding sameness and weariness will be small, crossways even being mostly absent. Beyond the last road we spoke of we may make out the line of railway, and this and the Porta Maggiore may bring to our mind our coming into Rome, and our eager looking out for each trace of the past. What a time that seems ago! This is only our second day in Rome, and yet it seems an age; and how we now feel to be in the thick of what was then a strange unknown, of which we strained ourselves to catch glimpses as we skirted it!

But our thoughts now turn to what is indeed the chief feature in our forward view—the great mass of the Lateran. Its squared top, and long, low-roofed rows of galleries, are broken by turrets or pinnacles, but it does not show well as a whole from this side—at least, to our thinking. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Gothic art never took root here, as the poverty and heaviness of the mediæval style sends us with all the keener relish to the old, with which again its massiveness and strength are more in keeping. It is not our purpose, however, to disparage either the architecture or story of the Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano, that calls itself the foremost church in Christendom; with which things we will leave the more learned to deal. We have no time to lose outside, and hope, as we go in, that we may be able to get places, knowing what a crush there is at such solemnities in our country. There is something more here like our chancel than we have yet seen, and this is separated from the body of the church by a low balustrade, along part of the end and sides of which people may stand and look over at what is going on within, the inner ground itself being filled with a dusky, professional throng. A few stragglers are leaning against the balustrade, mostly peasants or Papal soldiers, the latter of whom being strangers, like ourselves, are here apparently from motives of curiosity like ourselves. Do these guardians of his Holiness, having piously flocked for this end from afar of their own will, know more than ourselves of what is being done at this holiest worship—in this "Mother and head of the churches of the city and the earth?"—know where there is beginning or ending, meaning or fitness? Why dresses are to be donned at this stage, doffed at that? Nay, do they know better than ourselves what the whole means? how they, simple folk, ready to spill their blood for the Church, are to get good or blessing, look on or cast in their prayers as they may, from this tangled web that the Church has been busily spinning since Christ died on Calvary, in full thought thereby to aid men to heaven, whereas, for aught we can see otherwise, she was all the while patching up and thickening anew the veil, that her founder rent in twain, between their souls and God?

Going round to the far side, we find a block of seats and a larger assemblage, among whom, however, we easily find room near the rails, so as to get a good view of what is taking place within. We wondered as we came along that we did not see other

people like ourselves hurrying along that stretch of road. It felt strange that we alone of all Rome should be eager to go to the Feast of St. John the Evangelist at his own shrine, and now we see no token in the scantiness around us of any stir among the people or fashion of the city on account of it. As the greater crowd, so still more does the life and soul of the thing lie within those bounds where are gathered those whose work and care alone it is, and not with us or our neighbours outside. It is a piece of ecclesiastical duty to be got through with due niceties, and it is got through with the trained ease of professionals. We should hardly be thought likely to understand most of it, and we do not. Large weight seems to be given to changes of hood or mitre at the right times, which changes, the dignitary on whom they were made undergoes with calm mien, it being hardly needful for him to stir so much as his head or give the thing a thought while he is being robed or unrobed, having one head-piece pulled off or another put on by the skilful underlings. All this has surely its deep symbolism; we neither can, nor care to unravel it. The "fine music," however, that was to be our treat, is less beyond our grasp, and on the earthly mould of this we can have our say. It does not comfort us; we do not like it; we do not understand it much more than its heavenly meaning, whatever this be; it will take us some time to get a taste for singing without trebles or organ. Of one part of the service we feel sure at least as to what it is, which is something: it is a sermon which that young man, not high in rank in the church, is about to preach, while the great men settle themselves to their comfort. He goes on smoothly enough, and we are happy for the time in trying to make up our minds whether he is speaking Italian or Latin. To-night at Piale's we shall hardly scan so eagerly the list of church fêtes.

Now that it is over, let us take a walk down the nave, where we see more of those great, unreal statues, and look into the side chapels in the aisles, the gorgeousness of one at least of which must force itself upon us if we are in the mood to praise anything of this kind; and then, having made up our minds that it is a fine church, let us go out by the east door at the end of the nave—for churches here are not careful, as with us, which way they turn—and we shall see something worth seeing. Do we mean the Scala Santa over against us to the left? No, we do not. The façade, then, behind? No, our eyes are filled with that which is eternally true; with no built-up mock beauty hiding hideousness behind, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and having its place taken by something in more doubtful taste than itself, fair only to a knowing few, or to men of one age and not of another; it is the bright-beaming sunshine o'er blue Alban hills and wide-swelling Campagna that here attracts us. We thank thee, O makers of this fair-seeming building and piazza, more for this flight of steps, from which we can gaze forth over the city walls at this loveliness, than for costliest shrines and blazoned altars, for ceremonies and mysteries. Better those blue hills and far-drawn aqueducts, than nave unable even to boast of being old, so having ousted the first one, covered over ever so much with cumbrous excrescences and florid ornaments; than bronze pillars, however truly snatched from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; than great high altar-tabernacle, proud with heads of St. Peter and St. Paul in it held, which were to be shown to-day; than, fairest of all, the cloisters, which we shall see afterwards, with curious mosaic-wrought twisted pillars; and, more curious still (forgive us a grim smile), a column split when the veil we have spoken of was rent! Better than these and such as these, is the sunlight dancing over hill and plain; as it danced of old when good Marcus Aurelius was calming his soul with these same lights and shades, and tuning its philosophic gaze in his grounds at this spot away from the tricks and turmoil of the Forum; as it danced in still older times, when perchance a Roman soldier was pacing along the walls, looking out among those hills for tokens of his foe in smoking village or villa: whose fair, waving outlines, as we watch the light hues which are playing over them, we can fill up and people, as best we may, with Rome's early story, and almost make out the sites of well-known names. But little other story do we want than that told by the billowy breadth of the Campagna, as it bears on its bosom, and floats straightforth on their way from the old imperial city, yonder mighty aqueducts and roads. Ay, they tell their own story, those mouldering arches far-reaching backward from the eye; that Appian Way becoming a tiny streak till lost to sight; tell, as perhaps nothing else can, of wondrous civilisation and all-conquering toil, of troops marching forth far beyond those hills to spread the same over a conquered world.

And are we to see nothing of the Scala Santa? Yes, we will turn away from sun and landscape and go up the stairs into the chapel at the top, and fancy the holy steps thronged with pilgrims toilsomely climbing them on their knees; after their fashion, and to the best of their will and knowledge, treading in their Master's footsteps (for do they not say the steps were brought from the "Judgment Seat" itself?); and if we think it a somewhat literal and stony fashion, we must not make haste to blame them, but rather bethink ourselves what pains more enlightened folk are at to tread in those steps literally or otherwise?

We must also have a look at the Baptistery, and then there is the Museum to be seen, perhaps better some other time, when we must not fail to see the old part with its statues and architectural curiosities, especially marking, of the former, an unfinished statue of a barbarian, of the latter, a bas-relief of a crane turned by pulleys and a water-wheel, and lifting up stones to build a temple.

Straight before us, as we stood on the steps under the façade, stretched a road alongside of the walls, calling to us with its sunny breadth to take it on our way back, and with it the Church of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, which was at its far end. Let us now follow its call, and as we go, look out, if we have not done so before, from under the Gate of St. John from which starts the modern road to Naples. Just before reaching the church, we can make out traces of the amphitheatre of the camp, built for the amusement of the soldiers. The church at whose door we now are, is again a basilica, being the fourth in rank of the basilicas in Rome, and the third in date of founding; St. Peter's having been founded A.D. 306, the Lateran next (we believe), Sta. Croce in 331, and Sta. Maria Maggiore in 352—the first three by Constantine. Yesterday we saw St. Peter's, and to-day's walk has now shown us the rest, and a word on their name, "basilica," may not be amiss. The buildings so-called (the word is Greek, meaning a royal building) were public halls, with double colonnades for purposes of justice or exchange, first brought into Rome after the conquest of Philip of Macedon. While the merchants assembled in the porticoes at the sides, the judge held his court

inside towards the end, on a raised platform or *tribunal*, which was large enough to hold those about him as well as his own chair, and which, when semicircular, may have been partly covered with a vaulted roof (sometimes called an *absis*) of its own. As these town-halls of paganism were sometimes bodily changed into Christian churches, so did they give their shape to those built for the new religion when it had got an acknowledged footing. Such a one is the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo, which you may see by taking a winding cross-road from the other side of the Lateran, following the line of the Claudian Aqueduct; for traces of which you may amuse yourself by looking, and leading you by the Church of S. Stefano Rotundo—with its curious old outside, perhaps once that of a pagan building, and with ugly pictures inside of martyrdoms which we do not intend to try to get in to see,—and, still keeping to the aqueduct, to the Arch of Dolabella, which was made use of for this, and so to the church. This belongs to a Passionist convent, and is very old, having been built in the same century as the Lateran, though having nothing to do with the St. John of the latter, being called after two officers who lived at this spot, and were killed in the reign of Julian. The plan of these old churches consisted in a nave and two side aisles with pillars between, with mostly a raised tribune at the inner end, partly jutting out from it, and vaulted over above. The other end, in mediæval times, was often seized upon to deck with a façade, the architects having more liking for a false front than for straightforward comeliness the same all round, which is the boast of many a lowlier church in our land.

The story of the Church of Sta. Croce is told on its tribune-vault, where frescoes show how the cross was found, and some of it brought here by St. Helena, whose chapel is underneath the choir.

But we have seen enough for one day, and must be off! Our return walk lies before us by that straight road we were speaking of, taking us right away back, without a bend to speak of, to the Church of La Trinità de' Monti.

In the Colorado Country.—II.

HAVING met an old schoolfellow at Colorado Springs who was engaged in farming at a ranch about twenty-five miles distant, in one of the "parks" of which the Rocky Mountains are so full, I arranged to accompany him on his next trip up, and to witness how a Christmas was kept in these rather remote regions. My friend, whom I will call Brown, had, I may mention, collected round him a good many English folks, so that our party, though certainly not all aristocrats, would at least be all Englishmen, a very essential thing as regards the keeping of Christmas; for the Americans in these parts, where gaiety is scarce, make Christmas a day of dances and ball-giving; finishing with a terribly miscellaneous supper, instead of roast beef and pudding.

Brown's ranch was beautifully situated in a gracefully undulating park, not so very unlike many an English park, until you looked up on either side, and took in the ascending masses of pines partially laden with snow, and the clearly-defined rocky peaks, which seemed but a short five or six miles away, but were in reality fifteen or twenty. At our backs was Pike's Peak, the one prominent feature wherever one goes here; but looking from this point grander and more *massive* than from the valley below, where one gets rather an imperfect view, owing to intervening hills. One part of the road through the park was a great crossing-place for the wild turkeys, which are to be found here (or rather are not often to be found, even in a long day's hunt), but which certainly do "range" in the neighbourhood. As usual though, we saw no game. I have found this always to be the case in travelling here, with the solitary exception that on one occasion, riding home after dark, I caught sight of a coyote, or wolf, as he slunk over the brow of a hill. Arriving at the ranch, I had an opportunity for noting an exceedingly favourable specimen of what we should call a farmhouse, in the Rocky Mountains. Brown, and the "boys" working for him, had just completed the erection of a new house, abandoning the long low log cabin, plastered with mud, which had been their former habitation. The new mansion had a framework of logs, but was boarded within and without, and boasted of an upper storey, altogether making a very comfortable, though rather rough dwelling place. The best feature to one's eye, after a long drive in the cold, was an immense fireplace, taking a third of the length of the sitting-room, and throwing out the most cheerful light and warmth. Fuel in Colorado is chiefly "pitch-pine," a wood that kindles like tinder; but burns away a little too rapidly for solid comfort. It is, however, a great boon to be able to light a fire without difficulty wherever you may be, in the woods, for instance, on a hunting expedition, with feet and fingers nearly frozen. On these occasions one blesses pitch-pine, with which a huge fire can be made in two minutes; for matches in the waistcoat pocket are an "institution" of this country.

Christmas-day dawned more like an old-fashioned English Christmas than England has seen for a long time. Everything a "mask of ice," and snow enough on the ground to give it a cheerful look. More frost too than you have at home, for I suppose we had 10° below zero that night, and it was not unusual. In the evening we gathered quite a festive party round the table, and had the real orthodox roast beef and plum pudding of old England, drinking beer as well, to make the resemblance greater (the beer had been specially procured at the town below, and was of the description called *lager*). After dinner the powers of the musician we had with us were called into requisition, and he accordingly discoursed sweetly for some time on the concertina, ranging in melody from "Pretty Polly Perkins" to the "British Gre-en-a-diers," and "God save the Queen." There was singing of various songs, and some exhilarating games of romps, and then a finish with a large *pail* of egg flip, manufactured with care and plenty of spice, and with enough spirit to guard fully against the possi-

bility of the eggs disagreeing with anybody. By that time evening was over, and so ended a Christmas-day amongst people who, however they might be thought of by those who carry their aristocratic ideas with them wherever they go, certainly would yield to none in real good-heartedness, and patriotic remembrance of the "old country."

The Christmas-day would have been quite uneventful but for a little excitement caused by the house catching fire in the middle of the night! Luckily it was only some of the logs immediately over the fireplace. and a few buckets of water soon put it out; but in such a house, and in such a country (where

I estimated the elevation of Brown's ranch to be about 7,500 feet above the sea-level, and at that height they are raising wheat, oats, and barley successfully, besides some kinds of vegetables. Brown's was the only place in the mountain districts where I heard of this being done; the chief business is stock-raising (for the cold is not too great for the cattle, strange to say). As an old miner remarked to me, "stock-raising and mining go together," and the mountain regions of Colorado seem just cut out for both. In the valley there is some sheep-raising, so that while one's food in the mountains is exclusively beef, on the plains it is equally confined to mutton.



CAÑON SCENERY IN COLORADO.

wood becomes as dry as a bone), fire is a thing much more to be feared than elsewhere. This may be easily seen by the destructive effects of the fires lighted in the woods by the Indians. One travels for miles and miles over charred and blackened ground, and through the remains of half-burnt logs, and the only wonder appears to be that the fire *was* stopped, and not that it travelled so far. This burning of the woods is the Ute Indian's unsportsmanlike way of procuring game; the hunters surround the blazing pines, and catch the deer and other animals as they rush out at the edges of the fire. The Utes conduct this kind of hunting in a wholesale way, as they do all their other sport, their object always being to slaughter as much game as possible; and, of course, between the occasional visits of the Utes, and the rifles of the white settlers, the game is rapidly disappearing in these parts. This is the way in all parts of the world when once civilisation has begun.

I had intended, after my visit to Brown's, to ride to another ranch lying some twenty-five miles to the north-west of his, and as I was what every one terms a "greenhorn" (*i.e.*, one new to the country), Brown kindly offered to ride over with me, by what is called a *nearer* cut. Alas! for the delusion, as it afterwards turned out. Why should this fatal propensity to take the "shortest cut" be so deeply implanted in the human breast. What a deluding Jack-o'-Lantern, Will-o'-the-Wisp, it is! You will see how nearly it brought us to grief. Our start was delayed, so that we were able to make only a few miles the first evening, and halted at an old Dutchman's place, where we were regaled with "slap-jacks," a delicacy peculiar to the Western country, and at night were allowed to spread our blankets on the floor. When it is remembered that we were in a log shanty, which had only a temporary roof, and that the cold was intense, it will be easily imagined

the sort of night we had of it; our lodging being, if not actually on the "cold ground," at any rate on a very hard assortment of pine boards. Do what I would, I could not help rolling from the blanket on to the floor, and, ugh! the shock. But by sunrise next morning it was all over, and in less than an hour we had breakfasted (again off "slap-jacks"), and were on our way. *En passant*, let me remark, what peculiarly harrowing arrangements these Mexican saddles are to one unused to them; a huge pommel straight up in front of you, and a curve behind nearly reaching to the small of your back, stirrups like the scoops one sees in a coal-scuttle, into which your toes only go a few inches, and an arrangement of straps which is decidedly puzzling to anybody but a native Coloradian. Still, when one gets used to them they are the best suited for travelling all day up hill and down hill, as one does here.

After leaving the Dutchman's, our endeavour was to follow the Indian trail, which would bring us out near where we wished to be. Now, an Indian trail is a thing easily lost, but remarkably hard to find again, it being but a faintly-worn track, perhaps eighteen inches wide; we had lost it more than once before we halted, in the midst of most lovely scenery, for a mid-day bite. Distant nearly one hundred miles was the snowy range, translucent and azure blue in the sunlight, and between it and us stretched an endless vista of peaks, one above another, as far on every side as the eye could reach; the scenery was wild and grand beyond description, for the sight took in such a *vast* extent of mountains. The knowledge that there were but few inhabitants, comparatively, in all that region, lent to the situation all the peculiar charm that belongs to the unknown.

We were here travelling over part of the district which has recently become interesting for the quantity of fossil remains of extinct animals which it has yielded. The late discoveries of Professor Hayden, the official Geologist of the United States Territories, comprised some species of horses no larger than Newfoundland dogs, and, still more wonderful, animals of the elephant tribe no bigger than a domestic cat! As time goes on, much more will be brought to light in this country, for as far as such remains go, there is a very great extent of country unexplored which might be productive of further revelations.

The investigations which have taken place in the summer of 1873, have added a great many species to the number previously known. The productive district is the so-called "bad lands" of Colorado; the superficial deposits of which are found to be a vast cemetery of the extinct animals of the Rocky Mountain region. Professor Cope, this summer, has found more than one hundred distinct species, and some thousands of individual specimens; seventy species being new to science. These range in size from that of the mole to that of the elephant. Sixteen species are reptiles. Among the more curious of the extinct beasts are certain kinds which prove to be nearly intermediate in structure between the deer and the hog; like the latter, they had no horns, and were about as large as sheep. These belonged to the cloven-footed class of quadrupeds. Besides horses and elephants, remains of seven species of rhinoceros have been dug up. One of the specimens is a perfect skull, with the teeth complete, and covered with the moss-like crystallisation seen in the moss agate. But a strange beast has been discovered, far more wonderful than any of those I have already mentioned. It is a horned animal, having some resemblance, in other respects, both to the rhinoceros and the elephant.

So seldom does the foot of man invade many of the deep cañons and wide gulches of these mountains, that in the very region through which we passed the other day, a horse that had been in all probability lost by some exploring party many years previously was lately discovered, with his hoofs grown to an enormous length, and every thing about him showing the length of time he must have wandered there in a perfectly wild state.

I must hasten to tell of our further adventures. After travelling a few miles further, we dropped the trail once more, and this time did *not* find it, and consequently were *lost* completely—that is to say, although we could tell, by the position of certain prominent peaks, in which direction we should find some habitation, yet we were so far from them that to get there by nightfall would be impossible, and if something didn't "turn up," as a matter of course, we should have to camp as best we could; with no blankets, a foot of snow on the ground, and no provision beyond a small crust of bread, *this* for an invalid in search of health! The prospect was not cheering, and we travelled on, feeling rather blue, until by the most providential good luck we stumbled upon an old disused wagon track, by which evidently some one had been hauling logs to a saw-mill, of which there are many scattered through the most thickly-timbered parts of the mountains. It was a truly cheerful night, when at last we came upon a solitary log cabin, with its independent proprietor standing in front of his mansion, revolver and bowie-knife at his belt. On inquiry we found that we were within half a dozen miles of our actual destination, so that we had really come by a shorter way than by following that deceitful Indian trail. Tired, "caved in," and almost famished, we rode up to the door of the ranch house we were seeking, and I think if ever the luxuries of a big supper and of a bed to sleep in were appreciated by any mortal, they were that night by your obedient servant.

The system of land distribution in Colorado is, that a man may preempt 160 acres from the Government at five shillings an acre, but until a survey is made he cannot tell precisely where his land will run; still there is no trouble on this score. A man is bound to reside on his "claim" a certain time in the year, or it is liable, in the phrase of the country, to be "jumped," or taken possession of by some one else, still, if it is so, he is not altogether a loser, being paid for all *improvements* he may have effected on the property.

The cattle herds roam at large over the mountains, and become exceedingly wild; indeed, the meat itself acquires a wild flavour. They find plenty to eat, and keep fat through the winter, the only danger to the cattle-farmer lying in the poison weed which grows in some parts, and if eaten causes the cattle to grow lean and ultimately die. I saw some cattle which had partaken of it, and they were easily distinguished from the rest of the herd, showing signs of speedily perishing. The poison weed, however, is not common, and does not grow at a certain altitude. Many parts of Colorado possess as fine grazing land as any to be found in the Western territories of the States; and many of those who are rushing about from one mineral district to another in these great mining regions, would find it far more profitable to settle down here to stock-raising.

Kashmir

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Kashmir? and who that has read the charming descriptions of Moore but has felt that if there is any truth in them, and if the gifted bard of Erin has not drawn upon his fervid imagination for those stanzas in his exquisite "Lalla Rookh," describing the Feast of Roses and the beauties of the famed lotus-bearing lake of Srinuggur; who, I say, that has read that enchanting work—which surely may favourably compare with the effusions of any Persian poet, so steeped in Eastern imagery and grace are its gorgeous descriptions—but will agree with the natives of India who aver that Kashmir was the Garden of Eden of our first parents? In the north of India, sayst he Austrian, Baron von Hügel, to whose interesting and trustworthy account of Kashmir we are much indebted in the following pages, a man is considered to betray a total want of respect for the subject, who, whenever the name of the country is mentioned, forgets to add, "which, beyond all controversy, was the earthly paradise." So say the Mohammedans, while the Hindoos embody the same belief in the legends descriptive of the revival of the human race. The first authentic information concerning Kashmir appears to be derived from that nation whose geographical discoveries in the fifteenth century have placed their name on perhaps the highest pinnacle of fame as dauntless voyagers and discoverers on land and sea. We refer, of course, to the Portuguese, whose religious zeal impelled them in this case, as in Hindoostan, where Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of the Indies," during his marvellous and unparalleled career, brought whole nations to the foot of the Cross, only, however, to relapse into idolatry when the master spirit had passed away. In the year 1572, exactly twenty years after Francis Xavier had fallen a martyr to his religious zeal and untiring energy, his kinsman, bearing the same name, landed at Goa, to prosecute the high and holy mission. Xavier first travelled to the court of the great Akbar,* the most remarkable sovereign of the Mogul dynasty. In company with a countryman, Benedict Goez, a native of the Azores, Xavier arrived at Agra, where he was well received by the emperor, who showed his tolerant spirit by offering to take him with him in his projected journey to Kashmir. The Jesuit gladly availed himself of the invitation, and his remarks are published in a very scarce work ("Hujus de Rebus Japonicis, Indicis," &c., Antwerp, 1605), but are described to be of no particular value. The next traveller to place on record his observations of the country is Bernier, whose motives for undertaking the journey were widely different from those of his predecessor. Bernier was a young physician of enterprising mind, which urged him to travel and see that world of which the brief and imperfect descriptions then in existence only served to fire his desire for information and adventure. Voltaire says he was born in 1625, and in his twenty-ninth year he quitted France, and, without any settled plan or object, wandered first through Syria and Egypt, travelling thence to Surat, which he reached in 1657. At this time Shah Jehan was nominally the Emperor of Delhi, but his four sons were contending for the throne, which ultimately was conquered by the most able of them, Aurungzebe, during whose sanguinary and intolerant rule the land was drenched with the gore of all such as refused to subscribe to the tenets of Mohammed.

Bernier repaired to Delhi, and entering the service of a great noble of the court as his personal physician, in 1665 accompanied his master, who attended the emperor to Kashmir, when that monarch proceeded thither for the restoration of his health. At that time Kashmir was in the plenitude of its glory. For fifty years it had been the favourite summer resort of Aurungzebe's grandfather, Jehangire, and his father, Shah Jehan, who had more especially occupied himself in embellishing the valley with palaces and gardens. The wealth thus brought into circulation by the protracted visits of the court and the extravagance of the great nobles, produced general abundance, and all histories of Kashmir dwell upon the reckless profusion and extravagance of the Mogul emperors and their courtiers.

Speaking of Bernier, a writer well qualified to judge says, "His patron was a friend and protector to science, and afforded him every facility for exploring the country; but unfortunately, speculative philosophy so preoccupied his mind that the study of nature, and even statistics, had little or no charm for him. This deprived his work of much value, notwithstanding which, it is an interesting record of the history of that time, as its pages have the evident impress of truth; nor is it any slight praise when we say that Bernier is one of the most faithful writers that ever travelled, a merit the more uncommon in those days when readers longed to be surprised by the marvellous rather than instructed by the true, and when, at all events, Bernier* had nothing to fear from the superior information of any European."

The third European visitor to Kashmir was Father Desideri, a Jesuit priest, who, in 1714, reached the valley, where he was compelled to winter; but his observations on Kashmir, contained in a letter from Lhassa in 1716, do not increase our stock of knowledge.

The same cannot be said of the next visitor to Kashmir, George Forster, an officer in the Honourable East India Company's Madras Civil Service, who, in the year 1783, undertook a journey through Bengal and Lucknow to Srinuggur the capital, returning to England by way of Kabul, the Caspian Sea, and St. Petersburg. This was a feat of no ordinary difficulty in those unsettled times, when the *civis Romanus sum* doctrine did not obtain in Central Asia, or even Upper India and Kashmir, for though Clive had, a quarter of a century before, laid the foundations of our Indian empire on the plains of Plassey, yet Ahmed Shah Abdali, the formidable founder of an Afghan dynasty, had subverted the power of the Mogul

* Kashmir was conquered by Akbar in 1586, and became an integral part of his empire.

* On his return to France, Bernier published, in 1670, an account of his twelve years' travels in India. He was one of that brilliant literary coterie of the court of Louis XIV., which included such names as Racine and Boileau. Bernier died in 1688, and notwithstanding his assumption of a lofty philosophy, it is said that his death was occasioned by mortification at a bitter satire on himself. Though his travels are now almost forgotten, nowhere can be found a more impartial and truthful account of the manners and usages of India.

emperors of Delhi just as in 1739 he had witnessed his master, the ferocious Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, overrun Northern India, and bring as a suppliant before him that effeminate successor of Baber and Akbar, of whom it was said that he was "never without a glass in his hand or a mistress in his arms."

Ahmed Shah, more ruthless even than Nadir Shah, who spared the beautiful valley, ravaged Kashmir when in 1754* he annexed it to his already overgrown empire. When Forster visited the valley thirty years later, Timour Shah, the son and successor of Ahmed, had been ten years on the throne enjoying the fruits of his father's conquests. and a despotic viceroy, Azad Khan by name, ruled Kashmir with a rod of iron. To avoid persecutions, which had nearly cost him his life, we are told that Forster was obliged to have recourse to disguises and concealments which, during his short stay there, under a perpetual dread of discovery, prevented him from making any very important use of his time; nevertheless his little work is very attractive, and he relates his adventures in an unassuming manner, and displays much goodness of heart.

Nearly forty years later another Englishman made two journeys into Kashmir. Moorcroft was a veterinary surgeon, and obtaining the sanction of the Indian Government, he travelled at his own risk and cost through the Himalayas to the table-land of Thibet, with the object of ascertaining the feasibility of introducing into British India the famous breed of sheep, from the wool of which were manufactured the well-known Kashmir shawls.

The enterprising traveller's journey was unproductive of any result, although he succeeded in obtaining a number of goats, which were sent to Bengal and thence to England, but were found to be of an inferior breed.

In 1820, Moorcroft, then officiating as director of a large



MOUNTAINEER OF KASHMIR.

* According to Elphinstone, Ahmed Shah subjugated the country in 1752, and it remained under the sway of the Dooranee empire until 1819, when it was conquered by the Sikhs, who ruled it with a rod of iron for thirty years.

stud in Bengal, again received permission from his Government to travel to Kashmir. Having obtained a pass from Runjeet Singh, the Sikh Maharajah, he proceeded through Lahore to Ladak in his character of a horse-dealer; attended by a numerous suite, and accompanied by two young men, named Trebeck and Guthrie, Moorcroft became the channel of a communication from the Rajah of Ladak tendering to the Governor-General, as the paramount power of India, the allegiance which his ancestors had professed for the Mogul Emperors.* The offer, unhappily for the rajah, was peremptorily declined, and Moorcroft was severely rebuked for having acted as intermediary, when he had no official status as the representative of his government; we say "unhappily for the rajah," as, soon after, Ladak was conquered in a short campaign by the Sikh troops of Runjeet Singh, and suffered much at the hands of its arrogant invaders. From Ladak, Moorcroft travelled to Kashmir, and after remaining there nearly two years, proceeded with a princely retinue towards Balkh. "His baggage," says Von Hügel, "worth several lacs of rupees, was carried by 300 bearers, exclusive of all the animals employed; and this parade being displayed in sight of the natives, induced the Sikh Viceroy, Moti Ram, to offer him a friendly warning, while his friend, Mohammed Shah Nakshbandi, of a Turkistan family, sent him a strong escort to serve him in case of danger. From Balkh he proceeded to Andkhoo. There he felt symptoms of a fever gaining on him, but he wrote to one of his Indian friends full of hope that the medicines he had taken to remove them would be effectual. In this hope he deceived himself. In three days from that time he was a corpse, and the same disease speedily cut off his two young English companions.



HOUSES AT SRINUGGUR.

The next traveller to visit Kashmir was a Frenchman, Victor Jacquemont, who was commissioned by the *Jardin des Plantes* to form a collection for them in India. General Allard, a countryman of his in Runjeet Singh's service, having

* "Moorcroft's Travels," vol. i., p. 418.

proposed to him to visit Kashmir on his route, M. Jacquemont gladly accepted the offer. Armed with the permit of the powerful Sikh sovereign, and gifted with considerable natural talents improved by cultivation, this French gentleman possessed every essential to turn his opportunities to account. Jacquemont's researches were published by the Committee of Public Instruction under the auspices of M. Guizot, the enlightened minister of Louis Philippe, under the title of "Voyage dans l'Inde."

Passing over the travels of the eccentric but talented Jewish convert, Dr. Wolff, whose missions had for their object the conversion to Christianity of his countrymen, we come to the really valuable work of Baron von Hügel,* of which a fluent and reliable translation has been made by Major T. B. Jervis, F.R.S.

In remembrance of his visit to Kashmir, Von Hügel, who, during his stay at the capital associated himself with two Englishmen, Mr. Vigne and Dr. Henderson, carved the following inscription on a stone, to be set up in the little building on the Char Chunar island :—

"Three travellers in Kashmir, on the 18th November, 1835, the Baron Ch. Hügel, from Jamú; Mr. G. Vigne, from Iskardú; and Dr. John Henderson, from Ladák, have caused the names of all the travellers who have preceded them in Kashmir to be engraven on this stone.

"Bernier, 1663; Forster, 1786; Moorcroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck, 1823; Victor Jacquemont, 1831; Joseph Wolff, 1832.

"Two only of these, the first and the last, ever returned to their native country."

Since the year 1849 when, after the final annexation of the Punjaub, Lord Dalhousie's government sold Kashmir to Gholaub Singh, the Maharajah of Jamu, for something like one million sterling; perhaps rather a questionable proceeding, though the impecuniosity of the Indian Treasury may be pleaded in extenuation of so un-English a proceeding. Since that eventful year when Cashmere became a protected state, the "happy valley" has been occasionally visited by British officers on leave for the restoration of their health or bent on sport, for which it affords a fine field; also gentlemen have visited the country for artistic purposes, as Mr. Simpson, of the *Illustrated London News*, who has been well-nigh everywhere.

Within recent years, in addition to the Yarkand Mission, under Mr. Forsyth, C.B., now in progress, two expeditions, conducted by our countrymen, have penetrated by way of Kashmir to the capital of the famous Atalik Ghazee, now known, by virtue of a firmaun of the Sultan of Turkey, as the Ameer of Eastern Turkistan, whose territories form a part of the fabled Scythia of the classic world. In 1868, Mr. Shaw† made his way from the Punjaub into Kashgaria, and having visited the capital of the Tartar potentate who, by his energy, has carved out a crown for himself from the dominions of the Emperor of China, returned safely after an arduous journey, having added something to our geographical knowledge, and signalised himself for daring and resource. His book gave a graphic, but modestly-written account of his perilous march over the great table-land which, at a prodigious height, divides India from Turkistan, and forms a mountain barrier which no Russian army, even on the largest scale, could penetrate while a small British force barred the way. The second expedition, the records of which have just been published,* was under the leadership of Mr. Forsyth, C.B., who recently filled the office of Commissioner of Umballa, where his conduct of affairs during the Kooka outbreak excited so much diversity of opinion—and Mr. Shaw, on account of his previous experience, and Dr. Henderson, were associated with him.

The joint work of Messrs. Henderson and Hume gives an interesting description of the countries traversed, with photographs of scenery; and an appendix to it by Mr. Hume dwells at considerable length on their natural history and vegetable products. This expedition, which has borne already most important fruits, arose from an anxiety on the part of Lord Mayo's Government, stimulated by the favourable results of Mr. Shaw's non-official adventure, to facilitate trade from the Punjaub across the northern frontier into Eastern Turkistan. Our ally, the Maharajah of Kashmir, gave his consent, and assisted the progress of the party across his territories. The journey may be said to have commenced at Jamu, the winter capital of the Maharajah, a city perched on the extreme verge of the low hills which form the northern boundary of the great plain of the Punjaub.

According to the travellers the following are the stages of journey through Kashmir to Yarkand :—

"The route from Jamu to Yarkand may be divided, for convenience, into six very distinct portions—first, from Jamu to the Cashmere Valley, nine days' journey, about 106 miles; second, from the top of the Banihal Pass on the south side of the Cashmere Valley, through the Vale of Cashmere, and up the Sind Valley to the Zojila Pass, nine days' journey, about 144 miles, fifty of which may be accomplished by boat—viz., from Islamabad to Srinuggur, and thence to the mouth of the Sind Valley; third, from the Zojila Pass, through Ladak to Chagra, one day's march beyond the Pangkong Lake, where cultivation ceases, twenty days' journey, about 281 miles (I call all this Ladak, including under that name the Dras Valley); fourth, from Chagra to where the lower Kara-kash Valley was entered, just beyond the Salt Plain, eleven days' journey, 185 miles, through a desert the whole way, at an altitude varying from 15,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea; fifth, along the lower Kara-kash Valley—Sarikia, as the Kirghiz term it—and over the Grim or Sanjou Pass to Sanjou, fourteen days' journey, 180 miles (this part of our route may be called Hill Yarkand); sixth, from Sanjou to the city of Yarkand, six days' journey, the first three of them over a desert plain, with oases at the halting-places along the streams which come down from the hills, 116 miles (this part of the road I call the Yarkand

* The German edition was published at Stuttgardt in four parts, octavo, at distant intervals, and at a very high price. The first and third parts comprise the entire narrative or journal, of which Jervis's volume is a translation; the second part contains a summary of the ancient and modern history of Kashmir, abridged from Professor Horace Hayman Wilson's papers, published in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society*, together with sundry miscellaneous particulars, geographical and physical, and an account of the productions, resources, and inhabitants of the mountain regions. The fourth number is a sort of glossary and gazetteer, including miscellaneous details relating to the various political, civil, and military affairs of government, the history of India, &c.

† We are happy to learn that this gentleman, though not originally in the Government service, has been appointed Resident at Yarkand.

* "From Lahore to Yarkand: Incidents of the Route and Natural History of the Countries traversed by the Expedition of 1870, under T. D. Forsyth, C.B." By George Henderson, M.D., and Allan Hume, Esq. London, 1873.

Plains). The total distance from Jamu to Yarkand being about 1,012 miles—rather roughly estimated by the road taken by the expedition; about sixty-nine days' marching exclusive of halts."

The northern road from Jamu leads over hills to the vast system of mountain ranges which guard our great dependency from invasion by Tartar hordes or Russian armies. During the journey from Jamu to the Vale of Kashmir and other parts of the way, the travellers usually followed the course of the waters which make their passage through the valleys below, and they seldom crossed heights except when passing from the line of one river to that of another. As the sterile plains of the Punjaub were left behind, nature began to wear a more joyous aspect; the oak and the walnut rose in groups from the low jungle spreading out below; the hill-tops were dense with rows of pines; and terraces of rice-fields appeared amid a landscape rich with exuberant verdure. The dark form of the lammergeyer soared also along the rocky heights, while in the hot air of the plains below, birds of tropical plumage were still found; and the scenery combined the marked contrasts of grandeur and loveliness which nowhere are seen to greater perfection than amid this Himalayan region.

The expedition proceeded through the Banihal Pass to the Vale of Kashmir, of which Dr. Henderson says :—

"As regards vegetation and climate, Cashmere somewhat resembles the mildest parts of the south of England. Cherries and apricots ripen in June and July, grapes in August, apples and pears in September and October. The clouds which bring up the periodical rains from the Indian Ocean do not easily surmount the snowy range which bounds the valley to the south, and consequently the rains are never so abundant nor so regular as on the Punjaub side of this range."

While traversing Kashmir, the party travelled for days on the Jhelum in boats of the following description :—

"Each boat is about five feet wide in the centre, by forty feet to sixty feet long, and tapers to a point at either end. The boatmen occupy the bow and stern, where they have arrangements for cooking their food, and the centre part is occupied by the passenger, who has plenty of room for his bed, chairs, and table; an awning of grass matting, extending over the whole length of the boat, makes one as snug as possible. In these large boats, the paddles, shaped very much like the spades on playing cards, with handles about three feet long, are seldom used; going down stream the boat moves with the current, and up stream two of the boatmen walk along the bank and drag the boat by a tow-line. The servants and heavy baggage follow in a large boat, some little distance behind, and the two boats only come together when breakfast or dinner is ready."

Threading the Zojila Pass, the travellers entered the province of Ladak, proceeding to Leh, the capital of this secluded country, which was reached through a vast table-land, a region of huge wolds, raised thousands of feet above the sea, and here and there towering into lofty heights or sinking into deep-set depressions, forming the water-courses of streams flowing to the low lands.

The axiom that in all military operations in Central Asia, "a small force is liable to be beaten, and a large force is equally liable to be starved," holds good in a pre-eminent degree of any army that should attempt to invade India by way of Kashmir, which is, we should say, even a less practicable route than those viâ Candahar and the Bolan Pass, or through Affghanistan and the Khyber Pass, which latter has been the road adopted by mighty conquerors from the days of Alexander and Mohammed of Ghizni to those of Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah Abdali.

The expedition having followed the Valley of the Dras, thence ascended that of the Indus, and on their arrival at Leh, were joined by Mr. Shaw. After a short rest here they continued their journey towards Yarkand.

The second mission to Kashgaria under Mr. Forsyth, C.B., dispatched last year through Kashmir and by the Karakorum and Changchemmo Passes to Yarkand, promises even greater advantages, political and commercial, than the former one conducted by him in 1870; for the Ameer, thoroughly alarmed at the aggressive policy of Russia, and under the advice, doubtless, of his envoy to Calcutta, who must have assured him of our pacific aims, is anxious to secure our alliance against the Muscovite Bear, whose capacious maw would seem capable of swallowing and assimilating all the Mussulman countries of Asia, if balked for a time of the prize nearer home. The Maharajah of Kashmir, Runbeer Singh Bahadoor, K.C.S.I., aided by all the means in his power the passage through his territories of Mr. Forsyth's mission, which was fitted out with a degree of splendour and on a scale unknown since the early years of this century, when the Indian Government dispatched three embassies, one to Affghanistan under Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, one to Lahore under Sir Charles Metcalfe, and a third to Persia under Sir John Malcolm, the second conducted by that able soldier-diplomatist, all on a scale of lavish magnificence.

The Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, has acknowledged the services of the Maharajah in the following handsome terms :—

"My Honoured and Valued Friend,—I have already caused to be communicated to your Highness, through the Punjaub Government, the cordial appreciation in which the assistance rendered by your Highness to Mr. Forsyth, Her Majesty's Envoy and Plenipotentiary to Yarkand, and to the Envoy of his Highness the Atalik Ghazi, on their journey through Cashmere territory, is held by the Government of India. Intelligence of the safe arrival of the latter at the frontier post of Yarkand has now reached me, and I desire to avail myself of this opportunity personally to inform your Highness of the gratification which your efforts to facilitate the journey of Mr. Forsyth and the Envoy have afforded me. Mr. Forsyth has informed me of the admirable completeness of the arrangements made under your Highness's orders for the carriage of the mission and for the provision of supplies on the most ample scale at all stages on the route. He has also made known to me the cordial co-operation afforded by your Highness's officials throughout the journey. It is to these arrangements, made under your Highness's direction, that I mainly attribute the successful accomplishment by the Yarkand Mission of the arduous journey at a season of the year when considerable difficulties might otherwise have been anticipated. My friend, I feel sure that your Highness's services on this occasion will be highly appreciated by the Government of Her Majesty the Queen, and will serve to draw closer the bonds of intimacy and friendship between your Highness and the British Government. I beg to express the high consideration I entertain for your Highness, and to subscribe myself your Highness's sincere friend,—NORTHBROOK, Viceroy and Governor-General of India. —Camp, Agra, the 24th of November, 1873."

The Viceroy, in acknowledgment of these important services, now twice rendered, might remit the annual tribute paid by the Maharajah, though in the present embarrassed state of Indian finances, this is perhaps hardly likely to be done.

Kashmir, in which we include all the territories now ruled by his Highness Maharajah Runbeer Singh Bahadoor, K.C.S.I., has an extreme length from east to west of 350 miles, by a breadth of about 270. Its northern boundary is the Karakorum range, separating it also from Thibet on the east; on the south lies the district of Spiti, and on the west the Huzara country. Within the limits of Kashmir are included the valley of the same name, the provinces of Jamu, Bulti or Iskardu, Ladak, Chamba, and others of less consequence.

The far-famed valley of Kashmir, to which this paper is more particularly devoted, is about 4,500 square miles in extent, or a little less than four-fifths of the size of Yorkshire; the total length is about 120 miles from the snowy Panjal on the south-east to the Durawur ridge in the north; and the breadth sixty-five miles from the Futi Panjal on the south to Shesha Nag on the north-east. Von Hügel estimates the plain forming the bottom of the valley to be seventy-five miles long and forty miles broad, having a superficial extent of about 2,000 square miles.

The general aspect of Kashmir may be described as a tract enclosed on every side by lofty mountains, having in the centre a level table-land, the remainder consisting of an uneven expanse formed by numerous gorges, through which passes afford means of communication between the valley and the adjacent countries. The extensive alluvial basin in the centre is watered by the Jhelum and its tributaries, which, fed by the abundant mountain snows and rains, find their way to the Punjaub.

The mountains enclosing Kashmir appear, according to Vigne, to be of igneous origin, though the valley must at one time have formed the bed of the ocean, as there are in many places great beds of limestone containing organic remains, principally marine. In June, 1828, the city of Kashmir or Srinuggur—the first being the Mohammedan, the last the ancient Hindoo name—was shaken by an earthquake, which, according to the same author, destroyed about 1,200 houses and 1,000 people. The earth in several places opened and discharged fetid warm water, and masses of rock rolled from the mountains amidst repeated explosions. This continued for about two months, and, as usually happens in India after any great visitation, the cholera continued the ravages begun by these mysterious forces of nature, and 100,000 people fell victims to its ravages.

Abu Fazel, describing the country more than two centuries ago, mentions the frequency of earthquakes, to guard against which the houses were built, as in the present day, of timber; and Moorcroft observes, "indications of volcanic action are not unfrequent; hot springs are numerous; at particular seasons the ground in various places is sensibly hotter than the atmosphere, and earthquakes are of common occurrence."

Primary formations appear of rare occurrence, and hence Kashmir is not rich in minerals, though iron ore is found in the south-eastern extremity of the valley near Shahbad, imbedded in limestone. Lead ore was found in the same vicinity by Jacquemont, and Hügel speaks of copper ore, though he denies the existence of gold or silver, which Vigne states he was informed was to be found.

Travellers who have had the opportunity of comparing Moore's descriptions of places and scenery with the reality, have expressed different opinions regarding the accuracy of his incomparable "Lalla Rookh," and the question whether or no he has exceeded the limits of poetical licence accorded to writers in verse, has been discussed by numerous critics. The beauty of the scenery, the mildness of the climate, and the fertility of the soil, have induced Bernier, whose works Moore consulted, to declare his belief in the Eastern legend that it was actually the Garden of Eden. This estimate of its loveliness, which is shared by Abu Fazel, who describes it "as a garden in perpetual spring," is not ratified by Jacquemont, that astute observer and man of science, who expresses his opinion that "the appearance of the enclosing mountains is grand rather than beautiful, presenting a striking outline, and nothing more, as Nature has done nothing to embellish the interior; so that it is a grand frame without a picture, and totally devoid of the picturesque charms of the Alps." Of Moore he speaks contemptuously as having embellished his descriptions, "according to the practice of lying usual among the gentlemen of Parnassus." Not so thought a no less observant traveller, who had better opportunities of making himself acquainted with Kashmirian scenery than the French *savant*. We refer to Vigne, who was residing in Srinuggur at the time of Von Hügel's visit, and who thought that Moore's descriptions were sufficiently accurate, an opinion shared in by other travellers, and who was himself untiring in his praise of the famous valley. However this may be, the descriptions, if inaccurate or highly coloured, as is not improbable, from what the writer of this paper knows of Moore's description of Ormuz and other places in the Persian Gulf, or "Oman's green water," certain it is the versification is very beautiful, and the imagery gorgeous and most appropriate. What can breathe more thoroughly the true Oriental spirit than the opening lines, which might have been penned by Hafiz, or some others of the anacreontic poets of Persia :—

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Kashmir,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountain as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown
And each hallows the hour by some rite of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian, his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing."

How beautifully descriptive this scene is of a calm evening in an Eastern city, when the *muezzin* calls the faithful to prayer; in its way, it is as perfect as Gray's incomparable idyll of English country life. The lake referred to by the poet is the famous Dal, so called to distinguish it from others in the neighbourhood of the city, all of which communicate with the Jhelum, being situated on the right or north-eastern bank of that river. The lake Dal, which is close to the city, is surrounded by a ditch, to prevent its waters mingling with those of the Jhelum, and inundating the houses near the lake which are built on the same level with it. The only outlet is through a sluice called Drogshuh, which flows

into the Zaud, an arm of the Jhelum. A channel lined with stone connects the river and the lake, and is the only means of communication without making a circuit of more than two miles by water from the inhabited part of the town. In olden times, we are told, the flood-gate was much nearer to the city, but was removed to its present site in consequence of the terrace near the shore, leading into an avenue adorned with fountains and basins. Over these are raised small and fanciful buildings on large arches, so as not to impede the view down the avenue, which is so contrived as to give an exaggerated idea of its length. From the highly ornamented pavilions, the view of the more distant buildings in the background is



ANCIENT TEMPLE IN KASHMIR.

water of the lake discharging itself too rapidly; when a large white stone lying in the great canal which leads to the Shalimar Gardens is covered, there is danger from the waters of the lake, and the flood-gate is so constructed as to be self-closing. The lake, writes Von Hügel, is divided into several distinct parts. Gagribal, the first and least division, is separated from the rest by a narrow tongue of land; the second, called Ropelang, has a little island in the middle. There is a beautiful garden in this lake called Nishâd Bagh, or Garden of Bliss, built by Jehangire after his first visit to Kashmir, before he constructed the famous Shalimar. It is entered by a fine exceedingly picturesque. The garden contains some beautiful plane-trees, but is ill-kept. The next and most admired division of the lake is the Char Chunar, containing an island of the same name, so called from the four plane-trees planted by the Emperor Jehangire, two of which are still standing. This is the island referred to by Moore, who, commending the aspect presented by the lake at moonlight, says:—

"When mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet,—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the sun.

* * * *

When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world."

The mountain here referred to is the Tukht-i-Suliman—Solomon's throne*—which, terminating the semicircle round the lake in the east, as the Poshkar Mountain does in the west, forms a species of portal to the lake. The road to the mountain is over the bridge of the Drogshuh flood-gate, past a quadrangular tower called Makabara, and through a splendid avenue of poplar-trees, which, from their age and symmetry, form a most striking feature of the landscape. This avenue, which begins with a clump of plane-trees, is separated from the town by an arm of the Jhelum, and leads to nothing. Beneath the tower is a miserable village called Drogshuh, and a ruined mosque of the same name; and not far from it is an unfinished edifice called Rustamghur, built by Shere Singh the Sikh Sirdar. On the summit of the Tukht-i-Suliman is an ancient Buddhist temple, still in quite a perfect state of preservation, composed of masses of rock, with a curious doorway, and evidently of very great antiquity. This temple was used as a mosque, after the time of Shums-ud-Din, who ascended the throne in 1315, and was the first to introduce Mohammedanism into Kashmir.

The mountain is divided from the Thibetan chain to which it evidently belongs, and the view from its summit over the Valley of Kashmir must be of marvellous beauty. Speaking of it, Von Hügel says:—"Motionless as a mirror, the lake lies outstretched below, reflecting the vast chain of the Thibetan hills, while the extensive city is seen spreading along its shores; and the Jhelum winds slowly, like a serpent, through the green valleys, and, to complete the scene, the lofty Pir Panjal,* with its countless peaks of snow, forms on one side a majestic boundary." Near the lake is the beautiful wood of some 1,200 planes, planted by Akbar, called Nazim, or Salubrious, and the trees of which, though considerably over 200 years old, are still in fine preservation. Here also is a garden built in successive terraces, but now altogether in ruins.

* There are several mountainous masses of rock that bear this name in the East. We know of one in Affghanistan, another near the frontiers of the Punjaub, and one in Persia.

* The Mohammedans derive the name Pir Panjal from *panch* (five) and *pir* (saints); five pious brothers having, according to them, settled on it and performed several wondrous feats around. Europeans and Persians call the whole mountain Pir Panjal, but the natives restrict this name to the pass.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—VIII.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

FRENCH ADMINISTRATION AND INTERNAL ECONOMY IN WESTERN AFRICA — THE FRENCH ON THEIR CONDITION AND PROSPECTS —THEIR OPERATIONS IN SERER, AND EXPEDITIONS TO KAYOR AND THE CASAMANZA; ALSO OPERATIONS IN SINE AND SALOUM.

THE postal service has three offices; one at St. Louis, one at Goree, and a third at Bakel. At all the other stations and posts the office is under the direction of the military commandant. Senegal is in regular communication with France by means of two lines of steamers. The first and oldest line is that plying once a month between Liverpool and Bonny, which touches also at the British settlement of Bathurst, on the Gambier. Formerly these steamers touched at Goree, but this has long been discontinued, and now a vessel carries mails and passengers to and from Goree and St. Louis and Bathurst, in connection with this line. The second is by the French line, so well known under the name of the Messageries Impériales. By the law of the 17th of June, 1857, the Brazil steamers of this line received a convention of 4,700,000 francs, for which it was agreed that a bi-monthly communication should be established alternately between Senegal and Marseilles and Bordeaux, though this arrangement was reduced to monthly communication between Bordeaux and Senegal. These Brazil steamers touched at Goree, but the anchorage was so inconvenient that the neighbouring port of Dakar was substituted; thence a small local steamer performs the service to St. Louis. Thus letters sent from Bordeaux on the 25th of each month are delivered at Goree on the 11th of the ensuing month, and at St. Louis on the following day.

The telegraphic service of the Senegal colonies is conducted by three agents; one at St. Louis, who is charged with the direction of the line under the orders of the chief engineer officer; two others, whose duties consist of transmitting messages at the two extremities, St. Louis and Dakar; while the intermediary posts, Gandiole, Lampoul, M'boro, and M'bidgen, are served by sub-officers.

The interpreters employed under the orders of the director of native affairs, the commandants of arrondissements, and the chiefs of stations, form a special corps comprising a head interpreter, nineteen subordinates divided into four classes, and a certain number of auxiliary interpreters.

The charge of municipal affairs is confided, in the cities of Goree and St. Louis, to a mayor, who is assisted by two deputies.

The military forces of Senegal and its dependencies are composed of European and native troops, which form an effective strength of 93 officers and 2,162 men, distributed between the various stations of the colony. Before the Franco-German war, at the time the military operations we are about to describe were undertaken, the French garrison was distributed as follows:—The general staff consisted of eight officers,

including a lieutenant-colonel, the commandant of Goree, two lieutenants, and an *enseigne de vaisseau*. The engineer staff was composed of a *chef de battalion* and ten officers, who had under their orders a body of 130 native labourers or artificers, of whom three were superintendents.

The artillery staff consisted of a *chef d'escadron*, a director and commandant, and five officers. The troops of this arm were a battery and a half of marine artillery, comprising six officers and 219 men, and a detachment of 48 artificers, with two officers. Under this department is also placed a body of 38 natives for transport duties.

The police was composed of one officer and twenty-five sub-officers and gendarmes.

The cavalry, called *Spahis Senégalais*, consisted of a squadron numbering nine officers and 141 horsemen; the marine infantry of a battalion of six companies, forming an effective of 700 bayonets, including 23 officers; and the Senegal sharpshooters (*Tirailleurs Sénégalais*), also of a battalion of six companies, of a strength of 797 men, commanded by a lieutenant-colonel and 23 officers. This corps is recruited by voluntary enlistments among the natives of Senegal. At the time under consideration, there were in garrison in Senegal and its dependencies four and a half companies of these sharpshooters, consisting of nineteen officers and 605 rank and file; the remaining portion of the corps being posted at the establishments of Grand Bassam and Assinee on the Gold Coast, and at Gaboon, where also were stationed a small detachment of the marine infantry.

There was also a body of well-trained local troops called *disciplinaires*, which play a conspicuous part in the military operations we are about to describe. They numbered five officers and 282 men.

The militia of the colonies, which was organised by a local decree of the 31st January, 1833, is under the orders of the Governor, and is composed of three companies of *sedentaires*, commanded by a *chef de battalion* and five companies of *mobiles*. Besides these permanent forces, the city of St. Louis and the villages under French rule can furnish, in time of need, a body of 3,000 volunteers, a portion of whom always take part in any military operations that may be in progress.

The local marine is under the immediate orders of the Governor, who is generally a naval officer, but when this is not the case, an officer holding in the French navy the rank of *capitaine de frégate* conducts the duties of marine superintendent. The Senegal squadron consists of the following steam-vessels, some of which are only fitted for river service:—

L'Archimède	of 80-horse power,	and carrying	4	12-pounders.	
L'Africain	60	,,	,,	4	,,
Le Podor	60	,,	,,	4	,,
Le Grand Bassam	40	,,	,,	2	,,
Le Serpent	30	,,	,,	2	,,
Le Basilic	30	,,	,,	2	,,
Le Crocodil	20	,,	,,	2	,,
Le Griffon	20	,,	,,	2	,,
La Couleuvrine	25	,,	,,	4	,,
La Bourrasque	25	,,	,,	4	,,

There are, besides, three vessels, one a sailing ship carrying two guns, and the remainder unarmed. The total horse-power is thus 390, and the number of guns 32, so that this local marine forms a very respectable and efficient force for the protection of French interests against native aggressors. The staff of these thirteen vessels is composed of eleven lieutenants, three ensigns, and seven surgeons, while they are manned by about 500 men, chiefly consisting of black sailors called *laptots*, who have always shown themselves remarkably efficient and energetic in all military operations undertaken in the interior, where they are employed in embarking and disembarking troops.

The greater part of the native population of the basin of the Senegal profess the Mussulman religion, which is, however, more or less perverted by superstitious and idolatrous practices. The chief of this religion resides at St. Louis, where there is a great mosque. As is the case in all countries professing Mohammedanism, the people are blindly attached to their faith, and proselytising on the part of Roman Catholic missionaries meets with but very small success. Since the year 1843, Senegal has been provided with a regular church establishment, which forms part of the so-called "Apostolic Vicariat of Guinea and Senegambia." The central point of this mission is Dakar, on the peninsula of Cape Verd; here is the residence of a bishop, and the place to which missionaries, newly arrived from France, are sent, so as to become acclimatised before commencing their labours. At Dakar also is an establishment for the instruction of children, consisting of three schools where the brothers of the mission teach also the useful arts and trades, as shoe-making, tailoring, carpentering, bookbinding, printing, and cooking. There is also at Joal a similar establishment for girls, conducted by the sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and near the same place has been organised a school of agriculture, more especially devoted to the cultivation of cotton.

Independently of this Dakar mission, Senegal forms an apostolic prefecture, of which the clergy are furnished, as at Dakar, by the "Congregation of the Holy Spirit," which has its head-quarters in France. The Apostolic Prefect, who is the head of Catholicism in the colony, is assisted by six priests distributed between St. Louis and Goree. Besides the three schools at Dakar and Joal, under the management of missionaries and sisters, there are twelve government schools, namely, at St. Louis and Goree, two schools each for boys, and two for girls, one under clerical, and one under lay management. There are also secular schools at Dakar, Dagana, Podor, Bakel on the Senegal, and Sedhiou on the Casamance; and the sisters of St. Joseph have, in addition, asylums at St. Louis and Goree. The government have also under instruction about thirty children of native chiefs, who are held as hostages for the due observance of treaties. The inspection of the schools of St. Louis is conducted by a commission composed of the chief justice, the apostolic prefect, the mayor, and one of the principal inhabitants representing the non-official element.

Notwithstanding this vast machinery for the education and conversion of the heathen, the French themselves own that their endeavours have met with but limited success, except at Gaboon, where the climate is less overpowering to Europeans, and where the people are superior to those near the other settlements. The missionary school there is frequented by the children of the adjacent villages; natives are to be found who speak French, English, and Spanish sufficiently to facilitate trade; and we are told of a small hamlet of about 150 inhabitants, called Libreville, where the people, all former slaves, now emancipated and Christians, contrast favourably with those of Liberia, who have become insolent and ridiculous.

The courts of justice are regulated by the decree of 7th January, 1822, modified by later edicts, and especially by that of the 9th August, 1854, according to which the courts were to consist of tribunals of First Instance, and Police, which sit at St. Louis and Goree, to which was added one at Bakel in 1863; by a *cour impériale*, now of course transformed into a *cour républicaine*, which holds its meetings at St. Louis, and by a court of assizes, which also sits at the capital. The tribunals of First Instance consist of a presiding judge, a *procureur*, and a notary, and take cognizance of all civil and mercantile actions, without appeal, to the value of 1,000 francs capital, or 60 francs interest, but with appeal when the sums involved are higher. They also act as police courts for the maintenance of order, and can inflict five days' imprisonment or 100 francs fine.



NEGRO CHILD—SENEGAL.

The *cour impériale* is composed of the chief justice, a councillor, a councillor-judge, and a notary. The court has power over all the French establishments on the West Coast, and takes cognizance of all appeals from the lower tribunals already described; but appeals lie from its decisions to the Court of Cassation in France. The Court of Assizes is composed of the same functionaries as the last-named tribunal, with the addition of four assessors, chosen from the chief inhabitants, and the *procureur*. It adjudicates on all criminal matters, and the decision of the majority of the judges and assessors is binding. The Court of Cassation, in the event of nullifying any sentence of the Court of Assizes, can order it to reconsider the verdict, in which case the court is composed of the Governor and two magistrates, with no previous knowledge of the points at issue. To facilitate the administration of justice, councils of arbitration have also been established at Bakel, Goree, Dagana, and Sedhiou.

In all that concerns purely Mussulman questions of justice, as marriages, wills, and civil suits—a decree of 20th May, 1857, established at St. Louis a Mussulman tribunal composed of a Cadi, an assessor, and a notary, who took cognizance solely of questions arising among native Mohammedans. The causes are conducted according to the forms of procedure common among these religionists, and an appeal lies to a tribunal composed of the Governor as president, a councillor of the supreme court, a member of the bureau of native affairs, and the *Tamsir*, or head of the Mussulman religion. The parties to such suit can, if they desire it, carry the case before the French courts, who follow their own form of procedure, with the assistance of a Mohammedan assessor appointed by the Governor. The Mussulman tribunal dispenses justice gratuitously, and without any other charges than those allowed by Mussulman law.

Among industries in which the natives of Senegal show much proficiency, is that of weaver, and the negroes manufacture clothes dyed with colours of great brilliancy and variety; in numbers the weavers exceed all other trades, though it is marvellous what ingenuity is displayed by blacksmiths and other mechanics, considering the very inferior tools they employ. The gum, which forms the chief article of export, is the produce of the *Acacia Senegalensis*, called by the natives *vereck* when it yields the white gum, and *nebueb* when it gives the red gum. It is chiefly found in the country of the Moors, on the right bank of the Senegal; and that from Galam which they take to Bakel, is the most highly prized. The gums on the left bank are of inferior description. Senegal and Goree, and the neighbouring coast, abound in fish, and the negro fishermen subsist in a great measure on the proceeds of their toil, while they dry in the sun large quantities for export into the interior. About 450 *laptots* are employed in the local marine, or in the fisheries, and the colonies possess 48 ships, of which 25 perform long voyages, the remaining being coasters.

The animals employed in agriculture are oxen and asses; the Moors also use camels. Little wood is found in Senegal Proper, except the gonakié (*Acacia Adansonii*), used for ship-

building; but in the region of the Casamance are vast forests of cailcedra (*Khaya Senegalensis*), detarr (*Detarium Senegalensis*), n'dimb (*Sterculia cordifolia*), solum (*Dialium nitidum*), and the vène (*Pterocarpus erinaceus*).

The commerce of Goree, of Joal in Sine, of Kaolack in Saloum, of Carabane and Sedhiou in Casamance, is entirely free to the flag of every country. Such is not the case at St. Louis, where only certain foreign goods are admissible on payment of duties, while others can only be admitted in French bottoms.

A trading company established in 1824, under the name of the "Commercial and Agricultural Company of Galam and Ualo," monopolised the interior trade on the Senegal, but their privileges were suppressed in 1848. Up to 1854, customs dues were paid to the Moors on the right bank of the Senegal, but in the present day the trade of that river is entirely free, and the gums, which form the chief staple of commerce, are purchased at the fortified stations of Medina, Bakel, Matam, Saldé, Podor, and Dagana. In St. Louis the chief articles of foreign import are blue cloth and rice from the West Indies, tobacco and refined sugar from America, and palm oil, wax, and ox-skins from Cayor, a portion of which is re-exported. The foreign trade of Goree is limited, and it exports only what it receives from the mainland, for the island itself produces nothing. Its imports are almost entirely drawn from the mother country. The other stations, Joal, Kaolack, Sedhiou, and Carabane, on the Casamance or Casamanza, the latter at the mouth of that river, show an increasing trade since their foundation, and the river Songrougou, an affluent of the Casamance, has been explored.

On the Rio Nunez, the French have five factories, and our countrymen had, a few years ago, and have still, for aught we know to the contrary, three; the Americans also had one, and there was one native factory. The trade on this river was considerable, but the same cannot be said for that of the Rio Pongo, which was very limited. Notwithstanding, however, the restrictions against foreign flags as regards the river Senegal, by which the French practically enjoy a monopoly, the extent of the exports and imports to the French colonies is not such as to raise jealous feelings on the part of English traders to the West Coast of Africa.

Early in this year, the *Times* Paris correspondent drew attention to an article which appeared in *La Correspondant*, a French magazine, entitled, "La Guerre des Achantis," the writer of which advances a claim that had already frequently been put forward; and on the last occasion so recently as in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of 15th December of the previous year. These writers claimed for their countrymen the honour of being the first to explore the West Coast of Africa, and establish themselves in that portion of the continent. "As early as 1365," says the author of the article in the *Correspondant*, "Norman sailors, and particularly those of Dieppe, who had already founded more to the north, Petit Dieppe, and Petit Paris,* explored their way as far as the Gold Coast, where they founded, seventeen years later, the fort of La Mine, which became the town of Elmina, the focus of the present rebellion against the English. French preponderance in that region was not, however, of long duration, and finally our countrymen fell back upon their establishments at Senegal, as being more stable



HOUSE AT SEGOU.

* In page 58 of this volume, there appears a more detailed account of these statements, which originated with one Villaud de Belfons, who has been quoted by M. Labat in his work.

and better defended. An attempt at Assinee, from 1700 to 1707, and the construction on the Slave Coast, in the kingdom of Dahomey, of the fort of Whydah, were the only proofs of vitality we gave in that country of blackskins from the period of decadence above referred to down to the present epoch, during which several expeditions have been sent out from Senegal with the object of securing to our merchants establishments protected by our flag."

This assertion remaining unchallenged, the writer of this work, seeing that no better qualified person undertook the task of refutation, and in justice to a great nation, replied in the columns of the *Times*, rebutting the claims advanced by the French to regard themselves as the discoverers and first settlers in West Africa, an honour to which the Portuguese were entitled; and pointing out that no documentary proof had ever been made public to substantiate the claim, which rests merely on assertion, and has not only never been recognised by impartial writers, but is unknown among the natives of the coast, who would have retained traditional records of such important events had they ever occurred.

The writer in the *Correspondant* gives some interesting particulars of those portions of the French settlements in West Africa, which are not included within the limits of Senegambia, but are under the authority of the Governor of Senegal. The government of Louis Philippe decided to extend their colonial possessions in the West Coast, and in 1838, the schooner *Malouine*, commanded by Lieutenant Bouët-Willaumez, afterwards the well-known admiral and senator, examined the coast of the Gulf of Guinea as far as Cape Lopez. During his sojourn on that unhealthy coast, the young officer founded his reputation for energy, dash, and skill, and acquired such influence over the indigenous chiefs, that his crew gave him the nickname of "King Bouët," which stuck to him during the whole of his career. The three points of the coast which he designated as most favourable for settlement were Grand Bassam, Assinee, and Gaboon, which last is nearly 400 leagues from Assinee, and close to the Line, at the other extremity of the Gulf of Guinea. At Whydah he discovered the ruins of the establishment abandoned in 1797, still known in the country as the Fort Français, but which was not thought worth re-occupation. Soon after the voyage of the *Malouine*, the French Government seems to have determined to make some small settlements on that coast of Africa; but it was not till 1842 that "King Bouët," then captain commanding the French squadron on the West African coast, concluded treaties with the native sovereigns. In 1843 he sailed from Goree, in command of a French squadron, escorting several merchant ships laden with stores, and took possession of the ceded territory without opposition from the natives. Since their installation, the French have never had difficulties of the kind we have encountered with the Ashantees. At Bassam, however, they have occasionally had trouble with the native traders or brokers who inhabit villages bordering on their settlements, and who fomented revolts out of jealousy of the European traders, whom they saw ascend the rivers in their boats, make their way into the lakes, and establish direct commercial relations with the tribes in the interior. An occasional armed demonstration, and an expedition of a few hundred men sent out from Senegal, sufficed to check these aggressive tendencies, and the natives seem reconciled to the vicinity of the French. Notwithstanding this pacific mood of the black population, doubts are expressed whether France will find it worth while to retain her West African factories, which entail charges worth considering under the present financial circumstances of the country. In the recent discussion of the Naval and Colonial Budget, an intended reduction of 1,212,000 francs was shown to have diminished to 317,000 francs, the Ashantee war having prevented the intended evacuation of the Gaboon establishments, which had been already decided upon. The French Government felt that to withdraw at this time would look like retreating before the hostility of the natives, and so they remain for the present.

Denmark and Holland having ceded their establishments, the flags of England and France are the only European colours now seen on that part of the African coast. The writer in the *Correspondant* rather deplored the probability that the latter will be withdrawn when the expected defeat of the Ashantees shall have restored peace; and proceeds:—"Without desiring, which would be very absurd (since we profit so little by Cochin-China and Algeria), to vie with Great Britain in colonial influence, we might in ordinary times have continued an experiment which has already cost us money and men's lives. Neither at Grand Bassam, nor at Assinee, nor at Gaboon, have we restless and powerful neighbours; the most formidable people is that of the Hahouins, east from Gaboon; and the tribes composing it, although they are brave and warlike, are not formidable to us, because they do not number 130,000 souls. They proceed from the Crystal Mountains, and appear disposed to have intercourse with us, and to come to the coast to exchange their produce for ours. Small as the possessions are, it still is vexatious to abandon them, for one knows not what the future may bring, and we have already obtained some small results. At Grand Bassam and at Assinee there is no agriculture; but there is some appearance of it at Gaboon, and our ships barter stuffs, spirits, arms, powder, beads, hats, and ready made clothes for gold-dust, oil, ivory, wax, sandal-ware, ebony, caoutchouc, &c. At Gaboon alone the trade in those articles annually amounts to about 2,500,000 francs." Having concluded our *résumé* of the history and position of the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, for which we have freely laid under contribution writers of both countries whose flags now alone fly in that part of the globe, we will proceed to the second portion of our task, viz., some account of French military operations in Senegambia, and neighbouring native states, derived solely from French government records.

ENGAGEMENT AT THIÉS, AND ATTACK ON THE FORTIFIED STATION OF POUT.

The inhabitants of the village of Thiés, in Serers-Nones, had long troubled the peace of the neighbouring tribes of Diander,* by their frequent incursions, followed up by pillage and murder. It had become absolutely necessary to show the natives who had submitted to French authority that the promises of protection made to them were not delusive. A column composed of 167 men from the different regiments of the Goree garrison, 94 from the *disciplinaires* of the third company, commanded by Captain Balot, and of 50 volunteers, was organised secretly and rapidly, and with M. Pinet-Laprade, commander of the engineers at its head, reached Thiés after a quick night march.

* Diander is the name of the district in which Goree and Cape Verde are situated.

Notes of Travel in the Interior of Japan.—VII.

BY "MONTA."

A FEW more incidents of our journey across the island, and these "Notes of Travel" must be brought to a conclusion.

The town of Zenkôji, viewed from an eminence close by, was seen to be composed of one long narrow street; this is on an incline, and towards the western end it opens out into a broad street, and is terminated by the temple. It is nestled close to the hills on the west side of the valley, watered by the Shinano and Sai rivers, which unite and flow on till they are lost in the distance, not far from the confines of the province of Echigo.

The wide level valley was full of rich crops of grain, and fresh green patches of paddy, in the little squares which form preliminary nurseries before the tufts are transferred to the larger squares, where they grow up in the wet earth. Wherever the eye wandered, labourers were seen dotted about, intent upon their work. It was a peaceful, happy scene, and we sat long, lazily contemplating it, and more than reconciled to our forced delay. And as we sat we mused upon the past, the present, and the future of Japan. And my thoughts, as they were recorded in my diary, shaped themselves into some such form as this:—

"No one who travels about Japan, and who perceives its capabilities, and how these capabilities have been hitherto neglected, can well avoid feeling interest in Japan in the new path which she is now entering. That she has been neglected, and is so backward, is naturally the fruit of her entire isolation. Two or three hundred years ago where were we? No country which is so completely isolated can make essential and continuous progress. It may pursue its own peculiar civilisation, but it will travel on in the same groove. Its higher class has lived an idle life in castles or a stirring life in native broils, and has never, any more than did our feudal barons, given a thought to the despised classes of merchants, artisans, or labourers; these latter have passed their lives in an abject state, fearing their lords and the military caste, and bowing their heads down to the mats in humility to them; they have been content to go on in the same simple way from father to son for centuries, and to pursue their trade without intelligence or attempt at improvements. Hence the rough nature of all their operations, and the enormous waste of labour. No thought of any progress, no interchange with other countries of ideas or inventions. Whether it be in agriculture, silk-culture, or what not, they have never seemed to strike out anything new, and as the rulers steadfastly refused to admit the slightest light from abroad, we see an intelligent nation, a magnificent country, almost in a state of barbarism, and only just awakening to life. What the country may yet become it is hazardous to predict. Japan has great capabilities, and if her sons will only give their minds a little to grave matters, and not take everything for granted, nor think, as they do, that to see is to understand, and that they can do everything without study and application, there are hopes that with European inventions and skill, judiciously employed, she may in time take a fair stand among the nations of the earth."

They told us that there had been a terrible earthquake at Zenkôji about twenty-four years previously, which knocked over many of the monuments which are still to be seen lying about in the temple-grounds, and caused the death of many people.

These earthquakes are one of the unpleasant features of Japan. Many and many a shock have I felt, and at first they rather interested me. It was a new sensation. But the longer I stayed in the country, the less I liked them. This happens to most strangers, I believe. There is, by degrees, a sort of feeling of insecurity which comes over one, and a dread that the next at least may be serious, perhaps fatal. Sometimes for a few days they recur continually, then again there is an entire cessation.

In 1854, a number of signs and portents are recorded by native chroniclers. But these were put down, more or less, to the dreadful conduct of the advisers of the Shôgun, who had caused treaties to be made with foreigners, those outer barbarians whose advent, as they said, laid the foundation of trouble at home and difficulties abroad, and indeed of manifold misfortunes. Fires are recorded of dreadful dimensions. One in Kiôto is said to have broken out in the palace of the retired Mikado; the palace of the reigning emperor took fire also, and the apartments of his majesty and family were destroyed by the conflagration. The flames spread to the town, and the author of the narrative called "*Genji yumé monogatari*" records, with that zest for large numbers so common in their books, that a district was consumed including about two hundred and thirty streets of more than six thousand houses. On the 13th day of the sixth month there was a great earthquake along the line of the Tôkaidô, and in the northern provinces; houses were overturned in places, and the high road opened and vomited mud and sand, causing the death of a large number of people. On the fifteenth day of the seventh month there was a great rain-storm in the northern provinces, followed by a flood. On the fourth day of the eleventh month, between seven and nine o'clock in the morning, a violent earthquake occurred throughout the country, the effects of which were felt most severely at Osaka; a large number of houses were overthrown, and a huge wave ran up the three mouths of the Yodogawa, carrying large junks with it, the masts of which struck the bridges and carried them away. One hundred and fifty junks of different sizes were destroyed. More people lost their lives by drowning than it was possible to ascertain.

And so the historian goes on, with more tidal waves, another earthquake, whereby mountains were levelled and valleys filled up throughout the country; and the next year again more earthquakes are mentioned as occurring in Mutsu and Déwa, whereby many lives were lost; and again in Yedo, which is thus described:—

"More than ten thousand houses, including the castle, residences of daimios and of vassals of the Shôgun, Shintô shrines, Buddhist temples, and citizens' houses were shaken down; fires broke out in thirty places at once; the flames

ascended and spread on all sides, so that a great conflagration ensued. The number of lives lost amounted to one hundred and four thousand; the corpses were buried by the authorities in thirteen large temples."

If the unfortunate "barbarians" have to answer for such fearful desolation, they are to be pitied indeed! And the historian, having continued the dreadful catalogue even into 1856, with even greater destruction of life and property, he concludes his harrowing picture with the following sentence:—

"These constantly occurring signs and wonders were attributed by the people to the anger of the gods at the continual pollution of our country by the visits of the outer barbarians."



THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT YEDO.

Soon after noon we were on horseback again, and we had a lovely four hours' ride, at a very easy pace, to Nojiri, six and a half *ri*. The *ri* is little short of two and a half miles. After a succession of villages had been passed, the valley contracted, and we turned away from it to the left up one of the spurs of the eastern chain. After much ascending and descending, we at last came down upon a little lake with wooded banks, and a little green island in the middle. Close to it is the village of Nojiri, showing lamentable signs of devastation from a fire, which seemed to have destroyed almost every house. We were now on the confines of the province of Echigo, and on the high mountain towering in front, called Miôkô, streaks of snow still remained.

June 24.—Chilly morning in this elevated region. Left before six, and, walking across the table-land, descended rapidly into a ravine full of a profusion of trees, such as oak, willow, and cryptomeria. Crossing a stream which rushed down from the mountains along a dark channel, overshadowed by the trees, we entered the province of Echigo, and passed through the village which, like the stream, bears the name of Sékigawa, or Barrier River.

Here was formerly one of those barriers which were all abolished after the fall of the Shôgunate. When Dr. Willis was allowed to take that long journey north during the civil war of 1868, he passed along this road, and the report which he drew up of his proceedings, wherein his eminent services are shown in attending to the requirements of 600 wounded men, and giving directions regarding the treatment of about 1,000 others, was duly published in a blue book. How he spoke out against the wanton sacrifice of human life manifest from the absence of wounded prisoners, how he penetrated to Aidzu's capital, and there tended many of the rebels, as well as the Imperialists, is worthy of all praise. But what I wish particularly to quote here is his account of the difficulty he met with at Sékigawa, and it is better to use his own words.

"On my journey from Yedo to Takata, an incident occurred which illustrates a difficulty that may attend a foreigner travelling in Japan, even when his journey is undertaken at the instance of the Japanese Government. About twenty miles from Takata there is a mountain-pass with a guard-house under the charge of the local daimio. On my attempting to pass



STREET SCENE.

through this barrier, as I had already done through other barriers, several of the guards rushed out, and in a loud and menacing tone of voice ordered me to take off my hat, and by placing hands on my shoulders attempted to force me into making obeisance. I disengaged myself from the hands of the guards, and passed through without making the obeisance which it was attempted to force me into. I demanded an apology from the chief of the guards for the conduct of his subordinates, and the permission to pass unmolested through the barrier. I could, however, obtain no redress. The chief of the guards justifying the conduct of his subordinates, I declined to proceed any farther on my journey until I received the satisfaction demanded, and sent a letter to that effect to Takata. The following night two officials arrived from Takata. They expressed the regret of the daimio at the treatment I had received. The chief of the guards was called upon to make a formal apology to me. The next morning I passed through the barrier a second time, to establish my right of doing so, when a second apology was tendered in front of the guard-house. I hereupon expressed my satisfaction, and requested that no further steps might be taken in the matter, as I considered the rudeness shown me arose in a great measure out of ignorance. I have reason since to know that the chief of the guards is grateful to me for interceding on his behalf, otherwise he would have lost his position for his conduct on the occasion. With characteristic heroism he had expressed his readiness—should it be found that in the zealous discharge of his duties he had overstepped the bounds of propriety—to put an end to his existence by *harakiri*, or disembowelling." Under the Central Government these barriers were no longer needed, and they were speedily abolished.

We were now on a very rough road, and walking our horses up and down one hill after another, came to where we had a view of a plain, with a glimpse of the sea in the far distance. We should now soon be well across the main island. Quantities of pack-horses, all *mares*, met us and caused much trouble with our native beasts. My pony especially distinguished himself by jibing and kicking, and quite alarmed me by suddenly rushing at one of the grooms and fairly knocking him over. They used to have rare fights of an evening and morning in the stables.

It was nearly eleven when we reached Arai, our resting-place—a town full of dried fish and pack-horses, with a spacious *honjin*, from the back of which we looked out, as seldom happens, upon much space, the usual garden being not close to the house.

We now came down upon the plain, and passed through Takata, an almost interminable town, composed of a quantity of long streets at right angles to each other, the foot-paths of which were mean arcades, composed mostly of the eaves of the houses, which projected and were supported by wooden posts. Their object was, however, manifest. In winter the snow lies deep in the streets, and the inhabitants can walk securely under the arcades, instead of uncomfortably in the snow. What Takata may be in fine weather, I cannot say; this day there was a sheet of rain, and the place looked most melancholy.

Our long day's journey of about thirteen and a half *ri* ended at Kuroi, a poor village close to the sea-shore, and the fresh fish we ate there and at Arai formed a pleasant change of diet.

June 25th.—Doubtful morning. The alluvial plain stretches in a semicircle up to the base of the mountainous region, and is bounded by the high range of Miôkô. Southwards we followed a sandy road close to the shore. The trees all bent from the sea, and bare of leaves on that side, bore testimony to the violence of the gales which visit this coast. Here and there we saw remains of earthworks constructed during the war of 1868. We reached Kakizaki in two hours, and after a rest went on through the heavy sand on the shore for another hour to Hachizaki (six *ri*). The population seemed to consist almost exclusively of women and children, the men probably being out fishing. Women were working in the fields, and, engaged as coolies, were conveying travellers in *kagos;* one gang we met on their returning from carrying some of our baggage, running and singing gaily as they went home empty-handed.

After lunch, we continued along the sand close to the sea, and then travelled up and down, a tedious journey, mostly on foot, round the face of one cliff after another, till we reached Kashiwazaki, a picturesque town with streets full of houses, having their gables to the front, and topped by a wooden ornament like those at Shiwojiri. The eaves of the houses projected into the street, and rested on wooden posts as at Takata.

June 26th.—We consumed nearly five hours in our morning ride from the coast inland. After passing the village of Miôhôji, we ascended a hill, the side of which was pierced by a number of petroleum wells, worked in the rudest manner. The liquid was drawn up laboriously by means of a rope round a wheel to which two buckets were attached, and the wells being very deep it took four men to work each one. The oil when purified by boiling is used in the neighbourhood for lamps. As usual, a great waste of labour for very inadequate profit. Then we went down the side of a ravine into a plain where the young rice was growing, and at a little distance it looked like a meadow, owing to a species of bean being planted all along the ridges between the small fields.

We now came once more upon the Shinanogawa, become a large stream, and, crossing it by a ferry, entered Nagaôka, a town which suffered sadly during the war, and had been almost entirely rebuilt. The distance from this point to Niigata by water was said to be about forty miles, and we decided to send our horses with the grooms to that place, and proceed ourselves by the river. So the next morning we went lazily down the stream in a long covered boat, a small one accompanying us with the servants and provisions. There was little of interest to be remarked. Indeed, high embankments, so necessary in the case of a river subject to great floods, lined the stream most of the way, and shut out much of the surrounding country from our view.

We actually took eleven hours for these forty miles. Now and then one of the boatmen would dip an oar into the water, and indulge in a monotonous chant, but time was evidently no object, and we did not go much faster than the stream. At last we arrived, and, stepping ashore, walked through the town to our hostelry.

We had now reached the furthest point of our interesting journey, had crossed the main island, and were in the treaty port of Niigata. Let me transcribe my impressions of it, and our pleasant visit, from my diary:—

What shall we say concerning Niigata? It is an open port—without civilisation, that is, in the European sense of the word. Here we have no bund, with its elaborate bungalows

and spacious club, no brilliant equipages with outriders, nor even the jaunty gig nor modest buggy, nor merchant princes who ride down to their counting-houses in the morning, make their thousands, and ride round the road in the cool of the evening. Nor have we those terrors to pedestrians, the men who love to get on horseback, but cannot ride, who go racing about in the settlement, on the bluff, or round the racecourse, to the infinite dread of men, women, and children, and to their own doubtful enjoyment. There is not even a municipal direction, nor any newspaper devoted to the abuse or praise of officials. Nor is there any theatre except a native one, where the usual interminable plays are performed, to the great delight of natives, and the irrepressible yawning of foreigners. None of these things are in Niigata; but it is an open port; foreigners can and do circulate freely wherever they list, and, from all appearances, we should say that there is much more chance, for those who desire it, of becoming conversant with native customs, and acquainted with natives of consideration and position, than in any other of the treaty ports of Japan.

The foreigners at present residing at Niigata are only some twelve in number. There are several consuls who are merchants; our own, who of course does not trade, and who lives in a spacious, but gloomy temple, guarded over by an Irish constable; there is a ship's compradore, there are two or three men whose business is uncertain, and two or three rather sleepy stores. The society is enlivened from time to time by the presence of an odd ship's captain or two, but they do not tarry longer than is necessary; their ships are too exposed on this dangerous coast, and they are glad to get the cargoes on board and be off. The town is situated at the end of the vast plain which extends fifty or sixty miles up to the foot of the mountains. It consists of a number of streets, in the middle of many of which are canals lined with trees, and upon the canals small boats ply, drawing a couple of inches of water. When we were there, men were engaged in emptying these canals, and depositing the mud along the banks, with what particular object we could not ascertain; it certainly could not have been pursuant to orders from the Board of Health, or whatever is analogous thereto in Niigata. There is one street full of temples, decorated with rose-coloured tiles, forming a marked contrast to the ordinary shingle roofs weighted with stones. The statistics of last year give the number of houses at 6,665, and that of the inhabitants at 30,537, of which 13,722 were men, and 16,815 women. Hence the fair sex decidedly predominates, and a much fairer race it is here, and indeed generally throughout the province of Echigo, than in other parts of Japan. The skins of both the men and women are often as white as those of Europeans, and we saw many a comely female. These women, by-the-bye, have a curious habit of carrying their babies in front instead of on their backs, as is the usual custom in most parts of Japan. The people speak a peculiar dialect, not easy to understand at first.

The amusements are neither numerous nor varied. Six or eight hours at a theatre, or a boating-party to some tea-house in a pretty spot up the river, will about exhaust the sights, unless one is curious enough to go down and inspect the bar, with the waves dashing over it in the slightest wind. There is one great luxury both in Niigata, and generally in this province, *i.e.*, the profusion of frozen snow. We saw people selling it in the streets of the first town we reached; our *bettos* moistened their parched tongues with bits that they bought on the road, and here we revelled in it all day and every day. The worthy representative of the North German Confederation, who, till the return of our own consul, was like a father to us, treated his guests to hock direct from his own dear Fatherland, a peculiarly grateful drink, with lumps of frozen snow dissolving in the clear liquid. But we had all kinds of luxuries unknown for many a day. Bread was baked for our daily wants; the ship's compradore killed a cow and we ate beef continually; then there was excellent salmon, and other first-rate fish, and we foreswore preserved meats utterly.

The weather was by no means oppressive, and, as usual with us, it was generally fine. We were told that it became very hot in August. Last winter the cold appears to have been excessive, and the snow lay many feet deep in the streets. It is then that the inhabitants find the benefit of the covered ways which, in Niigata, as already mentioned in Takata, form footpaths under the projecting eaves.

Now for the return journey to Yedo.

We were to follow in general the road over the Mikuni Tôgé, though with some deviations. Its length is calculated at about 225 miles.

My diary continues:—

July 3rd.—Once more in the saddle, and following the banks of the river on our way back to Yedo. We traversed the great plain, and on the 4th, after turning up in an easterly direction, and crossing a low range of hills, we came into a fertile basin, in the midst of which was Tochiwo, a long village of 800 to 900 houses, situated on a small river. This was the head-quarters of the surrounding silk district, and we were lodged in a clean house which boasted of some modern appliances, even to the luxury of a towel-horse. Our rooms looked out across a garden, up to a mount covered with pine, bamboo, and other trees, from the top of which (a steep ascent indeed) there was an extensive view right away across the plain to the sea and the island of Sado. The mountains on the other side, which separate this part of Echigo from the Aidzu country, were of a glorious purple, save where thin lines of snow streaked their sides. Here we fared well. Some of our beef still remained; presents of large and small fish were offered up to us each day, and great blocks of frozen snow from the ice-cellar were always at hand to cool the hock we had brought with us from Niigata.

The next day was devoted to an excursion to the neighbouring villages, where we inspected many cocoons; there was also a waterfall to be visited, which was made much of by the natives, and turned out to be nothing, in this dry season, but a thin shred of water running down the bare and even face of a high rock. The gorge, however, in which it is situated, is very fine.

The following morning we started once more, and rode through a hilly country, with very rough roads, and on the 7th we joined the regular route to Yedo at Urasa, on a river which flows into the Shinano, further down the valley, which we now ascended to Muikamachi. From this village boats go down in one day to Nagaôka, a distance of seventeen *ri*. They take rice, each boat carrying from fifty to sixty piculs, and there are also passenger-boats, which charge one *bu*, something over a shilling, for each person. Three days are consumed in the return journey.

July 8th.—Started before eight through the paddy plain, a very rough road, especially when the plain contracted and

we began once more to ascend. Reached Yusana (five *ri*) at 11 o'clock, having been caught in two or three showers. Room in honjin open at the back. Iris in the garden. Pleasant view up the valley.

But that was not the valley we were to follow. On leaving the village we turned up to the right, and went over one of the steepest passes we have yet met with, getting into a sort of Scotch mist, which quite enveloped us. The road was dreadful, and it took us an hour and a half to reach the top of the Shibahara tôgé. We then got off, and walked down the other side by an abrupt road. Then another valley opened out in front, and turning to the left, we proceeded up the bank of a stream to the poor village of Mitsumata. A day's work of only seven *ri*, but quite sufficient, considering the villainous roads. Heavy rain came on in the evening.

July 9th.—Beautiful morning, without a cloud. Left at seven, and after following the valley some little way, we began to mount rapidly; the road, which was still of the roughest, winding along the face of the hill till we attained a high elevation. This took us an hour, and then we dipped down into another valley, and then up the face of another high hill, the middle of the road being rough corduroy, and climbing the hill by zigzags. From the top we looked down to the little village of Futai, nestled in a hole amongst high hills, and straight before us there was a long ravine, one side of which was covered with grass and fern nearly to the top, when they gave place to trees, and the other side entirely wooded. This ravine gradually rose till it was bounded by a three-peaked mountain on the horizon. The descent by a series of zigzags was quite precipitous. We arrived about nine o'clock at Futai, a little village which was burnt in the late war.

It was about this period that some of our party began to show signs of the long journey telling upon them. Grooms fell lame and had to be carried in *kagos*, and at this very village of Futai, we were alarmed and grieved to see one of our guards, who had also exchanged his pony for a litter, crawl out and sit down, utterly exhausted, on a bench. His face was yellow and his tongue was black; he was very feverish, and his throat was so ulcerated that he could hardly speak or swallow. So the amateur doctor of the party was called in, and that same evening gave proof of wonderful skill in the remedies he prescribed for this complication of disorders. A mustard plaister at the back of the neck to draw off the inflammation from the poor man's throat, quinine to allay the fever, and, to complete the prescriptions, antibilious pills after the recipe of Cockle, of imperishable memory. This vigorous treatment had the desired effect, and, in two days, the man was nearly well. Great was the fame of our amateur doctor amongst the natives of our party, and there was sometimes quite a rush for chlorodyne, or other specifics. What one finds with the Japanese generally is, that they are glad to consult foreign doctors, and will take the prescribed medicine readily, on the condition, however, that the cure shall be speedy; if it is not so, they soon tire of the foreign remedies, their faith is shaken, and they turn to their own physicians for advice. They never pause to consider that certain maladies, such, for instance, as remittent fevers, cannot be cured in two or three days; they must be made well at once by the new system, or they will not



COURT OF JUSTICE.



DOMESTIC SCENE IN A DAIMIO'S HOUSE.

see the advantage of it over their own, at least that is my experience.

I don't know what their distinguished native doctors would have thought of our treatment, but there were none in the neighbourhood of the Mikuni Pass, and we had to prescribe as best we could.

A great deal, no doubt, has been done in the way of introducing the European system in medicine, and the labours of such men as Doctor Willis, already quoted, have been incessant, and should bear much fruit. The Japanese are often sickly; their sedentary life, their poor diet, and the hereditary taint of scrofula, the dread disease of leprosy and other sad maladies, affect them terribly. They always seem to be ailing, but many have been taking to meat and beer of late, and that may work some improvement. I have mentioned leprosy; I cannot say that I know anything of that disease, and I fancy that little has been done in Europe to elucidate its nature, but there is a great deal of it in Japan, and it seems to be in the blood of many and many a family. European doctors have had much to contend with, and they may well sometimes feel their enthusiasm slacking when, as one of them remarked to me, a man who has troubled himself with medical studies finds that he is hardly looked upon as a gentleman, and that "his fee is a piece of sponge cake." The feudal system is indeed abolished, but its genius still lingers in the soul of many a *samurai*, and does not he, the man of gentle birth, despise the practitioner of medicine as something immeasurably lower than himself?

It has been said that the Japanese are hardly yet ripe for the study of the European system of medicine; that in medicine a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and that this is what most Japanese content themselves with. Is this so? Here is one of the problems of the future. Is the rush after civilisation to come to a break down, or is it to end in something curable?

That is the question now fairly before the world, and we must not be content with the fulsome praises of interested or superficial writers, of the "globe-trotters" who "do" Japan in ten days, and attempt to judge it accurately in their book, but we should examine the whole matter carefully and honestly, and, in the interests of the Japanese themselves, tell them the truth, whatever it may be.

Leaves from my Journal of the "Fox's" Telegraphic Voyage.—II.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

FREDERICKSHAAB TO JULIANEHAAB.

With a fair and strong wind we left Frederickshaab and threaded our way amongst a great quantity of loose ice out of the fiord. On passing Vardoë we observed the Norwegian barque ahead, and soon came up with her and passed within hail. She was coated with ice outside, or, as it is called by the Danish sailors, she was "over-iced." In this state, and surrounded as we were with bergs and loose ice, the scene was a vivid exemplification of Coleridge's beautiful imagery in the "Ancient Mariner"—

> "And ice, mast high, came floating by,
> As green as emerald;
> And through the drifts the snowy clifts
> Did send a dismal sheen:
> Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
> The ice was all between."

The captain and crew must have had an anxious time of it since they left Frederickshaab. Young tendered assistance, and also offered to keep by the barque if she would go south, both of which were declined. The captain said that the governor (Tweedie), who was taking a passage to inspect the outer settlements, was "bad in the head;" *i.e.*, out of his mind, and that he (the captain) was determined to get back to Frederickshaab if possible. We then went on our way with a spanking breeze, but not with a steady course. The icebergs were so numerous and so close that we were continually altering course to avoid them; we must have passed some thousands in the course of the day.

At noon we were off the high island of Omenak, and at four in the afternoon were off Tindingen, a splendid peak of about six thousand feet in height.

Young decided to keep out to sea during the night, in order, if possible, to get into the Torsukatch Channel in the morning, and we looked forward to a night of anxiety, for although the bergs began to thin a little as we went south, still there were a great many of them, and if the weather became thick from snow or fog, we should be in considerable danger. We rounded to under close-reefed sails, and kept just sufficient way on to be able to avoid the ice. We were thankful the night proved clear; the moon helped us until eight o'clock, and then we had the Aurora. Young was up all night, and as I could not sleep, I kept him company the principal part of it. The weather was intensely cold, and the spray of the sea freezing on the ship, threatened us with being over-iced.

The next morning at four o'clock we made sail towards the land and got in with it about Arsut, the wind having increased to a hard gale from north-north-west, and then bore away for the Torsukatch.

We had a magnificent view of the land and fiords as the sun rose. Away to the north-eastward we could see the base of Tindingen, but the lofty peak was hidden by the clouds. More to the eastward were the high rugged summits of Woman's Hill, and the remarkable sugar-loaf peak of Omenarsuk, appearing like a detached rock. Southward of Omenarsuk was the west end of Sennerut running up into high jagged peaks about four thousand feet high, and forming almost a cliff to the sea. We could see but little ice under the shore, as if the northerly gale were blowing it all away and spreading it out to sea.

Looking up Arsutfiord no ice was visible, and the lofty round island of Arsut Omenak appeared to be clear to the rocks at its base, while to the south-east towards Nunarsoit was a wild confusion of islands, bergs, and drift-ice, which quite obscured the view towards the entrance of the channel for which we were scudding.

Passing the islands Kitsiasuk and Thorstein, at noon we arrived at the entrance of the Torsukatch Channel. The view at the entrance was as wild as the imagination could picture it, the hard gale blowing a perfect whirlwind of snow round the summit below the peaks, and it was curious to observe the snow-cloud arrested by an eddy wind and sent up, and as suddenly caught by another and either sent back again in wild confusion, or, forming a spiral cone, proceed upwards until, reaching the level of the summit, was dispersed.

On approaching the channel, we could not but feel anxious lest the entrance should be blocked with ice, as is sometimes the case, caused at first by an iceberg grounding close to the entrance, and thus forming a nucleus for the smaller ice to attach itself to until the strait is blocked and the vessel intending to run through the channel is thus thrown on a dangerous lee-shore, so we kept a good look-out from the mast-head, and to our great satisfaction found it clear.

The entrance is about half a mile wide, but it narrows at various points to a quarter that width, and in one place to one hundred and eighty feet, so that excepting with a leading wind or powerful steam, the channel should not be attempted.

This is truly a beautiful passage, the scenery magnificent to a degree, and as each point opened giving a view of the reach beyond, it seemed as if fresh beauties had been prepared for us.

There can be no doubt but that much of our enjoyment of scenery is dependent on the circumstances under which we view it. The most beautiful prospect of cultivated country in England loses much of its charm if a cold cutting north-east wind be blowing, which reminds one of colds, bronchitis, rheumatism, &c., and one is glad to leave the beautiful view for the sheltered side of the hill. Much of the ecstasy of description of those who reach the summit of Mont Blanc, is, I suspect, far more the production of the head than the feelings, of the writing-desk than the mountain; but with all of us in the little *Fox*, our feelings were attuned for the occasion; from a hard gale and a heavy sea we had suddenly passed into sunshine and smooth water, and as we had the prospect before us of going the rest of the way to Julianehaab in the same delightful calm—as when the Torsukatch Channel is clear of ice, the other islands and passages usually are—it seemed as if our troubles were at an end, and from those who knew the danger and anxiety we had avoided by not being outside, many a heartfelt "thank God" escaped their lips as we glided along in the lake-like water, passing so close to the land that we could see the ptarmigan and foxes.

The water must have been very deep through the whole channel, as we found an iceberg about sixty-five feet high in about the centre of the strait, and which must have had a depth of upwards of eighty fathoms to float in.

As we were passing the bay south of the peninsula of Itsblitsiak, a kyak came out, and we ceased steaming to allow it to come alongside; and then with two bights of a rope, one being passed under each end of the kyak, hoisted man and all in. Our "picked-up" proved to be the royal mail, which, having conveyed the mail from Julianehaab to Arsut, was now returning; and to shorten the distance had landed, and carried his kyak across the Isthmus of Itsblitsiak, as is usual when travelling along the coast; so the poor fellow was not sorry to get this unexpected lift on his journey. He told us that a large English steamship had been at Julianehaab and remained three days, so we concluded that it was the *Bulldog*, which afterwards proved correct.

From the Torsukatch we passed into the Mangobet Channel, but as it was not safe to run at night, the pilot was consulted as to an anchorage. He said that he knew a good harbour, and showed the point on the leeward side of the channel round which it lay; but, to our astonishment, on rounding the point, we found the indentation so small that we should have been on shore had not Young dropped the anchor in time to check the vessel's way, and going astern, full speed, with the engines at the same time. By running out warps to an islet on the opposite side of the strait, we got the ship well off shore and anchored in deep water; but this was not accomplished before it was pitch dark.

Notwithstanding the comfort of being "in skier," or within the rocks, we were not altogether free from apprehension and anxiety, and that from a cause which, in July or August, we should not have thought so much about, but the latter end of October made all the difference; and we could not look at a continually falling barometer without some degree of nervous feeling; and although we were aware of the fact that, contrary to the usual theory, the barometer falls with a northerly wind and rises with a southerly one, still the degree to which the mercury had fallen caused us to believe that it could not be attributed entirely to that. On quitting Frederickshaab it was 29·33, it was now 28·80, and still falling.

Before break of day, on the 22nd October, it was blowing hard from the northward (barometer, 28·70), but with no indication of bad weather, some small, hard-edged cirri clouds hovered in the north, otherwise it was clear and starlight. The moment it was light enough to see, having had everything in readiness, we started under steam to the southward, passed Bondehaven which appeared to be a fine and safe harbour, and I think the pilots were mistaken the night before, and supposed the cairn round which they said we should find a fine harbour, to be that of Bondehaven. We had great difficulty in obtaining any information from the best of our pilots; the Uskees appear to have a natural dislike to be questioned, and then when the information to be gained is by the interpolation of two interpreters, it is almost an impossibility to get it correctly.

At eight o'clock we passed the small settlement of Kaksimuit, the port visited by Colonel Shaffner in his previous voyage. The harbour lies on the south side of a small island; it appears safe, but rather open to the southward, and to the danger of drift-ice in the violent south-south-east gales. The settlement consisted of the usual inspector's house, a store, and a few native huts. A kyak came out and tried to catch us, but as it was blowing fresh and fair, the man was obliged to give it up.

It was very pretty passing through the narrow channels threading the needle amongst the islands in deep water, as the presence of icebergs indicated. We had also a good view of the inland ice which, from near Kaksimuit, is within twelve miles of the sea.

Notwithstanding the still falling barometer, the wind fell

light; and we had to encounter newly-formed ice, through which we steamed easily, although it was sufficient to check our speed.

Passing through Ikarrusarrak Channel we came to Pardleet, where a considerable number of Esquimaux from the hills shouted to us as we passed. It had fallen calm, so we had furled the sails and were under steam alone, and great was the wonder of the natives to see a ship moving without sails or oars.

At two o'clock, just as we were turning into a channel, we observed a loaded *omiack* coming towards us, several kyaks were accompanying it: immediately they saw us they displayed the Danish flag, and on coming up to them we stopped, and the omiack came alongside. It contained M. Motzfeldt, the Inspector of Kaksimuit, and his family; they were travelling back from Julianehaab. He asked to go back with us, which was granted, so his wife, family, and women, came on board. His wife (I believe the third) was a nice-looking Uskee, and his children bore the impress of half-breeds; but, if report speaks true of the Inspector of Kaksimuit, he is the *pater* of more children than legally he ought to have.

M. Motzfeldt is the oldest inspector, or governor, on the coast, and well acquainted with a long range of it, therefore a great authority as a pilot, and as such took charge of the ship and piloted her to Julianehaab.

I think that the Governor had been saying "good-bye" to his friends, for he was rather elevated on coming on board; and his delight at again meeting the colonel was so great, that it led to many glasses of wine, &c., so that before he left the ship, I am sorry to say, he was very drunk and very affectionate.

The omiack was deeply laden with casks, bedding, cooking utensils, and packages of every description in great confusion —we took her in tow.

From M. Motzfeldt we learnt that Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the *Bulldog*, had left Julianehaab thirteen days before, and that he had left a letter for Young which had been forwarded, north, by the very postman we had picked up in the Torsukatch Channel; and the poor fellow had to prepare immediately to start on his way back, and try and overtake the letter at Arsut. His preparations were soon made; he had a bit of seal blubber on his kyak, and with his spears to find more, he was complete. Having slung the kyak over the side, he wriggled himself in, and off he went.



ALONGSIDE THE GREENLAND KYAKS.

At half-past four we came in sight of the few houses composing the settlement of Julianehaab, and a few minutes after let go the anchor and secured the ship by hawsers to the rocks.

Julianehaab harbour is but a small one, and a vessel going in at night is very liable to get too close in, and then have some difficulty, and even danger, in getting out. This had been the case with the *Bulldog;* she had arrived in the fiord late, and firing a gun, some boats went off, and then, on going into the anchorage, got too close in, and then, in backing out, struck on some rocks (which from that circumstance were afterwards named Bulldog Rocks). Fortunately, the water was perfectly smooth, and at four o'clock she floated off easily, and without damage; she then dropped her anchor in the cove, securing her stern to the rocks by hawsers.

Notes on the Ancient Cities of Persia.

If we except the country between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, known as Mesopotamia, perhaps no famous empire of ancient times has seen so great a decline in wealth, power, and population as Persia. To what grandeur had it not attained, in ancient times, when, according to Herodotus, the army that invaded Greece under Xerxes numbered 1,700,000 infantry, and 80,000 horse, with a fleet of 3,000 vessels; though, indeed, so much beyond the truth did this estimate appear to Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Ælian, and other writers, that they followed Ctesias, and cut off about four-fifths.*

Equally exaggerated are the estimates formed by Persian and other writers of the population of the country in former times, though there can be little doubt the inhabitants now are not more than one-tenth their former numbers. Sir John Malcolm saw a manuscript, which was said to be taken from state papers in the reign of Shah Sultan Hoossein,* in which were detailed the numbers of the different tribes and citizens, the total amount being computed at upwards of two hundred millions. Sir John Chardin, who made his estimate nearly a century earlier, rates it at about forty millions; but Pinkerton placed it at six millions, which was, probably, near the truth. In the present day, the population, which has been steadily decreasing—owing to famines and other causes, as polygamy,



PERSIAN DIGNITARY.

* Isocrates, in his Panathenaic speech, estimates the land army, in round numbers, at 5,000,000.

* This monarch flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century.

oppressive government, and the debauchery of a great proportion of its inhabitants—cannot much exceed four millions, being little more than that of London and its suburbs.

Not less indicative of the former greatness of this interesting country are the ruins of its ancient cities and palaces. This has been a fertile theme for the musings of the moralist in every age and clime, and nothing more apposite can be named to recall to mind the utter vanity of all things mundane, and the fleeting character of what the world calls glory and fame. As the great national epic poet of Persia, Firdousee, says,

"The spider weaves its web in the palace of Cæsar;
The owl stands sentinel upon the watch-tower of Afrasiab."*

Such may be the epitaph of Persepolis, the Elemais of the Greeks, which contains the grandest of all the ruined palaces in Persia; for we are told that this edifice, in the erection of which a kingdom's wealth had been exhausted, which was adorned with every ornament that the art of the world could supply, and the history of which was engraven on the imperishable rocks it was founded upon, has not only fallen into decay, but that the name of the founder is a matter of doubt, and the language in which its history is written is no longer spoken by man.

The universal belief in Persia is that Persepolis was founded by the celebrated Jemsheed,† a sovereign of the Paishdadian dynasty; but so fabulous is the history of his times that he is said to have reigned over Persia for a period of 700 years. To this day, Persepolis is called Takht-e-Jemsheed—the throne of Jemsheed; and Persian writers state that Homai, the daughter of Ardisheer Dirazdust, and mother of Darius the First (the Darius Nothus of the Greeks), greatly improved the palace, which she made her constant residence. The city of Istakhar, near which it stood, long survived the destruction of this magnificent edifice by Alexander the Great, as described by Greek historians.

A Persian author gives the following account of Persepolis, which Malcolm certifies, from personal inspection, as fairly correct. "Jemsheed built a fortified palace at the foot of a hill, which bounds the fine plain of Murdasht to the north-west; the platform on which it was built has three faces to the plain, and one to the mountain. It is formed of a hard black granite. The elevation from the plain is ninety feet; and every stone used in this building is from nine to twelve feet long, and broad in proportion. There are two great flights of stairs to this elevation, so easy of ascent that a man can ride up on horseback; and on the platform a palace has been erected, part of which still remains in its original state, and part in ruins. The palace of Jemsheed is that now called the Chehel-Setoon, or forty pillars.‡ Each pillar is formed of a carved stone, is sixty feet high, and is ornamented in a manner so delicate, that it would seem difficult to rival this sculpture upon hard granite in a carving upon the softest wood. There is no granite like that of which these pillars are made, to be now found in Persia; and it is unknown from whence it was brought. Some most beautiful and extraordinary figures ornament this palace; and all the pillars which once supported the roof (for that has fallen) are composed of three pieces of stone, joined in so exquisite a manner, as to make the beholder believe that the whole shaft is one piece. There are several figures of Jemsheed in the sculpture: in one he has an urn in his hand, while he stands adoring the sun. In another, he is represented as seizing the mane of a lion with one hand, while he stabs him with the other."

The ruins of the city of Persepolis have been described by numerous travellers, and its history has been discussed by many learned Orientalists. The principal feature it presents is an assemblage of tall, slender, and isolated pillars, and separate doorways and sanctuaries spread over a large platform, elevated like a fortification, from the level of the surrounding plain.* It would seem that the natural rock was hewn down to form the platform on which the great temple stood, and this platform was then faced round with masonry, the workmanship being extremely solid. The stones are everywhere large and well-hewn, but there is great irregularity in the general form of the whole, large and small pieces being often dovetailed into each other. The flight of steps for ascending the platform is regular, easy, and of noble appearance. The two entrance-gates were guarded by sphinxes, which are finely sculptured. The masonry is also described as excellent, and the blocks, which are of a bluish marble, are large, and regular in size and shape. There are two columns standing erect between the gates of entrance, consisting each of three pieces, and having for their base and capital a plinth resembling a lotus-flower; from the fragment of one of these it is seen that the several pieces of which the columns are composed are joined together by a projecting part of the upper piece fitting into a corresponding aperture in the lower. The great mass of the ruins is on a platform higher than the first. At the sides of the steps leading to it are sculptured processions, sacrifices, &c., of which Niebuhr has given drawings. They are all admirably executed, and from the striking resemblance they bear to similar sculptures at Thebes, in Egypt, afford a strong testimony to the truth of the statement of Diodorus, that Cambyses, son of Cyrus,† conquered Egypt, when he pillaged the country and burnt the temples, the treasures of which the Persians carried off into Asia, while they caused their captives, the workmen and architects of Egypt, to build the ruined structures at Persepolis, Susa, and elsewhere. According to the historian of Persia, the reign of Lohrasp (the successor of Ky Khoosroo, the Cyrus of the Greeks) appears to include that of Cambyses and Smerdis the Magus; and the successful expedition to the west referred to in the pages of Herodotus, was the conquest of Egypt, while the manner and period at which he lost his life, obviously relate to the massacre of the Magi, or followers of Zoroaster.‡ The ruins on this second platform

* Afrasiab was the great monarch of Turan or Tartary, who waged a long and bloody war with Ky Kaoos and Ky Khoosroo (the Cyrus of the Greeks) his grandson, who ultimately captured and put him to death.

† Jemsheed was the nephew of Jahamurs, the son of Hooshung, who was the grandson of Kacimurs, the founder of the Paishdadian dynasty, and the first King of Persia. Sir William Jones states it as his opinion "that the annals of the Paishdad or Assyrian race, may be considered dark and fabulous; those of the Kaiani family as heroic and poetical; and those of the Sassanian kings as historical."

‡ "Forty," as here applied, means "many."

* Buckingham's "Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia."

† Herodotus informs us that Cyrus the Great—the Koreish of the Scriptures—was the grandson of Astyages, King of Media, whose daughter had been married to Cambyses, a Persian chief. Ctesias calls Astyages, Astyigas, and tells us Cyrus was not his descendant, but married his daughter Amytis, after he had dethroned him. According to Xenophon, Cyrus is the son of Cambyses, who was a Persian prince, his mother being a daughter of Astyages, King of Media. The great conquests of Cyrus were made during the reign of his maternal uncle, Cyaxares the Second, whose daughter he married, and who named him his successor. Xenophon says he died at Babylon, Herodotus that he was slain in battle.

‡ The whole subject of the history of Persia, and the identification of the kings of Firdousee, the Persian historian and author of the "Shah

seem to have been those of a grand open portico, consisting of many rows of columns, all fluted, with oblong blocks at their base.

On a third and still higher platform is seen an assemblage of different sanctuaries, of perfect Egyptian character. They are in the form of a square of about thirty or forty feet, with many doors, composed of three pieces; two portals and an architrave, with a cornice. Their inner surfaces are sculptured with designs representing the sacrifices of beasts, and there are also inscriptions in unknown arrow-headed characters, cut in monoliths, which stand between these doors, and which are so highly polished as to reflect almost like a mirror. The proportions of the doors are extremely massive, and their passages are so narrow as scarcely to admit of two persons passing each other. The portals of the gates of all the sanctuaries are covered with inscriptions, and with sculptures of bearded warriors armed with spears, bows and arrows, shields, and with helmets; and also with representations of priests, some standing with umbrellas held over them, and others sitting on chairs or thrones supported by rows of slaves.

At the back of the great temple, and hewn in the rocks, are two large cave-tombs, which may have been the receptacles of the Sassanian kings; as Malcolm recites, how, after the final defeat of Yezdijerd, at the battle of Nahavund, when the liberties of Persia were subverted by the fanatic Moslems who obeyed the reigning Caliph of Baghdad, the "Commander of the Faithful," the corpse of the last sovereign of the dynasty of Sassan, was interred in the sepulchres of Istakhar, or Persepolis. In the rock-hewn caverns of this city, the parchments containing the precepts of the new faith of Zoroaster were deposited by order of Gushtasp, the reigning King of Persia, about the fifth century before Christ. A great amount of rubbish blocks up the mouths of these caverns, and we are not aware that any attempt has been made to clear away the accumulation of ages and explore the recesses, the contents of which might throw light on some of the most obscure portions of Persian history, even if the search was not rewarded by a discovery of the missing parchments or the mouldering remains of the Sassanian kings.

The hill-fort of Istakhar, from which these ruins take their name among the Persians, is entirely in ruins. It was last used as a place of confinement in A.D. 1492, when Sultan Ali and his brothers, in the disputes to succession among the early Saffavean devotees, were imprisoned here for upwards of four years.*

There are no marks of fire about the temple, though Quintus Curtius states that after the abandonment of the city by the Persians and its occupation by Alexander, at a feast succeeding the pillage, Thais, a courtesan of Greece, induced the drunken king to seize a torch, and set fire to the palace, an example which was followed by all his officers. "The palace," says this writer, "was built chiefly of cedar, and the destruction was so complete, that but for the Araxes, which ran near it, pointing out its site, not a vestige of it could be found." He observes that Alexander spared the citadel, and left there a garrison of 3,000 men. Diodorus Siculus says, that the Macedonian monarch abandoned Persepolis to the pillage of his soldiers—he spared the palace; and according to Arrian, it was the castle that was burnt.

The journey from Shiraz to Ispahan abounds with remains attesting the ancient glories of Persia. Thus, besides Persepolis, a little further on the traveller comes to some ruins called Mader-e-Suliman, or the Mother of Solomon. These, says the author of the "Sketches of Persia," have been almost as much the object of conjecture on the part of travellers as the ruins of Persepolis. Many insist that this is the tomb of Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah and also of David, and the mother of Solomon; though there naturally arises the objection to this hypothesis that there is no record of either Solomon or his mother ever having been near the spot during life, so that it was unlikely to have been selected as the burial-place of the latter after death. Another account states it to have been the tomb of Suliman, the tenth Caliph of the race of Ali; but against this idea there is decisive evidence in the very ancient style of the architecture, and the inscriptions, which are in the arrow-headed character. Some antiquaries, again, have identified it with Pasargadæ, the resting-place of the mighty Cyrus. Arrian says that Alexander learned with mortification that the tomb of Cyrus, at Pasargadæ, had been opened and pillaged, and describes it as placed in the park of the castle in that city, surrounded by a wood with fountains and meadows.

On the site of the modern Meshed,* was the ancient city of Toos. Meshed was deemed sacred as containing the tomb of the Imaum Ali Reza, and was particularly honoured by Shah Abbas, the greatest and last monarch of the Saffavean dynasty founded by Shah Ismail, to whom also the country owes the Sheeah sect of the Mohammedan religion as the established faith. While the presence of Abbas at Meshed gave prosperity and security to the province of Khorassan, in which it is situated, it enabled him to extend his conquest as far as Balkh. Abbas, though distinguished as a soldier, has acquired his chief claim to the gratitude of his countrymen for the protection he extended to those engaged in commerce; and to the bridges, caravanserais, and other public buildings he constructed, notably the great causeway, 300 miles in length, in Mazanderan, which exists to the present day. "The modern traveller," says Malcolm, "who inquires the name of the founder of any of the ancient buildings, receives the ready answer, "Shah Abbas the Great;" not from an exact knowledge that he was the founder, but from the habit of considering him the author of every improvement. Sir John Chardin (see vol. iii., p. 12, of his works) well says of this most illustrious of the modern successors of Jemsheed, Cyrus, and Noshirvan: "When this great prince ceased to live, Persia ceased to prosper." On one occasion Abbas, to mark his devotion, walked from his capital, Ispahan, accompanied by all his officers, to Meshed, and the chief astronomer measured the distance with a string. After having been sacked by the Oozbegs, and the Afghans, Meshed was captured by Agha Mohammed Khan, the founder of the present Kajir dynasty, who, after receiving the submission of Shah Rokh, the unfortunate grandson of the great Nadir Shah, walked on foot, attended by his nobles, to the tomb of Imaum Reza, and knelt and kissed the ground in token of his devotion to the sacred site.

Nameh"—or Book of Kings—with the sovereigns of Herodotus and other Greek authors, is treated at length, and with consummate ability, by Sir John Malcolm, in the Appendix to his "History of Persia."

* Malcolm's "History of Persia."

* In the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS (vol. iv., 1873) is an article by the author of this paper, entitled "Persia: her Cities and People," in which is a description of Meshed.

The ancient city of Toos is chiefly famous as having been the birthplace of Firdousee, the great historian of Persia, whose epic poem, the "Shah Nameh," is considered by critics whose opinions are entitled to respect, as little inferior to the "Iliad" of Homer, while he holds the highest rank among all classes of his countrymen, who, from the king to the peasant, recite passages from the spirit-stirring stanzas in which are chronicled the victories of Roostum and other national heroes over the warriors of Turan, headed by Afrasiab and Peiran Wisah. Roostum was as conspicuous for sagacity as for valour, earning thereby the distinction of being regarded as the Nestor of the East. It is related of Firdousee that his patron, Mahmood of Ghiznee, one of the greatest conquerors the Eastern world has produced, was influenced by envious rivals to reduce the reward he had promised to the man whose genius shed a lustre on his reign, which not all his conquests in India and Persia could eclipse. The proud poet spurned the gift, and added to his poem a bitter satire on the king's want of generosity; and, after giving vent to his feelings, retired to his native city of Toos. At length Mahmood, sensible of his ill-faith, sought to retrieve his good name by sending a large sum to the poet; but the rich present reached the gates of Toos as the body of Firdousee was being borne to its grave; and his daughter, too proud to accept the gift which had been denied to her father, rejected it with scorn.*



TYPES OF MODERN PERSIANS.

About eighty miles to the west of Shiraz are the ruins of the ancient city of Shahpoor, founded by Sapor I., or Shahpoor, the second sovereign of the Sassanian dynasty, who succeeded Ardisheer Babigan, the founder, A.D. 260. After his successful invasion of Armenia, he defeated the Roman armies in many battles, and took prisoner the Emperor Valerian, and near the city of Shahpoor may be seen at the present day, carved upon a rock, a representation of the Persian monarch holding Valerian prisoner, while he receives some ambassadors, who supplicate the release of the royal captive. Opposite to this monument are some more pieces of historical sculpture. In one compartment is a king seated in state, amid a group of figures, one of whom offers two heads to him.

To Shahpoor also, Persian authorities ascribe the foundation of the modern city of Shuster,* situated on the Karoon, nearly 36 miles to the east of the ancient capital of Shus or Sus, said to be derived from a Pehlevee word, signifying *pleasant;* Shuster being the comparative, and meaning "more pleasant." Though Alexander must have passed close to the present site of the ruined city of Shus, Arrian makes no mention of it, so that probably it did not exist in his day; though the late General Chesney, in his admirable and exhaustive work, is of opinion that the village of Agines, which is mentioned as being 500 stadia from Susa, and through which Alexander passed with his army, was on the site of the modern town of Ahwaz, famous as the scene of one of the exploits of the army of Sir James Outram, assisted by the Indian navy, during the Persian war of 1856-57. In the neighbourhood of this town, and extending at least ten or twelve miles, are the ruins of this ancient city of Shus. All the mounds, which much resemble those of Babylon, are covered with hewn stone, bricks, tiles, pottery, and heaps of circular flat stones, perforated in the centre. Some of the mounds are of very great extent, and one measures upwards of 200 feet in height; 500 yards to the west of this is a ruined edifice entirely of stone, measuring fifty feet in height by twenty in breadth, and having several flights of steps, which, though much mutilated, may be traced to the summit. About a mile to the east, separated by a deep ravine, stands an immense pile of materials, consisting of huge blocks of stone and bricks, which the Arabs aver are the remains of a palace; the height is over 100 feet from the plain below, and on the summit may be seen many stone foundations and pavements, together with several rounded troughs. The ascent to the summit is gradual but fatiguing, from the numerous furrows which have been worn in its sides, apparently by water. One face of the pile is almost perpendicular, and some bushes of camel-thorn at the base are the sole specimens of vegetable life to relieve the gloomy sterility of the surrounding landscape. About 800 yards in a northerly direction from this ruin is a conical mound, having a circumference of 500 feet, the sides exhibiting the remains of a wall nine feet in thickness; close to this mound are seven square stone cisterns, sixteen feet long

* Malcolm's "History of Persia."

* The modern name of this province is Khuzestan; it was the ancient Susiana mentioned by Arrian in his account of Alexander's march.

and proportionately deep, and some aqueducts which probably conducted water from a ravine to these cisterns.*

At the foot of one of these mounds stands the tomb of the prophet Daniel. It is small, and though comparatively modern, the belief is universal that the remains of the prophet lie buried beneath its walls.

Travellers are shown the tower, where, according to tradition, Valerian was confined; but what renders this city most remarkable among the ancient monuments of Persia, says Malcolm, is the dyke in its vicinity, which its founder threw across the Karoon, to turn the course of that river into a channel more favourable to agriculture. This dyke is formed of cut stones, cemented by lime, and fastened together by clamps of iron: it is twenty feet broad, and 4,200 feet in length, forming a solid mass, except at the centre, where two small arches have been constructed, to allow a part of the stream to flow in its natural bed. This work is among the few of a useful character in Persia, which abounds in palaces, and, unlike the fate which condemns these to ruin and decay, this dyke or "bund" fulfils the benevolent object which animated its founder, and fertilises the adjacent beautiful plain.



PERSIAN INTERIOR.

Among the most interesting of the many ruined cities on the banks of the Tigris are Ctesiphon and Seleucia, situated opposite each other, the former having been built from the materials of the latter. Ctesiphon was the capital of Noshirvan, the mighty monarch of the Sassanian dynasty, who, between the years 531 and 579, raised the Parthian empire to the pinnacle of its greatness. Gibbon, in his immortal work, narrates how Noshirvan, "victorious, and respected among the princes of Asia, gave audience in his palace of Modair, or Ctesiphon, to the ambassadors of the world," who humbly presented at the foot of his throne their offerings. We have seen this palace, but how changed is the aspect it now presents from that which met the dazzled gaze of these ambassadors as they passed beneath its portals eager with expectation, and trembling lest the mighty arbiter of half the world should receive their advances with a frown instead of the kind favour their gifts were intended to propitiate. Nought remains of this palace except a stupendous arch called to this day Tauk Kesra (or Khoosroo), the "Arch of Cyrus." It is nearly ninety feet high by eighty-two feet broad at the base, and towards the rear extends a roofless chamber upwards of 150 feet in length.

Gibbon graphically describes the downfall of Ctesiphon, when, in A.D. 637, the Arabs, with all the zeal and bigotry of converts to the new faith of Mohammed, carried the magnificent city by storm, put the unbelieving inhabitants to the edge of the sword, and pillaged the palace of Noshirvan of all the priceless treasures stored within its walls by successive sovereigns. The sack of Ctesiphon was followed by its desertion and gradual decay, and the Caliph Omar was persuaded to remove the seat of government.

Seleucia, on the opposite bank of the Tigris, was built from materials supplied from Babylon, as in its turn it suffered a similar fate when Ctesiphon arose from its ashes. It was founded by Seleucus Nicator, the successor of Alexander, and Pliny says that its population numbered 600,000 souls. Still

* "The Land of the Sun." By Lieut. C. R. Low, (late) I.N. (1870).

less remains of Seleucia to attest its grandeur than of Ctesiphon. Time, violence, and repeated inundations, have levelled every building, and nothing can be seen but mounds covered with rubbish. All the countries under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia are cursed as with a blight, owing to the religion of their inhabitants, and the apathy and sensual indulgence of their rulers, and yet, in ancient times, flourishing communities covered the plains now occupied by the ruins of Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Susa, and numerous other cities.

The territories famous in history as the empires of Babylonia, Assyria, and Parthia—perhaps the most densely populated in the world, and gardens of smiling plenty, owing to the system of irrigation which was practised, of which the remains are apparent in Mesopotamia to the present day—are little more than desert wastes, and the traveller may journey for hundreds of miles without encountering more than a few wandering Bedouins, or a tribe of "Eelyats" earning a precarious living by their flocks and herds.

We are told that Khoosroo Purveez—who flourished in the latter part of the 6th century, and was the most recklessly extravagant of any monarch of even the Sassanian dynasty—employed his enormous wealth in constructing palaces, one for every season. Persian royal magnificence attained its climax during the thirty-eight years of his reign, and native writers dilate with wonder on his thrones, which were priceless, particularly that called the Takh-dis, formed to represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the hours of the day; his treasures; his ladies, of whom there were 12,000, every one, according to these veracious Persian chroniclers, "equal to the moon in splendour and beauty;" his horses, of which 50,000 stood in the royal stables, and his 1,200 elephants. Having subdued the kingdom of Persia, and caused Khoosroo Purveez to fly for his life, though it was only to perish miserably at the hand of his eldest son, the Roman Emperor Heraclius retired, says Gibbon, "after six glorious campaigns, to enjoy the Sabbath of his toils at Constantinople;" and very soon the stately palaces built by the Persian monarch in the province of Irak, fell into ruin, and not a trace of them now exists.

In the same part of Persia, about six miles from the modern city of Kermanshah, are some famous excavations from the rock called the "Tauk-e-Bostan," the "arch of the garden," which Malcolm describes as superior to anything of the kind in Persia. These are hewn out of the foot of the mountain at Kermanshah, the rock here rising in nearly a perpendicular cliff from the plain, with a small brook of clear water flowing at the foot, and spanned by two brick arches built in the side of the rock. The excavations consist of two caves, in which are the sculptured figures, some of which a well-travelled judge like Buckingham considered equal to anything of the kind he had seen in the temples of Upper Egypt. The small cave is some fifteen square feet in extent, and about the same height in the centre of the arch, and both the sides and floor are perfectly level. The great cave, which is divided from the small one by a thick wall of rock only, is about twenty-five feet square, and rather more than the same height, with an arched roof. "The outer part of the excavation," says Buckingham, "presents a fine broad pilaster on each side, with a device of a chain and stems of flowers, winding round a central stalk, the arch itself being enriched with sculptured mouldings; exactly over the centre is an emblematical figure resembling a crescent, and on each side are two angels, larger than life, and sculptured in bas-relief. They are robed in fine flowing drapery, have expanded wings, and with one hand extend towards the central symbol a circular wreath of flowers, while in the other they hold a vase also filled with flowers. At the extremity of this arched excavation is a gigantic figure of a man on horseback, in full armour, which is supposed to represent Roostum, the hereditary prince of Seistan in the reign of Ky Khoosroo (Cyrus), and the popular hero of Persia, whose achievements in the lengthened war between Persia and Tartary are described at much length in the "Shah Nameh" of Firdousee. The horse, whose neck, breast, and shoulders are covered with an ample cloth, richly wrought, is clumsily carved in alto-relievo, as are the other figures; but the rider is a spirited representation of the Iranian hero, whose "seven labours" or "stages" have caused antiquaries to identify him with the Greek Hercules. The figure is about nine or ten feet high, and is in the act of poising his spear; the face is masked, and the body is covered with a coat of armour, formed of network, finely woven into a close cloth. Above Roostum are three figures, life-size, which are supposed to represent Khoosroo Purveez, his chief minister, and Shereen, his bride, whose beauty and fidelity to her husband when he was a fugitive from his throne, has rendered her name and virtues a favourite theme for Persian poets.

The side walls of the cave are covered with sculptures, finely executed, representing in one compartment the hunting of the wild boar along the banks of a river by men in boats and on elephants; and on the other, the chase of a herd of deer or antelopes.

Tradition has it, that these sculptures were the work of Ferhad, a man of low descent, who was enslaved by the surpassing loveliness of Shereen. He was promised, say the Persian romancers, that if he completed his task, he should be rewarded with the person of Shereen; and when he was on the point of completing his labours, Khoosroo, fearing to lose his mistress, sent an old woman to inform Ferhad that she was dead. He was at work on one of the highest parts of the rock when he heard the mournful intelligence, and immediately cast himself down headlong, and was dashed to pieces.

The learned M. de Silvestre de Sacy has, however, in his "Mémoires sur les Antiquités de la Perse," deprived this legend of all foundation as regards these particular sculptures; and, according to a translation of a Pehlevee inscription made by this philologist, it appears that two of the figures are intended for Shahpoor II. and his son Baharam IV. The former was one of the greatest monarchs of the Sassanian dynasty, and his reign extended over a period of seventy-one years, as he was crowned at the moment of his birth. The first of his military expeditions was directed against the Arabs of the Persian Gulf, and the memory of the vengeance he took on them is perpetuated by his title Zoolaktaf, or "the Lord of the Shoulders," which originated from his directing the shoulders of his captives to be pierced, and then dislocated by a string passed through them. Shahpoor recovered a great part of Mesopotamia and five other provinces his ancestors lost, defeated the Roman forces, and annexed Armenia. Baharam, or Varahram, the Varanes of the Romans, associated himself with his great father in the sculptures of Tauk-e-Bostan, and founded the neighbouring city of Kermanshah, which is now a large and prosperous town, and the capital of one of the provinces of Persia.

Among other ancient cities of Persia is Sari, the capital of Mazanderan, which is a place of importance to the present day; and within the last century there were yet standing here four temples of the ancient Persians, described by Hanway as "built in the shape of a rotunda, about 30 feet in diameter, and 120 feet in height." Among the few edifices of this description which escaped the persecuting spirit of the Mohammedans may be mentioned those near Baku in Mazanderan, where there are still some very ancient places of worship sacred to fire. These are of stone, and may be termed arched vaults, having an elevation of about fifteen feet. "To one of the smallest" says a writer, "Hindu pilgrims still resort." A cane or pipe is fixed into the ground near the altar, and through it a light blue flame issues, like that emitted by burning fire, but purer. Though this phenomenon would be produced by opening the soil in several other spots near Baku which are equally impregnated with fire, yet the flame in this temple is deemed sacred and miraculous by the pious pilgrims from the Ganges. The Guebres, or fire-worshippers, are confined to a small district of the town of Yezd, but the traveller occasionally encounters their *agiare*, or fire temples, in the most out-of-the-way localities, crowning some craggy rock or lonely elevation, near Persepolis. Buckingham saw two fire-temples of which he gives drawings in his book. "Their dimensions were five feet square at the base, and three at the top, and they were five feet high. There were pillars or pilasters at the corners, and arches in the sides. In the centre of each of these, on the top, was a square basin, about eighteen inches in diameter, and six in depth, for the reception of the fire."

In Seistan, the frontier province between Persia and Afghanistan, and famous in Persian history as the hereditary principality of Roostum, are some remarkable ruins, particularly those of Poolkha and Dooshak, or Seistan, described by Captain Christie, who travelled through the country. The modern town of Jellalabad stands amid the ruins of the latter city, which, from its extent, must have been as large as Ispahan.

"In the north-western parts of Persia," says Malcolm, "there are few traces of its ancient splendour. Cormeah, a town in Azerbijan, celebrated as the birthplace of Zoroaster, and for its temples, has nothing left of its former grandeur. Tabreez stands on the site of the ancient Tauris, but nothing remains to attest its former greatness, though the town, notwithstanding the frequent shocks of earthquake to which it has been subjected, is of considerable extent and commercial importance."

Among the most interesting of the ancient cities of Persia is Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, capital of Media. Sir William Jones held that Tabreez was on the site of this city, the antiquity of which is so great that it is recorded by Diodorus Siculus that Semiramis visited it 2,000 years before Christ; but Captain John Macdonald Kinneir, in his learned Geographical Memoir of Persia, has proved, beyond possibility of doubt, that Hamadan is the ancient Ecbatana, and quotes Pliny, Isidore, and Diodorus Siculus as his authorities. The latter in particular, in describing the visit of Semiramis, gives some geographical features which identify Hamadan, as the proximity of Mount Orontes—the Elwand of modern times—and the general want of water.

It was at Ecbatana that occurred the death of Hephæstion, Alexander's favourite, an event which caused the "Macedonian madman" the most poignant grief. Arrian details at length the manifestations of his sorrow, and Plutarch also confirms the account of the immoderate grief of the king, who, we are told by Arrian, "neither tasted food, nor changed his apparel for three whole days, but lay all that while either lamenting, or silently endeavouring to conceal his grief, whilst he commanded sumptuous obsequies to be performed at Babylon, at the expense of 10,000 talents, and ordered a strict and public mourning to be observed throughout all the barbarian countries." He also ordered the manes and tails of all his horses to be cut, and Ælian states that he cast down the walls of Ecbatana to the ground.

The modern town is chiefly remarkable for the tombs of Mordecai and Esther, which are considered sacred by the Jews of the surrounding country, who make pilgrimages to the shrines. Sir Gore Ouseley has made a translation of the Hebrew inscription on the dome, which is as follows:—"Thursday, 15th of the month Adar, in the year 4474* from the creation of the world, was finished the building of this temple over the graves of Mordecai and Esther, by the hands of the good-hearted brothers, Elias and Samuel, the sons of the deceased Ismael of Kashan." The tombs, which are of black-coloured wood, are evidently of very great antiquity; but the following verses from the Book of Esther are still legible. "Now in Shushan the palace there was a certain Jew, whose name was Mordecai, the son of Jair, the son of Shimei, the son of Kish, a Benjamite. For Mordecai the Jew was next unto King Ahasuerus, and great among the Jews, and accepted among the multitude of his brethren, seeking the wealth of his brethren, and speaking peace *to all Asia*."† The Jews at Hamadan have no tradition of the causes that led to the interment in this city of Esther and her uncle; and it is probable their bodies were removed from Susa after the death of Artaxerxes, the Ahasuerus of Scripture.

The province of Kurdistan, the Carduchia of Grecian history, contains the ruins of some noteworthy cities. Near the town of Zohaub, the seat of the Kurdish Pasha of Bajilan, a southern district of Kurdistan, are some ruins visited by Buckingham, who describes them, but who does not consider them to be the Dastagherd of antiquity, which was totally destroyed by fire by orders of Heraclius. It has been said that the present town of Zohaub occupies the site of the ancient Holwan, which was one of the abodes of Khoosroo Purveez, though geographers differ again as to this, for Macdonald Kinneir, a conscientious writer and eminent authority, has placed Holwan at a place called Albania, near the thirty-fifth degree of latitude. There are Khoords on the plains on each side of the Pass of Zagros, or the Tauk—the "arch"—in the mountains‡ of the same name, those on the west being subject to the Pasha of Zohaub, who is tributary to Baghdad, and those on the east to the Persian ruler of Kermanshah. The Khoords are the ancient Carduchians, on whose warlike qualities Diodorus, and other authors of antiquity, have expatiated.

* According to the Jewish chronology.

† In the Bible this phrase is "speaking peace to all his seed." The more general term, Asia, has probably been added by the vanity of the writer of the inscription.

‡ There were several passes in Mount Zagros, noted by the ancients as communicating between Babylon, Susa, and Ecbatana. Strabo mentions three. Over one of these Alexander marched on his return from Ecbatana to Babylon, after his expedition against the Cosseans of the mountains during the winter, with Ptolemy, his general, as detailed by Arrian (book 7, chap. xv.).

Carduchia, says the same writer, is the country through which Xenophon conducted his celebrated "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," as detailed in his "Anabasis," as he had determined, after the defeat of the younger Cyrus at Cunaxa, to avoid the barren deserts by which the Grecian army had advanced from Issus through Thapsacus on the Euphrates, to Babylon. To this day the Khoords retain their manly independence of character, so different from the inhabitants of Baghdad and the cities of Persia. Though nominally under the sway of Persia, the Waly of Ardelan still exercises the functions and enjoys the privileges of a sovereign prince. In Sennah, the capital, there are mosques and priests, the people professing the Soonnee sect of the Mohammedan religion, but it is little more than a profession, and they are governed by the usages of their ancestors, and yield obedience only to their chief, though acknowledging the paramount authority of Persia. From the time of Xenophon, who mentions their turbulence and disobedience to the mandates of the Persian monarchs, the wild tribes of Kurdistan have maintained their independence, and though they succumbed to the Macedonian phalanx, the Roman legion, the wild hordes of Timour, and the levies of Abbas the Great, and to this day acknowledge the supremacy of the Sultan and the Shah, yet their submission is little more than nominal, and they have discharged their obligations sometimes by tribute and sometimes by military service. Wild and warlike, these hardy and robust mountaineers have held their rugged hills and beautiful valleys against all permanent occupation by foreigners for twenty centuries, and the Turkish government, which claims the districts near the Tigris and in the vicinity of Baghdad, as well as the Persians, who consider themselves paramount over those to the northward and eastward of that river, alike refrain from pushing their suzerain rights to the point of maintaining garrisons or appointing rulers over a land which it would be as difficult to conquer as unprofitable to hold.



ESQUIMAUX.

Leaves from my Journal of the "Fox's" Telegraphic Voyage.—III.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

Soon after we had anchored, all the officials of the colony came on board, and great was the amount of talking that went on. The major and Olafsen had it all their own way; and amidst the din, and tobacco-smoke, the only thing that could be made out was the Danish "Yah, yah," and "telegraphum."

The barometer had at this time fallen to 28·37. Still we had no sign of bad weather; but now that we were once more safely moored, we did not feel so anxious as to the result.

In this settlement we found very pleasant society, consisting of the Governor, M. Möller, a hearty old gentleman, hospitable and gouty, and his son Carl; Mr. Hayre, a very intelligent man, who spoke English well; Mrs. Hayre, a pretty little Danish lady; Dr. and Mrs. Proche, Mr. Neison, the pastor, and Messrs. Anderson and Lytzen, with all of whom we soon became intimate.

The day after our arrival was lovely, but cold. We attempted to wash the decks, but the water froze before it could be got off, and it had to be scraped off. Young ascended the hill at the back of the colony, which is about fifteen hundred feet high, from which he obtained a fine view of the country and fiords. No ice could be seen seaward, excepting bergs, and the entrance to the fiord was free. I was so much employed that I could not visit the settlement until the next day, when, after dinner, I went on shore and saw the Governor, doctor, and pastor, and by the latter was shown the church, a nice little building, but barely large enough for the population. On the communion table was a glazed earthenware figure of the Saviour on the Cross; on one side, a picture of John baptising Christ; and on the other, Christ making Himself known to the two disciples at Emmaus. There were also three portraits in the church; one I was much interested to

see—that of the good Hans Egede, the founder of the church in Greenland; another of Egede's son, who was the first to preach to the Esquimaux in their own language; and the other I could not find out who it represented. Another ornament was a neatly-made model of a brig fully rigged, which was suspended from the roof; but what history there was attached to it I could not ascertain.

On quitting the church we visited the two burial-grounds. The old one was on the hill-side, the bodies being placed on a rock and built over, which was the old mode of disposing of the dead, the natives having a great objection to interment; but Christianity has overcome their repugnance, or superstition. The new ground is in the valley, where they bury their dead. In the old cemetery one of the tombs was partially broken down, and we could see the thigh-bones of a human being, with some pieces of sealskin, in which the body had been wrapped, still adhering to it.

I went to see the schoolmaster, who was a son-in-law of M. Motzfeldt. One of Motzfeldt's daughters played some very pretty airs on the violin; she had also caught many of the tunes of the negro melodies from the colonel singing them.

Young made all the inquiries possible respecting Igaliko Fiord from the different authorities, and learnt that it is seldom frozen over, and that it is generally free from ice, even in the depth of winter; two circumstances tending to cause this, the first being that there are no glaciers at its head to create a supply of ice, and the second, the fact that more water flows out of the fiord than flows in, and the bergs and loose ice that are driven in by the wind and tide are generally carried out by the more powerful ebb.

The resident from Nennortalik being at Julianehaab at the time of our visit, gave us some interesting particulars respecting the east coast natives, many of whom come round to Nennortalik and Fredericksthal to trade, bringing bear and seal skins, which they exchange for tobacco, knives, needles, red flannel, &c.—the last-named article being much used for adorning the women's hair, and trimming their dresses. This year more natives had been round than usual, and one family from beyond Cape Bille, which is considered a great event, for they had attempted it five successive summers, but had failed until this year. They described the east coast as being more free from ice than it has been for a long period, and they had worked their way in shore in the omiacks.



WINTER QUARTERS.

The east coast natives use the bearskin in their dress very much, and they suffer at times in the winter from starvation, and have even resorted to cannibalism, but at those times they only kill and eat the old women.

With the information received respecting this fiord, Young decided to examine it by taking the ship to the head, and also, at the request of Colonel Shaffner, to examine the country as far as the inland ice, in the event of being able to land a cable more to the southward; to ascertain the practicability of bringing the wire across to this fiord if considered advisable; and the morning of the 25th being fine, we started early, and proceeded up the fiord, sounding on our way up, M. Motzfeldt acting as our pilot. Mr. Carl Müller accompanied us, together with four women who were to accompany the travelling party as carriers.

The scenery all the way up the fiord, though barren, was grand. We were probably the first ship, certainly the first steamship, that had ever been in those waters.

When about half-way up, and we had stopped to sound, an Uskee in his kyak paddled close under the stern, and chatted away to his countrywomen on board, but at the first turn of the screw to go ahead he was greatly alarmed, thinking it was something alive, and sheered off as quickly as possible.

There are no dangers in the fiord, and the largest ship might navigate it by keeping a hundred yards from the shores. Near the head, the fiord forms into two arms, one running to the eastward, the other to the northward. We rounded the point into the east arm, but soon came to newly-formed ice, and so thick that we were stopped; it formed one sheet to the head of the arm, a distance of three or four miles. With some difficulty we backed out, and went round the point forming the delta into the north arm; here we were fortunate in getting into a nice little bay, which we named "Fox Bay," where we anchored and moored the ship to the rocks.

Preparations were now made for starting the travelling party. The whale-boat, with provisions in, was hauled up on the shore for a depôt, and to enable the party to return to Julianehaab. The next day, after an early dinner, the travelling party, consisting of Dr. Rae, Colonel Shaffner, Von Zeilau, one of the coxswains, and the four women, landed. Young and Motzfeldt accompanied them the first day's march; and the human beings filing away among the barren-looking hills had a very pretty effect.

Soon after they left, Olafsen, Woods, Siesser, and Carl Müller started in a boat for the head of the north fiord, to explore some ruins, supposed to be the ancient Brattalid, near the farm of Igaliko. This party did not succeed in reaching the farm until nightfall, and were obliged to examine the ruins by moonlight. It was very cold, so they did not remain long on the spot.

The night was a brilliant moonlight one, and from the vessel, the view at the head of the bay was very fine. Away in the interior rose the mountains of Niviarsidt and Jomfruerne, four to five thousand feet high, and which we had seen from the east coast. They now looked quite close, while all the undulations between them and the bay seemed more distinct than in the day. This lonely scene felt almost more lonely by the unearthly barking of the foxes on the shore. We had set some traps to catch them, but they were too wary.

I made a sketch survey of the bay, and obtained some very good astronomical observations. It is a very snug and pleasant spot for a yacht to anchor in; the land about it is rich in vegetation, a quantity of brushwood and dwarf willow, in many places growing to the height of two or three feet, also an abundance of juniper, and a long, coarse grass.

On my way to examine some ruins said to be in the next bay, I met Young and Motzfeldt; and as Young intended returning in the ship at once to Julianehaab, I was obliged to forego my visit and return with them.

After leaving Fox Bay, the travelling party had passed round to the northward of the high mountain which divides the two arms of the fiord, then passed down to the head of the north-east arm, opposite Kaksiarsak, and encamped in a valley there. The ground being frozen, the travelling was good, but game scarce. They only saw four ptarmigan, two foxes, and one hare on their march. Encamping, they made a good fire with dead wood, a quantity of which was found on the spot. They also discovered some ruins near, and used some of the stones to keep the tent down. The night being fine, and nine persons in the tent, they slept comfortably.

Von Zeilau had quitted Rae's party to obtain a view of the inland ice, and intended then to have gone back to the ship, but when we got to the vessel he had not returned; and, as there was no time to be lost if we intended getting to Julianehaab before dark, we left the dingy, and a man, to await his arrival and bring him down. We also sent off an Uskee with provisions for Rae, as they had found on encamping for the night that no provisions had been brought for the women, and they were consequently short.

We got away by noon, and started right down the fiord; it soon began to snow, and the weather got very thick; we kept the north-west shore on board and in sight, and reached Julianehaab just in time, for we had scarcely got the ship secured, when it became so dark and thick that we could not see a hundred yards.

We could not help thinking with some anxiety about Von Zeilau, for if he had left Rae's party to return to the ship without a compass, with the thick snow, it would be impossible for him to find his way to the boat; and even Rae and his party must be critically placed with a heavy fall of snow in the interior. The only satisfaction we had was the knowledge that, had we remained at Fox Bay, we could not have bettered his condition.

The next day, Sunday, the 28th of October, was fine, with a northerly wind. After church, I went on shore, and found every one very busy; the great event of the season—the sailing of the *Northern Light*, the Company's annual ship—was about to take place, and great was the commotion on the occasion, and great the leave-taking that was to separate the exiles from their countrymen for another year. The ship sailed at one o'clock, and the settlement sank to more than its usual quietness. The evening was lovely, and some girls singing very sweetly on the forecastle sent my thoughts far, far away.

Von Zeilau returned in the middle of the night; he had reached Fox Bay half an hour after we left, and fortunately got to the boat before the thick weather came on.

Having surveyed the upper part of the fiord, we now proceeded to examine the entrance, to make sure that we should have at least one port into which we could bring a telegraph cable; and having a fine day on Monday, we started in the vessel, for that purpose, sounding down the centre of the fiord, a proceeding by no means either easy or pleasant; the temperature being some degrees below freezing-point, the line froze as it came in, and a pile of ice formed under the reel, from the dripping.

The difficulty of fixing the position of the vessel, both in going out and returning, was great, the whole country being covered with snow; the points were not easily distinguishable, and every attempt to estimate a distance, even to an approximation, was a failure.

Returning to our moorings, we made preparations for leaving, only awaiting the arrival of our land party, about whom we could not feel comfortable, as from an eminence we could see that the fiord was frozen over from below Ekaluit, and of course it must be so to the head.

We did not lose the time thus afforded us, but made a survey of the fiord and anchorage, as far as it was practicable, but it was cold, miserable work, handling instruments and sounding with the temperature at 20°. Woods, also, with a perseverance that did him great credit, photographed everything worth photographing, although many of the negatives were spoilt by the cold, the collodion cracking; it was literally "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

A party of Moravian missionaries, with some of their wives, arrived from the south, with the intention of going to Denmark by the *Northern Light*, and were much disappointed to find that she had sailed, as they would have to wait another year. One priest, who had been disappointed three successive years, and was going home to be married, begged a passage of Young, which was granted, provided he could put up with such accommodation as we could give, which the poor fellow was quite willing to do.

As an instance of the deceptive appearance of the land as regards distance caused by the clear atmosphere, I resolved to cross to the island of Akkia, immediately opposite Julianehaab, on the summit of which I intended obtaining observations for latitude; and the position commanding an extensive view of the coast—a round of theodolite angles to all the neighbouring islands and points—I started in what I considered ample time to insure being in position before noon; but it took twice the time I calculated to get to the island, and then the Uskee guide told me it would take three hours to reach the summit, which, after the long pull, I could readily believe; so I was obliged to content myself by obtaining such observations as I could from the summit of a small hill near the fiord.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—IX.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

ENGAGEMENT AT THIÉS, AND ATTACK ON THE FORTIFIED STATION OF POUT (*continued*).

THE village of Thiés, which was surprised at daybreak on the 12th June, 1862, was quickly taken and destroyed, and 200 oxen fell into the hands of the French. The enemy, protected by a wooded tract of country, tried several times to recover the herd, but were repulsed on each occasion, and at length retired with great loss.

Throughout this expedition, led by Commander Pinet-Laprade, the men vied with one another in ardour and courage, and fought or marched for twelve hours continuously. The casualties numbered only one man killed, and twelve wounded, including M. Gillet, surgeon of the second class, and five men slightly injured. Considering the small number of men engaged, this result proves how persevering the enemy had been in his fruitless attempts to recover the herd.

The severe lesson inflicted on the village of Thiés produced the most salutary effect on the surrounding tribes. To prevent the recurrence of those plundering incursions which had rendered the expedition necessary, Commander Pinet-Laprade judged it advisable to protect the road leading from Diander to Baol and passing by Pout and Thiés.

In fact, the caravans which bring the products of Baol to the factories dependent on Goree, have to pass through a thick wood between Thiés and Pout, and they are often exposed there to the attacks of the Serers-Nones of Diobas, a very savage tribe, who, under shelter of their forests, have managed to remain independent of the neighbouring native states.

A block-house was built at Pout, for the protection of this road, in April, 1863. On the following 13th of July, the eight men who formed the garrison of this block-house, thinking the Serers would never dream of attacking them, were surprised and massacred without offering the least resistance. The block-house was sacked by the enemy, and again occupied some hours afterwards by the sergeant in charge, who had alone escaped and collected the contingents of the surrounding villages.

A new and stronger garrison, commanded by the sub-lieutenant, M. Cauvin, of the 4th Infantry (marines), and composed of twenty men of the same regiment, of two artillerymen, and ten Senegal skirmishers, was placed in this block-house, which the Serers, emboldened by their first success, prepared to attack a second time.

On the 20th August, 1863, about 500 men arrived before the block-house, and 150 of them approached and began the attack; but everybody was on the watch, so the enemy were repulsed after an action of twenty-five minutes. The Serers-Nones of Diobas suffered severe loss, which was estimated at nineteen killed and more than twenty wounded; on the French side, one skirmisher and one courier slightly wounded. This fruitless attempt proved to the natives that their efforts against this small garrisoned post were ineffectual.

The outburst of the 13th July could not, however, remain unpunished.

Colonel Laprade, chief commandant of Goree, at the head of a column of 700 regulars and 300 volunteers, having crossed the woody pass between Pout and Thiés on the 27th April, 1864, without encountering any resistance, occupied Thiés, and immediately began to construct a guard-house there.

On the morning of the 30th, the troops crossed one of the most difficult paths in the midst of the rocks and woods without striking a blow, and invaded the villages of the Serers-Nones of Diobas, these having had a share in the massacre of the little garrison.

These villages were pillaged and destroyed. The volunteers, who were alone engaged, had a few men killed and twenty wounded. Having inflicted this punishment, the troops returned to Thiés on the 1st May, and the colonel left the garrison of Goree there to finish the construction of the guard-house.

THE CAYOR EXPEDITION, 1861.

In the beginning of 1861, Cayor was the only state in Senegal with which the French had no treaty of peace; yet it extends from St. Louis to Goree, their two principal settlements on the West Coast of Africa. Up to the above year the correspondence between these two important towns had been conducted simply by a foot messenger, whose route lay along the coast. The journey, of about fifteen French leagues, he accomplished in three days.

The country of Cayor is agricultural, and affords much produce. The farmers of the revenues, when transporting this produce into the interior, were frequently pillaged or fleeced by the armed retainers* of the chiefs.

But the worst complaint that has ever been made against the Cayor government is, that the king, or "Damel," when his ordinary revenues do not sufficiently provide for his wants, and he wishes to procure horses, brandy, powder, muskets, or any other article, arrogates to himself the right of carrying off, by means of his soldiers, not only the herds of oxen and other property of his subjects, but even his subjects themselves, freemen or captives, for sale either amongst the Moors, or the inhabitants of Fouta. Hence arose a frightful depopulation, and a want of security injurious to commerce.

For a long time the French contented themselves with regretting this condition of affairs, especially as regards the kidnapping of the wretched people, which was merely another phase of the slave trade, and one which, amongst all the chiefs of Senegal, the kings of Oulof and Serer had alone preserved.

The desire to put a stop to these enormities, and to establish telegraphic communication between St. Louis and Goree, and have relays of horse-couriers and caravanserais to facilitate the land journeys between the two towns, led the French, in 1859, to propose to Damel Biraima, a treaty in which he made all these concessions. But hardly was the treaty signed, when Biraima died; and his father and successor, Damel Macodou, refused to ratify it. A military demonstration was therefore decided upon against this chief, in order to compel the execution of the treaty made with Biraima.

* These retainers are called "tiedo."

As a contest with Cayor appeared a serious undertaking, on account of the Damel's supposed strength, and the difficulties of a country in which there was no watercourse available for the revictualling of the troops, reinforcements were sent to the Governor from Algeria, in the end of December, 1860.

In order to retain the troops the shortest possible time in the colony, operations were immediately commenced; the Senegal column, which had set out from Gandiole in the morning of the 2nd of January, 1861, arrived at Benou-Mboro on the 6th.

The road lies along the course of some fresh or briny lakes and marshes, surrounded by charming oases of verdure where palm-trees predominate, and are cultivated for the sake of their palm-oil by custodians placed there by the chiefs of the countries. This belt of low-land and water, which is rather narrow, lies about one or two leagues from the coast, and contains no villages, but only a few groups of huts and flocks. Fresh water is to be found there at all seasons, near the surface of the soil. Two or three leagues from Niayes, in the direction of the interior, is Cayor, which comprises many villages, some of them very large, but having water which is found only in wells, generally very deep.

Six hundred men of the "goums"* of Oualo, commanded by Captain Azan, had been stationed on observation at Merinaghen, in case of serious hostilities being engaged in with Cayor, and 300 volunteers from the outskirts of St. Louis had taken up their position at Ker, in order to restrain, if needful, the population of Mbaouar, and to insure communication with the rear guard.

The column of Goree, under the orders of Commandant Laprade, had set out from Rufisque at three o'clock on the morning of the 4th January, and on the 7th effected a junction with that of St. Louis at Benou-Mboro. The despatch-boats *Etoile*, Captain Aube, *Africain*, Captain Lescaze, and the cutter *Ecureuil*, Captain Hamon, already arrived at Benou-Mboro, began the same day, notwithstanding the violence of the breakers on this coast, to land the provisions and stores with which they were laden, assisted by the pirogues of Guet-Ndar.

The Governor took the general command of the troops, which numbered 2,200 men. These, consisting of 380 infantry (marines), were commanded by Captain Hopffer; three companies of Algerian skirmishers, and a squadron of Spahis, numbering 100 horsemen. The mobilised militia of St. Louis had furnished 250, that of Goree 125 men. There were, besides, 300 volunteers from the suburbs of Goree. The artillery furnished two rifled guns, four mountain howitzers, two rocket-tubes, and 200 men, commanded by Major Dutemps; a *peloton* of the military train, sent from Algeria, was under Lieutenant Combalot. The captain of the Spahis of Negroni acted as chief staff-officer, M. Chassaniol was chief surgeon, Captain Sub-director Maritz, chief engineer, Assistant-Commissary Liautaud was army-commissary, and Captain Flize was entrusted with the direction of native affairs, guides, and requisitions. The column being stronger than was necessary, the volunteers from Goree were sent back to Taiba, in Diander, to take up their position there, and to insure communications with Goree.

Three or four days before, Damel Macodou, hearing of the arrival of the Governor at Tiakhmat and the approach from the south of the Goree troops, had left his capital, Mekhey, for Ndande, eight leagues* to the north-east. He summoned his warriors around him, declaring that he took this step, not for the purpose of making war on the white man, but for the conquest of Baol, a neighbouring country, which he wished to annex



NATIVE TYPES—SENEGAL.

* "Goum," a contingent furnished by every Arab tribe for military expeditions.

* A French league is equal to 2·42 English miles.

to his own, as had been done in the time of several of his predecessors. From Ndande, he wrote to the Governor to say that he was astonished to see him enter his country with an army; that if he desired anything, he might ask it, and not take it by force, and that if these observations were not agreeable to him, they should meet again, God willing.

After replying to this letter by reproaching the Damel for having broken his promises, and violated a treaty signed by his predecessor, the Governor hastened to place troops in the guard-house at Mboro, in order that he might have his supplies and his sick there, and set out at five o'clock on the morning of the 12th, for Mekhey, the residence of Macodou, where he arrived on the 13th, after having bivouacked during the night of the 12th–13th at Diati.

The distance from Diati to Mekhey is only a two hours' march. Water is abundant in both these villages, which have several large wells. But, this same night of the 12th–13th, Macodou, hearing of the arrival of the French at Diati, and believing that they were marching towards him, escaped from Ndande in great haste, and took refuge at Ntaggar, which is eight leagues distant.

To withdraw eight leagues every time the French moved towards him was not the way to encounter his enemies in battle. But, in fact, Macodou had completely changed his plans, for he now wrote to the Governor that he would grant all he wished, but that he begged him to advance no further into the country, and to await his envoys at Mekhey, or rather at Mboro.

About the same time there arrived at Pire (a village situated about ten leagues south of Mekhey) the King of Djiolof, Silmakha Dieng, and Beur-Guet, a pretender to the throne of Cayor, with their forces, for the purpose of exciting the country against Macodou. This threatened greatly to complicate matters, so the Governor, believing it sufficiently proved that the Damel would not wait for him, and fearing to plunge Cayor into a civil war, whence could only result great losses to commerce without any compensating advantages, declared to these two chiefs that he was not at war with the Damel, and that he would in no wise encourage their enterprise; and wrote to the Damel that since he confessed he could not resist him, and granted all his demands, the troops would return to the sea in order to continue the construction of armed posts.

In a march of eight hours, from four p.m. to midnight on the 13th, the column returned to Mboro, and remained there during the 14th and 15th. Silmakha-Dieng and Beur-Guet re-entered Baol, and the former returned shortly after to Djiolof.



ASSAULT ON THE FORT OF DINA.

On the 16th of January, at five o'clock in the morning, the French troops set out for Mbidjen, the second station, and arrived there on the 19th, at nine a.m. The column was now only 1,500 strong, the rest of the men having been left behind at Mboro as superfluous.

On the 19th and 20th, the despatch-boat *Etoile* landed provisions and stores at Cayor, with the help of the pirogues of Yof, notwithstanding the dangers of this anchorage. The whole was transported from Cayor to Mbidjen, a distance of six kilomètres,* by the troops and beasts of burden.

On the 21st, at six a.m., judging that Commandant Laprade did not need his co-operation, the Governor again left Mboro with one half of his column, leaving the troops of the Goree

* A kilomètre is equal to 1,000 mètres, and as a mètre is equal to 39·37 inches, a kilomètre measures 0·62 of an English mile.

garrison and the Algerian skirmishers to construct the guard-house under the direction of Captain Fulcraud, a task which occupied two days.

At nine o'clock on the 22nd of January, the Governor arrived at Mboro, and, considering that peace was secured, immediately sent back to St. Louis the mobilised militia. It was ascertained that the Damel, with his united forces, had gone to Batal, south-west of Ntaggar, in the direction of Baol, which he wished to attack, but that the chiefs of his army were unwilling to make war upon Baol. Besides, all the country was perfectly quiet, and the caravans still continued to travel over it.

A garrison of fifty men was therefore left at Mboro, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd, the troops, to the number of 700 men, set out to return to St. Louis, and on the way the Governor intended to make choice of a site for the third guard-house. He fixed upon Lampoul, which is nearly half-way between Gandiole and Mboro, ten kilomètres from the sea, and in very good condition. On the 27th, at half-past two in the afternoon, they had returned to Gandiole.

The squadron of Spahis commanded by Captain Baussin, with Captain Flize, making a détour, had passed by Dianaour, the chief town of Mbaouar, in order to threaten this district, which at times showed itself turbulent.

Commandant Laprade's column, after having passed by the closed village of Sognofil, with a similar intent, had re-entered Dakar on the 26th. The expedition being carried on during the month of January, the health of the men was greatly tried by the extreme chill and dampness of the nights at this season. Those who were without cloth trousers or blankets suffered much, and frequently fell ill of diarrhœa. In December and January, cloth trousers are a necessity, though perhaps they may be rather oppressive during the mid-day heat. As to blankets, they are too great a burden for the men, who have to carry their arms, ammunition, and sometimes their provisions.

In most of the large villages of Cayor there are wells which are capable of supplying a column of 1,500 men; at all events, wells are always to be found at a short distance for watering the animals.

After this expedition, a project of a treaty of peace was sent to Macodou, who returned it signed on February 9th, with a letter full of protestations of friendship and promises to execute scrupulously the stipulated conditions.*

* The following is the original of this treaty:—

"Art. 1.—The Governor of Senegal assures to the Damel, on all the frontiers of Cayor, the receipt of his export duties on the produce of this country, as fixed by the customary tariff.

"Art. 2.—The frontier of Cayor extends to Vindé-Bourli in the north, to Tanma in the south.

"Art. 3.—All the coast between Niayes and the sea is French. Niayes, between Vindé-Bourli and Tanma, remains the property of the Damel.

"Art. 4.—The Damel guarantees perfect security on the road from St. Louis to Goree, passing by Lampoul, Mboro, and Mbidjen, to couriers, solitary travellers, caravans, and detachments of troops.

"Art. 5.—French subjects and their allies shall find throughout Cayor, for themselves and for their property, the same protection that the subjects of the Damel find in our settlements.

"Art. 6.—The Damel promises no longer to sell any of his free subjects, also no longer to allow his tiedo to attack any village, with the sole purpose of pillaging it. He will no longer make slaves of the foreigners who pass through his country.

"Act. 7.—In compensation for the territories we annex, and which include the salt-works of Gandiole (these salt-works will afford the colony a considerable annual revenue), the Damel will receive:—1st, Acquittal of all the sums he owes for former pillages in Cayor; 2nd, Three fine horses; 3rd, 100,000 francs in silver or in merchandise.

"Art. 8.—If the Damel governs his states wisely, the Governor promises him his help against any of his subjects who may revolt, and even against his foreign enemies."

On the 12th of February, Lieutenant-Colonel Faron, having under his orders 200 infantry (marines), 300 skirmishers of Senegal, 100 artillerymen, and 100 engineers, was sent to carry on the construction of the third station, that of Lampoul, under the direction of Captain Gazel of the engineers. The *Étoile* proceeded to land the stores on the coast, and the transport across country for nearly three leagues was very laborious, but the difficulties were happily surmounted, and the column returned in good health to St. Louis, on the 21st of February. At the same time the material for the telegraph arrived, and the line between St. Louis and Goree was immediately commenced.

OPERATIONS ON THE CASAMANZA.

Below Goree is the mouth of the Casamanza, where the French have tolerably important commercial interests. The Lower Casamanza has been completely subject to them since the month of March, 1860.

In November of the same year, M. Parchappe, midshipman, commanding the small despatch-boat *Griffon*, had inflicted a severe lesson on the Balantes, a nearly savage tribe half-way up the course of the river, destroying, with a handful of men, and after a long and well-contested action, their principal village, Couniara.

This officer had twenty-four men killed or wounded, and himself received a slight wound in the chest. Twenty Balantes had remained in the village, and the tribe had acceded to a treaty.

There was yet revenge to be taken in Upper Casamanza, upon the large Mussulman negro villages of Souna, for a series of outrages and violence which had lasted many years. In 1855, the people of Bouniadiou had pillaged French vessels and massacred the crews. In 1860, they had treacherously carried off Lieutenant Falin, who had unsuspectingly disembarked on their coast. In 1856, the people of Sandinieri had robbed the French factories, and in 1860, they had insolently declared to the commandant of Goree that they would not execute the treaties which they had themselves signed. At the end of the same year, Diondoubou took part in a theft of 2,500 francs in Sedhiou itself, and at length, on the 5th of February, 1861, the inhabitants of Bouniadiou, a village of Pacao, on the right bank, robbed the French revenue-farmers to the value of 10,000 francs.

In these and other troubles in Senegambia, the Marabouts were generally found to have acted the part of fomenters. When Mohammedanism in its most corrupt phase superseded the ancient idolatrous worship which formed the only religion of the inhabitants of these regions, a sect of propagandists called Marabouts sprung into existence. This priestly order, which has been so frequently referred to in preceding pages, was of so extended a character as to include whole tribes, and so insidious in its influence as to gain adherents wherever their ramifications extended. The Père Labat,* one of the first and most reliable of European writers on this region, after describing the modest and sedate exterior of the Marabouts,

* See tome i., chap. xx.

which is merely assumed before strangers, adds :—"But when we remove the veil and penetrate into their private conduct and real sentiments, all is found to be *mere* hypocrisy, dissimulation, avarice, cruelty, ingratitude, superstition, and ignorance. In vain do you look for any of the moral virtues among them—faith, honour, and a regard for their engagements, they have no idea of. They are a set of Mohammedan Pharisees, who look upon external virtue as the means and necessary instrument of secret fraud, drunkenness, and every vice that can debase the human heart."

To return to the instance of their evil machinations under consideration. The Governor, having determined to put an end to the depredations to which his people were subjected, ordered M. Pinet-Laprade, chief of the engineering battalion, and commandant of Goree, to proceed to the Casamanza with his garrison, reinforced by three companies of Algerian skirmishers just then in the colony, and commanded by Captain Béchade.

On the 5th of February, 1861, he left Goree with the despatch-boats *Dialmath*, *Africain*, *Grand Bassam*, and *Griffon;* the cutter *Ecureuil*, the schooner *Fourmi*, and the *Trombe*. The flotilla was commanded by Lieutenant Vallon, of the *Dialmath*.

On the 10th, at seven a.m., the troops disembarked, to the number of 700 men, opposite Sedhiou, marched on Sandinieri, and carried this village at the point of the bayonet, notwithstanding the vigorous defence of the inhabitants, by driving them step by step into the thick woods which surround the village. The French had only four wounded in this affair, while the enemy left behind them twenty killed and fifty prisoners.

Soon after, a retaliatory attack of the Mandingoes was victoriously repulsed by the French. Captain Millet, with 150 infantry (marines), had by an indirect movement attacked the enemy in the flank, whilst the skirmishers charged them in front.

All was over before eleven o'clock, and at that hour, when the heat was stifling, about twenty soldiers, who had been to the river to quench their thirst, were suddenly surrounded by the contingents of the right bank, who came, though rather late, to the help of the Sandinieri. The marine infantry and the Algerian skirmishers flew to their arms, and, quick as thought, they in their turn surrounded the assailants and threw into the river those they did not kill on the spot. The party which had been surrounded lost, before the arrival of this reinforcement, three men killed and two officers severely wounded by sabre and axe blows.

The next day, Commandant Laprade, leaving Lieutenant Vallon with sixty *laptots* and 100 marines in the village of the revenue-farmers of Sandinieri, to protect it, if needful, and to guard the flocks taken the day before, directed Captain Fulcraud to destroy Diondoubou, with the Algerian skirmishers, and 100 men of the marines and artillery, commanded by Captain Prieur. The operation succeeded perfectly, notwithstanding the resistance of the enemy, who made an offensive movement which was repulsed by the company of Captain Pontecoulaut, and the column returned to Sandinieri about one o'clock, having left at six in the morning. While this was going on, the *Griffon*, in order to make a diversion, had burnt the village of Niagabar.

In the afternoon, the company of the 2nd regiment of Algerian skirmishers (Captain Girard), having turned aside some few hundred mètres to render the last duties to a dead comrade, received a lively discharge of musketry from the neighbouring thickets. Happy in finding an occasion to avenge their comrade, the skirmishers, aided by the *laptots* and a section of infantry, rushed into the woods, surrounded a party of the enemy, and killed a good number of them.

This was the last episode in the resistance of the people of Souna.

On the 12th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, notwithstanding the offers of submission, the village of Bouniadiou was burnt, the inhabitants having abandoned it at the approach of the French.

On the following day (13th), the chiefs of the left bank (Souna), and the right bank (Pacao and Yacine), came to offer their submission to the commandant of Goree, begging for peace and protesting the most entire submission. Pardon was granted them on conditions very advantageous to the French.*

In all these skirmishes, the enemy had left a hundred dead on the field. The French had in all but four killed and fifteen wounded.

OPERATIONS IN SINE AND SALUM.

The French had likewise to take revenge for acts of pillage and violations of treaties in the kingdoms of Sine and Salum.

Immediately upon his return from the Casamanza, Commandant Laprade, with his garrison, reinforced by three companies of Algerian skirmishers, entered the kingdom of Salum.

On the 3rd March, 1861, he carried the capital by surprise, and, without striking a blow, took 300 prisoners; amongst them the whole royal family (about thirty persons, men, women, and children).

The King of Salum quickly sued for peace.

The column next moved on Diakhao, the capital of Sine, and the king of this country hastily accepted all French conditions, in order to induce them to quit his capital.

Thus, in one week, the expedition was happily concluded, and the two kings swore in future faithfully to execute the treaties; they also paid fines and gave hostages. The troops returned to Goree on the 11th March; and, notwithstanding the overwhelming heat, left no stragglers in the enemy's hands.

The result of this surprise was to raise French prestige and influence, while commercial operations were everywhere immediately reopened.

EXPEDITIONS TO CAYOR, 1861–64.

In a previous chapter appeared an account of the expedition undertaken in January, 1861, against the King of Cayor, which resulted in his signing a treaty of peace on the 9th of February.

* The following is the original text of the treaty signed with these chiefs :—

"Art. 1.—Souna acknowledges the sovereignty of France.

"Art. 2.—Any French subject may settle in Souna, purchasing from the inhabitants any land which he requires. He may cut down without charge all the wood he needs for his establishment and boats. No foreigner may settle in Souna without the authorisation of the French Government.

"Art. 3.—Frenchmen and foreigners trading in Souna will be subject only to the charges agreed upon by the French authorities.

"Art. 4.—Souna is to restore immediately all plundered articles, and pay 5,000 francs as a war tax.

"Art. 5.—As a guarantee for the execution of this treaty, Souna will deliver up as hostages four of the sons of its principal chiefs.

"Art. 6.—All anterior conditions are abrogated."

But treaties of peace are valueless in the eyes of all African potentates, and this case was no exception. Scarcely was the ink of the treaty dry, than Macodou violated its provisions; and accordingly the Governor of Senegal determined to chastise him. He set out from St. Louis on the 5th of March, 1861, accompanied by the garrison of that town, to which he added 300 men of the militia. The weather was very unfavourable, and for ten days a burning wind from the east constantly harassed the troops. After a two days' march, however, they arrived at the station of Lampoul, not far from which the armed retainers (*tiedos*) of the malcontent chief had, two days before, carried off some cattle belonging to Foulahs under French protection, killing or wounding three men; on the other hand, Lieutenant Joyau, the station commandant, shot four armed spies who had been seen prowling about his station.

Having started in the night from Lampoul, the column advanced direct upon the capital of Cayor, Nguiguis, where the Damel had sent word he was awaiting them. The troops spared the first villages, Kab and Robnane, which were inhabited by inoffensive people.

After leaving Robnane, they came to the villages of the guilty *tiedo*; these were burnt. The column arrived on the 9th at the well of Nkel, the centre of Cayor, two kilomètres from Nguiguis. This excellent well, thirty mètres deep, supplies several neighbouring villages.

The Damel had retired to Niasse, in the south-east, instead of waiting for the troops, as he had promised.

This day and the next, on the march from Nkel to Mekhey, the usual residence of the Damel, the troops burnt all the villages within reach, to the number of twenty-five, including Nguiguis, without show of resistance. The *tiedo* taken with arms in their hands were killed.

Arrived at Mekhey on the 10th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the French laid waste the village, and amongst other buildings, the habitations of the Damel; they also took 400 prisoners, the greater number of whom were, however, immediately released by the Governor.

Here they learnt that the *tiedo* had rallied around their king, and had begun to hold themselves in readiness for an attack; but it did not take place at Mekhey.

In the afternoon, continuing their march on Mboro, the troops encamped at Diati. In the evening, just at the time of posting the guard, they were sharply attacked by a reconnoitring party of the enemy's cavalry. After a moment of confusion, which generally takes place when young and half-disciplined soldiers first come under fire, the French troops regained their equanimity. The Spahis vigorously charged the enemy, and continued the pursuit, after having killed twenty or thirty men. The squadron had three men wounded, one mortally, and two horses lost; also, one man had been killed, and another wounded, in the camp, at the time of the attack. Some prisoners who had been retained had profited by the occasion and escaped.

The night was calm. Seeing that the *tiedo* had decided to fight, the Governor, instead of setting out the next day for Mboro, waited for them at Diati.

Since the morning, cavalry had been sighted on all sides. The artillery fired upon them when the parties were sufficiently numerous, and at an easy distance.

In the middle of the day, the militia being at the second well of Diati, one kilomètre from the camp, they believed themselves threatened by the enemy's cavalry, the number of which was increasing. The squadron was sent to give aid, if necessary. It again encountered the *tiedo*, who were bravely awaiting it, charged them, and killed fifteen of the cavalry. Captain Baussin, whose men were too much dispersed, seeing two parties of Senegal skirmishers coming to his assistance, then gave the rallying-word. Three of his men were wounded, and two horses fell into the enemy's hands. Lieutenant Merlet had his cap pierced by a ball. The skirmishers, under the orders of Captain Ringot, drove the enemy, with the help of the militia who were sent to reinforce them, nearly a league from the camp; and when Lieutenant-Colonel Faron himself approached, with the rest of the battalion and a piece of artillery, to engage them, the enemy had completely disappeared. One French soldier had been killed. The enemy left several dead on the field of battle.

About half-past five in the evening occurred a serious attack upon the French camp by the Damel's army, commanded by the Fara-Seuf, Dao-Coumba, Dior, and other chiefs. Masses of cavalry coming from Mekhey, defiled within reach of the guns, opposite the first line of the French camp, where the infantry were posted, and moved on as they approached, until they faced the flank, that of the Senegal sharpshooters. There they resolutely advanced on the troops. Lieutenant-Colonel Faron received orders to lead his battalion 200 mètres in advance of the front line, and opened a heavy fire on the enemy at a short range, whilst a rifled gun, under Captain Allier, who was stationed in an angle, fired at them volleys of grape, with terrible effect.

After an engagement of three-quarters of an hour, the enemy scattered and disappeared, whilst the darkness of night prevented pursuit.

Two parties of riflemen belonging to the 4th Regiment, having changed from the front to the left, had taken part in the latter part of the action, in which there were only three men wounded.

The enemy then retired to the village of Mekhey, and during the night the killed and wounded were carried from Diati to this place.

The state of supplies and the fatigue of the troops unfortunately not permitting a march into the interior, and the Governor, thinking the lesson given to the *tiedo* sufficient, ordered the troops to depart the next morning very early, according to custom, for Mboro, where they did not arrive till eleven o'clock, after a march of eight hours. As the report of a single gun is capable of throwing into disorder a column of half-disciplined troops preparing to set out on a night march, the usual ringing of bells at the moment of departure was avoided, but once *en route*, the customary bells were heard, as the column no longer feared an attack.

Upon the arrival of the troops at Mboro, about ten of the enemy's cavalry were seen observing their march from the heights. A few of the Pouls fired upon them, and put them to flight; which made it evident to the troops that the day after the engagement of the 11th, some of the cavalry had come from Mekhey to prowl about the neighbourhood of Diati. Suffering as they had done the day before, they certainly would not have ventured near if they had seen the French, but finding no one, they profited by the occasion to go and recount to the Damel the most incredible things; they boasted that they had



FERRY OVER THE UPPER NIGER.

beaten the French, massacred them and thrown them into the sea; and that the Governor and his principal officers were killed. The unfortunate Damel, completely duped by these inventions, immediately divided his army into two bodies, in order to intercept the retreat of some white men who had escaped from Diati, upon Goree and St. Louis. These two corps were also to surprise the two guard-houses of Mboro and Lampoul, and destroy them. But the *tiedo* instructed to accomplish these great things were the same who had been so roughly handled by the French at Diati; and not a single man of them was seen, either by the troops on their return from Mboro to St. Louis, or by those stationed at the guard-houses. All the villages of Cayor were mourning their dead. The village of Mekhey alone had lost twenty-five, and that of Diati thirteen men; the total loss can be imagined from this statement. Several distinguished chieftains were numbered with the dead; amongst others the head of the army, who was killed or else very seriously wounded.

After a day's rest at Mboro, the column returned by Lampoul to St. Louis. The troops were greatly fatigued, and the horses had been in want of barley for the last three days, and consequently suffered much.

On their return, the French captured about 500 oxen; but the *tiedo*, some days previously, had taken about the same number from the allies of the French in the neighbourhood of Ker, four leagues from Gandiole.

During the whole expedition, twenty men only had been killed or wounded on the French side. The corps which had had most opportunity of distinguishing themselves were the Spahis, in their two splendid charges; the Senegal skirmishers, who repelled the principal attack; and the artillery, commanded by M. Dutemps, by the accuracy of their firing. The militia had also behaved very well on the 11th. The engineers, who had already constructed the guard-houses with wonderful rapidity, supplied the reconnoitring parties, and secured the use of wells, which was very important for an expedition in Cayor. The detachment of the train of Algeria was most helpful.

After this expedition, which had cost Cayor so dear, it was hoped that both parties would now keep quiet; and the Governor decided, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the council of administration, to undertake no further expeditions against Cayor without fresh provocations.

Unfortunately this inaction only emboldened the Damel and his party. Having taken up his position at Ndiakher, at least twenty leagues from Gandiole, he announced that he would recollect his troops and fight, if the French again entered his country; or, on the other hand, would destroy Gandiole. In spite of a strong garrison placed at Gandiole, these threats influenced in a deplorable manner the French subjects and allies.

It was soon ascertained that the well of Guéoul, appropriated by the French, had been cleaned by the Damel's orders, which showed that he intended going there with his army, preparatory to entering Ndiambour, and establishing himself at Nguik. This, together with overtures of alliance with the Trarza, and a slightly seditious manifestation which had taken place at Nder, in Oualo, in favour of the former state of things, and of which a partisan of Ely had been the principal promoter, indicated that the situation was sufficiently grave. The French remained inactive, from a reluctance to resume hostilities, on account of fears, perhaps chimerical. Soon, however, there remained no possibility of hesitation. On the 3rd of April—the same day on which the Governor had been to Gandiole to receive news of Cayor, and to order the departure of a convoy of provisions for the new stations—three of the enemy's chiefs fell upon Gandiole, by order of the Damel, with about sixty men—of whom forty were cavalry—appropriated a herd of 190 oxen, burnt a hut, killed one man, and wounded and carried off two others.

On the morning of the following day, the garrison troops and the three companies of Algerian sharpshooters, set out with the Governor from St. Louis, and being joined by the garrison of Gandiole, bivouacked that night at Ker; and the next day, at nine a.m., came up with the guilty band at Keur-Alimbeng, fifteen leagues from St. Louis, killed sixteen men, and took five prisoners. At the same time they pillaged and burnt the neighbouring villages, which had for some time been accessory to the misdeeds of the *tiedo*, and had been warned and threatened many times. The *tiedo* who managed to escape fled towards Guéoul.

The column started the following night for this village, where it arrived about ten o'clock. No one was found there; the forces which the Damel had assembled having escaped with the remains of the company beaten at Keur-Alimbeng.

In less than three days, the troops arrived within twenty-three leagues of St. Louis.

The well that the enemy's troops had cleaned was now of great use. The French were in an excellent position, covering Ndiambour, and hoping to have a decisive engagement with the Damel, since he was only a half-day's march from them at Ndiakher, where he pretended, during more than three weeks, that he was re-assembling his army to fight.

The French governor now sent 1,000 volunteers to destroy the villages in the neighbourhood of Guéoul, and the province of Mbaouar, keeping with himself only 1,000 men. But this was in vain; it was ascertained that certain chiefs of the Diambours, or "free men" of Cayor, had declared to the Damel that they would not make war upon the white men, and that, consequently, the Damel was reduced to inaction, and had retired eastwards to Taggar. On the other side, circumstances were not favourable for the column in advance to go into action at that time; information concerning the wells not being sufficiently certain, any more than the estimates of distances, and the nature of the soil.

During the three days passed at Guéoul, the volunteers took some important prizes in Mbaouar and its environs, amongst others, more than 1,000 oxen and some prisoners. They carried off their spoil to Gandiole.

At Guéoul, the well, forty mètres deep, scarcely supplied the troops. The soldiers were rationed, and the animals could only be allowed an insufficient quantity of water. Every one suffered from thirst.

In the evening of the 8th of April, the troops continued their march to Keur-Alimbeng. At the moment of departure, some horsemen approached the bivouac, either intentionally or in the belief that the troops had left. When they came near one of the French outposts, they fired two or three shots. The Spahis gave chase, and brought back one of their horses.

The column arrived at two o'clock a.m. at Keur-Alimbeng, much fatigued, and suffering greatly from thirst. They rested there the next day, having still some hope of meeting with the

enemy, as an appointment had been made by means of a prisoner sent back the day before. But nothing was seen of the enemy, and the troops returned the next day to Ker. A party of the troops afterwards returned to St. Louis and Gandiole; and the construction of a guard-house at Potou, five leagues beyond Gandiole, was immediately begun by the others, under the direction of the head of the engineering battalion, M. Maritz. This station forms a part of the telegraph line from St. Louis to Goree, and serves at the same time as a protection to Gandiole and its agricultural districts.

As a result of this expedition, it would seem from intelligence subsequently received from Cayor, that discord reigned amongst the chiefs of that country. The Damel accused the free men of leaving their country undefended; and these latter retorted by reproaching him for not placing himself at their head, as did the French governor, who always himself led his troops into action. To this the Damel replied that such was not the custom, but that the kings of Cayor ought always to be far removed from the battle-field, and that, if they desired him to lead them, it must be from an intention to betray and abandon him, in order finally to get rid of him. Envoys from the chiefs of the free tribes proceeded to St. Louis, and it appeared as if the people of Cayor began to appreciate the fact of their utter powerlessness against the French, and to perceive how dearly they had to pay for their aggressions on their white neighbours. It was considered that the obstinacy of Macodou was the chief obstacle in the way of this peace; and in order to induce the people to nominate another Damel, the sale of arms and munitions of war for transport to Cayor was prohibited, preparatory to the stoppage of all trade with the country. In May, of the same year, a further step was taken in this direction by Colonel Faron, proclaiming king at Mboul the same Madiodio who, in 1856, had pretended to the throne as "Diaoudine," or chief of the Diambours, or free men of Cayor, to whom belongs the privilege of electing the Damel in a general assembly of the nation. Sanguine hopes were entertained that, with a king nominated by the French governor of Senegal, it might be possible progressively to ameliorate the anarchic condition of affairs in Cayor. But it soon became manifest that Madiodio, chosen by the foreigner, and governing under foreign direction, was sure to have the national party as his antagonists, and would, therefore, need French assistance, as his only troops were *tiedos*, whose pay was the plunder they could lay hands on. Madiodio, in order to please the French, and ensure the continuance of their protection, tried to put a stop to the plunder, but this caused him the loss of all but a handful of his adherents. At the head of the opposing party was Lat-Dior, a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age, step-brother of the young Damel, Biraima III., and son of Prince Silmakha-Diop, governor of the province of Guet. Lat-Dior revolted against Madiodio, who, suffering a defeat, was forced to seek refuge, on the 27th of January, 1862, in the fortified station of Lampoul.

As soon as he was informed of these events, the new Governor of Senegal, Captain Jauréguiberry, who had scarcely been two months in the colony, marched on Ndande with a column of 550 men. It had become necessary to show plainly that treaties were not to be slighted, and to put down, without loss of time, a revolution, the results of which might have been the destruction of French influence, of the commercial hopes of the year, and of the order which was but just established in Cayor.

The desired end appeared to be attained. Surprised by the quick movements of the column, the rebels laid down their arms without a blow, and submitted themselves to the decisions of France. Madiodio's authority was for the time being re-established, and in order more easily to watch over the interests of the colony, and to open up to trade a fresh channel of communication with the interior of Cayor, the Governor concluded with Madiodio and the principal Khangams a treaty, in which the king engaged to open a road between Ndande and Potou, which passed through ten large villages; and to protect the property and persons of all the French and the caravans which might frequent that road.

Cayor ceded to France, with every right of ownership, a territory 500 mètres square, situated about 200 mètres from the well of Ndande, and suitable for the construction of warehouses or other buildings necessary for the works which France might have to carry on in order to fulfil her engagements with the king. Apart from this cession, the frontiers remained as they had been fixed by the treaty of February, 1861.

The Diaoudine* Samba-Maram-Khay, a very powerful chief, signed these new conditions with Madiodio and the Governor.

The latter then, with an escort of cavalry, effected his return to Goree by Diander; the greater number of the men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Faron, encamped some days longer in Cayor, and returned to St. Louis when the country appeared perfectly quiet.

* The "Diaoudine," on a vacancy occurring in the throne, names the new king, or "Damel," in a general assembly of the people; hence he stands next the sovereign in political importance.

An Australian Search Party.—V.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

HOW WE EXPLORED THE MACALISTER RIVER.

THE reader who has been good enough to follow me so far, will see that hitherto our efforts had been unattended with the slightest success, and that the fate of the missing schooner and her living freight still remained buried in the deepest mystery. To say that we were not disheartened by our numerous disappointments would be untrue, for we well knew that each closing day rendered our chances of affording relief to the survivors more and more difficult; so much so, in fact, that at the council assembled to discuss the matter in the large dining-

room of the hotel, several voices urged the expediency of abandoning any further attempts. Much valuable time, they remarked, had been already expended by men to whom time represented money, nay more—the means of living. Their own avocations imperiously demanded their presence, and although they were the last men in the world to desert their fellow-beings in extremity, still, in a country where every man lived by the sweat of his own brow, self-interest could not be entirely sacrificed.

Even we, who were most anxious to organise another expedition, could not but acknowledge that the searchers had much justice on their side; but when we were discussing matters in



AUSTRALIANS IN CAMP.

rather a despondent tone, a new ally came to the front in the person of Jack Clarke, the horse-breaker.

"Where do you propose going next?" he asked Dunmore.

"We must search the ranges at the back of the township first, and another party must go up the Macalister River," was the reply.

"Need both parties start at the same time?"

"The chances of success would, of course, be greater if they did," replied the officer, "but still it is not absolutely necessary."

"Well," said Jack, "suppose you take the pilot boat, and go up the river, which will take much longer to explore than the ranges; and, at the end of a week, we shall have got our own affairs pretty straight, and will beat all the country at the back, and join you on the Macalister. What do you think of that, mates?" he added, turning to the company. "Won't that suit us all?"

"Capitally!" was echoed from every side, and after sundry drinks the party broke up; Dunmore and I hastening to make immediate preparations for our new trip.

The Macalister River was at this time most imperfectly known; for, lying to the extreme north of Rockingham Bay, its fertile banks had hitherto attracted little or no attention; the great sugar industry being then comparatively in its infancy in Queensland. A dangerous bar at its mouth, over which heavy rollers were always breaking, made pleasure-seekers rather shy of attempting its entry, more particularly as the muddy mangrove flats held out small hope of aught save mosquitoes and blacks. Since then, the sugar-cane has become one of the chief sources of wealth to the colony, and, in the search for land adapted to its growth, the Macalister was not likely to remain long in obscurity. Along its beautiful banks were discovered many thousands of acres of magnificent black soil country, without a stick of timber to impede the plough, over which a furrow, miles in length, could have been turned without an inch of deviation being necessary.

Where the wretched bark *gunyah* of the native stood, is now found the well-finished house of the planter; and where the savage pastimes of the *bora* ground once obtained, and the smoke from cannibal fires curled slowly upwards to the blue vault of heaven, is heard the cheerful ring of the blacksmith's hammer, the crack of the bullock-whip, as the team moves slowly onward beneath the weight of seven-feet canes, and the measured throb of machinery from the factory, where the crushed plant is yielding up its sweets between the inexorable iron crushers. In this, our newest world, improvements when once

set afoot, proceed with marvellous celerity, and a turn of Fortune's wheel may in a single year convert a howling wilderness into a flourishing township. But I find myself digressing again, and, resisting rambling thoughts, must revert to our preparations for the morrow.

The meeting at which we had just been present, took place on the morning following our return from the search on Hinchinbrook Island; and not only was another day indispensable for the arrangements that were necessary, but we also felt that one more night of comfortable rest would render us better able to encounter the fatigues of the coming expedition. Only bushmen and explorers can appreciate the intense enjoyment of a night of unbroken rest between the sheets, after knocking about for a length of time, catching sleep by snatches, and never knowing the luxury of undressing. Turning in about as many as the boat could carry comfortably. A rendezvous had been arranged on a known portion of the river; the other expedition was to start in seven days; and, according to our programme, if all went well, we should meet on the tenth, or on the eleventh day at furthest.

The sea-breeze was blowing steadily, cresting the tiny waves which sparkled in the hot sun as they broke into foam, and under its grateful coolness we glided comfortably along, with a flowing sheet. The bar at the mouth of the Macalister was eighteen miles distant, and we hoped to cross it about sunset, when the breeze would have dropped, and the passage through the surf would be readily distinguishable; but our plans were completely upset by one of the troopers espying smoke issuing from the scrub on a small creek, that entered the bay about half-way between the town and the Macalister.



KANGAROO.



ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS.

like a trooper's horse, "all standing," as the nautical phrase is, may be an expeditious method of courting the sleepy god, but it certainly is not the best for shaking off fatigue. Bound up in the garments you have carried all day, the muscles are unable to relax to their full, the circulation of the blood is impeded, and your slumber, though deep, is not refreshing; more particularly when—as had happened to us on this last trip—our boots were so soaked that we were afraid to take them off, lest we should find it impossible to struggle into them in the morning. Dunmore's camp was also some distance from the township, and he had to visit it to find out how matters had gone on in his absence, to get another trooper in the place of poor Cato, and to replenish his exhausted wardrobe and ammunition.

But I will not occupy the reader with all these minor details, nor with the numberless little trifles that it devolves upon the leader of such an expedition to remember, suffice it to say that by noon on the following day, all our preparations were completed, and we shoved off from the beach in high spirits, the party consisting this time of nine, viz, Dunmore, the pilot, two boatmen, Lizzie, three troopers, and myself,

"We had better have a look in here," said Dunmore, "there is no knowing where we may stumble on some information."

Accordingly, the helm was put up, and we ran into the mouth of the inlet, with the wind right aft. Beaching the boat on the soft sand, we sprang out, and advanced cautiously in the direction of the smoke, but, after several minutes of scrambling, we reached the fire only to find it deserted, its original proprietors having seen our sudden alteration of course, and sought the safety of the dense bush, where further search would have been useless.

"Now that we are on shore," said Dunmore, "let us make a billy full of tea; it won't take long. Here, you boys, get 'em like 'it waddy to make 'em fire."

The troopers and Lizzie dispersed in quest of fuel; Ferdinand walking up the bank of the creek, where he was soon lost to sight. A loud coo'eh from that direction soon brought us to the spot from whence it issued, and we found the boy staring at several pieces of timber sticking out of the sand.

"Big fellow canoe been sit down here," he said, on our approach, and examining the protruding stumps, we soon saw

enough to convince us that the boy was right, and that we were in the presence of a vessel, wrecked, or abandoned, Heaven only knows how many years ago. With our hands, with pint pots, with a spade we had brought with us—mindful of the difficulty we had experienced in finding a resting-place for poor Cato—with every utensil, in fact, that ingenuity could devise, we set to work clearing away the sand that had accumulated round the old ribs. Suddenly, the tin rim of one of the pots gave back a ringing sound, as if it had struck against metal, and in less than a minute, a much rusted cannon-shot was exposed to view, and passed round from hand to hand. It was of small size, weighing, perhaps, five pounds, though its dimensions were evidently much decreased by the wasting action of damp.

"By Jove!" said Dunmore, "perhaps she was a Spanish galleon, and we shall come across her treasure. Won't that be a find, eh, old fellow?"

"She's more likely a pirate," I answered, as visions of the old buccaneers floated through my brain; and Edgar Poe's fanciful story of the "Gold Beetle" occurring to me, I sung out, "Whatever you do, keep any parchment you stumble across," and abandoned myself to thoughts of untold wealth, whilst I wielded a quart pot with the energy born of mental excitement.

"My word! that been big fellow sit down like 'it here," cried Ferdinand, who, lying on one side, had his bare arm buried at full length in the sand. "I feel him, Marmy, plenty cold."

We rushed to the boy's assistance, and speedily scraped away the shingle, until an old-fashioned gun was exposed to view; it was coated and scaly with rust to such an extent, that we were unable to form any idea as to its age or nationality. It would most probably have been a twelve or eighteen-pounder howitzer, for it was about four feet in length, and disproportionately large in girth; but one of the trunnions, and the button at the breech, were broken off, the portion that had lain undermost had entirely disappeared, and the remainder was so honeycombed, that beyond ascertaining that it was a piece of ordnance, we could elicit nothing from this curious relic of a bygone generation.

Further search brought to light several more round-shot, but in the same state as the first, and we noticed that in several places the timbers were burnt, most probably by the natives, or the crew themselves, for the sake of the copper bolts.

What a number of melancholy recollections are awakened by the discovery of a forgotten memorial of the past, such as this nameless wreck; and if those old timbers could have spoken, what a strange record of hopes unfulfilled, and high adventure unachieved, would have been disinterred from the dark storehouse of the past! That the vessel came in her present position by accident, could hardly be supposed. More probably, having struck on the Barrier Reef, or on some of the hidden coral shelves with which this sea abounds, she had been taken into this secluded creek for repairs. Cook, the great circumnavigator, careened his ship at a spot not far distant from this; but we were unanimously of opinion that this vessel must have become embedded long prior to his time. Not only was the framework some distance from the present bed of the creek, but it was raised considerably above the water level. That the eastern coast of Australia is slowly rising from the waves is well known, for in the neighbourhood of Brisbane valuable reclamations have been made within the memory of living men; but at least two centuries must have elapsed to account for the altitude attained by this old craft. Our regret was great at getting no more certain information, but although we persevered in digging until sundown, no casket of jewels, no bags of specie, and no mysterious parchments rewarded us; and with the darkness we were compelled to abandon our search, rather angry at having wasted several valuable hours to such little purpose.

As it would have been madness attempting to cross the bar before daylight, we hauled the boat up on the beach, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. About one o'clock, the trooper, who was on watch, awakened us with the news that there was a light out at sea. We thought at first it could only be some blacks in their canoes, spearing fish by torchlight, but it gradually drew nearer and nearer, until at last we could distinguish the distant sound of voices, and the faint rattle of the iron cable as it flew out through the hawse-hole.

"Some coasting craft, I suppose," said Dunmore.

"Most probably, but we shall find out in the morning;" and we were soon again in the land of dreams.

Before daylight we had finished breakfast, and by the time the sun rose, were in the whale-boat, pulling towards the new arrival. She was a dirty, weather-beaten, nondescript-looking little craft, half fore and aft schooner, half dandy-rigged cutter, and the look-out on board was evidently not very vigilant, for we had almost arrived alongside, before a black head showed over the gunwale, and, frightened at seeing a boat-load of armed men in such an unexpected spot, poured out a flood of shrieking jargon that would have aroused the Seven Sleepers, and which speedily awoke from their slumbers the remainder of the crew. There seemed to be only two white men, one of whom introduced himself as the captain, and asked us, in French, to come on board. The vessel was the *Gabrielle d'Estonville*, of New Caledonia, commanded by Captain Jean Labonne, and had put into Rockingham Bay for water, during a *bêche-de-mer* expedition. Anything to equal the filth of the fair *Gabrielle*, I never saw. Her crew consisted of another Frenchman besides the captain, and of seven or eight Kanakas, two of whom had their wives on board. As perhaps this extraordinary trade is but little known to the reader who has not resided in China, I will briefly narrate how it is carried out.

From the neighbourhood of Torres Straits to about the Tropic of Capricorn, extends, at a distance of fifty to a hundred miles from the shore, an enormous bed of coral, named the Barrier Reef. There, untold millions of minute insects are still noiselessly pursuing their toil, and raising fresh structures from the depths of the ocean. Neither is this jagged belt —though deadly to the rash mariner—without its uses. In the first place, a clear channel is always found between it and the mainland, in which no sea of any formidable dimensions can ever rise, and now that modern surveys have accurately indicated where danger is to be found, this quiet channel is of the greatest use to the vessels frequenting that portion of the ocean, for they avoid the whole swell of the broad Pacific, which now thunders against and breaks harmlessly on the huge coral wall, instead of wasting its fury on the coast itself. In the second place, on the Barrier Reef is found the *Holothuria*, from which the *bêche-de-mer* is prepared. It is a kind of sea-slug, averaging from one to over two feet in length, and four to ten inches in girth. In appearance, these sea-cucumbers are most

repulsive, looking like flabby black or green sausages, and squirting out a stream of salt water when pressed. But despite their disgusting appearance, they are a most valuable cargo, from the high price they fetch in the Chinese market, where they are a much-esteemed delicacy. The vessel that goes in quest of *bêche-de-mer* takes several expert divers—usually Kanakas, or South Sea Islanders—and having arrived at the ground they propose fishing, a sort of head-quarters is established on some convenient island, where vegetables are planted, to stave off the scurvy that would otherwise soon attack the adventurers. This done, the little vessel proceeds to the edge of the reef, and begins work in earnest.

The sea-slug is found buried amidst the triturated sand, worn away by the constant play of the waves, and only the experienced and keen-eyed Kanakas can detect its whereabouts, by the fitful waving of the long feathery tentacles surrounding the mouth of the fish, which immerses its body in the sand. The vessel being anchored, her boat is got out, and pulled to the smooth water within the reef, the divers keeping a keen scrutiny on the milk-white floor for any indication of their prey. Suddenly, the man in the bows holds up his hand, as a sign to desist from pulling. He drops quietly into the clear water, and the length of time that elapses before his black head reappears, is enough to make a bystander nervous. Often the diver has to encounter his dread enemy the shark, and if cool and collected, generally comes off victorious in the contest. The South Sea Islanders have a thorough knowledge of the habits of this salt-water pirate, and know that by keeping underneath him, they cannot be touched, and they will fearlessly stab the intruder with their knives, and avail themselves of his momentary departure to regain the boat. I have known one instance of a native jumping into the water to distract the attention of a shark that was swimming guard over his friend, and both escaped unhurt; but still, despite their utmost skill, accidents do often occur. In shallow water the *bêche-de-mer* is caught with a five-pronged instrument, resembling an eel-spear. The animals are split open, boiled, pressed flat, and dried in the sun, and after a sufficient number have been taken, they are carried to the island rendezvous and there smoked with dry wood, which last process converts the slug into genuine *bêche-de-mer*, fit for the market, and for the palates of Celestial epicures. I tried to cook some, but after boiling it for a couple of hours in a quart pot, it came out like a dirty piece of indian-rubber, and so tough that no teeth could penetrate it.

Captain Labonne welcomed us very cordially—the sight of a strange face must have been a godsend—and most hospitably asked us to share his breakfast, but as it consisted only of dried fish, which smelt most abominably, we declined, and he was very grateful for a couple of pots of sardines which we gave him out of our slender stock. The *Gabrielle* was on her way to Cardwell for fresh provisions and water, and after the dangers to be avoided had been pointed out by the pilot, we bade adieu to Jean Labonne and his queer crew, though not before one of our party had succeeded in jotting down the features of a Kanaka diver, his wife and child.

Rambles in Rome.—IV.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

We stated in our last that we were going to take a somewhat roundabout way back from the Church of Sta. Croce, by the city walls and the Baths of Diocletian. Although unsatisfactory at first sight to one full of notions respecting it only commensurate with the space which the structure occupies on the map, from its being cut up and broken into irregular patches by modern piazzas, stations, or cloisters, so as to be absolutely precluded from intelligible presentation of itself as a whole, part of it has not only been excellently preserved, but forms one of the most interesting churches in Rome. This church is Sta. Maria degli Angeli, consisting in the main of one single hall of the baths. Some idea of the marvellous proportions of the latter may be conceived from the noble dimensions of this hall, which has been so closely preserved, that eight of its original pillars are still *in situ*. As such it was to us, more prone as we are to commend ancient than modern Rome, one of the most interesting objects of our day's walk; and as a church, we had no hesitation in calling it the finest we had yet seen—and that, too, fresh from three of the oldest basilicas! Such was our spontaneous utterance of opinion at the time; whether this is worth anything, is quite another matter. In fact, we were delighted with the church, or rather the old hall; though we felt in wonderfully good humour certainly with the ecclesiastical, for fitting on itself and taking care of the secular building in this case. We called its ancient pillars exquisite, and were careful to mark that it contained the originals of many of the mosaics in St. Peter's. Simplicity and grandeur are undoubtedly gained for the old hall by its being relegated by religious art to a secondary place in the edifice she has devised; if we may be allowed to call secondary that which does not contain the inmost sanctuary and highest altar. For the reception of these, a chancel has been added, opening out of the side of the hall, so that the latter does but fulfil the functions of a transept. This subordinate position, however it may sink it in the eyes of the true believer, for us had the effect of leaving the hall to its own majesty, unmixed to a great extent with the foreign splendours of church tinsel. It could hardly indeed have been better than as it is; and the eye is free to rove over its perfections, undistracted by such ill-assorting shrines as thrust themselves forward in the Pantheon. Not, however, that the sacredest recess of the new religion clothes itself here in despicable form; high art has been called in to aid her embellishment, and Domenichino's "St. Sebastian" alone would bend the sight-seer's steps hitherward. On the

opposite side, a fitting entrance has been secured by adapting a circular hall of the old building. Besides this, perhaps the most skilful adaptation of an old building in Rome, Michael Angelo designed the cloister belonging to the convent behind the church. Our attention was here arrested by a curious piece of patient painting, the effect of which was so real as to constitute a perfect deception. It was simply painted on a wall or door, from which it represented some simple subject so standing out, that the closer inspection, which showed nothing but the flat wall, produced a veritable surprise that would have gladdened the heart of the artist.

one which we selected for our opening attack. This was our first experience of the great difference between sun and shade in Rome, especially making itself felt in these palaces in a much more palpable form than any expression of it on canvas. As we walked down the Corso, we were struck with the careful way in which the natives edged out of the sunshine, crossing the street to the shady side as if the sunbeams shot pestilence. We, on the other hand, rather gloried in the unwonted heat, after our shivering morning room, and our still more shivering bath. In respect to which, however, justice to myself must lead me for once in a way to break into, split up,



TOMB OF ST. CECILIA.

We next turned our steps to the Church of St. Bernard, which is also built out of, or rather wholly formed by, one of the halls of the baths. It is circular in shape and much humbler; and, a street separating it from the other church and its appurtenances, it is difficult to conceive it at first sight as forming originally part of the same vast edifice. Our view of the latter was, as we have said, unsatisfactory, as no general survey can be obtained, and the impressions left can never be those produced by the rival Baths of Caracalla, having to be picked out in detail and reunited with only partial success from the various modern buildings that have perched themselves on various parts of its gigantic carcass.

Next day we set seriously to work to get a beginning made of the palaces; prepared, if not with the enthusiasm of our friends across the Atlantic, at least to do our duty like men. The Doria Palace, one of the most splendid in Rome, was the

and otherwise disturb that conventional, but also extremely convenient, last-used pronoun, "our." For I have a distinct remembrance of my not only being regularly the first to dare the chilly wintry air—as chilly as ever was felt from outside bed-clothes by pioneering hands at home—but of being the subject of considerable laughter and infidel and unfeeling remarks from inside the sheets on the part of my friend, as the audacity already sufficiently indicated by splashing water doubled itself in pretended liking of it. For fear that forgiveness might never follow were I to insinuate that my example did not prove contagious, I will leave that an open question. After such a process, however, whether it were this or nothing but the strong-minded forcing oneself out of bed; after a breakfast which, though it might suggest that heat had not permanently abandoned the earth, but was present in sufficient amount somewhere to boil an egg or two, left us still shivering,

no wonder that the pestiferous sun-rays clothed themselves for us in no demon form. At other times we were interested to observe those same sun-shunners hoisting the umbrella of caution if ever a stray rain-spot had marked the pavement round the next street-corner, divining that plague-bearing drops might work their deadly will on them before they had time to unfold the same. Let us not, however, smile at them; they know what they are about, as we should, were we to live longer in the place. And possibly the idea struck us when we entered the icy palace walls, that after all they were not so extravagantly foolish about the sun. Perhaps another time, we may say to each other, we should do well to bring our overcoats. With a fresh shiver then, and a misgiving that it was somewhat cold-catching work, we addressed ourselves for the first time to what was some of the most genuine business we had got to do—picture-seeing.

But here our heart fails us! What possible good can the information afford to any one, that we much admired the Claudes, Raphael's portraits, Breughel's "Four Elements," Quentin Matsys' "Misers," Carracci's "Assumption," &c.? A description of these pictures, or a disquisition on the styles of art they respectively represent, would be strictly measured by the text-book on the history of painting which I, speaking for myself alone, crammed up and analysed before I went to Rome. On the same principle I had read part of Gibbon, and made notes from him on the Roman emperors, and had studied and made a sketch-map of the ancient geography of the place; the result of all my preparatory studies being by compression reduced to small compass, could be carried in the pocket and produced pat at any given moment, to the surprise or discomfiture of my less enthusiastic companion. Cramming up for an examination, however, is not thought in these days to imply depth of thought; and I am not going to lay myself open to any such charge by needless exposition where I can avoid it, though I hold myself free to drop such remarks as the natural course of things may from time to time suggest themselves.



INTERIOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.

Thus armed with this compact knowledge in note-book form, and keen to behold at length the works of the great masters, we set out on our task. Room after room did we go through, each as conscientiously and laboriously as the other, trying to pass nothing over, and carefully hunting for every picture noticed in our guide-book, and stopping before every well-known name. The greater works we set ourselves most seriously to admire, and undoubtedly as a rule worked ourselves into a more or less warm appreciation of them. Nothing could exceed the labour and patience with which we (my friend was a little less assiduous and anxious about the matter than myself) went the round of the gallery, though doubtless we came to the end of our long labour with a sigh of relief, and gladly hailed the outside sunshine once more. And this was only a type of other days' work, though certainly towards the end of our stay the freshness began to wear off, and the succession of old masters to pall on us. With all our genuine admiration for the masterpieces that fell in our way, I fear that on the whole we were a little disappointed with the highest work of the old masters, while easily recognising its superiority as a rule to that of predecessors or imitators. This might proceed from ignorance, but unquestionably our want of pleasure, such as it was, mainly proceeded from the great sameness of the subjects. After a time, we got absolutely tired of a constant series of Madonnas and the like, and we became almost unable to trace the fine shades of difference that distinguished one of these sacred commonplaces of art from another treated in an exactly similar way; though doubtless to the initiated, one might be worthless compared to the other. However, this sameness is intimately bound up with the history of the art, and we do not wish our feeling of it to leave too strong an impression, for admire undoubtedly we did. Landscapes were more under our understanding, but here I at least was compelled to draw the line of admiration; I could not by any means be worked up into enthusiasm for most of the Claudes and Poussins.

From the Doria Palace we went to the villa belonging to the same noble family. The latter lies outside the walls beyond the Janiculum, and the walk to it, whether in going or returning, can hardly fail to be diversified and interesting; one may go by the Ponte Sisto, and return by the Ponte di S. Bartolomeo. On the way from the Corso to the former bridge, by judicious steering through the tortuous streets of the district, you may pass by the remains of the theatre of Pompey, one of the oldest in Rome. Since the days of its great founder it has passed through various vicissitudes, and from being a fortress, has ended its days like some monster of an extinct race, leaving its bones embedded imperishably in the rock. Thus have these old theatres yielded up their life and flesh, moulding only with their rounded skeletons the houses and streets that the sea of time has formed about them. Before coming to the theatre we pass the Church of St. Andrea delli Valle, into which we hope to enter on the Feast of Epiphany, to see the dressed-up figures over the altar. Passing the bridge, we skirt the Aurelian Wall, emerging by the Porta di San Pancrazio, where the main struggle took place between the Romans and the besieging French army, of which some traces meet the eye. The French, however, were more considerate than older invading forces, and chose this spot for their attack, as being the least likely to damage the monuments of the town. The grounds of the Villa Pamphili-Doria, which commence a short space beyond the gate, are of large extent, and among the most varied in scenery of any at Rome. We loitered for some time in the grounds, but avoided entering the villa, dreading the payment and the showing about which it involved. Among points of interest in the grounds, we noted the fine side view they unfold of St. Peter's. On our return, after passing the gate, we ascended to the right, to the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, supposed to have been built near the scene of that apostle's crucifixion, on the spot where was the old citadel of the Janiculum. The exact site (so said) of St. Peter's martyrdom is occupied by a beautiful temple-shaped chapel, in which may be seen the very hole made by the cross. More interesting to us, however, than fairest art or hallowed site, was the view of Rome which we got from outside the church. We thought it far the best we had seen; for besides the better situation of the hill for the town itself, it has the immense advantage over the Pincian of a background of the ever-beautiful hills beyond the Campagna. When you descend from here, you will pass the Church of S. Maria in Trastevere, a church on a very old site at any rate, and, among other interesting objects, containing a number of columns in the nave, taken from pagan buildings. We also observed and admired some fine mosaics in the tribune. We turned aside to the right from the direct road to the bridge, in order to visit the Church of St. Cecilia. The body of the patron saint of this church, the original foundation of which is one of the oldest in Rome, was removed from the catacombs; a beautiful statue represents her in her grave-clothes, as she was supposed to have been found.

Returning to the main track, and crossing the island in the Tiber, whose shape and two-fold bridges will excite your interest, you will have before you the remains of the theatre of Marcellus. It was built by the first two Cæsars, the last of whom dedicated it to Marcellus, the son of his sister Octavia. On its site is built the Orsini Palace, and houses are constructed among its arches. Close to this is the Portico of Octavia, which was built by Augustus as a place of refuge for the sight-seers at the theatre in bad weather. What remains of this once considerable building is part of its vestibule, which may be seen in the modern fish-market. The original was destroyed by fire, and subsequently restored. The restorations made by Septimius Severus are traceable in the ruin, two of the older pillars having been replaced by a brick arch. This one may plainly see on approaching the portico from the theatre, when the front of the vestibule will lie before you, showing through its opening the Church of St. Angelo behind, to which the ruin forms a sort of outer entrance-court. On the left, you may see a second front, facing the Pescheria. Each of these fronts had originally four pillars, supporting an entablature and pediment. The whole was in the best style of imperial art, though the havoc caused by the fire was somewhat clumsily made good. Over the brick arch above mentioned is seen one of the Corinthian capitals, apparently still *in situ*, as also the upper structure. In the vestibule of the church are more remains, as also in the neighbourhood. In the enclosure of the colonnade or portico, was a temple of which some ruins may be traced, and, behind this, a library celebrated by the ancients; it was also adorned with some of the choicest statuary of Greek art.

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the present aspect of this wretched part of the town,

as compared with its appearance when all these magnificent buildings were standing. This district, lying between the Capitol and the Tiber, and extending along the latter, has passed into a byword, a great portion of it being occupied by the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. Amid filthy crowded streets, and fetid hovels, rise the remains of some of the finest buildings of old Rome. It appears to have been a part of the city devoted, to a great extent, to public pleasure, and was adorned with splendid theatres and colonnades, embellished with works of art. Open spaces also no doubt abounded, this being the commencement of the old Campus Martius. The ruins, however, and the knowledge we possess of the grandeur and size of the buildings, but poorly represented by these, speak for themselves. In close proximity were the theatre of Marcellus, the Portico of Octavia, and the theatres of Balbus and Pompey, besides other buildings whose remains have disappeared. The smallest of these theatres could accommodate, it is said, 11,000 spectators, and in front of that of Pompey was again a magnificent colonnade. This was one of the most famous of a type of buildings for public recreation that modern civilisation did not adopt from ancient, and which, therefore, it required an effort to bring before the imagination. Within its ample enclosure there was included in this instance, besides statuary, paintings, and plantations, a basilica. In this district, so beautified of old, and perhaps more than I have ventured to depict, some of the alleys that we came across were so literally filthy and stinking, that my friend refused to have anything to do with them, and the result was, that either he stood waiting for me while I went down one of them to search out some ruin, or I reserved further investigation thereof for my before-breakfast, or separate rambles. Morning after morning I used to face cold and hunger to explore ruins which else must have been neglected, especially directing my steps towards the neighbourhood of the Forum.

Were I to try to draw a comparison between the poorer districts of Rome and London, so far at least as my observation has extended in either, I should say that a first sight and glance at the external aspect of the streets alone, might lead to a verdict in favour of London. This may, however, be resolved into a national difference, rather than one of unfavourable circumstances. If the Roman alleys are dirtier, the London ones are equally, or more, dark and narrow. If want of cleanliness and decent habits make themselves felt even in the respectable streets of Rome, at the doors of her palaces, and still more in the open spaces of the Forum—while wholly absent from the ordinary streets of London—how must these stalk abroad, unfettered and festering, in her back slums and courts? These differences are national, and Naples is worse than Rome.

Of the dwellings themselves, however, in the latter place, as seen from the streets, my recollections are hardly so dismal as of the London ones. Crowded and dingy they certainly were, but I do not think that vacant despair was firmly seated on his throne there as with us. Dirty families might be seen peering forth from dark dens, but they were cheerful and chatty, and doubtless some notion of comfort associated itself with their hovels, however humbly adorned. In London, blank walls sometimes seemed to be the habitation of as blank hopelessness. Den appeared within den, dark and comfortless, amid a network of courts and alleys. What wonder is it if apathy and depression mark their faces, and pallid looks and meagre forms attest the increasing degeneracy of these once stalwart sons of Britain? Can we cast a stone at Rome for her physical filth and blind superstitions, while we are rearing up in tenfold worse moral degradation the busy brains and hands of our mighty metropolis? England, or the highest part of her, seems at length awakened to her truer self, and to be making a genuine effort to cure what has hitherto seemed to be an almost hopeless evil. The well-considered petition to the Home Secretary for compulsory purchase-powers of sites for improved dwellings for the London poor, is the most hopeful sign that has yet appeared; and the present Government will earn the gratitude of posterity, if they carry out their expressed intention of providing a remedy for an evil more baneful and more nearly pressing than the slave-trade.

Puget Sound, and the Northern Pacific Railroad.—I.

BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

As the great drama of civilisation which is now in progress on the Pacific slope of the American continent unfolds itself, attention is drawn to it by reason of the great influence which it must have for good or for evil on the destinies of the human race. It is therefore presumed that any information in regard to this section of the American continent will not be unacceptable to the public, as Puget Sound is close to the British possessions, and there is constant intercommunication between the two countries. Moreover, the proposed Northern Pacific Railroad is one of the great enterprises of the day, and its terminus has been already located on the shores of Puget Sound, which may be termed the ship-building entrepôt of the West, the lumber-yard of the world.

I propose in the present article to conduct the reader along a line of country which I travelled a short time since, during which I visited the principal points connected with the western division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and shall give the incidents and adventures that befell me, with such descriptions of the scenery and mode of journeying, as may serve to give some notion of life in a new country, if not of the romance of travel.

I left Victoria, Vancouver Island, for Port Townsend, Puget Sound, on the 25th of June, and on repairing to the office of my old friend, Mr. J. G. Swan, found that he had got into somewhat questionable company, for the first thing that greeted me on entering was the devil (an Indian one), hanging behind

the door. The room was full of curiosities; there were sundry grotesque and hideous looking masks—animals, as well as the human face divine—which had formerly been the stock-in-trade of a "tomanawos," or medicine-man. These diabolical looking faces leered and scowled at me from all corners of the room, and had I not been aware of my friend's hobby, I should have doubted his sanity, or, at any rate, questioned his æsthetic tastes, in surrounding himself with such an odd collection of objects. Altogether it gave me a new notion of the fittings up of an office in the remote North-West.

Port Townsend is the outlet of the lower end of the Sound, from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. To the north is Port Wilson, two and a half miles distant; there are strong tide rips here, and the following Indian tradition relating to them is interesting. A beautiful girl at Chemakum Creek, on the other side of Port Townsend, fell in love with an Indian; he ran away with her, the canoe capsized, and they were both drowned. Ever since there has been a tide rip at this spot. The Indians firmly believe that their dead countryman and the forest maiden are still struggling underneath the waters, and that that is the cause of their disturbance, so they avoid the spot. At the extremity of the bluff before mentioned, and overlooking the



THE LUMBER-TRADE ON THE PACIFIC.

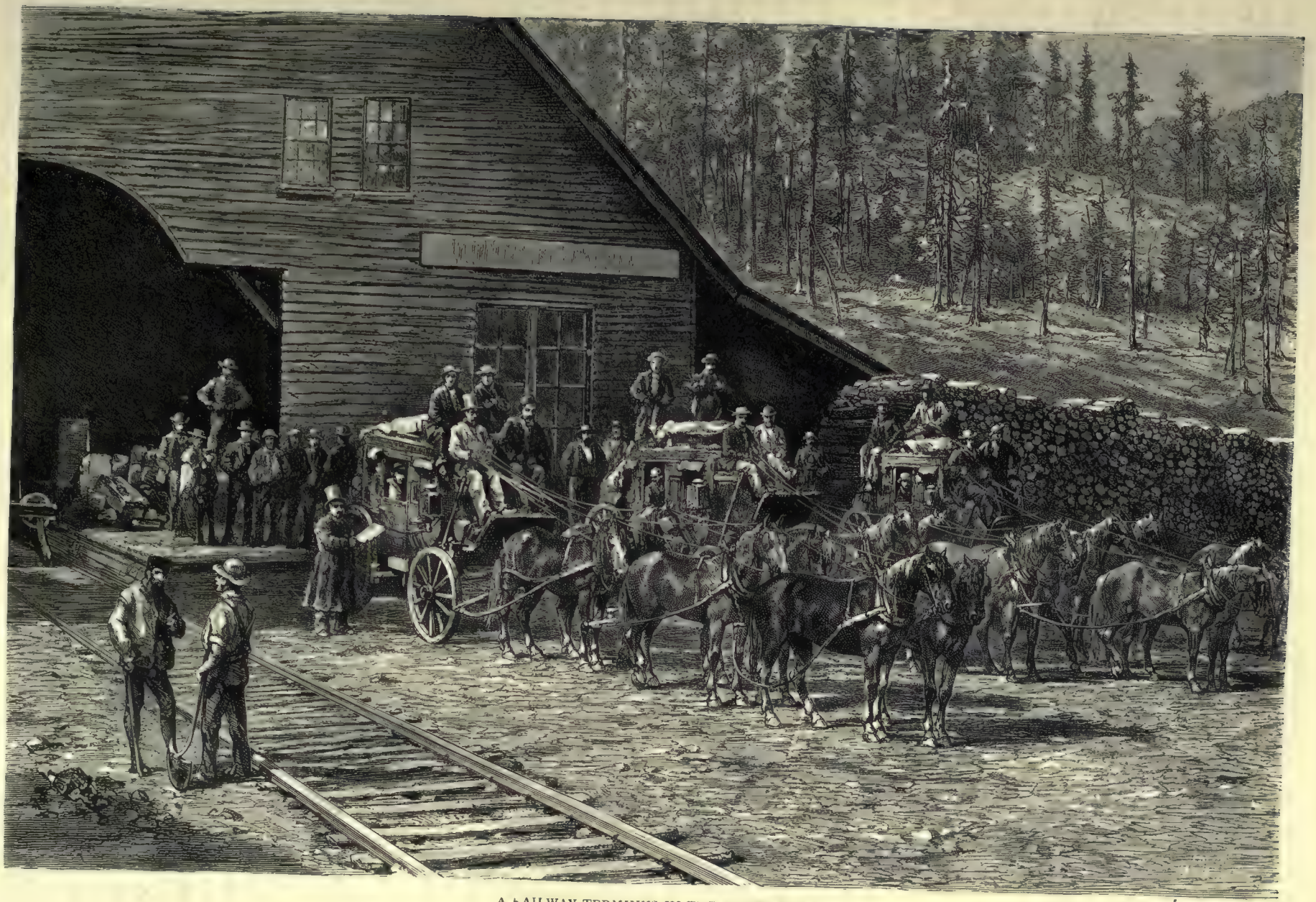
and consequently the port of entry. It was named by Vancouver after the Marquis of Townshend. The lower and business portion of the town is built on a spit; immediately above this is a precipitous bluff, rising to a height of about eighty feet. This forms an extensive table-land free from wood, which is adorned with the villas of the merchants and officials. The views from it are magnificent, and taken altogether, finer than those from any other part of the Sound, the scenery being quite Alpine in character. Mounts Rainier and Baker, those lofty and snow-covered peaks, together with the Cascade Range,—

> "Mountains that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land,"

may be seen here in all their majesty; while in the opposite direction is the Olympian Range, which rises to a height of

sea, there is a pretty little church, beautifully situated amidst a clump of firs. Standing in the presence of the great mountains, and fronting the everlasting sea, it is a noble site for the house of God, and is the first object that strikes the attention of the storm-tossed and weary traveller on entering the Sound after the dangers of the ocean. As its peaceful chime comes wafted over the stilled waters, it reminds him that he is entering a Christian country, and is a symbol of that peace and rest denied to him in the storms of life; of a house where he can lay down his burden, and forgetting for awhile his cares, accept the invitation of our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Owing, in a great measure, to its being a seaport, and the seat of the custom-house, also to the establishment of a marine hospital, a good deal of business is transacted at Port Townsend, much more than would be supposed from the small size



A RAILWAY TERMINUS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

of the place, for it does not number more than 800 inhabitants, including the farmers in the immediate neighbourhood. It formerly had the unenviable reputation of being the most notorious place on the coast for drinking, as Mr. Ross Browne has with much humour described. But a great alteration has taken place for the better, and "a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream." Port Townsend has reformed, and amended itself of its naughty ways. A considerable proportion of its inhabitants are Good Templars; a noble hall has been built by them, which would be an ornament to a city, and reflects the greatest credit on this small community. Indeed, the order of Good Templars flourishes on the Sound, and is doing much good. At Port Madison, one of the mills, they have a lodge, and no spirits at all are allowed to be sold; the same with regard to Seabeck, and at every place on the Sound the order has its representatives. The Duke of York, an old Indian chief who was immortalised by Mr. Browne and Theodore Winthrop, still survives, together with his two wives, Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind. The duke is quite a swell; he wears a black frock coat and nether garments of the same colour, a Tyrolese hat with a red feather, and a dress parade ornament on his breast. His dignity is not merely nominal, as with most Indian chiefs, for if any one wants any of his subjects they must go to the duke to engage them. Jenny Lind does washing for the whites, she is very clean and skilful in her vocation; the same cannot be said of Queen Victoria, who reigns only in filth and dirt. A pleasant ride may be had from Port Townsend to Port Discovery, a distance of seven miles. The road passes through a pretty open valley behind Port Townsend, about three miles long by one-eighth of a mile wide, abutting on the harbour at one end, and coming out just beyond Point Wilson at the other. There are shells all over, and on digging, boulders of the same character are found as those on the sea-shore. It would appear from its low elevation that the sea formerly covered this valley.

On asking the stage-driver its name, he informed me that he called it "The Happy Valley," from the easy and contented disposition of the proprietors, as they would not take the trouble to fertilise the land, or keep up their orchards. Probably they are all expecting the railroad to come this way, and make their fortunes; so, like Mr. Micawber, they are "waiting for something to turn up." A peculiarity has been observed with regard to the different towns on the Sound, that the inhabitants all have exaggerated notions of the eligibility of their several sites for the terminus. I met here a rough and simple old frontiersman, who had never seen a railroad, and had a most exaggerated estimate of the value of his land. A friend asked him whether he would part with any portion of it, should the line be brought to Port Townsend. He said, "No, sir; do you suppose that I'm going to part with my hard earnings of seventeen years to a grasping monopoly?" "But," replied my friend, "consider what the increased value of your land will be." "Well," said he, pausing, and looking at my informant's hat, which happened to be an old one—"well, I'll tell you what I'll do now—if the railroad comes here—I'll give you——a new hat."

There had long been a report of an enormous boulder in the neighbourhood of Port Townsend, called the Tomanawos, or "Medicine Man Rock," which had only been seen by one white man. It was said to be half a mile long, consequently my curiosity was strongly roused, as, if only one-tenth true, it would throw all known erratic boulders completely into the shade. I had visions of a flight of *savants*, equipped with geological hammers, big words, and any number of ingenious theories, to settle the fate of the monster; of reporters breaking their necks to get a sight of it, and write sensational letters; of speculators building hotels, and town lots running up, &c. A party was arranged, and we started on the 4th of July, there not being any celebration at Port Townsend, owing to greater attractions at Olympia. It was a fine morning, and as we cantered over the sands which border the western shores of the harbour, I enjoyed the exhilarating sea-breeze and beautiful scenery. We followed the beach for four miles to a point called the Station, at the head of the harbour, an old military post now abandoned. There is a fine view from this spot of the bay and the bluff on which Port Townsend is built, with Whidbey Island and Mount Baker in the background. After leaving the Station we entered the forest. The rhododendron grows here in profusion, its beautiful flowers had nearly faded; but their absence was compensated, in a measure, by the gorgeous Indian yellow and crimson tints of the foliage. In many places the fire-weed (*epilobium*), a tall and elegant plant of a pink colour, grew in profusion. It is always found in damp and marshy places, and springs up wherever there has been a fire, hence its name. In one spot, covered with charred and scorched stumps and trunks, it shot up on all sides, its beautiful flowers one blaze of pink, like a parterre in a garden, strikingly contrasting with the desolation around—life in the midst of death. It was Sunday morning, and the stillness and holiness of the day invested the scenery with a double charm. Away from sordid cares and anxieties, alone with nature, and surrounded by her grand works, one felt to be more immediately in the presence of the Almighty.

About an hour after leaving the Station, we came to a small stream called Chemakum Creek, flowing from the southern portion of the peninsula on which Port Townsend is built. It is about ten miles long, and affords excellent trout-fishing. There are fine agricultural lands all along it, and in the upper part are beaver dams. A road branches off here to Port Ludlow, eighteen miles from Port Townsend. We passed two or three ranches, and after riding about twelve miles, came to a small lake. Here we dismounted, and commenced a gentle ascent, clambering over logs, and pushing through a dense brush which abounded with blackberries. After proceeding about a mile, we found ourselves on the top of a bluff, with the great rock close by, and only separated from it by a narrow ravine. It was at once evident that it was not an erratic boulder, but that it had been originally a portion of the bluff on which we stood, and detached from it by some convulsion. The face of the bluff, which might be 150 feet high, is vertical. At the bottom there is an accumulation of alkali, which has oozed out from it. The height of the rock is about 150 feet by 75 feet wide. Its face is extremely precipitous; the writer and two others ventured up, and had some difficulty in reaching the top, for there was scarcely any foothold or handhold. Only three out of a party of seven made the attempt, and those who remained behind declared that the climbers looked just like flies sticking to a wall. The rock appears to be a species of trap. It is an oblong square, one end higher and narrower than the other. On the further side it is still more precipitous. From it there is an extensive view, embracing Port Townsend harbour, with Whidbey Island (whose white bluffs reminded

me of the English coast), and Mount Baker in the background. Immediately beneath is a small lake, circular in form, and about one mile wide, fringed with bulrushes and yellow water-lilies. The fishing is reported to be very good. Bands of elk come down generally about the middle of the day, to drink and cool themselves. They are in such large quantities, that the noise they make resembles that produced by a steamer in passing along. We noticed on the bluff, and at other points, water-washed stones and smooth rounded pebbles scattered about, which shows that the country has been submerged at some former period. There is an Indian tradition connected with the rock. A long time ago there were numerous attempts to clamber it, but without success. At last, one more daring than the rest, succeeded. Struck with admiration at this proof of prowess, he was made a medicine man, and became renowned in those parts, being believed to cure all the diseases to which flesh is heir. Another superstition connected with the rock, is that the Indians believe that it oscillates at the full of the moon. While we were on the bluff, an interesting incident occurred, illustrative to me of American patriotism. A young eagle came sailing by, and one of the party thoughtlessly forgetting that it was the 4th of July, took up his gun to shoot it. This aroused the ire of one of my friends, and he swore that he should not touch the bird of freedom, declaring that it would be a sacrilege, and vowing, with great credit to his feelings, that he would not do such a thing on a day like this, even if offered 100 dollars. Eventually his argument prevailed, and harmony was restored. We returned to Port Townsend in the evening, without any further adventures. Before quitting this subject, it may be mentioned that there is an immense erratic boulder which lies on Whidbey Island, near Coupeville. It is about seventy-five feet long by thirty-five feet wide, and perhaps twenty feet in height on one side, shelving down to about twelve feet on the other. It is of the trap formation and, resting on tertiary deposits in a level country, was no doubt brought down from mountains far to the north of it, on the mainland, during the glacial period.

The party of directors and officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad which visited Puget Sound in the summer of 1869, touched at Port Townsend, and I was kindly invited by Captain Ainsworth, President of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, the host on this occasion, to join them; and had thus an opportunity of visiting the upper portion of the Sound. After leaving Port Townsend, the steamer rounds Point Marrowstone,* one of the four points proposed to be fortified; the others being Admiralty Head, and Point Partridge on Whidbey Island, and Point Wilson on the mainland. These command the entrance to the Sound as well as Port Townsend harbour. Passing by Whidbey Island, the Sound opens out into a broad expanse of over ten miles, and one enjoys a fine view of this inland sea. On either side a succession of bluffs, mostly timbered, and averaging from 80 to 100 feet in height, are seen extending mile after mile, broken in parts, and appearing in the distance like islands. These bluffs crop out here and there from the timber, and are composed mostly of sand, clay, and gravel. The fir shoots up very frequently to a height of 250 feet, and often attains 300 feet. The average diameter of the spruces, firs, and cedars, is about five feet, though cedars of twelve feet in diameter are frequently met with; indeed, the extra size of the timber has made necessary a special manufacture of large saws, so that until the year 1870, logs too big to be cut in the mills were left on the spot.

The first place touched at is Port Ludlow. Here there is a saw-mill, and the quantity of saw-dust which has accumulated is so great that it forms an embankment from the mill to the forest. At Seattle, where there is a mill, the saw-dust has spread over the thoroughfare leading from it, so that horses and vehicles move noiselessly, and in walking along one feels as if treading on a Turkey carpet. There is a tame young elk at Port Ludlow, which at the time of my visit was two years old. Its height was 4 ft. 8 in., and it weighed 400 lbs. When fully grown, they sometimes reach as much as 800 lbs.: their average weight is 600 lbs., and growth is attained about the fifth or sixth year. Notwithstanding its alleged tameness, it required a couple of men with a rope round its horns to hold it in when brought for our inspection.

We then arrived at Port Gamble, nine miles further, the Indian name of which is Teekalet. This, as well as Port Ludlow, is at the entrance of Hood's Canal, an arm of the sea which extends from the Sound about sixty-five miles in a south-westerly direction. The mills founded here in 1853 are the largest in the Sound. Some notion of the magnitude of the operations carried on may be formed from the following items. There is a flour-mill and two lumber-mills, one of which has two engines, the other three; an iron planer, machine and blacksmiths' shops, and every requisite for manufacturing and keeping in repair their own works. One hundred and fifty thousand feet are turned out in twelve hours, but the average per year is 30,000,000, besides spars, laths, pickets and piles, and four or five millions of shingles; 600 men are employed, including those logging; the company own sixteen vessels, which are all barques or ships from 600 to 1,300 tons burden, and two steam-tugs: this fleet is navigated by 200 men, officers, and sailors; altogether, 800 men are depending on this establishment. In common with the other mills, a general or variety store is kept. A large proportion of their profits accrues to the mill-proprietors from these stores, as, owning their several sites, they will not allow strangers to set up against them.

Before proceeding further, it may be as well to mention that the logging-camps are often at a considerable distance from the mills, sometimes as much as sixty miles. Each mill employs a steamer, to tow the rafts or booms of logs, and take supplies to the men working at the camps. Opposite the mills there is an Indian encampment, connected with which there is a tragic history.

Several years ago, the Northern Indians who used to come down and work at the mills, committed considerable depredations in the neighbourhood. The governor of the territory determined to put a stop to this, and send them out of the country. Accordingly, orders were issued to the *Massachusetts*, a man-of-war on the station, to drive them out of the territory. In compliance, the commanding officer told the chief to leave the country; and informed him that he would be fired upon in the event of his refusal. The chief defied him; accordingly,

* "In most of my excursions I met with an indurated clay, much resembling fuller's earth: the high, steep cliff forming the point we were now upon seemed to be principally composed of this matter, which upon a more close examination appeared to be a rich species of marrowstone, from whence it obtained its name of Marrowstone Point."—"Vancouver's Voyages," Book ii., ch. 4.

two parties were sent, one on each flank of the encampment, a fire was poured in, their canoes and everything was burnt, and the chief was killed by a tree falling on him. The Indians surrendered, and were taken to Victoria; they agreed to return to their country, and were provided with canoes for that purpose. For some little time nothing was seen of them, and it was supposed that they had gone home, but they never did so; for they hung about, and after a little while came back again. Acting on their system of revenge, viz., taking a life for a life, they deliberated two or three days whom they should select as a victim, and at length fixed upon Colonel Ebey, Collector of Customs, as they knew that he was a *tyhee* or chief among the whites; and considered him to be of a corresponding rank to the chief they had lost. A party of them went to his house on Whidbey Island, at the spot now known as Ebey's Landing (opposite Port Townsend), and ascertained if the inmates were armed, by cunningly inquiring whether they could buy a gun. Strange to say, the house, though in a lonely place, was without defensive weapons. As night came on the Indians approached; a dog barked, Colonel Ebey went to the door, and was immediately shot down. His wife and family escaped by the back of the house, and fled to a neighbour's across the fields. The Indians took his head; and, four years ago, the Hudson Bay Company recovered his scalp, and forwarded it to his relations.

The next mill site is Seabeck, about twenty miles further up the canal. It has been established thirteen years. The scenery around is romantic and beautiful, and well worthy of a visit.

Returning down the canal, and re-entering the main channel of the Sound, we came to Port Madison. Here, there is a Masonic Hall, and a lodge of Good Templars; not a drop of stimulating liquor is allowed to be sold in the place. Several fine schooners have been built here, and a ship was fitted out, in 1871, that will carry 1,000,000 feet of lumber. The panelling, rigging, castings, brass and copper finishings, were all from the same yard. There was also on the stocks, at the time of our visit, a clipper ship, which is the first vessel of the class ever attempted to be constructed on the Pacific coast. Her dimensions were: length, 206 feet; 40 feet in the beam; 22 feet deep; and 1,200 tons burden.



GROUP OF INDIANS.

The next place we visited was Seattle, the first town of any importance after leaving Port Townsend, from which it is distant between forty and fifty miles, by the ship channel. It has a population of about 1,800, and derives its name from the chief of a tribe which was located here. The town is built on the slope of a steep hill-side, whose dividing ridge, between the sea-level and Lake Washington, is 400 feet in height, according to the Pacific Railroad reports; substantially agreeing with the reading of my barometer, which made it only twelve feet higher. Seattle is a busy thriving place, and has all the appearance of a town that is going a-head. This is partly due to the very prevalent belief, at one time, that the terminus of the proposed railroad would be located here.

Kashmir.—II.

The Char Chunar Island has a building in the centre consisting of a simple open hall with a little tower commanding a fine prospect of the lake; surrounding it is an ill-kept garden in which is a water-wheel, made of the wood of the deodar, or Himalayan cedar, which, though of great age, is in perfect preservation, and is employed to raise the water from the lake to the terrace. In the Char Chunar Lake is the famous Shalimar Garden, which, with its palace, was the work of Jehangire, who resided here with his favourite wife, the lovely flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plains are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot, the Mogul princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste, especially Jehangire,* who, with the enchanting Noormahal, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. The arches thrown over the canal are erected at equal distances. The palace contains



BRIDGE AT SRINUGGUR.

Noor Begum, the Noormahal* of Moore and Eastern romance. At this point the lofty mountains slope gently to the plain, affording a broad expanse; and a canal half a mile long leads from the lake to the wooden entrance of the building. According to the custom of the period, six inferior edifices, placed in the midst of an avenue of colossal plane-trees, lead to the principal palace. Von Hügel describes as follows the Shalimar Palace: "A small building is erected over a spring, the roof of which rests on twelve massive black marble columns. The whole forms a square of twelve fathoms, consisting of two covered walks or terraces, between which are the halls, having on either side partitions of lattice-work, through which were to be seen the once ornamented chambers. It is kept in good repair, as the governors of Kashmir have always made it an occasional resort. The garden is 376 paces long and 220 broad. Compared with the Nishad Garden, the view from the hall is very poor." Forster speaks with much greater enthusiasm of the palace and gardens. He says:—"One of the Delhi emperors—I believe Shah Jehan—constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value."

The principal building in the garden at the present day has a verandah on two sides constructed of black marble with yellowish streaks; so it is probable that they are the "pieces of stone" to which Forster alludes. The pillars, capitals, and lintels are all of the same material. The building is entirely surrounded by the water of the canal, and a multitude of *jets d'eau* continually play therein, cooling the air, and producing a musical sound of falling waters.

Eastern writers speak with rapture of the joys of the famous Feast of Roses, which, says an old writer, Pietro della Valle, "continues during the whole time of their remaining in bloom;"

* Noormahal signifies "Light of the Haram." The name of her lord, Shah Jehan, means "Lord of the World."

* Jehangire was the son and successor of the great Akbar, and was succeeded by Shah Jehan. It was probably the former who constructed the Shalimar.

and Moore characteristically lavishes the choicest gifts of his muse in describing the charms of the scene presented in the valley.

"But never yet, by night or day,
The dew of spring or summer's ray
Did the sweet valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart unc.oses,
And all is ecstasy—for now
The valley holds its Feast of Roses.'

Herbert says, "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses, we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music and dances." But it was the lake that formed the chief arena for pleasure in those joyous days of the Mogul emperors, when Kashmir was their favourite residence. Such was the time, says Feramorz to the love-stricken Lalla Rookh, when the youthful Noormahal would glide over the lake with her lord, the "magnificent son of Akbar," listening to the "sounds of joy" from countless boats as the tenants scattered showers of fairy wreaths over its placid surface.

"Then the sounds from the lake,—the low whispering in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,
And the wild airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

* * * * *

What a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that *one* by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heav'n she must make of Cashmere!"

But enough of Tom Moore, whose anacreontic poems, even those earlier effusions, published under the pseudonym of "Little," would rescue his name from oblivion, though he had never given to the world his "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies," the choicest fruit of his genius.

According to the impressions of a sober traveller, as they are recorded in the pages of Von Hügel, there is nothing in the approach to the capital of Kashmir to remind the traveller of the vicinity of a place of note; the Tukht-i-Suliman and fort being the most prominent features. Fine avenues of plane and poplar trees are the first signs of the former beauty of this favourite abode of the most luxurious sovereigns of India; but the Austrian traveller writes that he found himself in Kashmir "before he was aware of it." His first impressions also were not happy. "All that I saw during my first day's stay in Kashmir, were the ruins of what once had been palaces, old dilapidated houses, streets of unexampled filthiness, a population strictly corresponding with them, a large boat full of old fisherwomen, who stunned me with their inharmonious voices, when they screamed out their song of welcome from the canal." All this was disappointing, and though he does justice, even on the first day, to the glorious scenery of the valley in which the capital is enshrined, he found, after some days' research in the city, much to interest him, while there was real beauty in the lakes and islands, though all betokened a city that had seen better days.

In the eastern part of Srinuggur is the Maharajah's palace, called Shaherghur,* after one of the Mogul viceroys, who belonged to the Sheeah sect, or followers of Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed.

The principal entrance to the palace is from the banks of the Jhelum, whence a broad flight of wooden steps leads to a terrace and pavilion, adorned with curiously carved woods. One of the most interesting sites in Srinuggur, as having been the residence of Jacquemont, Vigne, and Von Hügel, is the Dilawar Khan Bagh, a garden on the banks of the great canal, which the latter describes as a beautiful spot, containing fruit-trees, vines, and the *Syringa Persica*. In this garden were two little low square buildings erected by the side of a sheet of water, and Von Hügel, not liking the filth of the lodgings that had been provided for him at the instance of the viceroy, took up his quarters in one of these buildings, the other being occupied by Mr. Vigne. Here he hospitably entertained as his guest the eccentric Dr. Henderson, a surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, who had arrived in Srinuggur in a state of destitution from Ladak, where he had been imprisoned by the rajah, who hoped to make use of him in checking the operations of Zerawar Singh, the general of Gholaub Singh, of Jamu, though ineffectually, as Captain (afterwards Sir Claude) Wade, the political agent at Loodiana, informed Runjeet that Dr. Henderson was only a plain traveller who was acting contrary to orders in being in Ladak, and that his government would place no obstacle to the Sikhs extending their conquests in the regions to the north of the Sutlej, according to the terms of the treaty concluded at Roopur with Lord William Bentinck in 1831.

Among objects most deserving notice are the seven bridges which span the Jhelum. The piers are described as "composed of large cedar trees, fifteen or twenty feet long, and three feet in diameter, which are placed one over the other, in the form of a funeral pile, while large lime-trees, the seeds having been carried to the place by birds, grow from this foundation, and shadow a part of the bridge. The cross-beams on which one treads are everywhere in a condition to afford an excellent view of the river beneath; and huts and booths have been thrown up at different periods, on this slippery ground, although nothing is clearer than that a storm would involve houses, bridges, trees, and piles in one common overthrow. A storm however, or even a wind of any great violence, is a thing altogether unknown in Kashmir."

When the Mohammedan invaders conquered this country in the fourteenth century, these strange structures were found in position; and since the termination of the reign of the last Hindoo queen, Ranee Kotadevi, which, according to the Ayeen Akbari, terminated in 1364, the last partial restoration was undertaken by Ali Merdan Khan, the viceroy of the Emperor Jehangire.

The mosques, or musjids, of Srinuggur, are all built of cedar, and are of peculiar architecture, being unlike those in India, and more resembling a Chinese temple. The Shah Hamedan Musjid, situated on the Jhelum, is nearly square, with a roof supported by slender pillars. About half-way up the walls outside are balconies, ornamented with finely-carved wood and small columns. The roof, as in the other ecclesiastical edifices, projects over the outer walls, and is finished

* The palace was built by Ameer Khan Jehan, and was called Narsing-ghur by the Sikhs. Some writers erroneously derive the name from *shaher* (city).

at the four corners with hanging bells; while on the summit, which rises in a pyramidal form, is a golden ball instead of the Mohammedan crescent. Opposite to this mosque is that of the celebrated Noor Jehan, which is called the new, or *naya musjid;* it has never been completed, and is built of white marble. Some distance from this is the Jumma Musjid, a beautiful edifice in a ruinous state. The roof is supported by large columns hewn out of a single piece, and with a florid capital and base. It forms a large square, each side measuring 126 yards, and in the centre is an open space with a small building open on all sides and raised a step. In other mosques a tank for ablution is usually placed on this site.

The Jhelum offers a lively spectacle, owing to the numerous boats ever moving on its surface; and close to the shore stand curious-looking bathing-machines, like cages, for the convenience of female bathers. Perched on the summit of the Harni Parvat Hill, and commanding the city, is the fort called Ki Maram. The fortress was built on a perpendicular rock under the Pathans by the governor, Ali Mohammed Khan, when he rebelled against the Afghan yoke. At the foot of the Harni Parvat, in a beautiful spot in the valley, Akbar built another city now in ruins, which he called Nagarnagar, and enclosed it with strong walls and towers. Blocks of stone and large columns, brought from the more ancient temples of Kashmir, lie around in desolate grandeur. Von Hügel, to whose account we are much indebted, was particularly struck with a beautiful mosque built by Achan Mullah Shah, the gates of which are made of one single block of black marble, polished like a mirror, though the heavy hands of succeeding Vandal-like possessors of the valley have been laid upon this edifice, as upon all others in the ruined city of the greatest of the Mogul sovereigns. There are but two ways of entering this ruined city; either through a lofty strong gate, or by a little doorway under the walls, barely high and wide enough to admit a man. Nagarnagar remains tenantless, and affords an impressive text for the moraliser over the instability of human affairs.

About two and a half *kos* * from Kashmir is Pampur, a place chiefly remarkable for its saffron fields. Five *kos* further up the valley by land—the water route being more circuitous—is Ventipoor, the former capital of Kashmir, of which the most interesting ruins are two Buddhist temples, the smaller one of which is alone in tolerable preservation. Close to it is a hill, the side of which is cut out in the form of terraces, each presenting for cultivation a small level surface, which are supported by walls of immense strength.

Von Hügel is of opinion that from these and other evidences of the great value attached to all cultivable land, the population of the valley in the time of its greatest prosperity could have been little short of 3,000,000. Only fifty years ago the people numbered 800,000 souls, of whom, according to Elphinstone's computations, from 150,000 to 200,000 dwelt in the capital, but it is certain that owing to the awful visitations of pestilence, earthquake, and famine, in the years 1828 and 1833, and more recently, the present population of town and country does not exceed one-fourth of that estimate. The city of Ventipoor, of which the only traces now remaining are these two ruined temples, was built, according to tradition, by Ven, one of the last Hindoo rajahs, whose memory is still held in popular reverence.

Still further up the valley on the Jhelum is Bijbahar, also an ancient capital of Kashmir, and still, as regards importance, the second town of the country. Across the fertile plain on which it stands, is Islamabad,* the ancient Anatgurh, which owed its celebrity to a sacred tank and spring, which still issues from the base of a rock of black marble. In connection with this spring a legend is told of Raja Nara, the twelfth king in succession to Asoka, who founded his capital, Srinuggur, now a heap of ruins, about fourteen centuries before the Christian era. A temple now stands over the hollow in the rock, whence the water springs in great abundance, filling two small ponds, and thence irrigating the adjacent plain. On the steps leading from the temple to the tank, Von Hügel saw remains of deities of all ages—Buddha, Siva, and the Lingam—some several feet high. The temple was probably built by Arya, who lived at the date of the birth of Christ. Not far from Islamabad is Mattan, a place exclusively inhabited by Brahmins, having a temple, a large square building surrounded on three sides by smaller ones. Here also is a large tank, about eighty yards broad, filled with fish, and supplied with water by a spring which gushed from a rock. Not far from here are some caverns, which serve as aqueducts to subterranean canals; they are of no great extent, if we are to judge by the one explored by Von Hügel, but the superstitious natives fear to explore them, and people their depths with all sorts of supernatural inmates.

On the high plain between these rocks of Buaswan and the mountains of Islamabad—about two miles north-east of the latter—lie the ruins of Korau Pandau, supposed by Jacquemont to be the ancient Srinuggur—the holy city, as the Brahmins still call it. This ruined temple owes its name and existence to the most ancient dynasty of Kashmir, the Pandau, which native historians assert ended 2,500 years before the Christian era, having ruled the country nearly thirteen centuries. It is, however, certain that these ruins bear the impress of "hoar antiquity," and they are impressive, not so much from their size, as from a certain grandeur due to their massiveness and age. The Korau Pandau of Von Hügel—called Khana Panduwa by Moorcroft, and Srinuggur by Jacquemont—is thus sketched by Vigne: "At present all that remains of the Pandu Koru, or Temple of Martund, consists of a central and rectangular building, surrounded by a court or quadrangle, and rectangular colonnade facing inwards. The length of the outer side of the wall, which is blank, is about ninety yards, that of the front is about fifty-six. The remains of three gateways opening into the court are now standing. There are twenty pillars of the colonnade along the outside of the wall now remaining, out of more than double that number. The height of the shaft of each pillar is six feet, of the capital twenty inches, and of the base two feet. The height of this enclosing wall is about fifteen feet, the thickness six feet. In the middle of this court is the temple, about sixty feet long, thirty wide, and forty high. It is probable that it was formerly much higher, as there are indications of its having been surmounted by a pyramidal roof of stone,

* The Hindoo *kos*, strictly speaking, is about 13,000 feet, or 2 miles 5 furlongs 153 yards. The Mohammedan *kos* may be taken at 35 to the degree.

* According to Bahia-ud-din, a Mohammedan author as reliable as many of his class, Anatgurh was built by the second King of Kashmir, Kasaligham, 3,700 years before Christ. Its name was changed to that of Islamabad, the "City of the Faith," about the fifteenth century.

the solid fragments of which are now scattered over the ground, where they were probably thrown by an earthquake." All the travellers above mentioned have expressed their amazement at the strength and solidity of this building, the blocks of hard black marble of which it is constructed being from six to nine feet in length.

Two *kos* from Korau Pandau is Sahibabad, which has a small fort built by Noor Jehan, and three old Buddhist temples, called Namedevi; and two *kos* further, at the eastern limit of the valley of Kashmir, is Shahabad, a garden of the Mogul emperors, near to which is Nornagh, erected by Jehangire, and boasting a fine spring. All these palaces are now in ruins. The Jhelum, soon after passing Shahabad, loses its name, and at Bauhal, twelve *kos* from Islamabad, is known as the Sandran.

The number of passes over the Pir Panjal Mountains into Kashmir has been variously estimated.* Abu Fazel, the author of the "Ayeen Akbery," places them at twenty-six, the native historian, Ferishta, at only three. More reliable are our countrymen, of whom Elphinstone, in his account of Cabul, enumerates seven. Vigne mentions twenty, and adds that "an active mountaineer could enter the valley in many places besides the regular passes;" and Von Hügel speaks of twelve, adding that the four following are practicable at all times of the year: the Nalog, on the eastern frontier; the Banihal, on the western frontier; the Baramula Pass southwards, or Panch Pass on the western frontier; and the Baramula Pass westward, or Dul Pass on the same frontier. Though some of the passes are practicable for horses there is no carriage-way into the valley, and the Mogul emperors frequently brought elephants by the Pir Panjal Pass, or that through which the Bimber road lies. Bernier recounts how he was present when the ladies of Aurungzebe's *zenana* travelled on the backs of these sure-footed animals, though he states that many of them were precipitated into the depths below. Other travellers have expressed their astonishment how these huge brutes could have travelled along these perilous and difficult paths, the soil being loose and crumbling in many parts. According to Vigne, when the Sikhs invaded the valley through the Baramula Pass, they took with them a six-pounder slung on poles, and borne by thirty-two men at each relay. The only time, we believe, a British force has entered into Kashmir, was when the late Sir Henry Lawrence, during his memorable administration of the Punjaub in the early days of our occupation, marched with some Sikh troops, who, under his guidance, aided by one or two of his assistants, penetrated the snowy fastnesses of this remote region, and by his indomitable zeal and high courage, nipped in the bud a rising against the Lahore Durbar, whose power at that time had not been displaced by our annexation of the province.

Indeed, far otherwise do the prospects of Kashmir appear to us, although a famine has, within recent years, desolated the province. The Maharajah would appear to be a real friend to the British Government, and though, perhaps, we should be doing him no injustice in attributing to selfish considerations the assistance he has so generously afforded to Mr. Forsyth's Mission, yet his conduct proves that he is sufficiently alive to the material benefits that will accrue to his subjects by fostering commercial relations between the British provinces and Kashgaria.





INDIAN PRINCES, FROM NATIVE PORTRAITS.

On the extent and probable value of this trade opinions differ, and there are strong grounds for believing that the country ruled by that powerful and sagacious ruler, the Ameer of Yarkund, is poorer than has been hitherto supposed, and that the stupendous passes and barren table-lands that intervene between Eastern Turkistan and Kashmir offer natural obstacles so numerous and well-nigh insurmountable, that trading caravans, like invading armies, will follow other channels. If so, Afghanistan is destined to a great future, and may play, commercially, as prominent a part in the future of these little-known but interesting countries as it always has from a military point of view. From before the days of Mahmoud of Ghuznee and Baber, of Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah Abdali, the passes between Jellalabad and Peshawur have witnessed the influx of conquering armies; and it is certain, that if we ever have to struggle for the maintenance of our power in India, with the only enemy who can wrest the sceptre of Eastern domination from us, it will be through the Khyber Pass that the hosts of the Russian Czar will pass, and not through the portals of the "Happy Valley" of Oriental poets.

* Thornton's "Gazetteer."



STREET VIEW IN QUITO.

The City and Valley of Quito, and the Quitonians.

THE capital city of the republic of Ecuador is situated in a ravine of the Andes, almost immediately under the Equinoctial line, in lat. 0° 13′ 18″ south, long. 83° 45′ west of Greenwich, at an elevation of 9,520 feet above the sea-level, and on the east side of the dormant volcano, Pichincha, whose summit rises some 6,450 feet yet higher.

Surrounded on all sides by high mountain-peaks, rising far above the line of perpetual snow, the valley presents a scene of pastoral beauty; the bright green of the rich pastures, always covered with verdure and enamelled with flowers of most lovely colours, dotted over with cattle, and set in a frame of bold and ever-varying, beautifully-tinted mountains, well repays the traveller the toil he has experienced in reaching it; while the extreme clearness of the air enables objects at the distance of sixty or eighty miles to be seen with wonderful distinctness. The great elevation of Quito, and its position near the equator, render the climate very agreeable and salubrious, proverbially spoken of by the natives as "an eternal spring." The mean annual temperature is about 59° Fahr., the thermometer never exceeding 70°, nor falling below 45°; the average diurnal range may be stated at 10°. A journey of four hours will place the traveller in the region of constant

frost; or, in the space of half a day, he can descend the deep and sultry valleys that separate the mighty chains of the Andes; or, finally, he may visit the tropical forest extending to the shores of the Pacific. This variation of temperature, dependent on elevation, and occurring within narrow limits, furnishes a daily and diversified supply of vegetable food. The greatest fluctuations of the thermometer occur in autumn, and the greatest quantity of rain falls in April. From December to April, violent storms of rain and lightning almost daily occur in the afternoon. Earthquakes are also frequent; one of these visitations that occurred in 1797, with an eruption of Pichincha, when the city was surrounded with lava, is said to have destroyed in the province above 40,000 persons, and to have caused a permanent influence over the climate, and reduction in the temperature. Another took place on the morning of the 22nd of March, 1859, involving a great destruction of property and the loss of many lives. The mean annual rainfall is 70 inches.

Within this sequestered spot, buried between treeless, sombre sierras, and isolated from the rest of the world by gigantic cordilleras and impassable roads, lies "the city above the clouds," magnificent Quito (with the dedicatory title of San Francisco), laved on its south side by the little river Machángara, across which there is an ancient stone bridge. On the north is the plain of Iña-quito, or Rumibamba, the battle-field where Gonzales Pizarro defeated the first Viceroy of Peru, who lost his life there; and the place chosen, two centuries later, by the French and Spanish astronomers, for measuring a degree of the meridian. An alabaster slab with a Latin inscription, in the church of the Jesuits, perpetuates the memory of this work, and the names of the officers who performed it. Formerly the capital of the Quitu, its earliest history is lost in obscurity. It was conquered in about A.D. 1000 by the Caras, a more civilised race who came from the sea-board, who embellished it with temples and palaces. They worshipped the sun and moon, and by them Quito, from its proximity to the equator, was held in especial veneration as the favoured abode of their great deity. The fame of the region excited the cupidity of the Incas of Peru, who in 1640 commenced incursions into the province, and fifteen years later, by the celebrated battle of Hatuntaqui, in which the Cara-Quitu king was killed, the city was added to the realm of the Incas by Huayna-Capac, who made it his residence and beautified it. At his death civil war ensued, in the midst of which, in 1533, Pizarro vanquished the country, and it became an appanage of the Spanish crown, and so continued until 1831, when it recovered its independence and a republic was established.

Under the diadem of the Incas, Quito assumed a magnificence which it never saw before, and has not displayed since; palaces more beautiful than the Alhambra were erected, glittering with the gold and emeralds of the Andes. But all this splendour passed away with the advent of the usurper, who removed all the wealth of the city and despoiled it of its grandeur. A gloomy convent now takes the place of the pavilion of the Incas, and a wheat-field covers the site of the Temple of the Sun.

The city was rebuilt in 1534 by Sebastian de Belalcazar, and in 1541 endowed by the Emperor Charles V. with the title of "very noble and very royal city." It encloses an area of about a square mile, and is, on the whole, one of the best-built cities in South America. The streets are straight and laid out at right angles with each other, but at 45° with the meridian, so that not a single public building faces either of the four cardinal points of the compass; they are about twenty in number, of average width, and well paved. There are three principal squares, besides several less important—Plaza Mayor, in the centre of the city, containing the chief public buildings and the best residences, Plaza de San Francisco, and Plaza de Santo Domingo. The first of these is 300 feet square, and adorned with trees and flowers; the others are dusty and unpaved, being used as market-places.

Quito has some fine public buildings, nearly all of which are of the sixteenth century. They are built of brick, or a dark volcanic stone from Pichincha, and are modelled after the old Spanish style. The cathedral, a plain structure with a steeple at one corner, is much less handsome than several of the other churches; it occupies the north-east side of the Plaza Mayor, and has a splendid marble porch, and a terrace with a carved stone balustrade, but is sadly out of repair. The Government house, which also serves for the president's palace, stands on the north-west side, and is an imposing edifice adorned with a fine colonnade ascended by two flights of steps; in it are the halls of the *audiencia*, treasury, and archives, with the offices of the public secretaries and the gaol. Congress assembles on the 15th of September in each alternate year, and consists of eighteen senators and thirty representatives. The chambers are small and literally barren of ornament. The members sit in two rows facing each other, have no desks, and give an affirmative vote by a silent bow. Opposite to the cathedral is the archbishop's palace, an unpretending building, with private dwellings of modern and uniform architecture, of which also the fourth side is composed, and in which the city hall is situated. A fine brass fountain occupies the centre of the Plaza; the other two squares are also each adorned with a fountain. Passing thence to the Plaza de San Francisco, we come to the church of that name on its north-west side, one of the finest architectural buildings in the city; it is raised above the level of the square, and has a noble terrace in front, from which descends a flight of stone steps, and is surmounted by two lofty towers; the interior is a perfect blaze of gilding. It was built with the treasures of Atahualpa (the last of the Incas) discovered by an Indian, and is the richest. Attached to it is a convent and a monastery; the latter being one of the largest in the world, but the greater part of it is in ruins, and one of wings is used as barracks. In close proximity to the last is the church, or college, of the ex-Jesuits (expelled some few years back), which is a more modern edifice. It has a fine façade, with an elaborate front of porphyry, adorned with Corinthian columns finely sculptured by native artists. The interior is very rich, consisting of gilt carved work, and contains a library, said to comprise 20,000 volumes, including some very rare works. A part of the edifice is used as halls for the university, and another part has been converted into barracks.

The churches are numerous, and generally embellished with artistic decoration of figures, mouldings, and cornices of various design, both in wood and stone. Previously to the revolution they were richly furnished with silver ornaments, plate, and paintings, but much of this wealth has since been turned to more practical use. Attached to all the churches (except the cathedral) are unsightly, unadorned convents, which neutralise nearly all architectural effect. The church of La Merced is

quite an exception to the other ecclesiastical buildings of the city, in the entire absence of gilding in its ornamental parts, while the buttresses and pilasters, on which its arches rest, have a representation of network sculptured on them in good design.

A small portion of the city is built on level ground, on which is situated the great square with the principal buildings; the remainder of the surface is very uneven. Two deep ravines come down the mountain and traverse the city from west to east; they are mostly covered by arches supporting the houses. The inequality of the site and its elevation above the Machángara render the drainage perfect. The city has an abundant supply of water, obtained from several streams which flow through it in conduits.

The houses, which are spacious and convenient, are chiefly built of unburnt bricks, the walls being often two or three feet thick, and have generally a balcony towards the street, with projecting tiled roofs. On account of earthquakes they are seldom more than one storey in height, except in the neighbourhood of the Plaza Mayor. They usually surround a paved court-yard, in which there is sometimes a fountain or flower-plot, entered from the street by a broad gateway; around it are arches or pillars supporting a gallery, which is a passage-way to the upper apartments; the ground-floor is occupied by servants. Generally speaking they are indifferently furnished and deficient in cleanliness. The shops are very small, without windows and with only wooden doors. The Indian habitations on the outskirts of the city are mere mud hovels, without and within a scene of dirt and disorder.

Owing to the steep slope of the ground, it is difficult for vehicles to traverse the streets of Quito; there are two or three carriages of antique fashion, drawn by mules, and perhaps half a dozen carts; but it is hardly just to lay the blame of this absence entirely to this cause. The Quitonians are not a travelling people, and from their isolation are far behind the age in respect to the advantages of modern applied science; custom is omnipotent here, and hence the unskilled labour of the poor Indian is called in requisition for the transport of all materials that require to be removed.

The population of the city is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 80,000, but it is believed that the latter is considerably too high; the women are much more numerous than the men. The white inhabitants—a stiff aristocracy of 8,000 souls—forming the governing class, are of Spanish descent, whilst the coarse black hair, prominent cheek-bones, and low foreheads reveal an Indian alliance. They have a fair mental capacity, quick perception, and are uncommonly civil and polite, but distrustful and procrastinating. Speaking on this head, a recent traveller* remarks that "the Quitonians put us to shame by their unequalled courtesy, cordiality, and good-nature, and are not far below the grave and decorous Castilian in dignified politeness. Their compliments are without end; a newly-arrived foreigner is covered with promises: everything is at his disposal; but, alas! the traveller soon finds that this ceremony of words does not extend to deeds. He is never expected to call for the services so pompously offered. This outward civility, however, is not hypocritical, it is mere mechanical prattle; the speaker does not expect to be taken at his word. The love of superlatives and the want of good faith may be considered as prominent characteristics." Contempt for labour — a Spanish inheritance — and lack of energy are marked traits in their character. Their wealth, which is not great, consists mainly in *haciendas*, or farms, yielding grain, cotton, and cattle. The pure Indians number perhaps 10,000; these are the serfs that do the drudgery of the republic, that till the soil, and are the beasts of burden. Except a few foreigners and negroes, the remainder, constituting the bulk of the population, are Cholos, the offspring of whites and Indians, in which the latter element stands out most prominent. Though a mixed race, they are far superior to their progenitors in enterprise and intelligence; these are the soldiers, artizans, and tradesmen, who keep up the only signs of life in Quito. In dress, the gentlemen of the upper class adopt the Spanish *toga;* and the ladies, the mantilla of the mother country, though it is not worn so gracefully as on the promenades of Madrid; bonnets are almost unknown among them; a silk dress, satin shoes, and fancy jewellery complete the visible attire of the belles of Quito. The ordinary costume of the Indians and Cholos consists of a coarse cotton shirt and drawers, and a silk, cotton, or woollen *poncho* of native manufacture, the females adding a short petticoat belted round the waist; the head, arms, legs, and feet are generally bare; they are very fond of bracelets and necklaces.

Following the custom of their Spanish ancestry, bull-fights, or rather bull-baiting, into which the sport has here degenerated, is the national amusement of the Quitonians. This spectacle is performed in the Plaza de San Francisco, and is reserved for the most notable days in the calendar. Cock-fights come next in popularity, and are *bonâ fide* fights, little knives being fastened to the natural spurs, with which the fowls cut each other up frightfully. This interesting scene takes place on Sundays and Thursdays, and is regulated by a municipal tribunal. Other pastimes are carnivals and masquerades.

Business transactions are chiefly carried on in the market-places, which are abundantly supplied with beef, mutton, pork, and poultry, vegetables, and a great variety of fruits. Professor Orton gives us a very lively description of the Plaza de Santo Domingo, in the following words: "The scene has a semi-Oriental cast—half-Indian, half-Egyptian, as if this were the confluence of the Maranon and Nile. Groups of men—not crowds, for there is plenty of elbow-room in Ecuador—in gay ponchos, stand chatting in front of little shops, or lean against the wall to enjoy the sunshine; beggars, in rags or sackcloth, stretch forth their leprous hands for charity; monks in white, and canons in black, walk in the shade of immense hats; shoeless soldiers saunter to and fro; Indians from the mountains, in every variety of costume, cluster around heaps of vegetables for sale; women in red, brown, and blue frocks, are peddling oranges and alligator-pears, or bearing huge burdens on their heads; children guiltless of clothing, and obtuse donkeys, wander whithersoever they will; and water-carriers, filling their jars at the fountain, start off on a dog-trot."

Of commerce there is scarcely enough to deserve the name. Without capital, without energy, without business habits, Quitonians never embark in grand commercial schemes and industrial enterprises; whilst the unstable condition of

* Professor Orton, a member of the scientific expedition to the equatorial Andes and the river Amazon, made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, United States; to whose highly interesting book ("The Andes and the Amazon") we are indebted for much of the information in this paper.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF QUITO.

the country does not encourage great undertakings. Quito is almost entirely dependent upon Guayaquil (distant 240 miles) for the productions of the outer world. The road thence, a mere natural path which rises to the altitude of 14,000 feet over the slopes of Chimborazo, is open only six months in the year, causing a total suspension of communication during the remainder; but it is believed that with energy and some engineering skill this might be obviated, and a convenient road constructed to a nearer port. Corn and other agricultural produce are its principal exports, receiving in exchange European goods, and gold, silver, and other metals, brandy, wine, and oil, &c., from the countries on the Pacific Ocean.

There is but little manufacturing industry; some coarse cotton and woollen cloth, lace, hosiery, and silk and leather goods are made, with gold and silver jewellery; the city is also highly celebrated for its confectionery. Husbandry is more pastoral than agricultural. Thousands of cattle are reared in the valley, but almost wholly for beef. In common with all the natives of the New Continent, the inhabitants have a dislike to milk. Some cheese and a little butter are made, but in a most primitive fashion. The same may also be said of all agricultural operations; the spade is not known; hoes are clumsy and awkward. Corn is planted by making holes in the ground with a stick, and dropping in the seed.

The established religion is the narrowest and most intolerant form of Romanism.* The oath of a Protestant is not regarded in courts of law. One-fourth of Quito is covered by convents and churches; the former alone number fifty-seven, and are very extensive, sometimes spreading over eight or nine acres. There are more than 400 priests, monks, and nuns in the city. The native ecclesiastics are notorious for their ignorance and immorality. The imported Jesuits are the most intelligent and influential clergy; they control the university and colleges, and education generally. The venerable Dr. Jameson, of the University of Quito, writing in 1859, says: "Education has never been patronised by the Government, or the members of Congress who assemble here yearly; for which reason, the system at present pursued must be considered objectionable, inasmuch as attention is principally devoted to the study of theology, law, and medicine, to the neglect of practical science." Before the time of Charles III. there were two universities, but they were then united into one. It has eleven professors, with 285 students, of whom thirty-five are pursuing law, and eighteen medicine; and a library of 11,000 volumes, nearly all old Latin, Spanish, and French works. No fees are paid by the students. But the education of the Quitonians is strangely dwarfed, defective, and distorted; and their knowledge, such as they have, is without power, as it is without practice. There are also two colleges for the instruction of the clergy, and a large establishment for the maintenance of orphans and poor people. The city has but one newspaper—*El Nacional*—published occasionally by the Minister of the Interior.

The valley of Quito is remarkably healthy. Epidemics are unknown, as also are yellow fever, cholera, and consumption; while intermittent fevers, dysentery, and liver complaints are seldom heard of. The ordinary diseases are asthma and catarrhal affections, and typhoid fever; the latter due to filth, poor diet, and want of ventilation. Disorders of the digestive organs are somewhat frequent, but they spring from improper food and sedentary habits, the climate itself not being inimical to healthy digestion. Nervous and scrofulous diseases, and goitre, are common among the mountains; and there is a hospital for lepers, with 112 patients.

Nature, in fact, has done more for Quito than the incapable people who have settled in its valley; and it is impossible to look upon tottering walls and impassable roads, upon neglected fields and an idle population—poor as poverty in the lap of boundless wealth—without regret. Nearly the only sign of progress is the recent introduction of the grape and silk-worm; and these give so much promise of success, that the threadbare nobility have already begun to count their coming fortunes. The only really live man in the republic was the late President, Señor Garcia Moreno, a man of wide views and great energy, standing in these respects far above his fellow-citizens, under whose direction it might not have been too much to hope that this fine part of South America would awake from its torpor, and that its capital would be made more accessible to European intercourse.

* Through the efforts of the late United States Minister, the Hon. W. T. Coggeshall, a quarter of an acre of ground outside the city has been permitted to be enclosed for a Protestant cemetery. The first interment was that of Col. Staunton, Vice-Chancellor of Ingham University, New York, a member of the expedition previously referred to, who fell a victim to fever contracted in the lowlands, shortly after his arrival in Quito.

The Mountains and Valleys of Virginia.—I.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

MUCH has been said of late years about the marvellous resources of the United States; and while, on the one hand large capitals have been raised and companies started, with every apparent ground for the anticipation of vast profits, on the other hand, it is certain that none of these undertakings have been crowned with that kind of success which alone can justify the repetition of the experiment. It may be interesting to the reader to know the real state of the case, and what is true and false with regard to some of these assumed sources of national wealth, compared with which everything on this side of the Atlantic shrinks into comparative insignificance.

It must be admitted that the American continent looms very large when viewed with the eyes of those accustomed to results bearing a definite proportion to territorial extent.

America, or at least the United States, is spoken of, and often considered, as a simple unit among inhabited countries, and in that sense is compared with single countries of Europe. Issuing like Minerva, fully armed from its parent, it has since grown with such gigantic strides, spreading itself in every direction, that it has already acquired a population equal to that of the long-settled and civilised countries with which it is compared; but this population is spread over so vast an area, as to be utterly insufficient to develop the resources of the country. All the elements of national wealth, both agricultural and mineral, lie in the most tempting manner before the native, the emigrant, and the settler, but they are plucked with great difficulty, either because they require time, machinery, plant, and labour, to render productive; or because real and valuable as the products are, they have to be carried so far before finding a market, that the cost of conveyance renders it difficult for them to compete with the results obtained in other countries, where, if the quantity is smaller, the natural advantages inferior, and intelligent labour equally dear, there is at any rate greater compactness, and a population larger in proportion to the extent of the country, rendering it possible to undersell the grower and producer occupying the richer, but less manageable country, in the markets of the world.

Of all the States of the Union, Virginia enjoys perhaps the greatest natural advantages of position, climate, fertility, picturesque beauty, and mineral resources. It has mountains crowned with noble forests, wide and rich valleys, feeding numerous flocks and herds, and notorious even in America for the depth and range of their unexhausted, if not inexhaustible soil, and wide plains susceptible of the highest cultivation. These are watered and drained by several rivers, fed by innumerable streams and rivulets. The hills on one side of the great mountain ridge that traverses the state from north-east to south-west abound in iron ore of exceptional value, and the great plateau on the western side of this range of mountain country contains a great thickness of excellent coal, rendered available by numerous deep and narrow gorges that intersect the plateau, and allow the water to run off.

Virginia—the Old Dominion, or Old Virginia, as its sons love to call their parent state—was originally very extensive, and has been several times partitioned. What remains is still as large as the whole of the British Islands. The last separation took place since the war, and by it the western part of the state was severed from the eastern, the boundary line being here determined partly by natural features, partly by political considerations.

I am well acquainted with Virginia and the adjoining territories, having examined them with some care many years ago, having always kept up an interest in their progress, and having revisited them last autumn. At one time much was hoped from the gold deposits of the eastern counties, but their discovery took place too near the time when the far more brilliant discoveries of California were first brought before the world, to stand any chance of development. One of my first inspections in the state was of a gold mine in Buckingham County, and a very hopeful affair it would have been if all the available labour for such investigations had not been early attracted westwards. But the mineral wealth of the country is not confined to its gold mines; other metals of value, and many earthy minerals, have since been found. I have seen very striking specimens of copper ore; there are large quantities of emery, in a state calculated to yield considerable profit, and there is a supply of remarkably good zinc ore (carbonate and silicate), and excellent manganese ore. There is also porcelain clay of considerable value, and good brine-springs, from which salt is made. All these minerals are found in low ranges of hills parallel to and outside the main Appalachian Chain. At the annual fair held in Richmond in October, at the time when I was in the country last autumn (1873), many specimens of these were exhibited, and obtained a fair share of attention, side by side with samples of tobacco in all forms; gigantic ears of Indian corn, huge cabbages and cauliflowers, and other vegetable productions; wool, both in the fleece and manufactured, and a host of objects too varied to mention.

These annual fairs represent our agricultural shows, and include exhibitions of local produce of all kinds. Virginia has always been a great breeding state. Before the war, negroes counted among the produce, but I cannot say whether they were then placed among the objects exhibited, as my visits to the States were not made in the exhibition season. Now horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are multiplied in the various counties, and brought for the admiration of the multitude, some localities being celebrated for one, some for another breed, and these live stock are well shown in numerous stalls and pens that form a large circle round the outer line of the exhibition area.

But in America nothing can be done without politics, and it was a part of the exhibition, not the least interesting to me to find one of the favourite orators of the state (a member of Congress, if not a senator) declaiming from a small hustings erected for that purpose, and surrounded by a shifting audience of some hundreds of the visitors. The style of eloquence was fully equal to the occasion, and the subject matter was the importance of securing the exclusion of coloured officials in the coming elections. The speech was merely one object the more among many of varied interest, and fairly enough belonged to the occasion. The display of horses, and some horse-racing going on, was, however, more attractive to the mass. I visited a similar fair at Staunton, in the great and rich Valley of Virginia. Staunton is a very thriving and increasing town in a flourishing district. It shows no traces of the war, and is evidently growing very fast. The exhibition of local produce here was in its way quite as interesting as at Richmond, but of course much more limited, being confined to the immediate neighbourhood.

The Appalachian Mountains, and the outlying parallel mountain tract to the east, called the Blue Ridge, cross Virginia, and form the natural boundary between the old state and the slice recently separated. The chain extends from Canada almost to the Gulf of Mexico, and affects in the most marked manner the whole physical geography of North America. There was a time, geologically not very distant, when the ocean occupied the vast Valley of the Mississippi, reaching almost to the North Polar Sea; when, through this ocean instead of across the Atlantic, the Gulf-stream made its way; when the west coast of Europe was covered by glaciers, and when the reindeer was one of the most common quadrupeds of Southern France and the vine-clad valleys of the Garonne and its tributaries. The Appalachian Chain, not so lofty perhaps at that time, formed the backbone of a smaller America; but all the general features of the country existed

then as they do now, and while the gently-sloping and low-lying plains on the eastern side were rich prairie-land, feeding countless herds of buffalo and deer, the higher valleys and plains of the West were less accessible, and were intersected by deep ravines, resembling on a smaller scale the celebrated canyons of the Colorado. The gradual rising of the whole continent has now converted the ocean floor into a vast fertile valley; but the canyons still exist, and penetrate far within the mountain range, forming at present a means of communication from east to west, and connecting the Atlantic with the great West.

The country, however, is so inaccessible, and the conveyance by ordinary roads over the mountains so tedious and difficult, that beyond access to some natural springs of mineral water, situated in the midst of charming scenery, and equally celebrated for their healing virtue and as places of pleasant summer resort, there was hardly any communication between eastern and western Virginia at the time—now nearly twenty years ago—when I first visited the great Appalachian coal-field of the Kanawha Valley. It is on the western side of the ridge that the coal-field first shows itself in an available form, and to get it to the eastern cities was at that time altogether out of the question.

There are exceedingly few available gaps in the great mountain chain, and none of them are either low or in any sense easy to get over. But after all, natural difficulties of communication—where there is a willing population on one side and some object they desire to possess on the other—are made only to be overcome. There are two ways by which the treasures of the West could be carried eastwards. A canal was first thought of and attempted, and will probably be completed at some not very distant day. But the canal which is to connect James River with the Mississippi Valley, crossing Virginia in a westerly direction from the lowlands on the Atlantic, through the rich plains and valleys, stopped where it approached the mountains, which have to be penetrated before it can join New River and the Kanawha, by whose channels it will have to be conducted to reach the Ohio. These streams run through deep ravines, and wind amongst the mountains for a long distance before they terminate in the Ohio, and the work required to effect this junction required much larger funds than could be obtained from Virginia in the slavery times. It is true there was then great wealth in the country, but it was not of the kind that is available for public works of this nature. The canal was planned, many schemes, some extremely ingenious, were devised for penetrating the mountain, and securing an ample water supply in dry weather, but there was no serious attempt made towards its completion.

Afterwards came the time of railroads. In a new country, even although iron may cost a good deal, the iron road is the quickest made, and even the cheapest of all roads. A railroad was commenced and constructed from Richmond, the capital of Virginia, towards the mountains, but there again the natural barrier long remained too serious to be overcome. It required all the energy of a new company, starting with the greater part of the line already constructed, and expecting to make traffic not only by opening out mineral wealth, but by creating a population on the western side, to overcome the many obstacles that existed. After the war, when the state had been subdivided and Western Virginia created, and when the construction of railroads became one of the main objects of the most intelligent, and at the same time most speculative, American investors, this work was undertaken, and has at length been happily carried through, though not without almost ruining the shareholders and debenture-holders, and even at last leaving the completed line very badly supplied with rolling stock. But it is important to point out that the line itself, now known as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, is admirably engineered, if not always along the best selected line, and may compare, in the nature of its work, with any line in any country. The difficulties were enormous. For a long distance it is constructed on a ledge cut on the face of a nearly vertical cliff of hard rock, with a torrent running below. For miles the only means of access during its progress, was by the aid of ropes let down from the top of the precipitous cliff to a depth of several hundred feet. The road had to be carried through numerous tunnels, presenting every variety of difficulty, but, in spite of all these, it was ultimately pushed through, and it really has remarkably easy grades, and now, in its complete state, the traffic can be carried on with perfect facility. At present it runs through scores of miles of country very thinly peopled, and its use for a long while will be chiefly confined to the conveyance of minerals.

There ought to be a very safe and certain supply of valuable minerals to justify such a line, and it deserves careful consideration as to how far the quantity of available mineral justifies the experiment. Let us consider for a moment the resources of the eastern part of America in reference to the two most important of all minerals, and the sources of the most permanent wealth. I mean iron ore and coal.

Pennsylvania, and especially the country about Pittsburg, and also the Cumberland district in Maryland, and a group of towns on the right bank of the Ohio below Wheeling, have been for many years the centres of the iron and coal trade in America. Iron could be made there with local coal, but the ore had to be brought from afar, and the coal to be lifted out of the earth after expensive mining, and the result has been that to justify the smelting of iron on a large scale, and prevent the American iron-master from being ruined by competition, a heavy protecting duty had to be imposed on all imported metal, whether pig, bar, or sheet. With this duty the profits of manufacture were sufficient to enrich the iron-master in ordinary times, when the price of labour was not exorbitant, and when the distant ores—some of them carried a thousand miles—could be obtained at a moderate cost. The great coal-field of Pennsylvania, containing all varieties of mineral fuel, did not lie very favourably, either for extraction or transport, and in order to encourage this industry also, protecting duties were levied. Thus the coal and iron trades in America have been cultivated and fostered, but have not of themselves been able hitherto to compete on equal terms with foreign coal and metal conveyed across the Atlantic. And although the English coal-miner and iron-master have had to incur very heavy expenses in originally reaching the minerals in their own country and bringing them into the market, the protecting duty and the heavy cost of conveyance across three thousand miles of ocean, have not been sufficient to prevent a very large import of coal and of iron in all stages of manufacture.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway affords the first and, at present, the only means of access to deposits of iron ore and of coal, the former in every respect superior, and the latter equal to the supplies from any of the mineral fields of Pennsylvania.

The iron ore is of the finest quality, both in the valleys east of the Blue Ridge, and between that ridge and the Appalachians. This ore is in such quantity that it may be regarded as practically inexhaustible. It alternates with limestone bands, valuable as flux, and much of it is close to the line of rail. A few miles of branch would bring millions of tons on the line at an exceedingly small cost.

A hundred miles west of these deposits of ironstone, and following the line of the railway, we enter the great coal-field worked now on the cliff of the valley, through which run the Kanawha and its tributaries, and along which the railroad is constructed. At least sixty feet of the finest coal of all varieties, except anthracite, has been found to exist wherever search has been made. Some of the seams have been opened and worked to a considerable distance by tunnels entering from the hill-side. The coal is found to be uniform in thickness, very level in its position, and nowhere interrupted by those fractures and disturbances that in England and other countries are almost regarded as essential to its existence. Single beds, five, six, eight, or even ten feet thick, are thus immediately accessible, and the coal when got has only to be run down hill to the railroad.



INDIAN COSTUMES.

Puget Sound, and the Northern Pacific Railroad.—II.

BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

THE belief that Seattle would be chosen as the site of the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad was founded on the fact that the Snoqualmie Valley in the neighbourhood, affords the lowest known practicable pass across the Cascade Range. Indeed, it was high treason for any one to doubt but that Seattle would be the terminus. A friend of mine having ventured to differ with a lady on this point, she put him down in a manner that astonished his weak nerves, and made him repent his temerity. The emigration which takes place over the pass from Oregon, and the eastern side of the mountains, has also contributed to aid the development of the town. Seabeck, Ports Madison and Blakely, Freeport, and Port Orchard, are all tributary to Seattle, and take its produce. Building has been going on to a considerable extent of late years; and "one of the most certain indications of the metropolitan character which this town is now assuming, is the fact of the moving of frame structures to make way for brick and iron." There are six churches, and no less than seven distinct congregations, some of which meet in assembly-rooms. Of these there are two, built for lectures, concerts, and other purposes. The University building, erected on the brow of the hill, is a noble-looking structure, with a lofty portico of the Ionic order. The stores are very large and well stocked.

In common with the other towns on the Sound, the houses are painted white, which, together with shade trees planted in the principal thoroughfares, give a cheerful aspect to the place.

The first claims were located in March, 1852, by the Hon. A. A. Denny, formerly delegate to Congress, William N. Bell, and C. D. Boren. They were chosen near each other for mutual assistance and protection, as the Indians were then numerous and somewhat unfriendly.

The Snoqualmie Pass is seventy-five miles from Seattle in a south-easterly direction. A pass in the immediate neighbourhood of the present one had long been known and used by the Indians, but it was impracticable for a wagon road; for the Indians in travelling select the loftiest ridges, regardless of height, there not being so much chance of meeting with obstructions, such as fallen timber and the like, as when travelling at lower elevations. There is another passage across the mountains, from about five miles to eight and a half miles to the south, called the Cedar River or Yakima Pass, as it debouches in the valley of that name on the eastern side of the mountains. It is 1,500 feet higher than the Snoqualmie Pass, and has been used for fifty years by the Hudson Bay Company. Much money has been spent to make it a wagon road. It has been abandoned by the Indians now for the last four or five years, owing to the superior facilities for travelling afforded by the Snoqualmie Pass. From its proximity, the Cedar River or Yakima Pass is often confounded with the Snoqualmie, hence the latter is sometimes called the true Snoqualmie, to distinguish it from the former.

There are two passages leading out of the Snoqualmie Valley. First, the old Indian foot-trail, which diverges from the present road to the south-east at a point about four or five miles below the summit of the pass on its western side, and debouches on the western side of Lake Kitchelas. It was impracticable for horses, and is now abandoned. According to the official record, "on the 20th of June, 1856, Major van Bokkelen went up the Snoqualmie River from the falls, thirty-five miles, passing through prairies for five and a half miles, and the rest through forest greatly obstructed with timber. After passing the summit, he lost the old Indian trail, and going for ten miles south by compass, found another, and four miles further reached Lake Kitchelas. As this trail ended at the lake, he was obliged to force his way along its western shore for eight miles, over rocks and timber, and at its lower end reached the foot of the Yakima Pass."*

Second, the present road, which is to the north of the former, and debouches on the eastern side of Lake Kitchelas. Now, the Hon. A. A. Denny, before mentioned, J. Boorst, and William Perkins, claim to have been the first white men to cross the second passage above described—viz., in August, 1865—and aver that Major van Bokkelen, who also claims to have been the first explorer, must have crossed by "the old



SEATTLE.

* "Pacific Railroad Reports," vol. xii, part i., p. 194.

Indian trail," or first-mentioned passage before described, as Mr. Denny's party were unable to find the slightest sign of any human visitors until they arrived at Lake Kitchelas, on the eastern side of the pass. On reading the official record above quoted, it will be at once seen that there is a discrepancy which is difficult to explain. It appears from it, that there is a distance of fourteen miles between the summit of the pass and the head of Lake Kitchelas, whereas, according to the report (dated April, 1869) of Mr. Edwin F. Johnson, late chief engineer to the Northern Pacific Railroad, the distance is only 4·11 miles. It will also be observed that the words of the record, "lost the old Indian trail," would seem to point out that the first-mentioned route was the one followed by Major van Bokkelen. Again, if he had crossed the summit by the route now followed, he must have come out on the eastern, and not on the western shore of Lake Kitchelas, the former being in a direct line with, and nearest to the summit of the pass, though it would be possible for a party travelling only by compass to make the western instead of the eastern shore after leaving the summit.*

Large sums have been spent to keep the road across the pass open, and when the funds granted by the county or the territory have been insufficient, the few settlers that there are along the route have subscribed liberally to keep it in repair. Some notion may be formed of the traffic from the fact that two months after we crossed, when the rains had set in, and the road was out of repair, from sixty to seventy wagons accumulated on the other side of the pass. The first wagon, after making the road, went through from Black River, near Seattle, to Lake Kitchelas, a distance of sixty-six miles, in four days.

I was desirous of visiting the pass, so Mr. Denny was kind enough to arrange a party for that purpose, as well as to accompany it himself. We were joined by Professor Hall, of the University, and Dr. Wheeler, of Seattle, and started on the 25th of July. Mr. Denny was our leader. He carried an axe to clear away obstructions, for we heard that there was a good deal of fallen timber, owing to the bush fires which were all over the country, so he looked like a fireman at the head of a May-day procession. The pack animal came next, then followed Professor Hall. Just before starting, he had been coaxed into buying a small box of cigars for the benefit of the party. It was too late to be inserted in the pack, consequently he was obliged to carry it; but the box proved to be useful, for the pack-animal was lazy, so, in the absence of a whip, the professor, having first pocketed his dignity, made use of the sharp corners of the box to goad the animal with, much to our amusement, as he had to lean forward in an awkward sort of way every time to reach the offender. Next came the writer, who was artist and historiographer to the expedition. He was equipped with a note-book, and a black-lead pencil, ready to take off everything and anybody. The rear was brought up by Dr. Wheeler, surgeon to the forces. He was armed with a lancet, a bottle of "pain-killer," and a box of pills, wherewith to succour the distressed, and alleviate suffering humanity. The doctor was not able to start with us, but overtook the party on the road. He had been delayed, taking in freight in the shape of a stock of combustibles to keep his pipe alight, being a great smoker. Indeed, he had such a large cargo, that on entering the house where we stopped for the night, and going into the room where he had placed his pack, I was under the impression that I had got into a lucifer-match manufactory, so strong was the smell of brimstone.

The road for the first twelve miles was level, and lay through fir forests. The wild pea, which abounded, was fading, but its tints of raw sienna agreeably diversified the monotonous greenery of the forest. Before reaching our destination, we crossed over Black River, which flows from Washington Lake, and is of some width at this point; then, passing by another stream, called Cedar River, which has its origin in the pass of that name, we came to a large clearing surrounded by alders. In the centre there was a neatly-built farm-house, belonging to a Mr. W. P. Smith, who made our party welcome, and invited us to pass the night. Next morning, on awaking, we were alarmed at the appearance of Professor Hall, for his face was of a blue-black, and we imagined that he must be very bad. But it speedily turned out, that the colour of his complexion was owing to a pair of new blankets of a blue colour, the indigo dye having rubbed off on to his face; thus he appeared like a devil in a Christmas pantomime. This little interlude was repeated every morning, and furnished an unfailing source of merriment to the party. On leaving Mr. Smith's, the road passed under some over-arching maples of large size, leading to the forest, which abounds at this spot with fine cedars. We passed through a level country, and by a good road, to a settlement called Squawk, twelve miles from Mr. Smith's; but, owing to the smoke caused by the bush-fires, it was very gloomy travelling. We made a lunch, and cut some green oats for our horses, and bought some shelled oats, not being certain whether we should reach a proposed camping-place this night.

After leaving Squawk, we began to meet with the obstructions which we had all along dreaded—a great fire had just passed over our track, and the trail was covered with fallen timber, which was smouldering, so that the axe had to be brought into use. Every Western man knows how to handle this mainstay of the pioneer, and Mr. Denny plied it with vigour and skill, but we had some difficulty in getting our horses through, as the flames frightened them. Singular effects are produced by these fires; the scorched trees assume rich red and yellow tints, exactly as if in the autumn season; but in other places the charred and blackened trunks, the hideous stumps, leaves curled up to cinders, the earth strewn with ashes, and the light of the sun obscured, present a sad and melancholy spectacle. About the middle of the day, the road opened out into a beautiful and park-like country, but we had to surmount three steep hills before camping. At length the tall firs began to dwindle, and the forest opened out, showing glimpses of the sky. Presently there was the welcome sight of the tops of some cotton-wood trees, always an indication of bottom-lands and of water. We stopped about five o'clock, at a Mr. Boorst's, on the outskirts of Snoqualmie prairie, about forty miles from Seattle, having only made 300 feet of elevation since leaving Squawk. We camped in a beautiful orchard, which, with the farm-buildings, strongly reminded me of those comfortable and substantial-looking homesteads which are met with in the valley of St. Gervais, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc—homesteads that suggest peace and plenty—a land flowing with milk and honey. The ranch adjoins the river

* In making these remarks, the author does not in any way wish to impugn the veracity of Major van Bokkelen, who is a gentleman of probity and good standing.

Snoqualmie, which runs at the rear of the house; and after the heat and dust of the journey, we enjoyed a refreshing bath in its cold waters.

Next morning, three of the party started to visit the Falls of the Snoqualmie. The river is about fifty yards broad, and presents the usual characteristics pertaining to the lower portions of streams in this territory; viz., long reaches of firs, sprinkled with cedar and maple, alternating with cotton-wood and alder; the banks are occasionally covered with a dense growth of willows and underwood, while at every sharp bend of the stream there are piles of logs and driftwood, brought down by the spring freshets, and every now and then snags obstruct the way. After proceeding down the river about three miles, we came to the top of the falls, and crossed to the other side. We then made a steep descent, through forest as usual, till we gained the river again, and walking up it along the banks, over smooth and slippery boulders, came to a point where the spectacle was superb. An immense amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs bounds the view. These are apparently of a trap rock, with seams of quartz and sandstone, the latter uppermost. The river plunges in one leap of 275 feet over the centre, with a loud roar. Clouds of mist and spray rise up from the basin beneath, and a beautiful effect is produced by the waters in their descent. They resemble immense icicles, constantly elongating till broken, then reforming, and ever renewed. When one reflects that this immense volume of water pours forth from day to day, from age to age, throughout the rolling centuries, with its deep tone of music, its everlasting anthem, it gives one a grand image of Almighty power, of the majesty of the Creator. I thought of certain *grands eaux* at Versailles, much vaunted in their day, and reflected how feeble are man's best works, compared with those of God! People who have seen the falls earlier in the season, say that the month of June is the best time for visiting them, as there is then a still larger volume of water.

We resumed our journey on the following morning. Mr. Boorst joined us; we were also accompanied by an Indian woman, who went by the name of the "Widow," together with her young husband—this being her third—as he was to guide us to a reported lead of plumbago near the pass which we were desirous of examining. On leaving Mr. Boorst's, a fine view of the Cascade Range presented itself. Shortly after, we entered upon the Snoqualmie prairie, which is about four miles long, and from one and a half to two miles wide. It was unenclosed, and reminded me of an English common, in the absence of trees, besides being perfectly level, and covered with fern. There were blackberries, as well as a quantity of strawberries, and many plants of the same species as those found on open lands in England. Eight settlers live here. They have all large farms, averaging from 100 to 200 acres. The principal produce is hogs. They also raise cattle, and cure bacon, which finds a ready market at Seattle. Nearly all the open land hereabouts is taken up. We stopped at a ranch, and bought some hay, not being quite certain where we should camp at night. After crossing a considerable portion of the prairie we came to the river, and left the road, which continues on to the Cedar River Pass. The timber growing on the banks comprises fir and cedar; it is of a very fine quality, being suitable for lumber. Salmon run up in the winter, and up the Yakima or Cedar River in the early spring. Fording it, we crossed a couple of good-sized prairies, from one and a half to two miles across, divided by belts of timber, and about eleven o'clock came to a very steep ridge, called "Perkins's backbone," as Mr. Perkins before mentioned first blazed the trail. It is about one mile in the ascent, and divides the middle and south forks of the Snoqualmie, the latter being the one we had hitherto followed. The ridge is very narrow, in one part not more than ten feet across. Below, at a depth of perhaps 500 feet, we could just discern the middle fork of the river, winding in a semicircle; for the day was obscured with smoke, which spoilt the views. We now entered thick timber. After travelling some distance, one of the party feeling very unwell, we were obliged to camp early in the afternoon, at a spot in the middle of the forest, where there was no grass. This mattered but little to those of our animals which were of the Cayoosh, or native breed. They would eat anything—fern, bramble, willow, and all kinds of plants, even the prickly "devil's club:" nothing seemed to disagree with their digestions. Next morning, we continued our path through the forest, crossing several gullies, in which a kind of blue sandstone predominated, and we passed by a number of magnificent cedars in a hollow which was favourable to their growth. Many of these were twelve feet in diameter. As the afternoon came on, the sun broke out, partly perhaps owing to our elevation—for we had been gradually ascending all the morning, and were now above the smoke of the bush fires. We crossed the river several times in the course of this day's journey. About five miles before reaching the summit, the old Indian trail before mentioned strikes off to the right, or south-east, and follows a ridge leading to Lake Kitchelas on the eastern side.

About this spot Mr. Boorst drew my attention to some cedars which had been stripped of their bark, and informed me that it had been done by the Indians in the days before blankets were introduced by the Hudson Bay Company. They first stripped off large sheets of it, then laid them out on a flat stone or piece of wood, beating the strips out with a stick into fine threads; after which they worked them up into clothing. About two and a half miles below the summit of the pass, I noticed a large mass of granite *in situ*, cropping out of the mountain side.

The ascent now became comparatively steep. The trees began to dwindle and thin out, affording in their openings glimpses of pine-clad heights, and bold escarpments of rock, together with precipices strewn at their feet with *débris*, exhibiting, in fact, all the features of a mountain country, for we were now in the heart of the Cascade Range. Towards four o'clock we emerged into an open tract of turfy, marshy, meadow land, about a couple of acres in extent, and affording plenty of grass, with here and there pools, bearing water-lilies, all hemmed in by the common red fir. We had gained the summit of the pass. It is surrounded on three sides by lofty peaks bearing patches of snow. They have received the names of Mount Gregory Smith, after the chairman of the board of directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Mount Annie, after a lady on Puget Sound, and Mount Edwin F. Johnson, after the late engineer-in-chief to the railroad company. One of the company's surveying parties, the summer before last, determined the height of the pass to be 3,010 feet above the sea. A party sent to report on the greatest depth of snow, found it to be seventeen feet on the 1st of March, and there was none whatever ten miles on the western side of the pass; also that there was no drifting of snow, and not a single slide, thus obviating any necessity for the erection of snow sheds, and

showing that snow-ploughs will be entirely adequate to keep the line in running order. We noticed heather, but it was not in bloom; also the mountain ash, and other plants peculiar to high elevations. There were quantities of berries, which were of a finer flavour and larger size than those growing on the lowlands. This is attributable to the drier atmosphere. Another indication of our altitude was the squeak of the ground hog. A little further on, we found a wagon with a family in camp. They had come from Utah, and had passed through Idaho and Montana. One of the party informed us that he had walked 1,500 miles by the side of the wagon since leaving home. They had run out of flour, and were very glad to get some from us.



INDIANS OF OREGON.

After we had made our evening meal, and were seated round the camp-fire, an unprotected female came along, somewhat to my surprise, in this wild spot. She was on horseback, and turned out to be an Indian girl who was known to some of the party. I was informed that she went among the whites by the cognomen of Sally, but that her real name was the euphonious one of "Tow-wow-why-a-pim," a word which, in the Click-a-tat language means to throw a thing away, and was singularly illustrative of her character, as will be shown. I was also told that she was well known as the smartest and cleverest girl in the country, being considerably above the average of Indian women, that she was a capital cook, and an expert seamstress, in fact, quite a notable girl. With such qualifications it needs scarcely to be added, that she was decidedly strong-minded, and remarkable for having a will of her own. The fair damsel had been on a visit to the other side of the mountains, and was now returning to the Snoqualmie prairie to get some clothes. In personal appearance she was of middling stature, inclining to be fair rather than dark, not decidedly pretty, but what would be called comely. We invited her to sit down and partake of our cheer. She had not been long seated when, observing that Dr. Wheeler's wide-awake was rent, she pulled out a housewife, and very neatly mended it. Presently she disappeared, having left to make her toilet, and returned in another dress, with ear-rings and a necklace, while her brown hair was neatly plaited, and fell in braids over her shoulders.

Next day we resolved to descend to the eastern side of the pass, but first moved our camp about a quarter of a mile



GROUP OF CHEYENNE INDIANS.

farther, to a more convenient spot, where there was better water. In descending, when about half-way down, we came to some mud-holes, which extended over a large piece of the road. These are the worst obstructions that can be met with in travelling in this country, not so bad for horses as they are for wagons. In the present instance timbers had been thrown over, but these were all displaced. After a vain attempt to restore them to something like order, we had to give it up, and lead our horses up the steep mountain-side over logs, and through a dense brush, round to the other side of the obstruction. Had I not witnessed it, I never could have believed that it was possible to bring wagons over such a road as that we travelled on. In fact, what is called a wagon-road is nothing but a rough uneven trail, full of obstructions, with the trees cut down on either side, very often barely wide enough for a wagon to be urged along. However bad the obstructions may be, it is seldom that the ingenuity of the teamsters is at fault. When logs that have fallen across are too big to be cut through, and there is no passage round, "skids" are placed against them: *i.e.*, small logs or timbers piled up on either side against the large one; thin flat pieces are then placed across, reaching from the ground to the top of the log, so as to form an incline; the wagon is then hauled up by ropes, and let down in a similar way on the other side. Sometimes cattle and horses sink so deeply into mud-holes, that they can only be drawn out with ropes. In a journey I made over the Natchez Pass, my pack-animal sunk into a hole up to his girths; the pack had to be undone, and everything taken off before he could be got out.

After crossing a couple of small streams in which salmon may be caught, we arrived in three hours and a half at Lake Kitchelas, being the foot of the pass, a distance of over four miles from the summit. Like the Natchez, the descent on this the eastern side of the pass is easier than that on the western. According to Mr. Johnson's report before quoted, there is an elevation of 900 feet in three miles on the western side, and 456 feet in five miles on the eastern. The average inclination or descent of the Snoqualmie Valley is ninety-six feet per mile. With the exception of "Perkins's Backbone," and the three steep hills before mentioned, the grade of the whole route is very gentle, and hardly to be felt. Lake Kitchelas is about six miles long by from two to three miles wide. We followed its margin for about two miles, and halted near a perpendicular bluff which juts out into the lake, and beyond which the road cannot be carried. Parties travelling from the opposite side cross the lake by means of a raft which is large enough to carry a wagon and horses. There is said to be splendid trout-fishing, but Professor Hall and Dr. Wheeler were unable to catch anything. We gained a view of the lower portion of the Cedar River Pass on the opposite shore of the lake, and in the distance to the north-west, a notch in the mountain-ranges indicated the Snoqualmie Pass. The trails from these two unite one mile below the lake, in the fertile and well-watered valley of the Yakima. The population of this district is about 500; there are a number of stock-ranches, and the cattle are driven across the Snoqualmie to Seattle. "In this valley are some of the finest agricultural lands to be found in the territory, where the settlers have raised good corn; and a climate so mild in winter, that it has been considered, for a number of years, the safest place to winter large herds of cattle east of the Cascade Mountains. Ninety-six miles above the mouth of the Yakima are extensive forests of yellow pine, which can be rafted down during high water to points along the line of road."* We returned to dinner. Sally and the fair "Widow" had been out gathering berries, and brought in a plentiful supply, which served us for dessert. We had an accession to our company in the person of San-i-wah, chief of the Snoqualmie Indians, who, together with his nephew, was travelling to the prairie. They were mounted, for all the Indians in this part of the country keep horses, and go about like gentlemen; some of the chiefs on the eastern side of the mountains have as many as a hundred. The nephew was a handsome boy, with long hair, dark bright eyes, and a swarthy complexion like a gipsy. A red feather depended from his slouched hat; he wore leggings, and altogether reminded me of a picture that I have seen of a Spanish contrabandista.

After the toils and fatigue of the day, these meetings round the camp-fire are very pleasant; every one is disposed to be cheerful, and contribute his quota to the evening's amusement, and so the song and the jest go round. "Who can make flap-jacks?" says one preparing the evening meal. "I," says the writer; "that's one of my accomplishments." Quoth Mr. Denny, "My accomplishments are to eat them." "Take care, doctor," says another, "that you don't go too near the fire, or you'll explode, with such a quantity of matches about you," and forthwith the doctor explodes—in a fit of laughter. Some one complains that his pipe is stopped up; he is gravely informed that it won't draw owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, in consequence of our high elevation. Sally and the "Widow," who were old friends, were excellent company, which made a pleasant time of it for us: in fact, we enjoyed here in the wilderness the inestimable advantages of female society. The ladies would not sing at first, being somewhat shy, and waited for us to set them an example, so Dr. Wheeler gave a song. The ice then broken, the "Widow" commenced, and sang a plaintive air, a kind of dirge without words; she knelt, as is the custom of Indian women, and kept time by gently beating with her hands raised, singing sweetly and with pathos. As she knelt with her face upturned, locks dishevelled, and the flickering light of the fire playing on her features, they wore a rapt melancholy expression which made her, though plain, for the time being perfectly beautiful. In view of the approaching extinction of the red man, I could almost fancy that she was some inspired prophetess chanting the dirge of her race. Dr. Wheeler, who has a knowledge of music, declared that the air was perfectly original. She stood up after this and danced in a peculiar fashion, like the Copts and Arabs; jumping up and down, swaying her head from side to side, and making a corresponding motion with her hands, while Sally got hold of a bread-pan, and kept time by beating it with a pannikin, singing as well. Strange to find among these Indians customs analogous to those of the Mesmerists. The "Widow" having made a pair of mocassins for Dr. Wheeler, he paid her liberally, and she showed her gratitude after the following fashion. Placing her hands above his head, then slowly lowering them, she stroked it gently down on each side two or three times, then brought her hands together above his head, looking up, as if praying and invoking blessings on him. The doctor complained of a headache, and the "Widow" undertook to cure him. She placed her hands above his nose, made

* "Letter upon the Agricultural and Mineral Resources of the North-West Territories." By Philip Ritz.

as if drawing them together three or four times, then bringing them slowly down towards herself, and up into the air, palm to palm, said that he was quite well.

The Indians on the eastern and western sides of the mountains have much intercourse with each other, and go fishing and hunting. They intermarry, and are very migratory, spending one portion of their time in the Snoqualmie country, another in the Yakima Valley. The Snoqualmies are a small tribe. Those inhabiting the Yakima Valley are called Click-a-tats (*Klick-i-tat*), and their language is very euphonious. Click-a-tat is said to mean a bear, in the Walla-Walla dialect. A portion of the Snoqualmie Indians also speak this language. There are no flat-heads among them; this custom only prevails with the coast tribes. The Indians hunt the mountain sheep in the fall, while their wives gather berries, which are dried, and kept for the winter's use. The sheep frequent the highest peaks like the chamois in Switzerland, and the meat is dried and packed down to the valley for the winter's consumption.

Next day was devoted by the party to prospecting. Some rich iron ore was discovered on the western side of the pass, which, in the event of the railway passing this way, could be worked to advantage. Iron ore, of the kind known as red hæmatite, is believed to exist on Hood's Canal, in the neighbourhood of the Olympian range. As coal, limestone, and wood for charcoal are on the spot, it might be worked at a comparatively trifling expense. It may be as well to state here, that gold has been found on the Snohomish River, twenty-five miles above "Snohomish City." A few miners, in the summer of 1869, made fair wages, and expected, with improved appliances, to do much better in the ensuing season. Last year gold was discovered in a stream in the Olympian range of mountains, fifteen miles back from the head of Port Discovery; the miners finding fifteen colours to the pan.

We prepared to return to Seattle, and resolved to reach Mr. Boorst's—a distance of twenty-six miles—the same day. San-i-wah and his nephew, together with Sally and the "Widow," joined us, which made our cavalcade quite a long one. Sally had a peculiar saddle, something like a square frame, in which she sat. She was an accomplished rider. I could see her far ahead, jump off her horse, tighten its girths, and mount again with all the dexterity and agility of a jockey, reminding me of the old song—

> "Sally came up, and Sally came down,
> And Sally flung her heels around."

When we had made nearly half our journey, and were about to ford a stream, I was surprised by the sound of a flute, and began, in the stillness and quiet of the woods, to indulge in visions of Arcadia, of a pastoral life. Turning round, I beheld a short, fat, podgy-looking little man, in shirt-sleeves, who, with two others, had passed us early in the morning on foot, coolly sitting on a log with a flute to his mouth, perfectly absorbed in the divine art. The unromantic appearance of this individual, the incongruity and absurdity of a man playing a pastoral in a wild, savage, and inhospitable country, like that we were traversing, where no one stops a moment longer than is actually necessary, struck me as astonishing, ludicrous, and absurd, if not attended with danger. I thought I must be dreaming, and should not have been at all surprised to see next, some Phyllis or Chloe, responding to his tuneful ditties. Sally left us about a mile before we got to Mr. Boorst's, having to call at a farm-house to get some clothes. She appeared in the evening with a new dress on, and sat down with a pair of knitting-needles busily engaged in making a pair of stockings. Next day we resumed our homeward journey. The parting with Sally was affecting. I could not speak Chinook; indeed, it is not exactly the kind of language for sentiment. I therefore snivelled and whimpered, and made use of a pocket-handkerchief, which was, alas! for the poetry of the thing, no longer white, and made such other demonstrations as testified to her the impression she had made upon me. I feel bound in justice to state that she received all my advances with the coolness and self-possession of a veteran flirt, and remained evidently heart-whole. Altogether, to speak seriously, there was that about this girl which excited our deep commiseration. Young, comely-looking, with gifts above those of her class, and which might, under restraining influences, have adorned a higher sphere, she had literally thrown herself away, and made shipwreck of her fortunes. So true it is that the red race must ultimately dwindle away, and be crushed before the advancing wave of what, in our pride and self-satisfaction, we call civilisation.

After a day or two spent at Seattle, filling up sketches and completing notes, I accepted the invitation of Mr. Birmingham, a gentleman from San Francisco, to accompany him to the Washington Lake Coal Mines in order to examine the seams. Mr. Birmingham engaged a guide, and drove to a spot on the shores of the lake, six miles distant. This noble sheet of water (the Indian name of which is Dwamish) is nearly nineteen miles long by from one to two miles wide. It affords splendid views of Mount Rainier, with the Cascade and Olympian ranges, and there, later, I spent some very pleasant days at the residence of J. A. M'Gilvra, Esq., late Member of the Legislature for Washington Territory. We took a boat to cross the lake, and had to steer by compass, as there was a thick smoke and fog. After proceeding a considerable distance, on nearing the opposite shore, we found that we had made a mistake in our course, so we turned the boat's head and made another start. Thus much time was lost. After rowing about three hours, as there seemed no chance of reaching our destination in a reasonable time, seeing a bight, we ran up to it to lunch. While thus occupied, we could just discern a sail looming through the fog. I proposed to hoist a shirt on a pole after the manner of shipwrecked mariners, but no one seemed willing to divest himself of this necessary article of attire, so we had to endure the mortification of seeing the sail gradually disappear, but fell back on a bottle of pale ale which Mr. Birmingham had the forethought to bring along. There was no cup to drink it out of. In this emergency we dispatched the contents of a box of sardines, and converted it into a tumbler. At length, about two o'clock, we gained the wharf; from this point we had a walk of about four miles to the furthest of the seams, the greater part of the way being a steep ascent. On the road we observed some very fine cedars. Passing over some large flat slabs of sandstone, through a narrow passage with precipitous walls of the same formation, we came up to a tunnel about fifty yards long, by three feet wide and six feet in height, running on a level. The seam pitched at an angle of 45°, and dipped to the west the same as in the Bellingham Bay Coal Mine. The second seam, which is not distant from the first a furlong, has also been tunnelled on a level to an extent of 170 feet, from four and a half to five feet wide, and about the same in height. Generally speaking, the seams are from three to thirty feet thick; one in Squawk Prairie in this neighbourhood being thirty feet. The

coal is semi-bituminous and of the tertiary formation. It contains less sulphur than the Bellingham Bay coal, but consumes more rapidly than that of Nanaimo. It is supposed that the veins run all across the country in the same direction as those of the Bellingham Bay Mine, in fact extending up to it. The seams at these mines, four in number, are within the radius of a mile; they are supposed to be parallel to each other and to extend under the lake, as they crop out on the opposite shore. The mines have since been fully opened, communication having been effected with Seattle, and the coal is now in the market, 200 tons a day being turned out. While on this subject, it may as well be mentioned that coal-banks exist on Green River in the neighbourhood, and a good quality of coal of the same formation as that of Washington Lake has been found at Skookumshuck, fifteen miles below Olympia. There are five distinct ledges here, of which the largest is fifteen feet thick, cropping out on the surface. It is found in a dozen different townships on the north side of the Columbia River, and in several places on the Cowlitz River, Mr. Carleton (employed on the Northern Pacific Railroad survey) discovering a vein six feet thick near the pass of that name. It crops out in five or six townships in King's County, on the Puyallup River, in Pierce County, on the headwaters of the Snohomish, on the Steilaquamish, on the Skagit and Lummi Rivers, and on the Straits of Fuca at Clallam Bay. Specimens have also been obtained from near the Snoqualmie Pass. In fact the whole country is one immense coal-field, underlaid by beds of coal frequently fifteen to twenty feet thick. We had not time to visit the other seams, which are two and half miles from the wharf in another direction. The fog and smoke having cleared off, we were able to cross the lake, and get back to our hotel without any mishap. I now bade adieu to Seattle.



SAN-I-WAH, IN WAR COSTUME.

It will be seen from the foregoing that society and travel is very pleasant among Western men. It is a great mistake on the part of the educated traveller, coming from a state of high civilisation, to suppose that he is going to explore a savage country, and that Western men are all rough and primitive in their ways. Of course there is always a certain proportion of uncultivated men, but the fact is, that a great proportion of the people one meets with in the Western States are men of intellect and refinement—men who have emigrated from England and the Eastern States of America, mostly with some capital. They are largely endowed with energy and enterprise, for it is such, and not the lazy thriftless sort, who naturally seek a new country. These always welcome the intelligent traveller, particularly those who, like myself, are bent on exploring the country, and making known its resources; to such they always give a helping hand; and many a night, ay, and days, passed at hospitable houses could I recount if need be.

Another thing that surprises the traveller, is the degree of material civilisation which has been reached in these Western waters. The mail steamers running from Olympia to Victoria contain all the comforts and luxuries of those in Europe. Capital meals, with all the delicacies of the season, and elegancies of table furniture, &c., are served on board these boats at fifty cents (two shillings) a meal; and there are bars attached, which are open all day, agreeable to the American custom. The cabin accommodation is clean, neat, and exceedingly comfortable, an important thing when we consider that the passage from Olympia to Victoria is often the greater part of it made during the night. These remarks also apply to the little mail steamer which runs from Seattle to Bellingham Bay.

"Ah quel plaisir d'être en voyage!" Blessings on the art of travel! Is there anything in the thousand-and-one remedies of the pharmacopœia at all comparable to it? Are you sick, way-weary, and life-weary, take a dose of fresh air, and "throw physic to the dogs." One plunges into a moral vapour-bath, and comes out a new man. Our purse lined with a sufficiency for the trip, with the last new sensation novel in our trunk, we defy the blues. Our cares and troubles are all laid upon the shelf, put away in pigeon-holes, docketed and filed till our return. We take the accidents of travel with the most perfect good humour, for what is time to us on a journey of pleasure? In town we should be irritable, and put out directly. Revelling in our liberty, heedless of the morrow, we enjoy the present, and will smoke, laugh, and joke with the first new-comer; for we are a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world; and are at home wherever there are honest men and virtuous women, and of such there are in this territory.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—X.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

To continue our story. In the month of July a fresh rebellion on the part of Lat-Dior was successful. Having beaten Madiodio, he was proclaimed king, although he was not descended from the family Fal on the father's side.*

The leader of this revolt had been the *diaoudine*, Samba-Maram-Khay, who, jealous of Madiodio, had formed ambitious projects. The Senegal Government, believing Madiodio quite unable to sustain a conflict, had abandoned him, declaring Lat-Dior, by the most signal violation of the treaty he had himself signed, having pillaged, by means of his *tiedo*, more than thirty villages in Cayor during the month of Ramadan alone.

It can be imagined what must have been the government of a young man of eighteen years of age and his aunt Debbo, both of them in a constant state of intoxication, and surrounded by professional brigands.



WOMEN OF SENEGAL.

itself neutral. Its native agents went further. They hindered Madiodio in his preparations for resistance, telling him that the Governor was tired of all these quarrels; and they encouraged the aggressive preparations of Lat-Dior, saying, "If you conquer, we will recognise you." In fact, he was recognised by the Government, and a treaty even was signed, in which the French obtained the right of forming military posts in the midst of Cayor.

The former governor, M. Faidherbe, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, had returned to the colony on the 14th of July, 1863. A grant had been allowed on the budgets of 1863 and 1864, for the creation of military posts in the very heart of Cayor. These stations were designed to provide for the future repression of plundering, which was being carried on throughout the country with greater frequency than before;

It was now high time to attend to the state of the country, for the young Lat-Dior, who was fearless of consequences, already talked of winning back the ancient boundaries of Cayor on the St. Louis side, which included Toubé, within gun-shot of the chief town of the French, and also attempted to ally himself with the Trarza Moors.

The Governor was authorised, in November, 1863, to put into execution the measure for which funds had been granted. In consequence of this, he set out from St. Louis, November 23rd, with the garrison troops and a considerable supply of provisions; four days afterwards, he rejoined Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade, of the engineers, commander of the district of Goree, who had also set out with his troops from this point.

At the same time, the vessels of the Senegal fleet, whose co-operation has always been so indispensable in all warlike expeditions, landed materials for building at Mboro, half-way between St. Louis and Goree.

These movements and transports were only rendered possible by the aid of some 300 or 400 camels hired at Gandiole,

* To become king, it was necessary to be of the family of the Fals on the father's side, and on the mother's of that royal family, a branch of which (that of Gueidj) has reigned about 150 years, after having supplanted that of Madjior.

for the train mules were scarcely sufficient for the artillery and ambulances.

The French were joined by their natural ally, the dethroned Madiodio, whose men, early in 1863, had taken part in the Fouta expedition, and had behaved very well. Unfortunately, the Diambours and Samba-Maram-Khay now openly joined Lat-Dior. Notwithstanding this, Lat-Dior retreated from Cayor before the Governor's column, which pursued him to the frontier, and he took refuge in Baol. A redoubt had been constructed the same day the troops arrived, at Nguiguis, the capital of Cayor, where there are abundant wells and earth for bricks, a rare thing in that country.

The Governor, having returned to Nguiguis, and believing that Lat-Dior had renounced a power which he had usurped by his revolt of 1863, acknowledged his old ally, Madiodio, as King of Cayor, and concluded the following new treaty with him, which was signed by Brigadier-General Faidherbe, and Madiodio, on the 4th of December, 1863, at Mboul.*

General Faidherbe then left the command of a sufficient body of troops in the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade, and set out for St. Louis, in order to check the Moors, who were at that time giving cause for uneasiness.

M. Laprade immediately pursued Lat-Dior, who had returned to a position near the frontier of Cayor, effected a junction with his rear-guard at Ndari, in Baol, and put him to flight. After this, Samba-Maram-Khay, the best ally of Lat-Dior, and the life of his councils, again allied himself to the French and to Madiodio, with whom he was reconciled at Nguiguis.

A sufficient garrison was left at Nguiguis to protect the workmen, if necessary, and the troops had all returned to their garrison quarters by the 20th of December.

Contrary to all expectations, Lat-Dior, at the head of his forces, immediately re-entered Guet, an extreme eastern province of Cayor, and by the 24th, he was at Ndiague, on his way to Coki, a large village of the province of Ndiambour, where he hoped to find the same co-operation he had formerly done during his rebellion of 1862; but this province, which was desirous of complete annexation to the colony, refused him its help, and the Governor sent a small column, commanded by Captain Flize, of the marines, to support Coki in its resistance.

Lat-Dior immediately withdrew from Ndiambour, but in the direction of Nguiguis, announcing his intention of attacking there his rival, Madiodio. The column of Goree received orders to re-enter Cayor immediately, under Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade; and the major of the marines, M. de Barout, set out with troops from St. Louis; Captain Flize also marched with his column on Nguiguis.

Meanwhile, Captain Lorans, of the engineers, entrusted with the direction of the works at Nguiguis, and commanding the garrison, having been persuaded by Madiodio and Samba-Maram-Khay that with his co-operation they would be strong enough to conquer the common enemy, set out on the night of the 29th of December, 1863, with a company of skirmishers, a howitzer and eight gunners, twenty-five Spahis, and twenty coloured working engineers, followed Madiodio's forces, and attacked Lat-Dior at Ngolgol, a distance of three leagues. The encounter took place at daybreak.

The enemy was more numerous than was expected. The allied army, composed of ill-disciplined men, made a feeble resistance, at the same time losing ground, so that Captain Lorans' small company were all at the mercy of the enemy at the moment when a large company of cavalry, out-flanking the two wings, completely surrounded them. It was now apparent that nothing remained but to die bravely. Captain Lorans, and the captain of the skirmishers, M. Chevrel, who was wounded, both dismounted and stoically watched—until they were themselves killed—the destruction of their men, who fought bravely to the last. The seven gunners, and the adjutant, Guichard, were cut to pieces on their cannon. The little company of Spahis, quite lost in the midst of a terrible hubbub in which it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes, succeeded in extricating Madiodio, and with the loss of its chief, Sub-Lieutenant Duport St. Victor, and four men, reached Nguiguis with the Damel and eight wounded men.

The victors pursued the runaways as far as the redoubt, whence they were repulsed with considerable loss.

In short, out of a column of about 140 men, the number that returned was reduced to twenty Spahis, eight of whom were wounded, two officers, one doctor, and six skirmishers, of whom three were wounded.

The allies, too, suffered great loss. After this disaster, in which the honour of the French arms alone remained, Lat-Dior, knowing that three columns were converging towards him, again fell back on the frontier of Baol. Immediately orders were sent to the troops to effect a junction at Nguiguis, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade, and to pursue Lat-Dior even into Baol. The column took the direction of this frontier, but Lat-Dior, making a détour, avoided it, re-entered Cayor, and marched into Guet, by Ngol, his birth-place, where he could consequently count on the devotion of the inhabitants. Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade passed four days in punishing the villages in which he found the spoils of the French soldiers, and in intimidating the King of Baol, so far as to prevent his harbouring any of the enemy, or allowing them to leave their families and property with him in order to commit aggressions in Cayor; then, on the 9th of January, 1864, he began to march direct on Lat-Dior.

On the morning of the 12th, drawing near Loro, in the district of Ngol, he found the enemy awaiting him in battle-array, in number about a thousand regular troops, and 3,000 volunteers. The enemy was also superior in cavalry. The French arrived opposite them at seven o'clock in the morning. The enemy's position had been judiciously chosen. The foot soldiers were sheltered behind a thick hedge which formed the border of a plain, in the centre of which was stationed Lat-Dior, and a strong reserve, so that the valley

* "Art. 1.—The French Government nominates Madiodio King of Cayor.

"Art. 2.—The King of Cayor recognises the suzerainty of the French Emperor, and places himself under the protection of France.

"Art. 3.—The provinces of Ndiambour, Mbaouar, Andal, and Saniokhor, are separated from Cayor, and annexed, at their own request, to the French possessions.

"Art. 4.—The Governor secures to the King of Cayor export duties, &c.

"Art. 5.—The king formally renounces all right of selling his free subjects, or pillaging villages, or making slaves of the foreigners who may pass through his country.

"Art. 6.—The king promises to govern with justice, &c.

"Art. 7.—If the king fulfils his engagements faithfully, the French Government promises its aid against his rebellious subjects and foreign enemies; and the king promises to join his forces with those of the French against the aggressions of the Moors, &c., who may carry on brigandage in the French territory."

which the French must cross was admirably scoured by the enemy's musketry; on the wings of this position was stationed a large body ot cavalry. Before seriously engaging the troops, Lieutenant-Colonel Laprade, taking advantage of the wide range of his guns, halted the column at about 400 mètres from the enemy, made the scouts, the sharpshooters, and the engineers fall back, and began the action by the fire of the artillery, supported by three companies of infantry.

The enemy replied, but without injury to the French troops. Soon the cavalry began to move, and threatened the French in flank and rear; but here it was kept in check by the fire of the infantry company of *disciplinaires*, and also by that of two mortars on the left of the column. When the enemy appeared sufficiently shaken by the fire of the French guns, the bugles sounded the onset, and the troops advanced and took up their position at a distance of 200 mètres from the enemy's ranks. Then the three companies of infantry, with colours flying, and commanded by the chief of the battalion, M. de Barolet, broke into the centre of the army of Lat-Dior, crying, "Vive l'Empereur!" Captain Baussin, commanding the squadron of Spahis, received orders to charge the column broken by the fire of the infantry, and, to complete their discomfiture, the 3,000 auxiliaries rushed in afterwards. The terrified enemy fled in all directions. Their infantry was crushed, and the cavalry was saved only by the rapidity of their horses. The pursuit was continued to a distance of four leagues from the battle-field, and the horizon was lighted up with the flames of the surrounding villages. At three in the afternoon the French auxiliaries returned to the camp, laden with spoil.

After this encounter, in which the enemy left more than 500 dead upon the field, Lat-Dior fled with his cavalry towards the south. The column, on its return to Nguiguis, found the villages along its route totally deserted; and the volunteers, scattered in various directions for several leagues, marched with the air of masters over a country which, but a few days ago, was the centre of a vast conspiracy formed against the French Government. The loss of the French, compared with that of the enemy, was insignificant; three volunteers killed, Captain Decheverry of the marine infantry, twenty-three soldiers, and twenty-six volunteers wounded, but the greater number slightly.

After the brilliant exploit of January 12th, the expeditionary column performed the pious duty of burying the dead who had fallen on the 29th of December. This ceremony took place on the 15th of January, at five o'clock in the evening, with the usual military honours. On the morning of the 15th, Lat-Dior, followed by his cavalry, left Cayor for Baol, and fled precipitately to the south-east extremity of this country. The King of Baol, faithful to the promise he had made the French, after a few days of parleying, drove the refugees from Ten-ou-Mekbey, in the direction of Sine, in which he was assisted by Pen-da-Tioro, a powerful chief of Baol, whose authority was equal to that of the king.

Lat-Dior was again abandoned by some of his allies, and Madiodio, stationed near Nguiguis, was constantly joined by new friends. On the 25th, the former, who had taken refuge at Ngaguiam, on the frontier, between Baol and Sine, had only a small number of men with him, and was refused permission to take refuge in the estates of the King of Sine.

During the next few days, Tègue and Pen-da-Tioro, fearing our displeasure, renewed their efforts, and completely drove the refugees from Baol. Lat-Dior, with his followers and their families, reduced to the last extremity, dying of hunger, and without shelter, returned to Tchirounguel, the extreme south-eastern point of Cayor, and, hard pressed by want, his cavalry, commanded by Maissa-Mbay, attempted some raids in the country. A small party of observation was hastily despatched, and Captain Ringot, who commanded it, arrived at Nguiguis on the 8th of February.

Lat-Dior continued to remain at Tchirounguel, which in the country was called the entrance into Baol. The column of Captain Ringot, in which was Captain Flize, director of political affairs, marched straight on him, and arrived February the 12th, at Keur-Mandounbe. Some said Lat-Dior would surrender; others, that he and his men would sooner die than yield. He did neither, but continued his retreat; but this time the last chief of the Cayor Diambours who, up to this time, accompanied him, abandoned him, carrying with them the *dioung-dioung*, or tom-tom of war, which was the sign of the king's authority; and definitively submitted to Madiodio. Lat-Dior, with about thirty horse, took refuge in the direction of Mbaké; the allies pursuing him as far as the frontier of Salum.

Affairs being, as it was supposed, concluded, the troops returned to Nguiguis on the 19th, and on the 23rd they arrived at St. Louis. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the state of the men's health. The most remarkable thing in this last expedition was, that in reply to a simple appeal, 6,000 volunteers, armed with muskets, joined the little band of French troops. Never before had more than 2,000 volunteers marched in conjunction with the French. Now, 10,000 could with ease be found for any war that might be undertaken.

Leaves from my Journal of the "Fox's" Telegraphic Voyage.—IV.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

JULIANEHAAB.

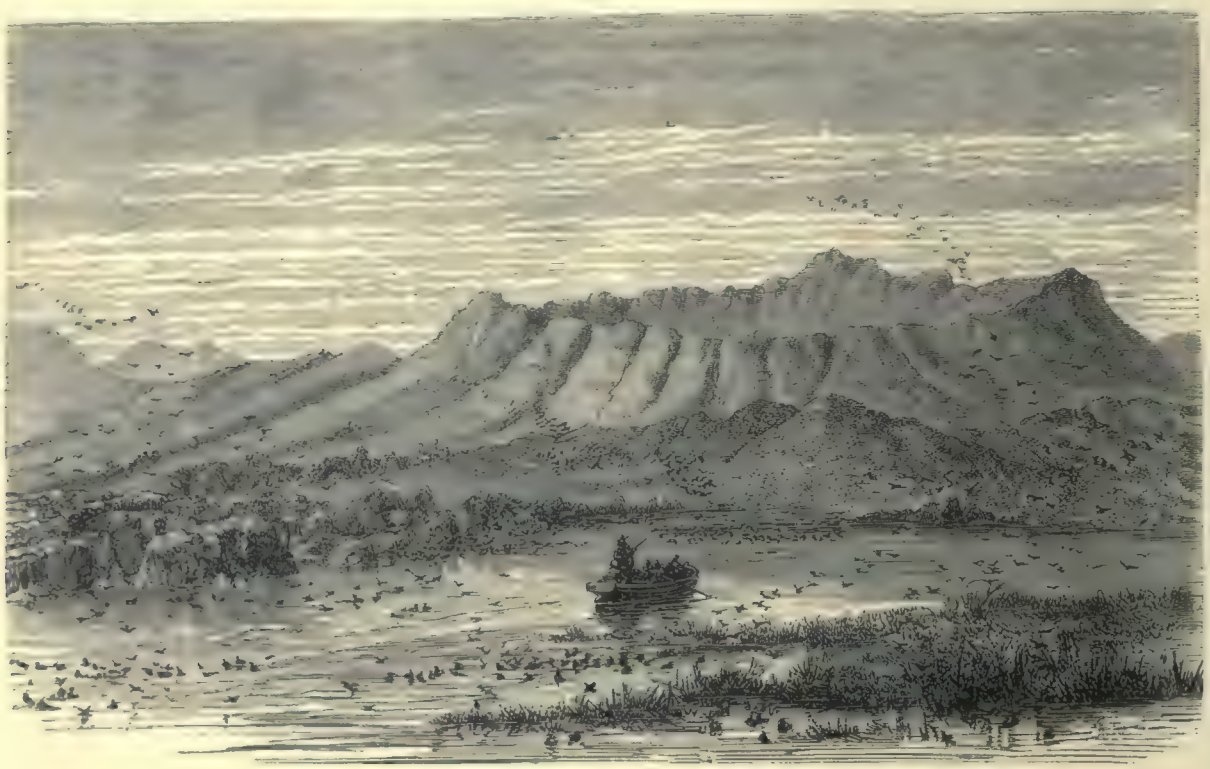
DURING our sojourn both at Frederickshaab and Julianehaab, Mr. Woods had many opportunities of photographing groups of the natives, a work of some difficulty, as the extreme cold cracked the collodion; but he had most patient sitters, who did not feel the cold, and who would sit for an hour without moving a muscle or even winking the eye. They were evidently impressed with the solemnity of the preparation previous to being taken, but heartily enjoyed the fun of seeing the result when the photographs were shown them. But to continue my narrative.

The travelling party not having returned by the 2nd of November, Young resolved to go and look for them, and started in the cutter, taking with him M. Motzfeldt, Woods,

and an Uskee crew. He had a fine northerly breeze to take him up, but on reaching Illuit (salmon river), found that he could proceed no further on account of the ice, so he attempted to return, but it was blowing too hard, and after pulling until two in the morning, he gave it up and landed. Young would have walked to Igaliko, but could not prevail on any of the Esquimaux to accompany him, although he offered them many inducements.

Young returned to the ship, much mortified at not being able to accomplish his object; but he immediately made arrangements for two men to start with kyaks the next morning early, hoping that they would be able to get over the sheet ice in their light craft, although it could not be done in off, Young determined to make the attempt with a crew of our own men, for although we found that the Esquimaux could stand the cold very well, they had not the energy and stamina for hard work, and when once they began to flag soon gave in altogether, and there was much more endurance of fatigue in our own men. So, taking a sledge, with provisions for a week, and accompanied by Von Zeilau, the schoolmaster (as interpreter), and Christian (a young Esquimaux), we started.

On shoving off, every soul in the ship was up to give them three hearty cheers, and bid them "God speed," and we did not forget them when, an hour after they had gone, we had Divine service, and we prayed for those that "travelled by land or by water."



A GREENLAND LAKE.

a boat; but, to Young's annoyance, he found in the morning that they had not started. It turned out that the mother of one of the men who had agreed to go, prevented him, and the other would not go. The authorities had no power to compel them to act up to their agreement.

We now began to be seriously anxious about Rae and his party, for although it was hoped they were safe at Igaliko, we could not feel sure, and could not help fearing that some mishap had befallen them. No fear was had for Rae; his experience and his gun would keep him going, but for the colonel (he being unused to travelling on foot, and a heavy man) and the four women, who could neither make themselves understood, nor understand, we could not but feel some degree of alarm; and as none of the Esquimaux at Julianehaab could be prevailed on to go overland to communicate with them, we supposed that they were similarly circumstanced in their wish to communicate with us, and it was now clear that if they were to be found it must be by our own exertions; and although the risk was great to any party from the ship being also cut

Although I have not always recorded it, I may here observe that no Sunday was allowed to pass without the Church service and lessons being read; and the men were well supplied with Bibles before leaving England.

When Young started, Motzfeldt manned a whale-boat they had at the settlement, and started after him, and joined Young at Ekaluit, but taking no provisions with him, Young had to feed both him and his men.

Monday being the 5th of November, the men asked permission to burn a "guy," which I gave, provided the Governor had no objection; and I sent a message to M. Müller, explaining the nature of the ceremony, and he readily acquiesced with the men's wish, and gave them some oil barrels and wood wherewith to make their bonfire.

In the afternoon, Christian returned, and brought a note from Young, telling me that he was then on the fast ice above Illuit, and was to start that morning for Igaliko, and he hoped to reach that place at night. He also directed me to send a boat on the Wednesday morning to the

entrance of the fiord, to look out for him if he did not return before.

At six in the evening, all being prepared to burn the "guy," he was first paraded round the decks, and then taken on shore, where a torchlight procession was formed, with the music of a fife and a gong. All the settlement turned out to see the strange freak of the "kifuanuk" (sailors). The Governor was first visited, and three cheers given him; then M. Motzfeldt's house, where the same honours were paid; and after parading through the settlement, the "guy" was duly burnt with all the honours, the Uskees entering into the fun with the greatest zest, cheering as lustily as our own men.



GROUP OF ESQUIMAUX WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

My journal of November 6th commences, "Again—thanks be to God for His many mercies—the missing party has returned in safety;" and I do not know when I had felt more truly happy than when I again shook my fellow-voyagers by the hand, and bid them welcome.

I had sent Dr. Slesser, after dinner, up the hill, not that I expected he would see anything; but when he came back he reported our boat returning, without being able to make out who were in her. This news caused great excitement among us, and as darkness was setting in, it was not until they were close alongside that we knew that they were safe.

Young had found some thin drifting ice in the fiord opposite Ekaluit, at which point he arrived at night, where he remained, and, as before remarked, was joined by Motzfeldt. The next morning, at nine o'clock, they reached the fast ice, and found it to bear tolerably; so, starting with the sledge laden with provisions, they made for the head of the fiord. Several times the ice cracked beneath the weight, and twice the sledge and men went through the ice, so the men were all wet, and the contents of the sledge saturated.

At four in the afternoon they saw some natives on the hillside, and by firing their guns attracted their attention; they afterwards came down to them, and told Young that the travelling party were (as we had hoped and expected) safe at Igaliko. Young wrote a note to Rae, requesting him to come to the whaleboat encampment as soon as possible, and sent it off by the natives; he then made for the whaleboat with the sledge, reaching it at five o'clock, and pitching the tent for the night, but scarcely to sleep, as all being wet and frozen, it was simply out of the question, and they had to keep moving to keep warm. The night was fortunately calm, so they did not feel the cold so much as if there had been a breeze. The temperature was 18° Fahr.

In the middle of the night they were rejoiced to hear the cries of our missing friends, and were soon joined by them. The tent would not now contain the party. Some walked about to keep themselves warm, and the remainder, by huddling together in the tent, managed to get a little sleep; but as time was precious, they were astir at four in the morning, and leaving the whaleboat, and all they were unable to carry, they started at half-past six; during the journey they broke through the ice only once, reached the boat in safety a little after noon. Making sail, they arrived on board at five o'clock.

From sleeping, or rather lying down, in wet clothes, and having walked in the two days between thirty and forty miles in nothing but stockings, Young and his party, after being again seated in the boat nearly five hours, were so stiff that they could scarcely move; but after a good night's sleep they were all right again.

Dr. Rae and his party were unfortunate at starting, for, as has been stated, it was arranged that Motzfeldt should look to the women being duly provisioned for the journey, and that settled, Dr. Rae made all the arrangements respecting his own party, and before starting asked if the women had their provisions, and was answered in the affirmative; and on arriving at the first camping-ground, much to his annoyance, found that the women had brought nothing. They were consequently reduced to twelve rations to last seven people for three or four days, and, in addition, they had to give Young and Motzfeldt supper and breakfast; but the former, knowing the state of the larder, went to bed with an appetite, and came away the next morning after breakfast with a larger one.

November 7th was a leave-taking day to our kind friends at Julianehaab, as, if we intended getting away from the coast, there was no time to be lost; the mean temperature being twenty degrees, we should soon have been frozen in. I went on shore and said good-bye to all, and gave a copy of Shakespeare's Plays to Mr. Lutzen, who was much pleased with the little present. In the afternoon, we entertained all the Danish ladies and gentlemen of the colony at dinner. Our little cabin would not hold all our guests, so we improvised a second table in the chart-room. There was, of course, much speech-making and health-drinking, and wishing success to ourselves and the "Telegraphum." On leaving the ship we saluted our guests with a few rockets, and they landed, much pleased with their entertainment.

HOME.

"Hoist, hoist, every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toil of the seas,
And, sailors, I'm bound for my love!"

As may be conjectured, Young had quite given up the idea of going to Labrador, or of pursuing our researches further, owing to the lateness of the season. The winter was setting in rapidly, and the delay of a few days might, even now, render our getting away a matter of some difficulty. The nights were long, and the days proportionately short; so the best thing to be done was to get safely off the coast while we could.

All being prepared, on the morning of the 8th—having received on board all letters for Europe—our passenger, M. Galico (the Moravian missionary) and Christian, our Uskee, with two kyaks, &c., we weighed, and steamed down the fiord, taking M. Motzfeldt's omiack in tow. She was laden as we had met her on our way to Julianehaab; and when off the entrance to Pardleet Channel he cast off, and gave us three very decent cheers, which we returned.

On our way out we obtained a few more soundings to complete our series, and then shaped our course to the southward It was dark at half-past four; at five o'clock we came across the weather-point of a small stream of heavy ice, and before we could get round we were in it, and received some very heavy blows; but, eventually, bored through it without any material injury being done.

Our only danger now, and by no means a small one, was from icebergs; we had the satisfaction of knowing that their numbers decreased daily, but until we were clear of them it was nervous work. When in bed my head was within a few inches of the iron block, through which one of the steering-chains was rove; and although, ordinarily, the noise occasioned by it would not disturb me, I knew now that when the helm was suddenly put, either one way or the other, it was to avoid ice, and then sleep was out of the question; but when I heard the quartermaster whistling, and the chain only rattling, I could go off to sleep well.

As we proceeded south, and the temperature rose; with the fact of being homeward-bound, the spirits of all on board rose; and the "Campdown Races" were in full force every evening.

As we were bowling along homeward, and each one, in anticipation of leaving the vessel, was getting his traps together

and discarding the old clothes that had been got together for the occasion, Von Zeilau, with a mysterious air, came to me, and opening a paper, said, "Do you see that?" I looked, and it appeared to be a soiled white necktie. So I answered, "Yes, I see a dirty tie, and the sooner you send it to the laundress the better." "Send it to the laundress!" exclaimed he, with a look of horror; "no, that will never be washed. This is the necktie I wore when presented to your Queen, and it is sacred from the wash." How happy it must have made you, my dear major, when the "dearest wish of your heart"—viz., our Prince of Wales's marriage with a daughter of Denmark,—became an accomplished fact!

On Sunday, the 11th, we saw what proved to be the last iceberg. As usual, we had Divine service, and I cannot but believe, from the deep attention of all hands, that there was a hearty feeling of thankfulness to Almighty God for all the mercies we had received, and for our safety after the many difficulties we had experienced.

Christian soon began to pick up English words, and make himself at home. Poor Galico, the Moravian, had to "rough it" by sleeping on the deck of the cabin; and although he could not speak a word of English, we cheered him up with the prospect of what was before him, as he would have the choice of three ladies for a wife.

The Moravian brethren would have sent him out one, but with that arrangement he would have had to abide by their selection, whereas, by coming home, he would have the choice of three. Poor fellow, he well earned a good wife, and I hope he got one.

As we came into the Channel it was amusing to see Christian's astonishment at the number of ships we passed; and before we got to Southampton Docks he came to the conclusion that, as in his country every man owned a kyak, so in England every man owned a ship.

On the morning of November 23rd we sighted the Start Light, and in the afternoon anchored in Portland Roads. Here our cabin passengers left us, and three days after a tug came from Southampton, and took us round safely into the docks. As we passed up Southampton Water the steamer for New York passed down; and from her deck a gentleman waved his hat and bid us welcome back. He proved to be the veteran Maury, of the United States Navy.

We had now done our work, and done it well and successfully; we should not, therefore, have been surprised at being invited to another such banquet as was given us before we left. But, like the return of Martin Chuzzlewit from the thriving city of Eden, I suppose we had insulted our friends by coming back. It was plain that no advertisement was wanted now. A ball was to take place at the mayor's a day or two after our arrival; but *no cards* came to the returned ones. It was significant!—*Telle est la vie.*

What prevented the line of telegraph being carried out is not a part of my task. Either the money market was "tight," or English capitalists did not "see their way" through with American projectors, or they were jealous of them; but, from whatever cause, year after year passed away without anything being done until the concession lapsed by time; since which another concession has been granted by the Danish Government to some other gentlemen, and a company was formed to carry out the scheme; but the last heard of it was not *paying-out* the cable, but *winding-up* the company, which, considering the great success that has attended the Atlantic Telegraph, was, perhaps, the best thing that could have happened for the shareholders. At the same time, I cannot but express a regret that my old messmate, Colonel Shaffner, did not receive any reward for all his labour and sacrifices.

BETWEEN ICELAND AND GREENLAND.

THE following part of the "Leaves from my Journal" should have preceded those that have already appeared; but as the parts were not intended as a continuous narrative, the reader is asked to accept this simply as supplementary notes on our voyage from Iceland to Greenland.

On Friday, the 31st of August, having embarked all our party, we left Reikiavik with a light breeze, all glad to get away, as we considered we were now embarked on the most important part of our voyage, and all felt very much elated, having but one regret—that it was not the 31st of July instead of August.

Our cabin party consisted of Captain Allen Young, who accompanied Captain McClintock (now Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock) in his search for Franklin; Colonel T. Shaffner, the concessionnaire of the route; Dr. John Rae, the Arctic traveller; Lieutenant von Zeilau, of the Royal Danish Army, with the brevet rank of major while in the *Fox;* M. Olafssen, a member of the Icelandic Diet; Dr. Slesser; Mr. J. E. Woods, Mr. Kindler, the engineer, the second mate, and myself.

Fine weather is not of long continuance in these latitudes; and in the night we had a strong breeze, and before the next morning it became overcast and misty. Although by our reckoning we should have been well clear of the land, we caught a sight of it, and supposed it to be Point Malariff; and it was not until the 2nd of September that we finally lost sight of Iceland.

Fairly on our voyage, as a ship prepares for action by a careful examination of arms and implements of warfare, so we, in anticipation of meeting our enemy—the ice—prepared our implements, the ice-anchors, which were all got up, fitted, and placed ready for use.

The ice-anchor is simply a bar of stout iron, rather pointed at the ends, and bent somewhat in the form of the letter S; and when used, a man with an ice-axe jumps out on the ice to which the ship is to be fastened, while another follows with an ice-anchor over his shoulder; he again is followed by men with a hawser. The first gives one or two good digs with the axe into the ice, the second man inserts the long point of the anchor into the hole, and the third places the eye of the hawser over the small end of the anchor, and toggles it, to prevent it slipping off in case of the anchor jumping—that is, slipping out of the hole in which it is placed.

On the morning of the 4th it was calm, but a breeze sprang up from south-west, which increased to a hard gale, and raised a heavy sea; the wind increased throughout the night so much, that by five in the morning we had reduced our sail to storm-sails, and were "hove-to." At seven, a heavy sea broke on board, carrying away our bulwarks and stanchions forward on both sides for about thirty feet, sweeping the decks of hatches, casks, and all loose gear; the boatswain and one of the men being severely injured by being washed to leeward. Young

saw the sea coming, and cried out to the men to run aft, and all did so excepting the injured men; but we felt ourselves fortunate at not losing any, for the fore part of the ship was completely buried under water; and it was also fortunate the bulwarks went, and so relieved the ship, or the sea would have swept the decks fore and aft. At nine, another fearful sea broke on the ship, but luckily struck the same place, and so merely swept clean across her.

We now "battened down" the hatches forward, and sent all the crew aft and below; for, with such a warning as we had had, we could but see the probability of our decks being swept. Pitiable and melancholy did our poor little ship look from the half-poop, looking forward, the sea washing over her like a half-tide rock; but by the mercy of Providence we were spared further disaster. The next day the wind moderated and the sky cleared, and we set to work—not to repair damages, for that was beyond our means—but to put up some spars as a substitute for the bulwarks washed away, and to enable the men to go forward without danger; and as the forecastle had been flooded, and the men's clothing and bedding saturated, we were thankful to get a few hours' drying weather for them. The men, during the gale, had the deck of the cabin for their bed, and no dry clothes.

On the evening of the 7th a fine aurora was visible, forming an arch, and ending in a serpentine form.

Another gale on the 9th, the sea making a clean breach through the gaps forward. Passed a piece of drift-wood, also several pieces of seaweed with barnacles on them; these, with the high temperature of the surface water (49°), convinced us that we were not yet within the influence of the Arctic current. (Latitude 62½° north; longitude 33½° west.)

The night was very dark, and one of anxiety; for the ship plunged heavily, sending the sea rushing aft, floating our boats (which were inboard), and dashing against the poop; and we were now where we might expect to meet with ice, and such was the darkness, we should have been into it almost before we could see it.

We tried the temperature of the sea surface every hour, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the decrease of temperature, the smoothness of the sea, and the keen cutting air indicated our sudden approach to ice. Shortly before daylight, a light stream of ice was seen ahead, and then a rather compact heavier oceanic stream lay across our desired course; and as the sun rose we got our first glimpse of Greenland, which proved to be Cape Bille and the adjacent coast. High peaks and bold round-topped hills, partially covered with snow, and all apparently resting on a glacier, rose to our view as we approached the land within twenty miles, presenting an appearance wild beyond description. Passing through the loose sailing ice, which on near approach proved to be very open, we secured the ship to a floe-piece to "water ship."

It must not be supposed that on our passage across we had neglected the work we came to do. On every opportunity when the weather permitted we had obtained soundings, and made all the observations on the currents possible; and, like Mark Tapley, kept up our spirits under what even he would have considered very creditable circumstances; and the colonel's "Campdown Races," with chorus, frequently rose above the storm or was heard between the gusts.

Greatly did we enjoy the smooth water, and a run on the ice was very acceptable after so many days' confinement on board; for the boats being in upon the deck greatly cramped our space, and three steps and turn is not very lively exercise to either mind or body.

A description of one day of our social life on board will suffice to give an idea of how we passed our time. Breakfast was on the table at eight, after which Young and myself, being the executives, were soon at work—Young about the general duties of the ship, and I to winding chronometers, taking observations, &c.; while our cabin passengers usually got into a dissertation on some topic, very often on some subject connected with the manners and customs in America, Denmark, or England, and their respective merits, in which each disputant considered he was bound to uphold the dignity of his country; and if they came to high words they were not angry ones; whilst I, from my chart-room, or workshop, occasionally came to the rescue of the one that was getting the worst of the argument; and—irrespective of country, or indeed of my own opinion—having set the vanquished up, they would set to work again with renewed vigour; then bury the tomahawk, and betake themselves to the deck, and the pipe and cigar of peace, and occasionally get very much in the way when any evolution was to be performed.

It is no compliment to all the gentlemen to say that I had only to ask any one to do anything, or assist me, and it was done; Dr. Rae would compare the chronometers with me, or measure out any number of drops of chloroform for my sea-sick stomach; Woods and Slesser would register the reading of the instruments, and write the meteorological journal. The colonel would talk and sing for me all day long if I wished; Zeilau would smoke for me, and Olafssen would sleep for me, and half a dozen more; or, as the major would say, with a slight upward curl of his moustache, "only as an Icelander could sleep."

At seven bells, the "sun being over the fore yard," the colonel, like a good Yankee guardian angel as he was, would always have a glass of Bass's bitter ale ready for me at dinner, at two, at which our principal dishes were composed of preserved meat, vegetables, and soup. Our table was well supplied with wine, but no one sat long after dinner; at six we had tea and coffee, and at eight, brandy and water, &c., and by ten all were in bed.

To resume my narrative. A large number of icebergs were in sight, and by those who had not seen any before, they were gazed at with much interest; and even to those to whom they are no novelty, they are always beautiful. The clear, deep, and intense cobalt blue of the cracks, fissures, and caverns, the fantastic forms they often take, and the delicately frosted overhanging icicles like the richest frosted silver fret-work, render them always interesting subjects of study, either in respect to the grandeur of size, curiosity of form, beauty of colour, or minute delicacy of fret-work.

In the evening a thick fog came off the land, which cleared away towards the next morning, when we stood in towards the land, abreast Anarket Fiord, hoping to find an opening that might enable us to reach the land; but it soon became evident that that was not to be effected this side of Cape Farewell; far as the eye could reach—and from the clearness of the atmosphere the distance was great—there was a fringe of solid packed ice of some three or four miles in depth along the whole coast.

The day was lovely, the sky bright and clear, and the sun

feeling quite warm as the wind fell almost to a calm. As the sun rose we had a magnificent view of the coast; far in the interior were the peaks of Niviarsicet, Jomfruerne, and Innungoarsoak, connected with each other, and with the peaks and hills of lesser altitude running down towards the coast, by glaciers appearing as smooth plains of ice; while the almost perpendicular cliffs of Omenarsuk, destitute of snow, appeared intensely black in contrast to the glare of the ice-blink. Nearer, the densely packed ice interspersed with bergs, and nearer still the more open sailing ice, with the intensely blue water, afforded a scene of almost unequalled grandeur.

The colonel, who had been dreaming of telegraphic posts



AN ICELAND FARM.

to carry his lines to the opposite shore, soon saw that that part of his scheme was not practicable, and that his cable would have to be submerged to go round the cape, and also that the length of his longest section would be greatly increased thereby. But he bore up bravely under his disappointment, and whatever he may have felt he did not show it, and sang "Campdown Races" with as much energy that evening as ever.

Having such a fine day, we made the most of it by fixing, from our observations and triangulation, the points of the land and the most prominently marked features; we also made sketches of the land, so that by another vessel visiting this portion of the coast, the various points could be well distinguished.

Soon after noon the cry of "A bear in sight!" brought all hands up the hatchways, as if the bottom of the ship had fallen out. The bear was seen swimming towards the ship, and great was the excitement and rush for rifles and guns. Young and Rae went off in the dingy in chase. The bear swam bravely, but it was evident that he had not made acquaintance with human beings, for they soon doubled on him, pulling round the floe-pieces and cutting him off; and as he was endeavouring to get on one piece, Young shot him through the head, and poor Bruin was soon hoisted in, the frying-pan put on the fire at the same time, and bear-steaks were the order of the day. The skin was a beautiful one,* and the "real bear's grease" was put into casks.

Baffled in our efforts to reach the land, we now coasted along the pack edge to the southward, and found that it led us rather out from the shore. From the mast-head we could see a few lanes of water, and as the barometer was high and steady, we hoped for an off-shore wind to disperse the ice and enable us to get in shore; the wind, however, kept to the south-eastward, and although light, it had the effect of hardening the pack on the shore.

Notwithstanding the high barometer, the weather began to thicken, and soon the wind increased to a gale. It was not safe to run during the pitch-dark night, as several pieces of ice passed us.

Again the wind fell light and, changing to the north, came down upon us in a gale.

On the 15th, we made the land about Cape Farewell, its appearance at a distance of seventy miles being that of a number of steep high islands. Running into a stream of ice we wore and got out of it as soon as we could. This ice was sixty miles from the land, a distance generally supposed to be free, and there was no difference in the temperature of the surface water to indicate our near approach to it.

* Young had this skin cured and tanned, and presented it to Lady Franklin.

At an Australian Corobborey.—I.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLEY.

In 1864 I was paying a visit to a friend at Nine-mile Creek, near Ballarat. My host was a well-to-do sheep-farmer, a descendant of an English fox-hunting squire, who had not left his sporting propensities behind him when he quitted the "old country," as the numerous trophies of kangaroo heads, opossum skins, and other victims to his gun, which decorated the walls of his "den," amply testified.

His house may be taken as a sample of a genuine Australian homestead. Like many others in the colony, it was mostly constructed of wood, and of a single storey only. A wide verandah ran round three sides of the square block of which the house consisted, while jalousied French windows opened into the sitting and bed rooms. At one angle was the "den" before alluded to, which was by far the most comfortable room in the house. Here my host was accustomed to set out his entomological captures, skin his birds, and perform other necessary work in connection with his museum in miniature. The stables, sheep-pens, and other outworks were in the rear, while a spacious lawn, studded with gigantic-thorned acacias, extended down to a "creek" which gurgled along in the winter, but which in the parching summer season was reduced to a series of stagnant pools or "water-holes," as they are here called. A pair of splendid rose cockatoos were jabbering away in the verandah, while at the opposite end to the "den," a spacious aviary confined about a hundred parrakeets, sparrows, *et id genus omne*.

Along the banks of the stream several tall gum-trees stretched their skinny arms aloft, while beyond, the regular Australian "bush" commenced in earnest. The "run," consisting of I know not how many acres, was considered to be one of the finest in Victoria, and the owner had, from his arrival in the colony, studiously endeavoured to obtain and preserve the good-will of the "blacks," as the aborigines are called. Several of these natives were employed upon the estate as shepherds, living in huts with their wives or "gins," and rearing a numerous progeny of sable imps, whose sole occupation appeared to be getting into one scrape as soon as they were delivered from another. One gaunt fellow officiated as groom or coachman, whenever the family "buggy" was put in requisition to convey the ladies of the family to a dinner at one of their neighbour's, the said "neighbours" living from ten to twenty miles away. Upon these occasions the gentlemen always rode on horseback, and in a country where horses can be purchased for a few pounds, the mounts of the sterner sex were always the finest animals to be procured. Many of the natives take wonderfully to horses, and I have seen a cab in Melbourne itself driven by an aborigine, who smacked his whip and hailed, "Ceb, sah!" in correct professional style.

In consequence of the kindness of my host, his estate was a general El Dorado for all the neighbouring blacks, who, if they could establish themselves in his service either as shepherds, bullock-drivers, or faggoters, considered their fortunes made. Hence there were always plenty of "loafers" to be met with, picking up a precarious subsistence upon the scraps of the kitchen, and always on the look-out for a job. Once rated, however, their energies suffered a wonderful decline, and they subsided, with few exceptions, into lazy sleepy servitors, whose delight appeared to reach its consummation in reclining at the foot of a gum-tree thinking of nothing.

The only thing that seemed to rouse them from their lethargy was the sight of a kangaroo, a flight of ducks or other wild fowl, when their appetites incited them to a state of activity, in vivid contrast to their usual laziness.

It had been the custom of my host to make an annual present of blankets to the neighbouring blacks, and the event caused a considerable number to assemble in the vicinity, eager to participate in the bounty of my host. Besides the blankets, knives, fish-hooks, hatchets, and other useful articles were presented to many of the principal natives. The day after our arrival was the anniversary of this fête, and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of making a personal inspection of the natives as they appeared on a gala day.

The rendezvous was at one of the squatter's huts, situated about two miles from the homestead, and thither the lumbering dray had preceded us, heavily laden with coarse grey blanket-stuffs and various knicknacks, besides a lighter vehicle, on board of which various comforts for the inner man were stored, as it was customary to make a kind of pic-nic of the occasion.

The shanty was a rude structure of rough sawn boards, with a titanic chimney of hard-baked mud surmounted by a civilised chimney-pot. In front was a miniature stockade, formed for the purpose of enclosing the bullocks and horses when the annual branding came on. By the custom of the colony, any unbranded animal becomes the property of the finder, consequently, a general muster of the stock is held once a year, when the foal and calves are submitted to the hands of the brander. Whenever a horse or bullock is sold, it is customary for the seller to rebrand the animal with his mark reversed above the old brand, as otherwise the buyer might be accused of possessing stolen animals.

There is a report that a certain squatter was accustomed to adopt as his brand a frying-pan, and he had *no particular place to put it on*. Hence, whenever it was desirable to obliterate any of the old brands, it was easy to clap the hot frying-pan over the old mark, which, of course, rapidly disappeared. It is said that, as a reward for his ingenuity, this gentleman has now received a government appointment for seven years.

A few hundred yards beyond this stockade was a large water-hole, round which about sixty "blacks," with their families, had assembled. Some of them had been on the ground for several weeks, and had run up their *wagawas*, as a slight protection from the cold, for, although the days were hot enough, it was no unusual thing to find a thin film of ice, formed in vessels containing water, in early morning. These wagawas were of the rudest possible construction; four poles, or rather sticks, about four feet long, were stuck upright in the angles in a square with a side of about eight feet. The tops

of these were connected by other poles, and a rude wattling formed the foundation of the roof. Over this substratum a quantity of the leaves of a species of mimosa were thickly strewn, and thus a slight shelter was obtained. With a single exception, there was not the slightest attempt at wattling the sides to keep off the wind, but the shelter of a gum-tree trunk, or thicket of acacias, was deemed sufficient protection.

In front of a few of these huts a small fire was smouldering with the remains of a meal of fish procured from the neighbouring stream, scattered about. The fish were caught in snares constructed by preference of kangaroo sinew, or, failing that, of horsehair. A long rope twisted out of the bark of a tree was fastened by each end to a stake driven in an opposite side of the stream, and kept afloat by little pieces of dried wood. A series of nooses of horsehair were fixed to the rope close together, and upon any fish attempting to pass through, the loop caught the fins, and thus drew it tight round the body of the fish, which was at once secured by the fisherman, who anxiously watched his snare from the bank. Others again secured the larger members of the finny tribe by transfixing them with thin spears, formed out of a hard wood, and the head sometimes barbed with fishbones, but oftentimes merely hardened in the fire and notched.

As is usual among savages, the lords of creation, after providing for the day's subsistence, had left the cooking and the keeping up the fire to be performed by their wives, or "gins." These specimens of humanity were not by any means prepossessing. The men were of middle height, with round bullet heads, and skinny cadaverous features, and their whole appearance denoted anything but a well-stocked larder. They wore a scanty loin-cloth, and some of the swells had an old tattered blanket or rug of skins thrown over the left shoulder. The ladies were even more scantily clothed than their lords, as only a very few had the skin-cloak, and many were only saved from complete nudity by the veriest scrap of clothing. All had their ears pierced with holes large enough to put a walnut through, and the head men wore decorations of a green stone, some increasing their charms by the aid of a plug of the same material inserted in the cartilage of the nose. Their hair, jet-black and curly, was unkempt and matted together, and, like the negroes of the Gaboon, many carried in it a thin stick, as a means of chastisement to its troublesome inhabitants.

Besides the fishing-spears, they were provided with clubs, the knobbed extremities of some hard-wood tree, often fancifully carved and burnt into wavy patterns, the curious boomerang, and a knife, or hatchet, a present from some white settler. Their method of cooking the fish was to slit it up and open it out like a kippered herring, and then suspend it at the side of the fire from a thin twig stuck in the ground. Sometimes they make a gridiron of a few green twigs, upon which the flesh of some duck or rat is half burnt, rather than cooked; and at other times a meagre soup is manufactured, the cooking utensil being a hollow piece of wood, or slab of bark, and the water being heated by dropping red-hot stones into it.

They are capable of enduring a considerable amount of hunger, as indeed their precarious method of subsistence necessitates, but when an opportunity is afforded them, will gorge themselves to stupor. With the cunning of a fox, and the subtlety and stealth of a cat, they lie in wait for any animal that may come in their way, and in the dissatisfied districts employ the same arts to waylay some unsuspecting squatter, or creep snake-like through the grass till within spear-shot of some shepherd or traveller, who, oblivious of danger, is whiling away his time under the shadow of some tree, or perhaps reposing after the toils of the day.

Upon our arrival, they roused themselves from their lethargy, and assembled in a confused mass round the entrance to the stockade. Many of them had been known to our hospitable host for several years, and as he greeted them with a friendly nod, or called them by name, their pleasure was testified by sundry grunts and grinnings, that could hardly be called laughs. Meanwhile the blankets, hatchets, knives, and other valuables, had been unloaded, and every preparation made for their distribution. The ladies of the party produced needles and thread, and a few ready-made gowns, or rather petticoats, for the more modest attirement of their sable sisters.

A tall, gaunt fellow, whose unpronounceable name was interpreted as meaning "a son of a blue gum-tree," was then called, and our host, through the medium of one of his native bullock-drivers, requested him to inform his countrymen that he wished them to understand that no disputes must arise as to the distribution of the blankets, &c., since, if any person received more than another, it was a reward for some meritorious action, such as the restoration of a strayed bullock, or for faithful services performed. If any one of them were envious of the good fortune of another, he could, by conducting himself in an honest, straightforward manner, secure a similar reward to himself.

It appeared that upon the distribution of the presents last year a serious dispute had arisen, in consequence of an additional present being made to one of the natives, who had tracked up and restored seven bullocks, which had strayed from the estate.

After the harangue, the blankets were distributed to the men and their wives, amidst frantic gesticulations and the wildest jabbering, expressive of delight. One aged black, the "Curly Snake," whose tottering, cadaverous limbs were scarcely adequate to the support of his emaciated body, upon receiving his blanket made a low obeisance, and, leaning for support upon the shoulder of his grandson, told his countrymen that "they must ever after look upon the property of Mr. H—— as their own, and protect it in every way that laid in their power; and if they found any of his sheep or cattle in the bush, they must bring it back again to the owner, and not kill and eat them, for if they did so they would lose a good protector, and all white men would execrate their very name." A loud and prolonged series of howls and grunts succeeded this speech, and several others followed, the orator declaring that they would seek for Mr. H——'s cattle whenever he lost any.

After the blankets were given out, a number of knives, fish-hooks, hatchets, and other useful instruments, were presented to the sooty crew, many of whom testified their delight by cutting and hacking at every tree and bush in their vicinity, just as any child would do when he first came into the possession of a knife.

Meanwhile the wives, or "gins," were being made the happy recipients of the bounty of the ladies of the homestead, who were giving away petticoats, needles, thread, scissors, and looking-glasses. The reception of the latter was the universal

sequel for a good stare at the sable features of the recipient, and the grotesque faces and clownish grimaces, made before the reflectors, were ludicrous in the extreme.

Some of the women had brought curiously-plaited baskets as presents to the "lubras," as they called the white ladies; while others again exhibited specimens of their skill as feather-workers, in the shape of fans, which they displayed in the hope of exciting the acquisitiveness of some purchaser.

Some exhibited curiously-ornamented bags, formed of closely-plaited grass, and profusely decorated with the vertebræ of snakes, feathers, and small seeds, scraped and polished until they looked like beads. Others, again, offered for sale rudely but elaborately carved spears, waddys, boomerangs, paddles, and other implements. Rugs composed of two or three dozen opossum-skins, or of various species of ruminants, and other trophies of the hunter's skill, often the produce of two or three years' laborious chase, found ready purchasers, while the eye of the naturalist was delighted by the sight of several fine specimens of the parrot tribe, some lately killed, and others alive, confined to a stick by a tough thong of kangaroo sinew.

The distribution occupied about two hours, after which we sat down to a very substantial luncheon, spread with true colonial hospitality in the meagre shade of a clump of gum-trees near the squatter's hut. While busy discussing the merits of the savoury viands, I will give an example of the good results ensuing from the liberality and kindness of our host, Mr. H——.

Three years before our visit, he was riding along one of the comparatively shadowless glades of a forest composed of gum-trees, stringy barks, and other sparsely-leaved trees, when he suddenly started at a low groan issuing from a thicket on his right hand. Reining in his steed, he listened, and in a few seconds a prolonged moan verified his suppositions that some fellow-creature was in distress. Carefully picking his way through the thorny shrubs, he came upon a native lying in a doubled-up attitude at the foot of a stately gum-tree. The unnatural position of his left leg at once revealed the origin of his sufferings, for it was fearfully shattered, and the arm on the same side also hung useless by his side. Another moan escaped from the pale lips of the sufferer, which at once pierced the humane heart of our host.

Alighting from his horse, which, well-trained animal that he was, never attempted to move away, he gently raised the wounded man. A perfect shriek of agony burst from the native at the slightest movement, as he fell back in a dead faint. By his side a speared opossum, and a shred of his clothing hanging from one of the limbs above him, revealed the source of his mishap, for it was evident that when busily engaged in the capture of opossum or other game, he had fallen from the branch and fractured his arm and leg. Giving the wounded man a draught from the brandy-flask he carried, he gave him to understand by signs that he was to lie still while he went for assistance. Luckily a number of workmen were engaged in the erection of a shanty within a mile of the spot, and, hastily constructing a rude litter, the wounded black was carried thereon to the hut. After setting the bones and otherwise attending to his wants, he rode off, leaving instructions that the black was to receive every attention. In a few weeks the native, whose name proved to be Awagga, was able to move about, and upon being declared convalescent, was offered the post of shepherd on the run.

Time went on and the event was forgotten, when one morning one of the ladies went out for a ride to meet her father. On arriving at the rendezvous Mr. H—— was not there, so, alighting from her horse, she sat down upon a felled tree to await him. From the lady's own account of the event, she appears to have fallen into a kind of doze, and was awakened by feeling something cold and slippery round her neck. Casting her eyes downwards, she was horrified to see an enormous snake twined round her arm, with one of its coils round her neck, while its fiery eyes looked straight into hers, as its head waved with an undulatory motion within a few inches of her face.

A wild shriek of terror burst from her lips as she started up, when she perceived Awagga running towards her, calling out something at the top of his voice. With great presence of mind she stayed her first impulse of running haphazard into the bush, and awaited the native's approach. Still the snake kept up the pendulous motion of its head, while its scintillating eyes glittered as if with bitterest malice.

Poising a waddy for a few seconds to ensure his aim, Awagga, with a skilful stroke, dashed out the reptile's brains, whereupon, overcome with the excess of her feelings, the young lady fainted away, while at the same instant her father, who had heard her shriek, came galloping up. Of course Mr. H—— was profuse in his expressions of gratitude to Awagga, but he replied, "Why do you thank me? you found me wounded in the bush, and cured me, and shall not I protect your *lubras* from harm when in my power to do so?"

Luncheon over, we again mounted our horses, and after a pleasant ride arrived at the homestead, where our host informed us that on the following day the natives would hold a palaver dance, or "corobborey," in honour of the distribution of the gifts of their kind benefactor.

We started for the rendezvous about three in the afternoon, and in about an hour reached the camp, which had been removed to the banks of a reedy creek some six or seven miles distant from the scene of the distribution.

Although the natives could have only been on the spot a few hours, the huts were already run up, and their fishing-lines had afforded an ample supply of delicate fish. I here noticed an aged gin busily engaged in pounding the stalks of a peculiar plant, which when macerated in water is baked on the glowing embers of their wood-fires, and forms a kind of damper, by no means unpalatable—at least, to a hungry stomach.

A party of women were bustling about, collecting all the dead wood they could find, with which to build the corobborey fire, while their better halves were proudly strutting before us in all the bravery of their new blankets. Some of the most civilised (?) were smoking tobacco, and, as among their sable brethren of Africa, the shorter, dirtier, and larger the pipe, the better was it appreciated. It must certainly take a long apprenticeship to be able to *enjoy* a smoke out of a filthy bowl, whose villainous opening, owing to the shortness of the stem, is brought exactly beneath the nostrils.

Only one of the gentlemen was making preparations for the evening's entertainment, and he was squatted between the knees of his *valet de chambre*, who was busily employed in rubbing over his skin a mixture of gum, red clay, and pounded maggots, the larvæ of some species of insect, which he evidently esteemed to be a veritable Rowlands' Macassar, or Balm of Columbia.

A Ride from Gondar to Galabat, Abyssinia.

BY E. A. DE COSSON, F.R.G.S.

On the night of the 14th of May, 1873, we were at Gondar, the capital of Ethiopia, through which mountainous country C—— and I had been wandering for many months in search of sport and amusement. On this particular evening, however, the sport and amusement were of a very qualified description, for a day of burning heat had been succeeded by a night of storm and rain, such as is only to be experienced in tropical latitudes. Even the double roof of our tent was quite inadequate to keep out the torrents of water which poured down upon it like a second deluge, bidding fair to float us bodily into the swollen stream below; while every now and then fierce gusts of wind whistled through the straining cords, and flash after flash of lightning, following one another in rapid succession, cast a lurid and fitful light over the ruins of the ancient town. We could hear the frightened horses and mules plunging madly as they pulled at their tether ropes, but there was no one to watch them now, for guards, servants, and porters had all fled to the town for shelter, and we were as solitary on the isolated bluff of rock where our tent was pitched, as if we had been encamped in the desert of Sahara. However, there was little to fear from man or beast. On such a night as this the most ravenous hyæna or daring leopard would prefer the darkness and safety of his lair to the lightning and tempest outside; and as for man, though he sometimes emulates the cruelty of a beast of



ABYSSINIAN PRIEST AND MONK.

prey, he rarely equals him in courage when bent on an evil purpose. So when our evening pipes were finished, C—— and I lay down on our soaking carpets, and were soon as sound asleep as if we had been lying on beds of down, instead of in three inches of mud and rain-water.

Next morning still the same deluge of water came pouring down; we could not even get a fire to cook our food by: so, deserting the camp, we visited Christopholos, the magician of Gondar, who went with us to explore the beautiful ruins of the castle of the "King of Kings" (a magnificent palace alone in the wild mountains of inner Africa), which is one of the greatest wonders of the capital of Ethiopia. But I must defer the description of this to some other time.

On the following morning, May the 16th, not a sign of the storm remained. The tropical sun had spread its glamour over the land, and though the swollen river still rushed madly over the grey rocks, its spray glistened with the varied colours of the rainbow, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of flowers, and gay with the song of birds and insects. Our tent, too, was no longer deserted. The Governor of Gondar, the chief who was to accompany me to the borders of Abyssinia, and many others, were waiting outside to see me, for to-day I had decided to start on my homeward journey through those great plains of Sennaar and Upper Nubia which lay between me and Khartoum, on the White Nile.

Though it was now the hot season, and I was told that this road would be a sort of Gehenna on earth, I preferred to take it, as I hoped to travel faster over the desert on a camel than I could through the interminable and roadless mountains of Abyssinia. I had duties in England which called me home, and already I had tarried till the last moment at the court of the King of Ethiopia, taking advantage of his friendship to try to induce him to put an end to the slave-trade in his dominions, a step which I knew, if carried out, would strike a heavy blow to the slave-markets of Upper Nubia, where Gallas brought through Abyssinia are at a great premium. The king, who had discussed the matter with great frankness and intelligence, had agreed at my solicitation to bind himself by a written promise to the English Government, given under his great seal, that he would allow no merchants to buy or sell in, or transport slaves through, his country, and that he would set free all slaves then existing. But, of course, so important a measure could not be taken without opposition from his chiefs, and day after day had passed without my being able to obtain the written promise I desired. At last, to precipitate matters, C—— and I had retired to Gondar, much to the annoyance of the king, who, like a true Abyssinian prince, wanted us to remain for ever at his court, and now that the last day had arrived to which I could possibly delay my homeward journey, there were still no letters from the king, and I felt sad at heart, for the work of the last three weeks seemed to have been thrown away.

It did not take long to prepare for my departure. C—— had decided to remain in the highlands of Abyssinia through the coming rainy season, and I was henceforward to be alone. I therefore left with C—— the tent and baggage, and determined to take with me only what was absolutely necessary for the homeward journey. A bag of flour, another of coffee, some pieces of native cloth, cartridges for my Westley-Richards rifle, and some seven hundred dollars in silver, composed the principal part of my luggage, which was packed on four mules.

Before the sun was high we were all in the saddle, and winding down the ravine leading to the river which flows below Gondar. As we approached it we saw a young maiden bathing herself in its sparkling waters, all unconscious of our gay cavalcade, but when our horses entered the stream she looked round, and with one bound disappeared among the rocks, like a frightened Diana.

My Abyssinian friends now bid me farewell, and C—— and I rode up the rocky ascent of "The Mountain of the Sun," at the other side of the river. We had nearly gained the top when we saw two horsemen following us at a gallop, their horses covered with foam and mud, as if they had ridden all night. One was mounted on a beautiful little cream-coloured horse, with silver harness, which had been given me by the king, but which I had left behind at his camp when I started for Gondar. The other carried a packet of letters, which, throwing himself from his horse, he placed in my hand. To my great delight I found they were the letters from the king to Lord Granville, promising, if the English Government wished it, to use every means to abolish the slave-trade in Ethiopia. This was extremely cheering, for there was no doubt the king would consider his sealed and written promise to the Government as binding, and with a very little encouragement from the Foreign Office, would do much to check the slave-trade in this part of Africa, especially as all the Abyssinian slave-traders being Mohammedans, he does not regard them with favour.

It was now time for my friend C—— to leave me, so we said farewell and parted, he to return to the king's court at Ambachara, where he wished to stay some time longer, and I to continue my solitary journey northward through the plains of Nubia.

I felt very sad as our two little parties lost sight of one another, for who was to tell if we should meet again, or either of us get home at all? Life, which at all times is uncertain, seems doubly so in Africa, where the wanderer has to encounter a treacherous climate, a warlike and uncivilised people, and forests teeming with large game. He will, however, do well not to let gloomy thoughts occupy his mind. As Sir Samuel Baker truly says: "In this country any grief of mind will ensure an attack of fever, to which all are more or less predisposed during the unhealthy season." I believe one of the secrets of health in all countries is to encourage cheerfulness in ourselves and in others.

For some way my road lay over a nearly level table-land, about west-south-west, towards Tchelga. Abyssinia is composed of a number of table-lands, intersected by deep valleys and ravines, which form the beds of the various rivers. These table-lands are at different elevations, some being more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, while others are much lower. The country is also traversed by several ranges of mountains of the most fantastic shapes, some of which are higher than the highest of the European Alps. As there are no roads, different races are often found living within a few days' march of one another, varying as much in all their characteristics as if they were people of different nations.

The people whose country I was now skirting, the Kumant, had certainly not a prepossessing type of countenance; their heads were narrow and pointed, their jaws heavy and projecting. I was told they were worse than the Gallas, for they would even kill a man for a single piece of *tef* (the common

bread of the country). Their mode of gaining a livelihood was, if not honest, ingenious, for they lived by carrying wood to Gondar to build houses with, and, generally, soon after the house was finished, returned at night and set it on fire, so as to have to bring wood again to build it afresh: thus they were never without work.

At sunset we forded the Atbara, here quite a little stream, and not long afterwards the barking of dogs announced our approach to Tchelga, where I had decided to halt for the night. This village was composed of a number of round huts, made in the usual Abyssinian manner, of mud and branches, covered with tall thatched roofs sloped like extinguishers. My guards soon captured some fowls, and cutting their heads off, placed them in a flat dish full of butter and red pepper to cook. Some *tef*, a jar of honey, and a basket (lined with hardened cow-dung) full of milk, completed the entertainment. It is a fact which, though true, I fancy few people will believe, that Abyssinian fowls run about after their heads are cut off. They generally run round and round in a circle for several seconds, and end by tumbling right over, very naturally, not knowing in which direction they are going.

The Shoum, or head man, of Tchelga was not there, but the chief who had been sent by the king to accompany me led me into one of the round houses for the night. It was, as usual, swarming with animal life, and sleep was out of the question. This, however, had its advantage, as I was able to start before daylight next morning. My guards were all footsore by this time, so I let them go back to the king, only taking with me my Arab cook, Mustafa, and three native servants who had been my gun-bearers all through my stay in Abyssinia.

As we left Tchelga I saw a beautiful green snake, three feet long, which, by the shape of its head and body, must have been one of the many venomous kinds that abound here.

Presently we met the Shoum, a grey-haired old man, with a long straight double-edged sword slung over his shoulder, like that used by the Hamran elephant-hunters. He at once turned back and accompanied me, with his servants, a couple of gigantic negroes, naked to the waist, who were armed with Portuguese matchlocks, some four hundred years old, which, however, they appeared to regard with great pride.

I had many thousand feet to descend before I should bid good bye to the mountains of Abyssinia, and we were all day following the course of one of the tributaries of the Atbara, as it made its way down through endless ranges of mountains to the plains of Nubia. The thunder rolled all day, and the effect of the detonations as they were echoed back from peak to peak was very grand. Towards evening one of my servants fell sick, and had to be placed on my second horse; presently we entered a forest, and soon the darkness became so intense that we could not see one another as we rode under the trees; so on coming to a clear space, where there was a pool of water, we halted, and taking care to keep close to our beasts, for fear the leopards might carry them off, lay down dinnerless, to wait for daylight.

Next morning we continued our way through the wood, which was full of flowering trees with beautiful creepers hanging in gay festoons from their boughs. At last we came in sight of some camels eating the young branches of the mimosas, a sign that we were beyond the mountains of Abyssinia, where the soft-footed camel cannot travel. Wakhni is now a frontier village of Abyssinia, though not long ago Galabat also owed allegiance to it; but the Egyptian Government, though always declaring that it has no wish to go to war, has by degrees encroached much on the Abyssinian frontier, and a great feeling of hatred exists between the two nations. Between Galabat and Wakhni there is a considerable tract of bush, which, being under no rule, is infested by wild beasts and hostile bands of natives who live by plunder. I had arrived at Wakhni on the market-day, so as to avail myself of the company of the Mohammedan merchants on their way back to Galabat, for none of the Abyssinians who were with me would venture nearer the Egyptian frontier; but unfortunately it began to rain, and the merchants said they would not start until the fine weather came, though as they were half-naked, and well rubbed over with butter, I don't think the water would have done them much harm. I now tried to get some men from the Shoum, but he said he could not get them for me, nor was he answerable in any way for my safety; in fact, he acted so suspiciously that I began to fear he was meditating some treachery. Once I started with my own servants, but though I had always treated them with much kindness, and thought them faithful, as soon as they got into the bush they all deserted me, with the exception of Mustafa the Arab; so we were obliged to return, as we could not have managed the mules alone—those refractory animals requiring at least three men to put their loads on.

Although I had returned to the hut given me by the shoum, I was determined to get out of his hands as soon as possible; and at last, by the offer of a good reward, I succeeded in inducing a wild-looking Arab, armed with a shield and spear, who was possessed of a camel, to undertake to accompany me out of the village at midnight, and lead me to Galabat; so, when every one was asleep, the camel was brought to the door of my hut, and the packs of the mules, with the exception of the sack of dollars, placed on its back; then Mustafa and I, each mounting a horse and leading a mule behind us, glided noiselessly through the village, and disappeared into the bush beyond. That Arab seemed to have an instinct for the road; it was so dark that we could only tell by the sound of our voices if we were still together, and yet our guide led us clear of all obstacles, till the welcome arrival of daylight, when I galloped on in front of my companions, to enjoy the beauties of the forest undisturbed.

As the sun rose high in the heavens, the whole atmosphere quivered with the heat; the birds ceased to sing on the trees; the blue lizard lay motionless on the rock by the wayside; a pair of beautiful gazelles stood gazing at me dreamily from the shade of some sweet-scented mimosas, among the boughs of which sat a little green monkey. Not a sound stirred the air, save the hum of the insects among the flowers; all around was the tangled vegetation of the bush. It was, indeed, one of those scenes of tropical beauty, such as Doré has depicted in his illustrations to "Atala."

Suddenly my horse stopped, for in all the beauty of matchless strength and symmetry, a leopard walked noiselessly across the glade before him, his long tail curling and uncurling, and his beautiful spotted skin glistening in the sunshine with a richness and depth of colour never seen in the caged animals that are brought to England. In a moment more I had dismounted and fired, and the leopard lay gasping on the ground, glaring at me with an expression of rage I shall never forget, but he never uttered a cry, only as I approached him with my hunting-knife

—for I did not wish to throw away my second cartridge—he uttered a low growl, which fairly put my horse to flight. I thought he could not move, but was mistaken; twice he tried to spring forwards, but not having strength to do so, he suddenly made a plunge into the tall bush grass behind him and disappeared. I fired a parting shot as he went, but it whistled harmlessly over him, nor could I find him in the grass, which was eight feet high, and so thick that I could not see a foot in front of me; perhaps it was fortunate I did not come upon him, for my horse had gone off with my cartridges, and a wounded leopard is no pleasant *vis-à-vis*. As for Mustafa and the Arab, when they heard my rifle and saw my horse come back, they halted and prepared to return, saying, with Eastern wisdom, "*Bismillah!* why should we go on if our master is dead and does not want us?"

Next day I had an encounter with a panther, which might have been unpleasant in its consequences. We had forded the river Gondowa with some difficulty, as it was wide and rapid; and after encamping for the night in a secluded part of the bush, had started two hours before daylight, for with my dollars to take care of and so small a retinue, I was anxious to get through this part of the country as soon as possible, when a large panther, taking advantage of the darkness, succeeded in stealing close up to my horse unperceived. Luckily my rifle was ready cocked in my hand, and just then the morning star, rising from a bank of cloud, threw a ray of light on the panther, who was already crouching for a spring. I did not wait to think whether my horse—it was the new one given me by the king—had been taught to stand fire, but let fly both barrels at the panther, who was not three yards from the muzzle of my rifle. However, what became of him I was never destined to know, for the next instant my horse reared upright and bolted with me into the bush, quite regardless of the long thorns with which most African trees are armed, which were anything but pleasant for me, or of the strong native curb with which I tried to stop him. At last, however, after a considerable *détour*, I managed to get back into the track again, further on, where I found my men, who had tried to follow me.

On May the 20th I reached Galabat, where I was hospitably received by Jusef, a Mohammedan Abyssinian merchant. There was a large camp of Egyptian troops above the town, under the command of a black general, a native of Nubia, who appeared to have made every preparation for a war with Abyssinia should the occasion occur. I had been told that, notwithstanding the Egyptian Government had professed to suppress slavery, and that Galabat was now entirely occupied by Egyptian soldiers, I should yet find a public slave-market there, where I should see many Galla and Abyssinian slaves—some of whom were even Christians—bought and sold. I therefore expressed a desire to Jusef that he would show me the slave-market, and he readily agreed to accompany me there. We rode into a large field outside the town, where there were a number of long low booths, made very roughly of branches. Each of these booths was divided into several little compartments, the interior of which was hidden from view by curtains of native cloth hung in front of them. The slave-merchants sat smoking beside their booths with Arab gravity. We visited them one after the other, and they led us into the different compartments, expatiating on the beauty and merits of their slaves, very much as a dealer shows off his horses. Galla and Abyssinian girls were numerous, and averaged from thirty to seventy dollars each. They had very little clothing, and sat crowded together in their little cells, with the sun burning down on the flat roof close above their heads, in an atmosphere which was perfectly stifling. Many of these young girls were very beautiful; their colour was often not darker than that of a Spanish gipsy; their features were small and delicate; their forms proportioned like those of a Greek statue; and their eyes large and lustrous. I have been told that they are of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and faithful and loving to those who treat them kindly. They did not seem to know any Arabic, and their masters made them do what they wished by signs. Though they were all so young, I did not see a single smiling face there, and their lot seemed a sad one indeed—transported into a strange country to be given up body and soul to the highest bidder. I believe they are generally bought by merchants who send them to Arabia, where, if they happen to be Christians, they are soon made to renounce their faith. Occasionally, it *may* happen that one of these girls gets into a good harem, but numbers die on the way, from change of climate, change of food—too often indeed the want of it—and the long journey under a broiling sun. I believe all people who live among mountains love their country; and I have often thought how fondly these poor girls must think of their native hills, when like caged birds they look through their lattices at Jiddah, on the hot sands of Arabia el Hidjaz! Indeed, I remember when I was at Jiddah hearing that one of these fair prisoners had just flung herself from her window into the street below, preferring death to captivity. Of what these poor creatures sometimes have to endure from the brutality of the men who capture them, and take them down to the markets of Upper Nubia in regular droves, like so many cattle, I cannot speak here. It even now makes my blood boil to think about it. I fancy a slave-dealer soon forgets that a slave has any feelings. While I was in one of the booths, a beautiful young Galla girl happened to take the fancy of an old man who might—except so far as beauty was concerned—have very well been her grandfather. She was made to stand up and display her beauty, the customer taking great care in the meantime to examine her teeth, feet, hands, and knees, very much as people look at the points of a horse. Then came the haggling about the price, the old octogenarian beating down the merchant, dollar by dollar. All this time the girl was looking on with straining eyes, trying to read her fate in the merchant's face, for she could not understand what he was saying. There are two market-days at Galabat every week for slaves, and as this was the second, I fancy she was doomed to be sold, for the merchant wanted to get rid of his stock, but they were still cheapening her when I left; however, I will not linger over so revolting a picture.

The traders of Galabat will not guarantee the health of their slaves, nor even allow them to be inspected by a doctor. The mortality among them is fearful. If the King of Ethiopia be encouraged to keep his promise to permit no more slave-dealers or dealing in his country, the markets of Upper Nubia and Arabia can no longer be stocked with Gallas and Abyssinians, some of the fairest and gentlest of Africa's daughters. Nor can Egypt neglect long to follow the example of her less civilised neighbour. Surely it is the duty of all Christian countries to spare no labour to bring this infamous traffic to an end.



ABYSSINIAN FERRY.

Puget Sound, and the Northern Pacific Railroad.—III.

BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

In passing Commencement Bay, the traveller must not omit to look out for Mount Rainier, which is seen rising beyond the head of the harbour in unequalled majesty, and is generally considered to be the grandest view on the Sound. Passing by Tacoma,* where the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has located the terminus, of which we shall speak subsequently, our course is now directed to Olympia, about sixty-five miles distant. The shores of the Sound gradually contract and approach each other till they form a passage called the "Narrows," about ten miles long, and from half a mile to less than a mile wide. Hence the navigation of this passage is difficult for ocean-going ships, and it is increased by strong currents, which flow at the rate of from ten to twelve knots an hour. Now it will at once be observed that this is a formidable objection to all those places south of it, which have been severally proposed for the terminus, viz., Steilacoom, Nisqually, New Jerusalem, and Olympia. Mr. Hadlow, late of the Tacoma Mill, informed me that by locating it on the ocean side of the Narrows, his firm saved one dollar in the freight of every 1,000 feet of lumber.

Passing by Steilacoom, to be described further on, we come to Nisqually, euphonised from "Squally," the Indian designation. This place is six and a half miles south of Steilacoom. It is not now of any importance, but merits a passing notice, as being the first place on the Sound where the pioneer planted his staff, at a period long before Olympia, Steilacoom, and Seattle were started. For here the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, an offshoot of the Hudson Bay Company, raised the English flag in 1834; and the Company's ships brought freights for Fort Nisqually. Here also the Cross was first raised; hence a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church takes his title from this spot, viz., the Right Reverend A. M. A. Blanchet, D.D., Bishop of Nisqually, "in partibus infidelium." There is now only an old warehouse and a saw-mill moved by water-power. The fort, which is about one mile inland, will be described further on. The water of this harbour is deep, being thirty-one, forty-two, and fifty fathoms. Another objection is the existence of mud-flats outside.

Passing by New Jerusalem, which at present only exists in the fertile imaginations of speculators and surveyors, we come to Olympia, the head of navigation, and territorial capital. It is the prettiest town on the Sound. Shade-trees, principally maples, have been planted in the leading thoroughfares, reminding one of the boulevards in French cities. The tired wayfarer, harassed with the cares of business, and weary with his tramp, sits down for awhile to rest; soothed by the beauty of the spot, refreshed by the living green, he forgets for a moment that there are such things as dollars and cents, and indulges in a pleasing reverie, in a dream, it may be, of absent friends, of home. The town is built at the extreme southern limit of the Sound, on a peninsula about one mile and a half in length, formed by Budd's Inlet and an arm of the Sound, and rising by a gentle slope from the water, which is rather less than one mile wide at this point. The tides rise and fall twenty feet (in spring-tides twenty-five feet), consequently there are extensive mud-flats at low water, which cover over 1,300 acres. The lower portion of the town is built on a spit, and one effect of the rise of the tide is that the streets become flooded. On the evening of my arrival, going out for a stroll, I was surprised to find the waters up to my hotel; thus seeing buildings rise up out of the sea on all sides, it brought before me in the moonlight a vision of Venice. The first claims were taken up in 1846, the town was incorporated in 1859, and the population is estimated to be about 1,800. Rents are very high, at the time of my visit every house was let, and even rooms could not be had. There are two suburbs, separated by arms of the Sound from the town; Swantown on the east, and Marshville on the west; the latter is approached by a bridge 445 yards in length. The arm which it spans, called Budd's Inlet, extends to Tumwater, two and a quarter miles distant, which is very prettily situated, and worthy of a visit. The road rises from Olympia by a gentle ascent of about a mile, then gaining the brow of the hill, it opens upon a table-land, and passes through a forest. Soon one hears the distant music of falling water; presently, through a break in the trees, looking down a steep bank covered with bramble, fern, and hazel, is seen at the bottom of a deep ravine or gorge, the foam and sparkle of a waterfall, leaping over a face of rock, and embowered in foliage; altogether quite an Alpine scene. Further on are three other falls or cataracts; these are formed by the river Deschutes; with the one above mentioned their total height is eighty-four feet. The average amount of water-power does not fall far short of 4,000 horses, and the water in the highest freshets never exceeds a depth of four feet on the present mill-draws. There are a couple of flouring-mills, a tannery, a manufactory for wooden water-pipes, a factory for cutting weather-boarding in the Eastern style, two sash and door factories, two turning and cabinet factories, and a saw-mill, worked by water-power. A few stores and dwelling-houses, all painted white, give a cheerful and sparkling aspect to the scene, relieving the monotony of the fir-forests. There are 120 houses, with a population of about 300. The return to Olympia can be varied by crossing a bridge which connects the two sides of the arm at this spot, and materially shortens the road.

One of my objects in visiting Olympia, was to examine the Cowlitz Pass, which has been proposed as a route for the Northern Pacific Railroad. I was informed that a Mr. Longmire, living on Yelm Prairie, twenty-five miles from Olympia, and who, in conjunction with Mr. Packwood, was the first to explore and cut the trail, might perhaps be able to put me in the way of crossing the Pass. Accordingly, a friend having lent me a horse, I left Olympia one morning by the Tumwater road, and, when near the latter place, diverged to the east. After riding about four miles, and passing a small lake in a hollow, the road opened out on a large prairie called Chambers's.

* This is generally understood to be the Indian name of Mount Rainier, but a tribe near the Cowlitz Pass pronounces it Tah-ho mah.

The weather was beautiful; in the still grandeur of a summer morning, the distant pines that skirt the horizon being bathed in mist, these vast extents of unbroken country produce in one an almost indescribable sense of exhilaration and freedom. The soul revels in the sense of space, of vastness; hour after hour passes by, one never feels alone; withdrawn from materiality, in intimate communion with nature, the lines of the poet are realised—

> "I love all waste and solitary places;
> There we taste the pleasure of believing what we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

After crossing the prairie there is a belt of timber, followed by a succession of prairies, divided by strips of forest, the open lands being all enclosed and cultivated; but the soil is not very good, being gravelly; more adapted for stock-raising than cereals. Deer abound; they come down at night to crop the green oats; by lying in wait for them they can easily be shot. One of the attractions of Olympia, as a place of residence, is the abundance of fine sport in the adjacent woods and waters; deer, bears, cougars, rabbits, and racoons are plentiful, within three hours' ride of the town. The waters of the bay are literally alive with ducks; at least seven varieties have been counted. Oysters are found there, and also on the Samish near Bellingham Bay; though small, they are considered to be equal to the eastern ones in flavour. Salmon abounds along the whole coast, and forms the staple diet of the Indian. Salmon trout may be seen in certain states of the tide jumping after the small fry at the end of Finch's or Percival's wharf. Below, on the Columbia River, the Indians lay in considerable quantities of sturgeon, or, as it is called by the settlers on the lower part of the river, Chinook beef; and within thirty miles of the new town of Kalama, on the same river, the late terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, more than 500 persons are engaged in the salmon fishery. A company has been established at Port Townsend for curing and salting cod-fish, which extends its operations into northern waters as far as the Ochotsk Sea. Elk are especially abundant on the head-waters of the Chehalis, also upon the northern slopes of the coast range at the back of Port Discovery and Sekwim (Sequim) Bay, near the last locality. They are met with here in numbers during the winter, being driven by the snow off the mountains. Judge Dennison keeps a pack of hounds, and has excellent sport at Port Townsend; the hounds chase the deer till they take to the water; they are then easily captured. On Whidbey Island there is also good hunting. In the woods on its southern and northern extremity, is found the white deer; though now, I believe, getting scarce, their venison is a favourite and much-prized article of food. Generally speaking, all the streams in the territory, which are numerous, are full of trout. At Cape Flattery, the Indians, as soon as the spring begins to open, put out to sea in their canoes, some ten or fifteen miles, to kill the fur-seals, which at this season are migrating north. They are in countless myriads, and on a calm day can be seen for miles, jumping and splashing about in the water. Mr. Longmire was not at home, but the family invited me to stay. In the country districts of this territory there is much hospitality, and the traveller is always sure of a welcome. I returned next day to Olympia.

I could not find any one to take me over the Cowlitz Pass, either for love or money, for it is scarcely ever travelled, so that the trail is overgrown, and very difficult to find; consequently, after taking some sketches of the neighbourhood, I took the stage which runs from Olympia to Steilacoom, to get to Fort Nisqually. The road passes through a succession of prairies, divided by belts of timber, for about eight miles. A tremendously steep hill, called Nisqually Bluff, is then descended, at the foot of which is a creek called McAllister's, where excellent fishing may be had. The road then lies over a bottom about two miles in length, extending to Nisqually River; this point being about two miles from the Sound. The river, which is about 150 feet wide, is crossed by a ferry-boat moved by a rope; about a quarter of a mile beyond this, the route lies up a hill, and through forest; traversing this for about three-quarters of a mile, one emerges upon a level country, being the famous Nisqually Plains, the greater part of which were owned by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, before mentioned.

Fort Nisqually, fifteen miles from Olympia, is then shortly reached. The Nisqually Plains are sixteen square miles in extent, and lie in an irregular oval between Puget Sound and the Cascade Range, with the Nisqually reservation on the south, and the Puyallup reservation on the north. They contain about 80,000 acres of prairie land, and 15,000 of swamp, lakes, and timber. The soil is generally gravelly, except along the borders of creeks, where it is a black loam, consequently better adapted for stock raising, than for wheat or cereals. The plains "are interspersed with beautiful lakes, and scattered groves of timber, mostly of oak and fir, the former of which must be of great value for shipbuilding and other purposes." The surface is smooth and level, rising, in a succession of terraces or benches, from ten to forty feet in height, and generally parallel to the mountains. These terraces are a peculiar feature, and are supposed to have been caused by water. It is surmised that the whole of this country was formerly submerged, as the rounded stones and smooth pebbles on its surface indicate, and that the water in receding formed the terraces. These are grass-covered, and quite flat and smooth on the top, sloping at the sides, sometimes extending in a perfectly straight line for half or three quarters of a mile. In fact they have more the appearance of being the work of art than of nature, wanting only flowers and statues to make the traveller fancy that he is in some park or garden. On a journey across the Natchez Pass, I observed that there was a succession of benches, but much loftier than those just spoken of, and which extended nearly up to the mountains. At short intervals on the plains, there are lakes, small, but beautifully clear; of these there are about a dozen, varying in size from 1,500 acres to ten or a dozen, besides numerous ponds and running streams, the country being well watered. Around are beautiful groves of poplar, aspen, ash, and maple, with a few pines and oaks. Scattered over the surface are rounded hills looking like islands in the level plain, and covered with groves of fir, which sometimes grow on the slopes of the larger benches. Altogether the plains resemble a magnificent park, ornamented by the skill of the landscape-gardener; while to the south-east, and in full view from all parts, rises the majestic peak of Mount Rainier, the highest in the territory; estimated by Commodore Wilkes, by triangulation, to be 12,300 feet above the sea level. It is remarkable for its symmetry and beauty of outline, which is something quite architectural, the general form of the mountain being that of a great pyramid. The summit consists of

one central peak, flanked by two lower and smaller ones, both as nearly as possible of the same size and shape. Here may also be seen Mount Adams, in the neighbouring state of Oregon, and, on a clear day, the distant peaks of Mounts Hood and Baker.

The original Fort Nisqually was built in the year 1834, near the Sound, within one third of a mile of the salt water, and about half a mile from the present one, which is more inland. The latter was commenced by Dr. Tolmie, in 1847, and erected in one year. Some details may be interesting, as, with the exception of the pickets, the fort is a perfect model of those built by the Hudson Bay Company. It is planned north and south, square with the cardinal points of the compass, and covers a little over an acre. There are two bastions at opposite corners, thus commanding hostile approaches on all sides. The pickets were stout timbers, made of firwood or pine, over twenty feet high and about eight inches by twelve in diameter. Towards the centre there is a roomy residence for the agent, with a large verandah; and a row of acacias, planted in a grass-plat bordered with flower-beds, shelters the house. The original block-built house used as a residence for the agent at the old fort, is in the centre. It was found to be too small for family purposes, and was consequently devoted to other uses. There is a blacksmith's shop and forge, a paint-shop, granary, and fur-press, all block-built; a store with fur-room above, carriage-house, dairy, kitchen, hen-house, two dwelling-houses for the employés of the company, three houses outside, for Indians, and two large barns, with other farm-buildings. The bastions were outside the pickets, so as to command an attacking force; they are about thirty-five feet in height, and consist of two storeys, ten or twelve feet square. In the lower one, which has gun-ports, there was a twelve-pounder and a one-pound swivel gun, the upper chamber being loopholed for musketry. Thus at this spot, completely in the wilderness—for Steilacoom and the neighbouring settlements were not then started—there flourished a community which contained within itself the germs of civilisation. The following items will give some notion of the business transactions of the company in its palmy days:—In the year 1854 it possessed 6,000 head of cattle, 8,000 sheep, and 300 horses, wild and tame. Ten or a dozen stations were scattered over the plains. Of white men and natives, including the officials and a couple of clerks, there were upwards of fifty. But now its glories are gone, its sun is set; the long outstanding claims of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies in Oregon and Washington Territory have been settled by the American Government, by payment of $650,000, and the stars and stripes now float where once waved the Union Jack.



A FAMILY GROUP ABOUT TO SETTLE.

I received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Huggins and their amiable family. Mr. Huggins is the agent of the companies above mentioned; his genial manners and integrity of character have made him a favourite in this part of the



NEW SETTLEMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

country; in fact, he is called the popular agent of an unpopular company. In this charming retreat, the abode of innocence and virtue, my days glided along peacefully and quietly. Recent suffering had impaired my health, but the pure, bracing air, the comforts and quiet of a home, restored it, and filled me with a deep sense of gratitude to the Almighty. Away from the cares and vexations of a town life, of my daily occupation, I realised Milton's lines—

"———and Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle and resort of the world
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

Above all, the daily contemplation of that matchless peak, Mount Rainier, filled me with awe and wonder, awaking thoughts and feelings which had long been dormant; and I began, perhaps for the first time in my life, more fully to realise the significance of those words of the Psalmist—"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Should the Northern Pacific Railroad pass through this section of the country, a revelation of power and glory will meet the eyes of the tired wayfarers, such as is rarely vouchsafed to man—one that will startle them from their lethargy and worldliness, and fill their hearts, to quote the words of Mr. Ruskin, "with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment." It will teach them that there are other things in this world than are dreamt of in their philosophy—something more than dollars and cents.

THE NATCHEZ PASS.

Being desirous of seeing this portion of the country, Mr. Huggins secured me an Indian, named Simon, not without some difficulty, the weather being unfavourable for travel, and the natives averse to undertaking the journey. The terms the Indian demanded were exorbitant, and I had no alternative but to comply. Two dollars a day for himself, one dollar fifty cents for his horse, and the same for a pack animal, gold coin. This, with a dollar a day for my own horse (supplied by the Puget Sound Company)—a moderate charge—may serve to give some notion of the expenses of travelling in this country. I laid in a stock of provisions for a fortnight, bought sundry pots and pans, and made all the arrangements for a tramp into the mountains. Having so many things to get, I found that I was completely set up, and wanted nothing but a little wife to go at once into housekeeping. My horse (an American one) never once failed me, though I was on his back sometimes ten hours a day, and he carried my blankets in addition. The work was so severe, that the Indian's horses, which were of the Cayoosh or native breed, broke down, and gave out long before we returned. The Indian was never tired of admiring my horse. "Ah!" he would every now and then exclaim, "that's a *shookum* [strong] horse," laying great stress on *shookum*.

The future historian of Washington Territory will please to take notice that the Natchez Pass expedition which I had the honour of organising was composed as follows:—

Commander, E. T. Coleman; Lieutenant, Simon; Artist and Historiographer, E. T. Coleman; Interpreter (with the aid of a Chinook dictionary), E. T. Coleman; Indian Guide, Simon; Hunter, Simon; Cook, Simon.

The expedition was well-found in every respect, and was, besides, liberally furnished with a first-class old Hudson Bay Brown Bess musket and a couple of jack-knives.

The Natchez (Nachess) Pass has long been known to the Indians. A military road was commenced across it from Walla Walla to Steilacoom in the year 1853, and completed in the year 1855. It has been used by the Hudson Bay Company for fifty years, but abandoned as a wagon-road for the last fifteen. When gold was discovered at Similkameen, in British Columbia, parties from this neighbourhood travelled thither over the pass. My guide informed me that Indians traverse it now, in all months of the year.

We left the fort on the 1st of October. It was a lovely day—quite a summer morning; not a breath of wind stirred the air; the distant mountains were veiled in a dreamy haze, and seemed sleeping in their strength. After the recent rains and war of the elements it seemed as if Nature were reposing—as if she made a pause, and took a breathing-moment, before plunging into the gloom and desolation of winter. When we had travelled about ten miles, and passed some of those peculiar terraces before mentioned, we left the plains, and entered the forest. The late rains had cleared the atmosphere, and washed everything clean, which brought out the full beauty of autumn, with its clear and deep blue sky, while the cool air and the absence of dust made riding delightful. The clearness of the atmosphere in these latitudes is something remarkable, and I know nothing comparable to it in my experience of Europe, unless it be in Switzerland. There is a penetrating, searching intensity of light, a depth and transparency in the shadows, and a clearness and sharpness about everything, which fills the traveller with wonder, and, to compare great things with small, reminds one of a fine photograph.

We were travelling through a wood of young spruces; the bright sunlight flecked the path, and ran down the slender shafts of the innumerable trees in lines of silver; everything gleamed and glistened, and stood out, sharply cut and defined, with a brightness and lustre that were quite metallic; save where the delicate and feathery sprays of the trees were revealed, as they crossed and interlaced with each other, hanging over fan-like; and, pierced by the sun's rays, resembled webs of gossamer, full of beauty, tenderness, and mystery. The loveliness of the scenery and the beauty of the day impressed me deeply; there was a holy calm in the woods, over the broad wastes, and in the mountains; it seemed as if Nature rejoiced, and was conscious of the unspeakable blessings that lay in store for her—of a great highway that should link the nations together, and scatter the blessings of peace and plenty over a smiling land—as if she were conscious of the great destiny it was hers to fulfil, when her waste places should no longer be desolate, but that they should "rejoice and blossom as the rose." When I reflected that amid these scenes the savage Indian sought the blood of the white man, and desolated many a home;* when I thought of that still greater conflict, that for four years laid waste some of the fairest provinces of the broad Union, and contrasted it with the peace that now reigns throughout the land: the beautiful language came home to me—"Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other;" "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us." These and other passages occurred to me, as alone adequate to express my feelings. I suppose that these balmy and halcyon days are that period known as the Indian summer, when the earth, resting from her labours, enjoys the fruition of

* In the Indian war of 1856.

the year, and is lighted up with transcendent loveliness, before plunging into the gloom and desolation of winter.

After travelling about sixteen miles, we descended a steep hill, and crossing some flats, whence there was a fine view of the Olympian Range, on the other side of the Sound, came to the Puyallup reservation, or Siwash Town, as the Indian termed it. It was a little out of our direct course, but the Indian wanted to see his friends, and I thought it policy to oblige him. The Puyallup Valley is from two to four miles wide, and runs clear up to the mountains; it is covered—that is, in the lower part, extending over the reservation—with a heavy growth of timber, consisting of arbor vitæ, spruce, elder, alder, cottonwood, and vine-maple, with a thick underbrush, interspersed with willow. The soil is rich, but somewhat sandy. Hops are cultivated, and 20,000 pounds of a fine quality were raised last year. We crossed the Puyallup River, which is from 150 feet to 200 feet wide, and travelled through the reservation. There are a number of ruined and deserted cabins and log-houses along the banks; these formerly belonged to settlers, who were bought out by Governor Stevens to form the reservation, which extends about six miles up the river. After leaving it, we entered upon a rich farming country, and passed by a number of ranches. There is a large quantity of good land, which was not taken up, and would require very little trouble to clear.

Late in the evening we arrived at a small settlement called Puyallup Bottom, having made about twenty-two miles. Here we camped, and bought three bushels of oats, as there is a deficiency of grass for a considerable portion of the journey. Next morning we crossed a small stream, and mounted a very steep ridge, which was 543 feet high by aneroid barometer. Descending on the other side, we came to a small prairie, where there are two or three settlers, who constitute the advanced post of civilisation in this section of the country. After this there was another steep, but shorter, ascent, which appeared to be a bench. We then crossed a prairie about a mile in width, and came to a large swamp, which was up to our horses' knees in water. The track lay through a wood, extending between 300 and 400 yards. This led to a prairie called Connell's, which, together with the swamp, was the scene of a decisive engagement in the Indian war of 1856, when the natives suffered a defeat at the hands of the volunteers; from twenty-five to thirty being killed, and many wounded. Four white men were wounded; these were conveyed to a farmhouse on the prairie. Another version given me of this affair is that four white men were killed, and that the balance of the party retreated to the farmhouse before mentioned, and got away in the night. It is said that the white men were over-confident, and, acting upon the advice of one of their number, trusted too much to their influence over the Indians, and the supposed peaceable disposition of the majority. Soon after this two or three families on White River were murdered in a most barbarous manner, and Mr. Huggins informed me that three miners who had obtained an outfit at the fort disappeared, and were never seen again.

"The war had its origin in the Indians treacherously killing some of our best citizens both east and west of the Cascade Mountains, not sparing women and children, in the teeth of the faith of solemn treaties. It was not caused, as has been falsely asserted, by bad conduct on the part of the citizens, who have been habitually kind to the Indians."*

* Message of the Governor of Washington Territory, 1857.

Another version of the causes that led to the war is as follows:—

The Indians were dissatisfied with the reservation which Governor Stevens had laid out; he sent for three of the chiefs to Olympia, in order to make some arrangement with them. They would not come, being under the notion that they would be imprisoned, so the governor organised and dispatched a body of rangers after them, armed to the teeth. The Indians heard of these measures, and imagining that they were going to be hanged or exterminated, banded themselves together, and took the offensive. The principal engagements that took place during the war were fought in this neighbourhood.

Descending Connell's Prairie, we came to White River (whose course is east and west), occasionally skirting it for a considerable distance. Puyallup, White, and Nisqually Rivers all head together on the south side of Mount Rainier. White River is a rapid, glacier-fed torrent, full of boulders, and derives its name from the alkali and mud brought down by it; when the waters subside, the alkali can be seen on its banks. It bears the features usually met with on the upper portions of rivers in this territory—such as may be seen on the forks of the Lummi, Skagit, and Nisqually Rivers—viz., extensive flats or reaches left dry by the spring freshets, and strewn with stones and boulders; the bed of the stream reduced to a comparatively narrow channel, with a succession of ripples. The banks are gravelly and sandy; in some parts they are quite flat, and subject to overflows, while at every sharp bend there are huge piles of logs and driftwood. The growth of firs, alder, and cottonwood along the banks is more sparse, and smaller than towards the lower portion of the river. Often the banks are undermined by the force of the current, leaving the roots of trees exposed, and their trunks falling over the stream—scenery altogether of a savage and dreary aspect, compared with the lower and more beautiful portions of these rivers—a region of desolation—Nature, stern and unsympathising, at war with herself. We forded this river with some trouble, owing to the force and swiftness of the current, and once or twice got out of our depth. It is full of large boulders, which are smooth and slippery, and added to the difficulty our horses had in making a footing. This has always been considered a dangerous passage, and several persons have been lost at this point at various times. In the Pacific Railroad reports this river is spoken of as "a perfect torrent, fordable only three months of the year."

On reaching the opposite bank, we came to another steep bluff, or bench. These are peculiar features of this portion of the country, in contrast with the Snoqualmie route, from which they are absent, and are like a succession of gigantic steps from the salt water to the foot of the pass. Surmounting the bluff, we then crossed a prairie, passing a trail on the left, or west, which leads to an Indian village called Muckleshute, where there was a military post during the Indian war. We then entered a dense forest, and stopped in the afternoon at an open patch, about four acres in extent, close to White River, where, in common with other prairies on the way, there is good grass; this being the last place where we could get food for the horses before arriving at the summit of the pass, about forty or fifty miles further on. We made about twenty-four miles on this day.

Bad weather now came on. I had brought along a large waterproof ground-sheet, convertible into a small tent—"littee

'ouse," as the Indian called it,—and with this made myself snug, and bade defiance to the elements. It rained for a couple of days, greatly to my chagrin; but I consoled myself with thinking of that celebrated general who, under similar circumstances, was reported in "a state of masterly inactivity."

On the first night, our horses strayed down the trail a considerable distance. To prevent a recurrence of this, Simon fixed some sticks across it at both ends, and this converted our little prairie into a paddock.

At length the rain ceased, and we resumed active operations. Our course lay through a very rough country, heavily timbered, but the trail was much better than I expected to find. We came in the middle of the day to White River again. Crossing it, a long ascent led up to the top of Mud Mountain, as it is called. Before reaching this, in going along a portion of the road which had been corduroyed, the pack-animal slipped into a mud-hole up to his girths, some of the timbers having got displaced. After several ineffectual attempts to get him out, the pack had to be undone, and everything taken off, before he could be released.

We were now fairly in the mountains, and among the foothills of the Cascade Range. Looking back on our course in a westerly direction, the view was striking. There were three lofty and round-topped mountains, all nearly of the same height, between two of which our route had laid. Beyond these, in the distance, were the gleaming waters of the Sound. On another side lay several summits clothed with firs, which strongly reminded me of the beautiful scenery of "The Seven Mountains," near Bonn, on the Rhine.

Mud Mountain is well named, for a more dirty, swampy place I never saw. The trail became so bad that it was totally impassable; and I began to be afraid that the predictions of some of my friends before starting on this journey, that I should be unable to make it, were about to be realised. Big holes full of water frequently occurred. In one place, where a fallen tree blocked up the road, and there did not appear room for a horse to go under it, we found a passage by descending into a large mud-hole underneath, full of water. There was barely room for my horse to pass, the log grazing the saddle as it crawled under.

A great fire had taken place here, and the trail was blocked up with fallen timber, big logs crossing each other in all directions, pools of water, and sloughs of mud. The corduroyed road was all torn up or burnt, the timbers displaced, and everything charred, black, and grim.

In the midst of this scene of desolation, I noticed the skeleton of a dead horse, which added to its horror. The bones lay bleaching just as it fell, and there were portions of the hide still adhering. It was a ghastly spectacle, and made me tremble for the possible fate of the poor animals for which I was responsible.

The Indian stopped, and wanted me to turn back—he was afraid that his horses would get their legs broken; but my motto was "Onward," so I reassured him by promising to pay for any damage that might happen to them. He then set to work with the axe; but it took nearly a couple of hours, even with my assistance, before we could cut a passage through, and put the road in something like order.

After crossing this mountain, the top of which is a table-land, we descended, and entered a thickly-timbered forest. One of the most beautiful trees at this time of the year is the dogwood. The colour of its foliage exactly resembles the rich and mellow tints of the evening glow. In the spring it bears white flowers. The vine-maple, earlier in the season, has the brightest and most transparent green of any tree that I know—resembling the beautiful colour known as emerald oxide of chromium. The Douglas fir is the principal tree met with in these forests, but there is a sprinkling of cedar.

Passing through the timber, we came again to White River; for it sweeps round Mud Mountain to the south. When wagons and cattle formerly crossed the pass, they went by a different route, following more in the wake of this stream. At no time were wagons ever taken across from the western to the eastern side of the pass, the difficulties being much greater on this side.

We followed the banks of the river for about a furlong, and re-entered the forest; then, coming to the river again, crossed and recrossed it, at times travelling in its dried bed and water-courses or sandy bottoms; then, entering the forest once more, arrived at a spot where there was a mining excitement a few years since, as evidenced by the remains of an *arastra* and a couple of log-built houses, with a quantity of quartz and shingles strewn about. There was not any grass here, so our horses fell back on the oats we had provided for them.

Next morning we commenced the ascent of a steep mountain side, and in about three-quarters of an hour came to the quartz ledge. The track here was very precipitous—not much wider in some places than one's hand—and the path was so slippery, and covered with *débris*, that we had some difficulty in getting our horses over.

A little further on, we passed two more ruined log-built houses, at the top of the ascent. After this, there was a long and weary journey for a great part of the day, through forests which seemed interminable—ascending, descending, and crossing spurs of mountains—till we arrived at the river. Skirting this for a short distance, we entered upon an open tract, about a mile in extent, tolerably level and free from timber, passing by a sharp and lofty ridge running east and west, which the Indian informed me could be seen from Fort Nisqually. It was nearly bare of trees, and had smooth but steep slopes, partially grass-covered. Along the lower portion were the scorched and blackened trunks of a fir-forest. The day was fine. A curious and beautiful effect was produced by the deep shadows which the trunks cast on the ground. They interlaced with each other, and, with the dark trunks, appearing exactly like lattice-work, so that one could not say which was tree and which shadow, both being of exactly the same depth and colour.

After crossing this tract, we entered the forest, and came to a small, shallow, and gentle stream, with a rocky bed, about forty feet wide—called, I believe, Greenwater. The Indian name is Tee-ah-no-wins. Its course is very winding, and we crossed it no less than sixteen times.

"Near the junction of Whitewater and Green Rivers there is a remarkable peak, called La Tête, from a large rock on its slope resembling the head and neck of a man. This is an important point, as it forms the gate of the mountains on the west."*

Leaving the Tee-ah-no-wins, we surmounted two hills, the highest of which is about 1,500 feet; then, crossing a shallow stream, which might be the Greenwater again, came to the foot

* Pacific Railroad Reports.



BACKWOODSMEN AND INDIANS.

of a tremendously steep mountain, which forms the western side of the pass, and is nearly three miles and a half in height, that is, in the ascent. This spot is 2,820 feet above the sea, by aneroid barometer, 73½ miles from Steilacoom, and 3½ to the first prairie near the summit of the pass, which is about a quarter of a mile further.

The road up this mountain, instead of being in zig-zags, is perfectly straight, which adds considerably to the labour of ascending. After travelling all day—for the evening had now set in—I was not prepared for its excessive steepness, having had a misunderstanding with the Indian, who wanted me to camp early in the afternoon at the open tract before mentioned, where there was a little grass; but I objected, having lost so much time already, and determined to push on at all risks. This made him sulky.

When I had made a considerable portion of the ascent, overcome with fatigue, and faint with hunger—for we had not made a mid-day meal—I sat down, the Indian going out, shouting from time to time to let me know where he was.

The sun had set, and I resumed my journey in the twilight; but it soon became dark. Presently I was sensible of being off the track, by stumbling against trees and logs. In this emergency, afraid of being lost, and unable to make the Indian hear me, I imagined that he was still sulky, and meant to take his revenge for my not stopping when he wanted by leaving me to pass the night out in the cold; so, sitting down with my back against a tree, and revolving schemes of vengeance, I soon fell asleep. This could not have been long, when I was roused by shouts, and awoke, cold and stiff. In a moment I forgot all my animosity—the Indian, then, was faithful. Guided by his voice, I recovered the track; he brought my horse, and, the worst part of the ascent being over, led me in a few minutes to the place where he had stopped, having been occupied in relieving the pack animal of its burden.

There was no water here, no food for the horses, and nothing for ourselves but a small piece of bread. We had to go to bed supperless, save that I had a drink from a brandy-flask—a very poor substitute for the solids. Unable, in the dark, to get poles wherewith to put up the tent, we did not pass a very comfortable night. Our only enjoyment was that of a fire. This warmed the outer, but not the inner man. Hunger woke us up early next morning. We resumed our journey, still ascending the mountain; but the road was not so steep as that of the previous evening. After crossing several patches of snow, in about three-quarters of an hour we gained the summit, and camped in a small prairie about four acres in extent. It was surrounded with a dense body of small-sized firs, instead of being bare of trees, as one would have imagined. We soon had a blazing fire, and, to make amends for our enforced abstinence, drank an incredible quantity of that best of all beverages for mountain travellers, tea.

The summit consists of a succession of small prairies, about seven or eight in number, opening one into another. The largest of these contains about fifty acres, with a lagoon two or three acres in extent. I noticed the hemlock, marsh-mallow, wild pea, and other plants. Mountain-ash was scarce. There was a dwarf willow in the neighbourhood of water. Mount Rainier can be seen from the second of these prairies, in a south-westerly direction, at a distance of fifteen miles; and two peaks are observable.

The day was beautiful. There was a cirrus sky, and as the sun gained power, it became quite warm; but when night drew on it was very chilly. The wind rose, and sighing in the tree-tops, swept in fitful gusts through the vast forests that surrounded us. As I lay reflecting that we were the only human beings in these vast solitudes, far, far away from all human aid, the solemnity of the scene was impressive. In presence of the vastness and immutability of Nature, how insignificant does man appear! "In the morning he grows up and flourishes, in the evening he is cut down and withered; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

South African Recollections.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ideas prevalent among our stay-at-home fellow-countrymen concerning the roughness, inconveniences, and many drawbacks (ideas which are, I am bound to admit, not utterly groundless) entailed by an existence in the African colonies—there is a certain charm in a life spent amidst wild scenery, in a climate healthy and luxurious (though perhaps rather too warm at certain seasons of the year), varied by an occasional mixing in the society of some of the towns or settlements, or a hunting trip into the wildest portions of the interior, at present, and for several generations likely to remain, under the sway of the chiefs of the various savage tribes so thickly scattered over the whole South African continent.

The belief current among many people in England, I suppose, is, that the planter or farmer is in the almost daily habit of knocking over an antelope or two, while walking or riding over his land, or when looking after his working gangs of coolies and Kafirs, or inspecting his flocks and herds; and that an occasional stand-up fight with an infuriated lion or leopard is a contingency quite on the cards. These, at all events, were my own impressions previous to leaving England for South Africa many years ago. This state of things, however, is very far from being the actual fact, as every resident of even a few months' experience in any of the South African colonies is well aware.

A few antelopes, or "bucks," as they are generally called in colonial parlance, may be shot from time to time upon, or in the immediate vicinity of, many of the farms or plantations, more especially where the occupier is owner or lessee of a large tract of land and much given to "preserving." In those districts where the land-holders are careless as to how, when,

or where the bucks are destroyed, and how many regularly organised native hunting-parties are carried on over their land, game of all kinds is, as a natural consequence, exceedingly scarce.* The licensed Kafir gunners also—who are provided with a permit, granted by the local magistrate, to carry a fire-arm and ammunition, supplied to them by their masters, and who act as "pot-hunters" for the benefit of the larders of such of the settlers as choose to apply for a license to employ a "shooting Kafir"—no doubt, do some mischief to the sporting and game-preserving interest. These fellows—quiet and yet active in the bush, quick of sight and sharp of hearing, and ready to detect the slightest sign of any animal haunting the ground they hunt over, content also to lie hidden in the cover by the hour at a stretch, perhaps relieving the tedium of a long watch by the indulgence in an occasional pinch of snuff, strong enough to choke a crocodile—are generally indefatigable in the pursuit of game. To any one knowing the Kafir's strong predilection for the flesh-pots, the exceedingly short distances at which he generally fires upon his quarry, which is almost always shot while stationary, either browsing upon the leaves or lingering over some little rivulet within the bush, and the enormous charge which, if entrusted with the loading of his gun, he likes to use, it is rather difficult to believe in his stories of wounded bucks which have escaped him, when he accounts for expended ammunition, and to think that all the slaughtered bucks find their way to the white employer's table.

The native appreciation of the possession of fire-arms has unhappily been recently too well exemplified in the mutiny of Langabilele and his tribe within the colony of Natal.

Certainly a great variety of sport is to be obtained in South Africa, both from the different species and character of the game pursued, and the different modes of pursuit. There is bush-hunting, in solitude, or accompanied by a single native; stalking antelopes upon the wide plains and among the beds of reeds; shooting from the saddle after a rattling gallop in the rear of some troop of wildebeeste, hartebeeste, springbok, blesbok, or quagga; the more hazardous chase of the mighty elephant, and the frequently dangerous rhinoceros and buffalo, and even the tamer sport of shooting partridges or quails, over a couple of pointers, bred in the colony and retaining all the docility of their British ancestors, though generally rather woe-begone in appearance, and often perfectly ragged as to their mangy-looking and tick-tormented ears. It is certainly a much more difficult matter for a sportsman to keep his dogs in good condition in tropical lands than in the cooler northern climes, though it is not by any means *impossible* to be the possessor of well-bred and healthy dogs even in the hottest districts of South Africa.

BUSH-HUNTING.

Bush-hunting is conducted upon three different plans. The hunter, according to one plan, wanders through the heavy woodland, either alone or with one or more natives, and perhaps a dog or two, well under control: in this manner elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceri, and the various kinds of antelopes haunting the bush are frequently shot. Another plan, often adopted by the farmers in the neighbourhood of the settlements, is to "drive" the bush by means of gangs of natives, and a number of dogs, while they and their neighbours and friends, armed with guns, are posted at such spots as command a view of any opening in the bush, or from which the bucks are likely to seek the open. The third method of bush-shooting—namely, lying up in the dense cover near some waterhole, rivulet, or other known haunt of the bucks, during the early morning hours or the short-lived tropical twilight—is not generally much relished by English sportsmen, though I knew one man, also an excellent shot in the open, who had a strong predilection for this kind of sport. His usual plan was to climb into a tree somewhere in the depths of the bush, and there, in perfect silence and solitude, he would await the approach of the game as long as sufficient light remained to afford any prospect of a successful shot. In shooting large game, such as elephants and hippopotami, night watching and still hunting are often the most successful methods of obtaining the ivory.

One of the most astonishing facts which will be noticed by the bush-hunter, is the marvellous manner in which the troops of small grey monkeys, with which the woodlands generally abound, disappear, I had almost said vanish, upon the near approach of mankind. I remember upon one occasion when walking with a friend towards some bush-land, much frequented by bucks, at early dawn, coming suddenly upon a host of these small monkeys out upon the open grass-land, when we managed to knock over three of them with our double-barrels before they gained the concealment of the bush; but, as a rule, these little monkeys are not easily surprised and shot: and shooting a monkey is, after all, almost a melancholy affair, the actions of the little parody of a man, when mortally wounded, being rather too human to be agreeable; the bite of a wounded monkey is also a decidedly sharp one, not unfrequently taking the piece completely out. Young monkeys are often caught in the bush, and may be easily brought up on cow's milk, and when grown up make, according to my notions, about the most disgusting pets imaginable; but, of course, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and the common bush-monkey, the hideous baboon, and the monkey called *semanga* by the natives, and much valued by them on account of its skin, are sometimes to be seen domesticated about the houses of the colonists.

Among those men living in the more isolated districts of South Africa, where the supplies for the kitchen are only to be obtained by the gun, or drawn from the troops of fowls generally to be found about the homestead, the bacon rack, and such cows as may happen to be in condition to afford, and able to pick up sufficient grass to enable them to produce milk,† it is an almost daily duty devolving upon some member of the household to betake himself at daybreak, or at sunset, to the neighbouring bush-lands, and there squat in the densest part, concealing himself as well as may be, in hopes of obtaining, by a lucky shot, fresh meat for the larder.

A certain knack is required in shooting bucks or other game in the luxuriant woodlands shaded by the tall overhanging trees, and among the numerous thick trunks, slender stems, and heavy undergrowth, during the shades of evening, or in the uncertain light which illumines the covert at early dawn, notwithstanding the short distances at which the animals generally present themselves to the view of the hidden hunter. Retrieving a wounded antelope in a dense piece of bush is not at any time an easy matter, should the wound not happen to be a

* In some of the colonies along the South African coast, four-footed game is seldom found.

† The grass during the winter months in most districts is very poor and scanty, more especially at a distance from the coast-line.

particularly severe one, as a buck retains a deal of activity, and travels very speedily, and with but little noise or commotion, even when carrying a considerable amount of lead "concealed about his person," as Artemus Ward would have said. Also an antelope, however "hard hit," is not likely to cry out unless seized by dog or man.

Some men, not possessing, I suppose, the "bump of locality," as it appears the phrenologists designate the faculty of finding your way over strange ground, are very apt to lose themselves where the bush is thick and extensive, especially when darkness sets in, which it does in these regions very suddenly.

I believe that I can hardly give a better idea of what hunting by driving the bush is than by a short account of one of our "gatherings." At a tolerably early hour in the morning, a party of eleven Englishmen meet at the bush side, punctuality being well maintained—"wait for no man," being the order of the day. An immense gang of Kafirs are, and have been for some time, in waiting with a whole *posse* of dogs. Kafirs, though indolent enough when actual labour is required of them, are generally eager enough to join in a drive-hunt, partly no doubt from love of the sport, and partly in anticipation of the waste parts of any animals which may be slaughtered, and of a drink of "canteen," as they are in the habit of calling all



BUSH-HUNTING.

distilled or fermented liquors manufactured by Europeans. If allowed to carry their spears and clubs (*assegais* and *knob-kerries*), their pleasure is of course much enhanced.

There is but little trouble in selecting the first piece of bush to be driven, as all the clumps—some of them extending over many acres—are known to be the sanctuary, at all events, of numerous antelopes and wild pigs; and the natives speak very confidently about the leopards which have lately been, according to their account, both seen and heard there. We are soon all at our posts, two of us resting among some huge stones and boulders, overlooking a long avenue in the bush, where, owing to the exceedingly rough and stony nature of the ground, but few trees are capable of holding their own, and where the weed and undergrowth is very slight. The gang of natives having entered the bush at its farthest extremity, commence singing and roaring; the dogs, at the same time, yelping and barking in chorus. The first symptom that some of the denizens of the leafy retreat are beginning to think that there is something unusual going on in their head-quarters, is evidenced by a few large-sized birds flying swiftly through the wood, not rising, however, above the tops of the trees. Next, a slight, a very slight, rustle, and there goes a little buck —bang goes a fowling-piece, and over the little creature rolls; and, after displaying four legs, hardly thicker than tobacco-pipe stems, during a short struggle for life, lies motionless among a patch of ferns. No one moves to pick up the game, and the empty barrel has hardly been reloaded, before two more antelopes, of a larger size, rush past, one of which is knocked over, while the other plunges into the cover apparently unscathed. Frequent reports are now heard, and it is evident that the game, within the bush, have taken the alarm and are in motion. Suddenly we hear cries from the beaters: "*Engoolooba! engoolooba! nanqua engoolooba!*" ("A pig! a pig! there is a pig!"); and soon a couple of large wild swine come tearing across the opening opposite which we are posted; one of them receives a heavy charge of buck-shot directly in the face, which appears to do him but little injury,* and a tremendous peppering from the second barrel as he, desperately, turns back to face beaters and dogs within the shady bush, no doubt intending to make a bold dash through the invading host; but worried and "mobbed" by the curs, he soon finds escape impossible, and yields up his life under the *assegais* of the natives, not, however, before he has, with his blunt, ugly yellow tusks, broken so many of the ribs of one of the dogs, that the wretched animal has to be put out of pain by a blow upon the head with a *knobkerry*. Shortly after this incident, the dogs begin to appear crossing the opening opposite which we are stationed—some eagerly hunting with nose to the ground, others yelping and running backwards and forwards in the most erratic manner. The dogs are soon followed by their black owners, who, in high glee and good humour, pick up and examine the dead bucks; and after some jocular remarks, again commence their march through the bush with the usual shouting and singing; and the only chance remaining to us of a shot is at some small antelope who may succeed in breaking through the line of beaters and escape the vigilance of the dogs. One drive hunt much resembles another in incident. No sportsman can expect to bag many head of game "to his own gun," and upon many occasions but little game is bagged in the aggregate.



KAFIR.



NATIVE OF THE MOZAMBIQUE COAST.

The most laborious, as well as the most exciting, kind of bush-hunting is that in which one or two white hunters—either alone or accompanied by a couple of natives, of known skill and courage—toil through the sultry bush amidst thorns and

* The brain of the South African wild pig is peculiarly small, besides being protected by a rather strong frontal bone.

tangle of all descriptions, now struggling through undergrowth almost impenetrable, now creeping upon hands and knees to some spot where game is supposed to be enjoying a noon-tide slumber; at times hardly daring to draw breath freely, fearful of disturbing, too soon, the rest of some monarch of the waste; at other times tearing with all possible speed through the more open avenues in pursuit of some wounded animal, or avoiding the terrific onslaughts of some of the species of game which, when wounded, are more ready to show fight than to run from the hunter. Much inconvenience and annoyance in this kind of hunting are often felt from the closeness of the bush, where no breeze seems to circulate freely—from drought, as profuse drinking, even where water-courses are abundant, which is not always the case, must be avoided when much "fagging" has to be done—from thorns of all sizes and degrees of tormenting power—and from ticks and other insects. Of course, in hunting over bush-ground rarely trodden by human foot, much uncertainty exists as to the kind of game likely to be fallen in with; and many a small antelope, as he gallops past the loaded double-barrels, owes his safety to the hope of the hunter that other and nobler game may be in the vicinity. My friend N——, after many hours of severe fagging, through cover which had well-nigh exhausted even his "niggers," upon shooting a large bush-buck, as it ran by in tempting proximity to his gun, had the mortification of seeing three young full-grown lions making off just as he made sure of the antelope, by discharging the second barrel, not being quite satisfied with the effects of the first upon an animal so notoriously tenacious of life as a bush-buck. The gun, a muzzle-loader, was of course reloaded as quickly as possible, and the lions tracked for some distance; but no more was seen of them. The "king of beasts," contrary to a somewhat general opinion, is very frequently more ready to flee from than to risk a combat with the hunters; though no one would deny that he very often, and more especially when desperately wounded, will fight to the death, and is then a most formidable antagonist.

Hunting through heavy beds of reeds is particularly fatiguing, as these reeds grow very thickly together, and offer a remarkably firm resistance to any man making his way through them, as they often grow to the height of seven or eight feet. Nevertheless, these reed-beds, in some localities, have to be hunted through in pursuit of some of the larger kinds of game, which are much given to resting among them during the heat of the day.

While hunting through woodland or cover of any description in Africa, there is always a slight amount of risk from the attacks of some kind of venomous snakes. Some of these reptiles frequent the overhanging trees, while others (such as the hideous puff-adder) rest among the stones and boulders; and some kinds will even rush out, with lightning rapidity, from among the rank weeds, upon any disturber of their haunts, and with swollen necks strike vigorously upon the foe. These snakes, of a black colour, are very deadly; but I think that a thick shooting-boot and strong leathern gaiters will generally be found proof against their sharp poisonous fangs; at all events, I have found such to be the case in more than one instance.

VELDT-HUNTING.

Hunting upon the large open plains, or *veldt*, as they are called—the Dutch word being generally adopted throughout the English as well as the Dutch settlements—is a sport totally different from the others of which I have endeavoured to give some description. The game commonly to be found upon the plains consists of wildebeeste, hartebeeste, springbok, and quagga. All these animals are gregarious in their habits, and, at some seasons, the different species are to be found mingled in one vast troop, traversing the great veldt in search of such spots as may, either from the presence of hidden springs, or the vicinity of water-courses, or other natural causes, afford them a little grazing-ground amidst plains covered with dead and utterly innutritious grasses. The nomad Boers, or *Trek Boers*, as they call themselves—men who, like the gipsies of European countries, wander from place to place as they find suitable grazing for their flocks and herds, living in wagons and tents—obtain a frequent supply of meat from these troops of wild animals, and make large supplies of *biltong* from the flesh by merely drying it in the sun, having previously cut it into long strips. A bundle of *biltong* has something the appearance of a collection of leather straps, and is about as palatable; when eaten *au naturel*, it can be enjoyed only by a very hungry man, though there are modes of cooking it which render it more appetising.

I can call to mind many a day's sport upon the veldt; though, of course, this kind of hunting is entirely free from the excitement and uncertainty of the chase carried on beneath the overshadowing boughs of the forest; danger there is none, with the exception of an occasional "cropper," from a horse putting his foot into a hole dug by the ant-eater; as a man armed with a gun would hardly allow himself to be gored by a wounded wildebeeste.

But now for a short description of a gallop after some wildebeeste, enjoyed by a party of four—two Englishmen, and two Africander-Dutchmen. By what would, in England, be considered a very early hour (the Dutch race, in Africa, at all events, are very early risers), all the party are mounted and riding slowly over the veldt towards a large collection of apparently small black dots; but with an eye used to the veldt, and a glance through the telescope, these are seen to be a troop of wildebeeste feeding. The horses are ridden at a walking pace until within eight hundred yards of the troop; when some of the out-scouting old bulls, who appear to act as sentinels, commence capering about in the most extraordinary fashion; and as we approach still nearer, and obtain a clearer view of them, their appearance is grotesque in the extreme, as they go through their eccentric antics and flourish their long horse-like tails. As, however, they close up and begin to move off in a body, one of the Dutchmen, armed with a *roer*, as he terms his rifle, furnished with an ivory sight of his own construction, dismounts and fires; his knowing old hunting horse not even flinching at the report or the flash; and as the dust raised by the stampede of the retreating troop clears away, a wildebeeste is seen rolling over and over, and kicking desperately upon the ground. Almost before the Dutchman has reloaded and settled himself in his saddle, we are off at a break-neck pace, endeavouring to get within smooth-bore range of the fast disappearing game. No thought is at present bestowed upon the wildebeeste which we leave wounded behind us, nor even upon one of the horsemen whom we also leave behind us, his horse having planted a fore-foot in an ant-eater's hole, causing thereby to his rider an "unlimited cropper." It is only after a long gallop, and by means of

judicious riding, that any shots are obtained at the wildebeeste. One of the old bulls who has received a wound which, although it incapacitates him from keeping up with his companions, does not very materially interfere with his activity, shows fight, and really looks very ferocious, stamping violently with his fore-feet, snorting and blowing loudly, and erecting the shaggy mane-like hair with which his neck is adorned; he is, however, easily dispatched by a bullet in the forehead, while making a rather vicious charge for a wounded animal. Returning by the spot where the first wildebeeste was brought down, we find a number of vultures already busy with him; while sundry small specks far overhead, in the clear blue sky, announce the arrival of more of these voracious birds.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—XI.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

OPERATIONS ON THE GAMBIA, 1862.

In December of the year 1861, Colonel d'Arcy, who had succeeded to the governorship of the British colony of Bathurst, on the Gambia, and was, probably, the ablest of the administrators of that dependency, paid a visit to Colonel Faidherbe, the Governor of the French settlements, and asked for the co-operation of some troops against the natives of Gambia. For a century and more English and French interests were almost identical as regarded keeping in check the fierce tribes who were numerically powerful enough to overwhelm the small settlements which were like oases of civilisation and peace in the midst of the desert of barbarism, fanaticism, and ignorance, by which they were surrounded.

The first organised English settlement on the Gambia was that of James Island, which was purchased, subject to a small tribute to the King of Barra, and fortified in 1664, by Commodore Holmes. Taken by the French, whose rival fort at Albreda brought them into frequent hostilities with our settlers, it was restored to us at the Peace of Ryswick.* Again taken by the French in 1702, and in 1799, and again set free only to be pillaged by English filibusters, it became one of the first centres of the slave trade. "But," says the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, the author of an interesting paper on the English settlements of the Gambia, "the rivalries between the English and French companies engaged in the African trade produced so many complications and so many losses that, after vainly endeavouring first to establish articles of accommodation, and then of coalition, the merchants were compelled, after the capture of James Island, in 1702, to propose a treaty of neutrality with their more powerful neighbours." However, from various causes the French settlements declined and became less remunerative, and in 1858 they were glad to exchange their portion of the settlement of Albreda for Portendik, thus leaving us the sole European settlers, our acquisition of the island of St. Mary being increased by the cession of some land appertaining to the King of Combo, who made over this territory to Major O'Connor, a former governor of Gambia, in return for his having punished the rebel Marabouts of the town of Sabbagee. On the island of St. Mary, a sand-bank about five miles long by two broad, the town of Bathurst was built, in the year 1816; "selected," as the author of "Wanderings in West Africa" observes, with epigrammatic alliteration, "for proximity to mud, mangrove, miasma, and malaria." In 1821, the settlements on the Gambia were made a dependency of Sierra Leone; but in 1842 they acquired a separate government, which the colony enjoyed until the beginning of 1866, when, in pursuance of the decision of a Committee of the House of Commons—which appears to be for ever settling and unsettling the government of the West African settlements—Gambia was again placed under the Government of Sierra Leone. By a treaty signed in 1826, the sovereignty of the north bank of the Gambia River, to the extent of one mile inland from a point westward of St. Mary's Island to the Junkarda Creek, considerably eastward of James Island, was ceded to the British crown.

The position of the French and ourselves on the Gambia and neighbouring states being thus defined, we will proceed to give some account, derived entirely from French sources, of the French operations on the Gambia River in the years 1862–65. To the application for help, of Colonel d'Arcy, the French Governor, Colonel Faidherbe, says the writer in the *Revue Algérienne*, replied, that if it were a question of relieving St. Mary's, Bathurst, he would not hesitate to help him; but, to go and attack the native states, when French interests were not involved, was quite another affair.

In the beginning of February, 1862, a steamer brought a fresh letter to Goree from the English governor, no longer asking for the help of more men, but begging M. Faidherbe to send an expedition into the country of Sine and Salum, coincident with that which the English were going to despatch in that of Badiboo.

The French Consular Agent, in seconding this request, wrote: "No one conceals it here, it is spoken of openly, merely the prestige of the French name would, in this simultaneous attack, prove a powerful auxiliary; and would not only obtain success, but yet further increase, if possible, the moral influence which must, without dispute, ensure to you sooner or later the domination of a portion of these tribes."

* A French writer in the *Revue Algérienne et Coloniale* for 1859, speaking of the neighbouring French possessions between Cape Verd and the Gambia, says, "In 1678, the Treaty of Nimègue definitively abandoned to France on this coast, the ports of Rufisque in Cayor, Joal in Sine, and Portudal in Baol, which Admiral d'Estrees had conquered from the Dutch in the previous year. In 1679, Admiral Ducasse imposed on the kings of Cayor, Baol, and Sine, a treaty by which a strip of sea coast, six leagues in depth, extending from Cape Verd to the river Salum, was ceded to France. The Treaty of 1783, which regulated the rights of England and France, recognised this surrender.

Colonel Faidherbe replied that it would indeed be advantageous that the two operations should take place simultaneously, so as morally to influence one another, but that he was at the present moment engaged in an expedition in Casamanza, and that he could not yet state precisely when he should be free to operate against Sine and Salum.

Some time after the exchange of this correspondence, and after a fresh demand from the Governor of Gambia, the commander (*ad interim*) of Goree placed at his disposal a captain of artillery and some men, with two howitzers and fifteen mules.

The English expedition was composed of about 2,000 men and a large flotilla. The expedition ascended the Gambia to about thirty-six miles above Bathurst, and the troops disembarked near the town of Saba, where they arrived on the 21st of February.



FORT BAKEL.

The place, defended by 3,000 combatants, and strong stockades, was taken by assault after a desperate contest, in which the Mandingoes lost 200 men and had 300 wounded. Two sons of the king and his principal chief were amongst the dead.

On their side the English had five killed and twelve wounded. After this combat, an armistice of three days was granted, at his request, to King Badiboo.

ATTACK UPON THE GUARD-HOUSE OF KAOLAK, 1862.

For some months the Mohammedan, Maba, chief of Nioro, at the head of the band of fanatics which had just devastated the right bank of the Gambia, meditated an attack on Salum, whose king, Samba-Laobe, an ally of the French, had passed through the villages with only a small number of faithful allies. The aim of Maba was, he said, to convert the *tiedos* of Salum to the Mohammedan religion. On the other hand, Macodou, the former king, driven from Cayor by the French in May, 1861, and father of King Samba-Laobe, tried to dethrone his son, and, at the head of the *tiedos* who had followed him in his flight, had engaged him in several encounters, and been successful in some of them.

Macodou, who was addicted to strong drink, and who, as an old enemy of the Mohammedan priests, having fought against them in Cayor, found it would answer his purpose to make friends with Maba, promised, with the fullest intention of breaking his word, that he and his men would turn Mohammedans if Maba succeeded in completely driving his son out of Salum and having him proclaimed instead.

There was, however, one hindrance to these designs. Maba and Macodou knew well that France would never consent to recognise as king of Salum the enemy that she had driven out of Cayor; so they resolved to surprise the station of Kaolak, where the last partisans of Samba-Laobe had taken refuge after their expulsion from Cahone, the capital of Salum.

They did not anticipate, however, the watchfulness and energy of Sergeant Burg, of the infantry (marines), who, for several years had commanded the tower of Kaolak with a small garrison of twelve men, and who had had occasion to mistrust the natives, owing to his having received several unexpected attacks from them during their quarrels with one another.

In the month of October, 1862, masses of the enemy, to the number of nearly 5,000 men, led by Macodou and Maba, surrounded the station, which happily was protected on one side by the river, and attacked the little garrison for fourteen hours in the most furious manner.

Sergeant Burg manœuvred in so skilful a manner the twelve-pounder mountain howitzer which surmounted the tower, whilst



COMBAT AND DELIVERANCE OF MEDINA.

his men employed their rifles so well, that the surrounding trees soon afforded the enemy no shelter, and they were at length obliged to retire, leaving behind them the bodies of 250 men and 70 horses.

Maba and Macodou, the former dangerously wounded, did not feel safe until they were out of Salum.

This energetic defence, though on a small scale, is worthy of a place in a chronicle of French operations in Senegambia.

After this brilliant action, the grateful Samba-Laobe resumed his sway; the tower of Kaolak was surrounded by a temporary fortification, and the garrison was reinforced.

EXPEDITION TO THE RIP, ON THE BANKS OF THE GAMBIA,* NOVEMBER, 1865.

In the year 1862, Maba, chief of Nioro, having established his authority in Rip† and some of the other small states bordering on the Gambia, attacked Salum, and succeeded in taking possession of it after many reverses. He represented himself as being a prophet sent from God to deliver good Mussulmans from the tyranny and exactions of the *tiedos*, and openly announced his intention of replacing the drunken tyrants (hereditary chiefs of the Ouolof states of Senegambia) by Marabouts of his own selection, under whose rule, peace, order, and justice would prevail in the country formerly given up to plunder.

A word here as to these Marabouts, of whom mention has so often been made in preceding pages. It may be taken as an axiom of human nature, that the more ignorant, degraded, and superstitious a people may be, the more are they under priestly influence; and this particularly holds good of the Marabouts. Though Mohammedanism spread itself over the country between Morocco and Senegal, it did not extend its influence to the river Gambia until a more recent period. Père Labat, and the earlier authorities, generally describe the inhabitants of these parts as idolaters, utterly destitute of religion. When the religion of Mohammed grafted itself upon this condition of idolatry, it produced a hybrid religion, retaining the worst features of both systems. Among the worst of the distinctive features of Mohammedanism thus introduced was a violent propagandism, of which the very life and soul was the priestly order of Marabouts; an institution so extended as in some instances to include whole tribes, and so insidious in its influence as to draw into its meshes families and tribes of other races and beliefs, thus everywhere inspiring distrust and suspicion. Labat, an acute and accurate observer, after describing the modest and sedate exterior of the Marabouts, adds:—"But when we remove the veil and penetrate into their private conduct and real sentiments, all is found to be outside, and mere hypocrisy, dissimulation, avarice, cruelty, ingratitude, superstition, and ignorance. In vain do we look for any of the moral virtues among them—faith, honour, and a regard for their engagements, they have no idea of. They are a set of Mohammedan Pharisees, who look upon external virtue as the means and necessary instrument of secret fraud, drunkenness, and every vice that can debase the human heart."‡

Although the example of Al-Hadji—who had sought, like Maba, to conceal his ambitious projects under the mask of religion—caused the purity of this new reformer's intentions to be suspected, the administration of Senegal, occupied at the time in putting a stop to plunder in Cayor, thought it best to allow Maba to carry out his intentions, and judge of his conduct by the results. Under these conditions he accomplished the conquest of Salum.

As we have already mentioned, the King of Salum, when hard pressed by Maba in 1862, took refuge under the walls of Kaolak, where the army of the latter, which had imprudently pursued him, was decisively repulsed. From this time, Maba, far from acting according to his professed intentions, plainly showed that instead of improving the condition of the country he had just conquered, his only desire was to enrich himself at the expense of the inhabitants; to capture them for sale at the slave-market, and to destroy everything for the benefit of the brigands who composed his army. Wishing, however, if possible, to avoid a fresh contest with a man who had never hitherto actually threatened the states bordering on French territory, and on which trade was mainly dependent, the local government proposed to Maba, who had been negotiating with them since his defeat at Kaolak, a recognition of his rights as chief of Salum, independently of the authority which he already exercised in the provinces bordering on the Gambia, on condition of his binding himself in a solemn treaty with all the chiefs of the Ouolof states, strictly to respect the rights of his neighbours. This treaty was signed in 1864. Maba was at that time established in the village of Maka, two leagues from Kaolak; he fortified it with great care, and made it his capital. Everything went on well until the beginning of 1865; but, in the month of June, yielding to the solicitations of his supporters, who flattered his ambitious projects, he suddenly invaded Djiolof, almost destroyed it, and immediately threatened Baol and Cayor, at the same time strengthening his relations with Fouta, and attempting to induce the Trarza Moors to engage with him in a rebellion against the French Government.

Thus threatened, the French could no longer hesitate; and, after acting simply on the defensive during the winter season, the Governor entered the field with all his available troops as soon as the weather permitted. On the 11th of November, the united column left Dakar for Kaolak, arriving on the 23rd, after having traversed Cayor, Baol, Sine, and Salum. On their way, the troops were joined by the contingents of these states, amounting to more than 2,000 cavalry and 4,000 foot.

When it is considered that a few years ago the French paid tribute to these states; that their commerce was subject to all kinds of imposts and exactions; that plunder was carried on with impunity close to the French towns and even under the very walls of French guard-houses, it was strange to find all the forces of these same states unite, at the call of the Governor, to oppose, as a common enemy, a man whose confessed object was to destroy French influence.

On the morning of the 24th the troops began to march on Maka, which Maba declared he would vigorously defend, and where he pretended God would give signal proof of the protection accorded him. But, at the last moment, he thought it more prudent to abandon the place without striking a blow; and retired to Rip, where the troops were to follow him, in order to accomplish the destruction of the impostor's power in his own country, and insure the safety of the colony. The abandonment of Maka, which was strongly fortified, and to the possession of which Maba attached the greatest importance, was a moral check which presaged his ruin.

* A full account of these and other operations may be perused in the local *Moniteur of Senegal*.

† Rip is a small state, called in some maps Badiboo.

‡ Labat, tome i., chapter xx.

Whilst marching through the above-mentioned districts, the French officers were struck by the extraordinary abundance of the crops, especially in Cayor, which had been plunged into the most frightful distress by three years of famine, but which had completely recovered, owing to a bountiful harvest, and to the generous help afforded by the administration of Senegal, assisted by local funds.

On the 26th of November—after having spent the 25th at Kaolak in re-organising the troops and taking all necessary measures for the success of operations in Rip—the Governor ordered the departure of the troops at four o'clock in the afternoon.

On the 28th, the troops passed the river Salum at the ford of Tguer, and on the 29th encamped at Tiket, on the frontier of Rip. Twelve leagues remained before reaching Nioro, the capital, where the troops would find water, and for ten of these the way was by a narrow path leading through a thick wood. The difficulties were great, and were increased by the trying climate, which caused much suffering to the troops. On the 29th, at three in the afternoon, the column, numbering 4,000 infantry and 2,000 horse, set out. During the night they halted for five hours near the little village of Ngapakh, and marched again at daybreak on the 30th. Shortly before eight in the morning, the advanced guard, composed of the native engineers, signalled the enemy's outposts, who fell back.

The guides showed symptoms of hesitation; everything seemed to announce the near approach of the enemy.

At half-past eight, the report of a gun fired on the vanguard was the signal for battle.

Maba had stationed all his forces in the forest, in the following order. The most reliable troops were placed at right angles to the path on which the column would have to deploy, to be in readiness to obstruct their passage; the others formed an oblique line ready to attack the troops on the left flank, and attempt to turn them.

The Governor had decided not to take up his position until the moment of meeting the enemy, on account of the nature of the ground, and the thickness of the woods, which presented great difficulties to the marching of the troops. There was, too, no time to be lost in reaching the spot where water could be obtained.

At half-past eight, the corps of native engineers, on arriving at the foremost ambuscades, was received with a sharp discharge of musketry; but they stood their ground. The Governor, who was at the head of the column, immediately sent the *laptots*, commanded by Lieutenant Duplessis, to the help of the engineers, and ordered Commandant Ringot to send two corps of infantry to the left of the path. Having taken these measures, the signal was given to commence the action. Then began a somewhat severe struggle, in which officers and men alike displayed their accustomed valour. The enemy maintained his position with great pertinacity, but was forced to retire before the French bayonets. The squadron of Spahis, to whom the Governor had sent orders to hasten to the right, played an important part in the action. Placed on the left wing, they had to cut their way through the opposing ranks of the enemy, and acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. The sharpness of the contest may be imagined by the losses sustained. Captain Croisier, who commanded the first corps of marines, was mortally wounded; the second surgeon was killed; Lieutenant Duplessis received four wounds; the sergeant-major of the engineers, three. Captain Canard, who commanded the squadron of cavalry, was also shot in the arm. One-fourth of the effective force of the "disembarkation companies" was killed or wounded. The engineers had six men killed and ten wounded. The Governor himself was shot in the left shoulder at the beginning of the action, which happily did not prevent his continuing to command the troops. Ensign des Portes, a staff-officer, received severe bruises; and several men belonging to the escort were wounded, or had their horses killed. But the exertions of the troops were rewarded with complete success. The forces of the enemy defending the path and the oblique line, which operated on the left of the column, were overwhelmed and closely pursued until they were driven out of the woods.

Whilst the head of the column was accomplishing its task, the enemy's right, cut off from the rest of their forces, accidentally found itself at close quarters with the artillery. For a time the latter was thrown into disorder, and about ten of the ammunition mules were killed, and their burdens stolen. The enemy was, however, soon attacked by the Senegal sharpshooters, who formed the left of the column. Captain Bargone and a native sub-lieutenant were wounded. At nine o'clock, the whole column debouched into the little glade outside the village of Soukhoto, where some stragglers from the enemy had taken refuge. But they were promptly dislodged by the artillery, who, though surrounded by difficulties, had succeeded in leaving the wood at the same time as the vanguard of the column. There were still two leagues to be traversed before arriving at Nioro. After a few moments' halt, the troops were again on the march, but it was soon apparent that the guides were following an uncertain route. When asked, they confessed to being afraid of marching in a straight course to Nioro, and at half-past ten the troops found themselves again in the village of Soukhoto.

This incident, however, did not disquiet the Governor, who had determined on arriving at Nioro in the course of the day. But the men, who could not judge of the real situation as their leader could, might have felt some apprehension. They preserved, however, the greatest confidence.

A thousand litres of water were distributed to the European troops, the Governor having taken the precaution to load his camels with this supply; and M. Lasmolles, sub-lieutenant of Spahis, now in command of the volunteers, received orders to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Nioro, in order to find some springs. He was accompanied by a body of sharpshooters under Captain Maurial, and by the *laptots*. Hearing from M. Lasmolles that the volunteers had fallen in with the enemy, and that the cavalry might render good service, the Governor immediately dispatched it. Thus reinforced, the 5,000 volunteers, jealous of their share of the glory, briskly charged the enemy, who had lost heart in great measure, and pursued them to the further side of Nioro, where the entire force re-assembled at six in the evening.

During this charge, Lieutenant Perraud, who had taken the command of the squadron since Captain Canard had been wounded, received two wounds. This officer had had his horse killed under him in the morning.

The enemy was now defeated, dispersed, and thoroughly disheartened. The flames issuing from the villages of Damagan, commanded by Lat-Dior, and of Nioro, the capital of Rip, announced the success of the French to the whole country.

After this no resistance was made, and during the 1st and 2nd of December the volunteers were employed in destroying the spoils of the brigands who had so long intimidated the whole of Senegambia. More than thirty large villages, filled with the produce of the year's harvest, were burnt. The valley of Paouos, and the forest, which had been the scene of the action of November 30th, were strewn with the dead bodies of Maba's army. The volunteers took more than a thousand prisoners. In the evening of the 2nd of December the troops returned to Kaolak, arriving at six. The volunteers set out for Signi with the object of ravaging that small province, which served as a halting-place to Maba's men when crossing the desert between Salum and Djiolof. The King of Djiolof, who had joined the



ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE AT SÉGOU.

Governor's army again, had gone to take possession of his states. The success of this campaign was complete. Its consequences were as follows:—Security for all the states between Senegal and the Gambia, which had been threatened by the devastating bands of Maba. An immense increase of French influence in these states, which had now been thoroughly overawed; and which could no longer entertain any hostile projects. Finally, a consolidation of peace in the river districts, resulting from the fear of an invasion such as that of Rip.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GUÉMOU, OCTOBER 17–29, 1859.

Perhaps the most brilliant feat of arms performed by the French in Senegambia was the destruction of the fortified town of Guémou, held by a strong body of fanatical warriors, who resisted with a fierce heroism not often witnessed in this part of the world.

For some years previous to the time in question, that great Moslem chief, Al-Hadji, had carried on his operations in the provinces of Fouta, Guidimakha, and Kaarta, which form one continuous tract of country. In extending his conquests in an easterly direction from Kaarta, he drew his supplies from Fouta, in the west, and the possession of Guidimakha, the connecting link between these two countries, was therefore of the greatest importance to him. This was all the more necessary, as he met with constant opposition from expeditions organised under the protection of the French post at Bakel, situated on its confines. In order, therefore, to protect his communications between Kaarta and Fouta, and with the desire also of injuring as much as possible the French settlement, by intercepting its commerce with the Moors of the right bank, he determined to construct a stronghold at Guémou, which would at the same time serve as a depôt from whence his troops might draw supplies when on the march in those parts.

His design was carried out as follows:—The village, which was built in the form of a rectangle, measuring some 330 by 220 yards, was surrounded by a loop-holed wall or parapet of mud, about ten feet high, thirty-one inches thick at the base, and twenty-three at the top, strengthened by the insertion of boughs of trees; and at about thirty yards in advance of each face, ambuscades were formed by digging pits which were screened by small parapets in front of them. In the interior of the work, several mud huts having thatched roofs were grouped together. Each cluster contained a family, and was surrounded by a mud wall which rendered it capable of defence, in the event of the main wall being destroyed or breached. At the centre of the western face, which commanded the approach from Diogountoro, a redoubt was thrown up, which enclosed also the mosque and residence of Al-Hadji's nephew, Sirè Adama, the governor of the province. This redoubt

was very well designed, and consisted of three concentric *enceintes;* the first was formed by a mud wall similar to the one already described as enclosing the village; the second line of defence was formed by a palisade made of the trunks of trees, placed four deep, and measured some ten feet in height. The third or inner line was like the outer, also of mud. Between the outer and second line of defence and in front of the gateway of the latter, a masonry redan of considerable strength had been constructed receiving flank defence from two detached circular structures also of masonry. A well for the supply of the garrison completed the *tout ensemble.* The population of the village was between 4,000 and 5,000, but its numbers had been increased by contingents from neighbouring villages, founded by Al-Hadji.

Rambles in Rome.—V.

BY A. CUST, M.A.

PERHAPS the reader will allow me here to quote part of a letter of mine, written home, even though it should involve going over some old ground. "Here we have been in Rome a week. What a time it seems! . . . . I suppose you will be anxious to hear all about the Eternal City. Well, my first impressions are those of disappointment at the exterior of the town. I was prepared for the comparative fewness of ancient ruins, but not for the exceeding narrowness and dirtiness of the streets in the modern part, and the vexatious enclosures and difficulty of getting a view in the old part of the city. I had looked forward to wandering with melancholy but unimpeded interest over the slopes of the old hills and the sites rich in famous story; but, alas! with the exception of the Forum, turn where you will, your unvarying companions are endless walls, with seldom even a gate or opening, seven or ten feet high; inaccessible convents and locked-up vineyards occupy and deface, or ugly churches mock at and insult, the relics of the mighty past. However, in most other respects, my expectation is more than gratified. No words can express my appreciation of the exquisite symmetry of the more perfect remains of ancient architecture and sculpture, which nobly contrast with the degenerate attempts of later ages. The greater part of the churches at Rome are externally mean and contemptible, though certainly splendid internally; but even in the latter respect their noblest ornaments, their beautiful pillars, are either the actual spoil of some temple or palace, or a faithful imitation of past genius.



THE VIOLINIST OF RAPHAEL.

"You will be glad to hear that there is not the shadow of a disturbance here, and the streets and Campagna are perfectly secure. The Pope seems very popular, and the soldiers —of whom there must be extraordinary numbers, as we never stir without seeing some—seem on most friendly terms with the people. The Zouaves seem great sight-seers, and look about as much as we do.

"The first day, after breakfast, we strolled out with immense interest to get our first sight. We first ascended the Pincian, from which we got our first impressions. The view bears out your description, and is very fine; but I was impatient to stand on more classic ground, so we descended on the Porta del Popolo, and thence down the Corso. Finally I was gazing with awe on the spot where thronged the world's conquerors to hear a Cicero or a Cæsar. There, uncovered, you may see the causeway of the Clivus Capitolinus, up which rolled the triumphal car, and part of the rostrum whence Tully stirred the slumbering soul of the republic.

"The Coliseum I found even nobler than I expected; the exterior of the perfect side is one of the finest effects of architectural grandeur I ever saw. Of course I thought of the Christians 'sublatos ad leones,' but my sympathy with them is, I confess, very much lessened by their present triumph. Seldom do you see an old building but you are greeted with 'Sixtus V. restituit et ab impiâ superstitione expurgavit,' &c., *ad nauseam.* Here stands a saint in place of a Trajan, there a Jupiter looks down with dignified contempt on a crowd of devotees who kiss his toe under the belief that he is St. Peter; nor does old Tonans think them better men than those who greeted him with sacrifice in the olden time.

"St. Peter's I have several times been in. The exterior I am disappointed with, as I do not admire that style of architecture for a church, although the whole effect of the piazza is undoubtedly very fine. But the interior, on first entering it, struck me as the most splendid I had ever seen. It is most magnificent, and there is nothing to mar the effect or offend the eye; as you say, it is very difficult to realise the immense size, which the beautiful proportions of the different parts, and the gigantic statues, have the effect of lessening. The dome is beautifully light and elegant; but from the outside it does not strike you as being much larger than St. Paul's, or as

standing utterly unrivalled amid the numerous domes of the town. We saw a gorgeous service—high mass—at the Lateran on St. John's Day, and a still more brilliant Te Deum on the last day of the year in the Church of Il Gésu, where the Pope was present, with numerous soldiers, lights, &c. The Pope was much cheered by the populace outside. But the church I admire most is S. Maria degli Angeli—the great hall in Diocletian's Baths—a noble place, with exquisite ancient pillars and the originals of many of the mosaics in St. Peter's. . . . . At the Rospigliosi Palace we much admired the 'Aurora' (by Guido), 'Adam and Eve' and 'Triumph of David' (Domenichino), 'Twelve Apostles' (Rubens). At the Sciarra Palace are some exquisite gems—'Player on Violin' (Raphael), 'Modesty and Vanity' (Leonardo da Vinci), 'Maddalena delli Radici' (Guido), 'Bella Donna' (Titian). We had a fine walk to see the Villa Pamfili-Doria, where are beautiful grounds, and got by far our best view of Rome from the Church of S. Pietro in Montorio—site of Arx Janiculensis—on our way back. We also saw the Borghese Villa, where is a most exquisite collection of ancient statues, some of which—being the first I had seen—sent me into raptures, as Ceres, Venus Genitrix, &c. In the latter, the drapery struck me as something infinitely beyond the grasp of modern art. But since then the Capitol Museum and the antique part of the Vatican filled me with ever-increasing admiration and astonishment.

"It was very cold at night when we came; now it is warm and rainy. Yesterday we walked along the Via Appia, and saw Metella's tomb and the circus of Maxentius. Yesterday morning we had some vivid thunder and lightning. At the Capitol I much admired the 'Europa,' which I recognised at once, and the 'Sibyl.'

"Our lodgings are very comfortable and clean. We get breakfast and coffee in the evening in our room, and dine at a restaurant, generally getting a good dinner, including wine, for two shillings. Our lodgings come to about thirty shillings a week between us, which is exceedingly cheap for Rome at this time; but Madame P—— is rather a swell, and has, I believe, one daughter a marquise and another a contessa. We were introduced to one, who is a captain's lady and lives here, and who lends us a piano in the evening."

The better-known pictures of the Old Masters have more difficult work to do than those of modern artists, which claim admiration as they appear each successive year. The latter, like some landscape seen for the first time, are free to convey their own impressions, and to burst upon the spectator in their full vigour and utmost perfection—to do, in fact, the work themselves once for all, and not after previous trials by deputy. The former are mostly familiar to us from early years by every kind of imitation, and they have not only to prove themselves superior to their rivals, but to the most faithful copies of themselves, which have already discounted the original effect on the mind which the pictures were intended to convey. It is with feelings of a different kind, then, that one approaches these; so well knowing what to expect as to be vaguely in dread of disappointment. Rarely, however, was it in our eyes that they failed to hold their own. If their effect was not new, the mellow tint of age, or an instinctive greatness and power, or a depth and unconscious ease of expression, made themselves all the more strongly felt by contrast with more studied copies.

The Rospigliosi Palace does not weary by length and tediousness, however much it necessitates an uncomfortable position of the head in order to see its choicest ornament, Guido's "Aurora." Those who take exception to this painter's pale colouring will be startled into admiration, if not prepared for them, of the bright hues which are lavished on this fresco; and which retain, in a wonderful manner, their clearness and freshness. On this account the copyists seemed more successful in this case than in most others. The school of the Carracceschi, which preceded the final decline of painting, has furnished, besides this, two more of the chief ornaments of the palace—Domenichino's pictures above named. The "Adam and Eve in Paradise after the Fall" is, perhaps, one of this painter's three best pictures. He and his school were the last to add anything original to the accumulated stores of art which have made Italy famous. Henceforward the stream of painting flowed on in an uneventful, mechanically guided course, feeding on the genius of the past, and labouring to convert its intuitions into regulations for its own safe progress.

At the Sciarra Palace, the pictures above-mentioned carry us back at once to the golden age of Old Art, introducing us to three important types. Leonardo da Vinci is one of the first great names, as Guido and Domenichino are among the last, which greet us in the period of the full establishment of painting. Taking him as a type of the Florentine school, though he set up a school of his own at Milan, and had too much originality to be tied by the mannerisms of others, we have in the next two the highest representatives of the Roman and Venetian schools, Raphael and Titian.

In the "Modesty and Vanity" Leonardo's characteristic softness of shading, and delicacy and roundness of form, are prominent. The "Player on the Violin" is in Raphael's third and most perfect style, that which raised him to the topmost pinnacle of art. It carries its own date, showing that it was painted two years before the great artist's death.

The Villa Borghese afforded us great pleasure: we now, for the first time, were able to realise the perfection attained by the Greeks in statuary. The human form seemed to be depicted with a graceful ease and unaffected truth, quite beyond anything we remembered of modern sculpture. Nor was it only in one or two choice specimens that this was the case; it seemed to be a natural characteristic of all the work, great or small. This innate idea of grace was especially conspicuous in the foldings of the drapery, which was as true to nature as if the naked statue had been made first and the light texture afterwards flung over it. It was wonderfully free from heaviness or clumsiness, the folds hanging and grouping themselves with an ease that nothing could surpass. The idea of modern statuary most present to our minds was probably derived from the gigantic figures which line the nave of St. Peter's; and in which, certainly, there is no doubt that the drapery is cut out of stone. In the ancient statues also there is an absence of conventionalism, and of following the rules of a school or affectations of art, which is not equally apparent in later efforts, unless it be, indeed, that the school which they followed had so succeeded in unaffected imitation of Nature, that anything else than the following of Nature is now invisible to us. Whatever be the means or cause, however, the result is that grace and nature contrast in the one with florid exaggeration in the other.

Nor has mediæval art, as being the successor, the excuse

of pioneers or beginners. With the ample remains of antiquity in her midst, to the sight of which she had been accustomed from infancy, she failed to recognise the fact that they were simply the closest embodiment of Nature that had been attained by man; and disdaining anything so inartistic and inglorious, when she had once obtained praise from a degenerate race for improvements on them and Nature, she marked these improvements and fondled them as safe rules whereby to attain excellence and win fame. Thus did she set up her school, and woe betide whoever did aught else than modify or again improve upon her rules, or attempt to go straight to Nature untaught by her. By careful education, the eye was taught to lose sight of differences from Nature, of stoniness of hair or robe; but to seize with avidity tricks and conventionalisms which were a secure path to distinction. For sculptors must earn their bread, and the market must be courted; and even where means and genius are present, ingrained habits are rarely wholly discarded.

However much the truth and beauty of ancient art may have been recognised and even lauded, yet there remained the curious state of things that a totally different manner of expression of Nature by means of stone was alone cultivated and patronised, as though being of equal or perhaps superior merit. As if two dissimilar imitations of the same natural object could both be equally true; as if, because what then flourished was a distinct school of art, with a gradual growth, and history, and famous names, the antique was, after all, only another school of art, of perhaps greater excellence, but still belonging to the past, and not now to be reproduced, or sought after, any more than many other things so belonging and duly admired. The antique, in short, was a thing by itself, of which every one admired the excellence, but which nobody thought of imitating.

By the use of a few set phrases, people of all kinds, schools, or sects, save themselves a great deal of trouble. The terms are familiar, and it is not necessary, after a time, that they should convey any definite meaning. Supposing that this were not the case, and, instead of slipshod or cant phrases, people had to set their minds to work on each occasion to find language really expressive of what they considered to be the state of the case, what a world of trouble would they be involved in, what awkward encounters might possibly ensue with possible actualities, or with other people in the same circles of society that applied to the same thing language of an opposite description! How fortunate that society, having once agreed to apply certain names to certain things or classes of people, with possible historical or original meanings in the terms, but irrespective of after changes either in these or the nature of what they are applied to, likes to adhere to these! And in any case, however true or partially applicable the name used may be, it does not necessarily follow that people using it, do so otherwise than as a matter of habit, and without thinking of the extent of its truth or applicability. Indeed, one great advantage of having a number of terms ready to hand for things is, that one can think of these and speak of them intelligibly to others, without any present reflection on their actual condition or circumstances of which even possibly we may be ignorant. Or the term used may be one in itself that actually misleads from its partial, if not untrue, application, diverting the mind from one important set of considerations affecting the subject in question, to another which is less important, and the result only of circumstances. Of course this is, in great measure, the result of imperfection of language, or change in the meaning of words; at the same time, it appears to be more the case in the refinement of society, and the development of civilisation, than was likely to be amid younger races, where fresh expressions of language were continually needed for fresh contact with facts, and old forms of speech were not so much stereotyped by universal diffusion of conventional ideas, as is the case at the present day, in books or newspapers, till ring of words is lazily or unconsciously substituted for range of thought, as genuine and definite descriptions had to be thought out and applied. The deficiencies of these might be felt and acknowledged at the time, and would not necessarily involve a corresponding deficiency of understanding and reflection; still less would language be likely to find expression where definite mental conception was altogether wanting.

It does not necessarily follow that people speaking of "the Antique" do so without due conception of what the word is intended to be applied to; but, undoubtedly, in regard to the subject of which we are treating, it is quite possible for people so doing not to bethink themselves that they are speaking of the truest representation of Nature which the world has ever seen; and that, therefore, when they say that so-and-so is after the antique, they mean that, so far as this is true, it is faithful to Nature. Or rather they may be misled, and think (at least, they seem to have thought in mediæval times), that as there is progress in all things, antique models are to be greatly admired indeed; but rather improved upon than imitated. First equal them, my friends, and then improve upon them. If the rules and devices of your school, which you are so proud of, and whose great men you so reverently follow, lead you, as a rule, to different results from those obtained by the ancients, whose work, you will, perhaps, acknowledge, if asked directly, to be truer to Nature, revise your rules and search for other devices; for, after all, you will allow that the imitation of Nature is your object, and not perfection in attaining to a certain conventional standard.

Few mornings in Rome can be more profitably employed than one spent in the Museum and Hall of the Conservators on the Capitol. Nowhere are the objects of attraction so varied and the interest so sustained throughout. The collection, in fact, is typical of the manifold character and history of the city in which it was made. To start with the museum, let us briefly mention a few of the more striking things worthy of notice. The universal aptitude and skill of the ancients in all kinds of sculpture is illustrated in a remarkable manner in their sarcophagi. The sides or lids of these massive memorials of the dead naturally suggesting ornamentation of some kind, bas reliefs more beautiful than anything else of the kind we could remember are the result. Whether it be that only the more esteemed of these have been preserved to us, or whether, as is more probable, considering the purpose for which they were designed, we have specimens of work of all kinds, and some humble hand, unknown to fame, may have produced designs hardly now to be equalled, nothing can more impress the mind with the deeply ingrained sense which the ancients had of natural simplicity, and their intuitive grasp of lines of beauty and proportion. Whatever the cause—whether from the teaching and example of certain original master-minds, or from the habitual accustoming of the eye to the grace and

symmetry of the human form, which greater freedom of dress and custom, and the physical perfection produced by care and training, gave room for to an extent unknown among us—their mind naturally seems to have been imbued with the highest appreciation of truth and beauty in these matters. Between their genius and that of more modern times no more forcible comparison could be made than by placing such sculptural conceptions alongside of those designed for a similar purpose in Westminster Abbey. The hideous structures in the latter place are, fortunately, no longer admired, but their creation by a Greek chisel would have been impossible. If the highest flights of modern genius will not bear comparison with the sculptures of the Parthenon, still less will the general talent of the nation, as evinced on church walls or tombstones, with that of the ancients as unpretendingly shown where similar opportunities present themselves. The chasteness and neatness, the absolute symmetry and graceful grouping of the designs on these stone receptacles for the ashes of the dead vividly contrast with the graceless conventionalities and cumbersome extravagancies which disfigure the resting-places of some of England's most distinguished men. And yet there is no reason to suppose that artistic talent was not sought for in the latter case as in the former—or rather, this is more probable in the latter, from their pretentiousness of site and the greatness and public character of the names, whereas the sarcophagi may have been of private persons, and intended for concealment in the recesses of a tumulus.



ROMAN PRIESTS.

Of those contained in this museum, two especially excited our admiration, the subject of the bas-reliefs in one being taken from the life of Achilles, on the other being a combat between Theseus and the Amazons. In the Villa Borghese is another which we noticed, containing the Labours of Hercules. These sarcophagi abound in the museums. I much fear that the "future New Zealander" will hardly take the trouble to collect our tombstones.

The room containing the busts of the emperors, in chronological order, is not the least interesting part of the museum. He who has studied the history and characters of these men, and their influence for good or evil, may well here lend himself to the musings of the past, as he dwells on face after face, and tries to clothe it with its merit or infamy. He will try to grasp with his eye the characteristics of family after family, or age after age; to see how not only fashions of headdress, but also types of face alter; to trace, perhaps, in imbecility of countenance the degeneracy of the empire. A world of deeds or crimes will crowd before his memory as he follows up the stream of time—as, perhaps, nowhere else is possible—from the thin, hard-lined face of the man whose consummate sagacity paved the way for, and gave his name to, all the rest, through voluptuaries and semidevils, through warriors and philosophers, to the Syrian Heliogabalus, whose "infamy surpasses that of any other age and country," or that dabbler in science, cookery, gardening, oratory, and aught save statesmanship, the mild and indolent Gallienus, from noble Romans to the sons of slaves or peasants, Arabians or Danubians. Surely nowhere is such a motley assemblage; and all drawn, I thought, by contemporaneous hands, and what was still more remarkable, with apparent simple truthfulness, and without affectation of flattery or dressing up of ugliness. In that one room you may carry your eye round at a glance over three eventful centuries of the world's history—a period which began with the highest power, and ended in the disestablishment of classic Paganism.

For the rest, if we hurriedly mention the broken slabs of the ground-plan of Rome, inserted in the wall of the staircase, the centaurs found in Hadrian's Villa, the Venus of the Capitol, the doves of Pliny, the statues in one room of an Amazon, Flora, and (most beautiful of all) Antinous, along with the noblest ornament of the museum, and the most touching piece of sculpture in the world, "The Dying Gladiator"—one of those masterpieces of art that rises undeniably superior to all the imitations of it—we have done enough to indicate the interesting nature of the contents of the museum.

Passing on to the Hall of the Conservators, we find more ancient works of art or remains, and a modern picture-gallery. Of one room the famous bronze Wolf of the Capitol is the main occupant, puzzling the curious—not with the story of its own early years as a statue. In the same room is a bust of Junius Brutus. Among the antiquities are the "Fasti Consulares," found in the Forum, being records of the officers of state up to the time of Augustus. The picture-gallery is poor compared to many in Rome. It introduces us, however, to a second great painter of the Venetian school, Paul Veronese, of whose pictures the "Rape of Europa" is one of the finest. He is noted for his splendour of effect and inventive powers; but his heroine in this instance is hardly of the graceful form of youthful feminine beauty, of which his school do not seem to me to have had much idea, and reminds one of the most stalwart type of a buxom country lass. One of the Academicians is also well represented—Guercino, of whose paintings the "Sibilla Persica," "Santa Petronilla," and "John the Baptist" are fine examples; while



THE PESCHIERA VECCHIA, ROME.

of the founder of the school of the Tenebrosi—to which Guercino belonged—Caravaggio, the "Four Evangelists" deserves mention. We admired, moreover, a Madonna by Annibale Carracci, one of the trio of that name who, by their eclecticism and reduction of art to a system, paved the way for the principle which their scholars adopted when they made art subservient to its means, and which resulted, as above mentioned, in the Academic School, and the uniform mediocrity which was the sole heirloom of the brilliant genius of mediæval Italy.

On the staircase of the palace a fine series of bas-reliefs well merit attention. They are six in number, representing various events in the life of Marcus Aurelius. Now he is celebrating a triumphal entry; now granting peace or making an harangue.

It is not only the sculpture that is interesting, but the vivid picture thus given of the public bearing on so many different occasions of this best of the Roman emperors, on every incident of whose life, whether as man or prince, the mind is eager to dwell.

*The Government Expedition Round the World.—II.**

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.*

The narrative of the deep sea exploring expedition of H.M.S. *Challenger*, commanded by Captain G. S. Nares, and under the scientific direction of Professor Wyville Thomson, now continuing its researches in the Pacific, was, in a former number, brought up to its arrival at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, on the 27th of July, 1873, after having traversed the Atlantic twice in an east and west direction.

Previous to the arrival of the *Challenger* at St. Vincent, a seaman-schoolmaster had arrived from England to meet and join the ship. He left the hotel one afternoon for a walk, and to the surprise of the landlord did not return, and as nothing was heard of him the next day, the authorities and the English consul were made acquainted with the fact, and search was instituted, but without effect. At first it was supposed he had committed suicide; but he had not exhibited any of those peculiarities which are so often remembered after such a deed is committed, and he had left his desk open as he had been writing to his wife, with no word in writing that could lead to the supposition that he meditated self-destruction. It was then supposed that he had been murdered, and a small reward was offered, which reward was so considerably increased by Captain Nares, on his arrival, as to ensure detection had such a crime been known to have been committed; but to no purpose. After much fruitless search, the body was at length found high up in the mountains, with all effects—such as watch and chain, and money—intact. It is supposed the poor fellow had gone for a walk to reach the summit to look for his ship, and had either over-taxed his strength, or lost his way, and thus perished.

It was reported that the valuable pink coral was obtained at a spot near the islands, and that a trade existed in that ornamental article of commerce, from Porto Praya; Captain Nares sent to dredge in the locality, but only a few pieces of the common red coral of the Mediterranean were found, and a curious fact in connection with it is, that the same temperature (52°) was found at 80 fathoms, as exists in the coral-growing districts of the Mediterranean.

The *Challenger* left the Cape Verde Islands on the 9th of August, and carried a line of soundings to the south-east, parallel to the coast of Africa. At a distance of ninety-five miles from St. Jago, 2,300 fathoms were obtained; this depth increased to 2,575 fathoms, and this line of soundings was continued to latitude 3° north, where 2,500 fathoms were found. The course of the ship was then changed for St. Paul Rocks, and about the same depth continued to about 300 miles from the rocks, when the water gradually shoaled. The bottom generally consisted of the usual globigerina ooze.

The *Challenger* arrived at St. Paul Rocks on the 27th, and was moored to the lee-side of the largest by hawsers to the rocks. Landing was difficult; the constant swell coming round the rocks produced such a confused sea that great care had to be taken when the time came for a spring and a scramble, as the bow of the boat rose on the top of the wave.

These rocks, situated so nearly on the Equator, are all contained within a radius of a quarter of a mile, the highest being only sixty feet above the sea level, and is covered with white guano, glazed over with salt from evaporated sea-water. A paper was found placed within a bottle recording the fact that the captain of the *Anne Millicett* had landed there on the 19th of July, the previous year. The only inhabitants of this retired spot were the booby and the noddy, better known generally from Byron's couplet,

> "They caught two boobies and a noddy,
> And then they left off eating the dead body,"

than from a more intimate acquaintance. Here they were in myriads, and tame enough to be caught by the hands; the the nests of the noddy were numerous, but as the breeding season was past, but few eggs were found. The rocks were ransacked in every nook and corner by the scientific staff, but they found little to repay them for their labour.

From St. Paul Rocks the *Challenger* proceeded to Fernando Noronha, and midway between them obtained a depth of 2,475 fathoms.

Fernando Noronha, is a penal station to the empire of Brazil; the settlement is in San Antonio Bay, and consists of a small fort or citadel; the residence of the soldiers comprising the guard, and the village in which reside—rather than are confined—the convicts; each convict having a small patch of

* In continuation of the article at page 18 of present volume of ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

ground to cultivate, some of them being permitted to have their wives with them. The prisoners only become so in a literal sense for offences committed on the island. The Governor freely gave Captain Nares permission to take scientific notes of the island, and great preparation was made for the onslaught on the vegetable as well as the animal life on the morrow. Whether the Governor had misgivings as to the nature of the foreign ship's visit, or felt the effect of sleeping over his ready acquiescence to Captain Nares' request, is not known, but certain it is he repented having given it, and the next morning withdrew his permission on the plea that he could not accept the responsibility without authority from his superiors. Remonstrance was in vain, the commandant was obdurate, and as going to Rio Janeiro to obtain the sanction of the superior authorities was out of the question, the *Challenger* left the inhospitable island, steering towards the main land of South America at Cape St. Roque. The depth of 2,275 fathoms was found midway between Fernando Noronha and the main; it then shoaled towards the continent. The *Challenger* reached Bahia on the 14th of September.

After greatly enjoying the glorious luxuriance of the vegetable world around St. Salvador Bay, and partaking of the very kind hospitality of the British residents, a sudden case of yellow fever occurring on board caused Captain Nares to leave the port sooner than he had intended. The necessity of preserving the health of his crew for their arduous duties was a matter of paramount importance, and all haste by steam and sail was made to get the ship into a temperate climate. Fortunately no other case occurred.

A great disappointment was met with when trawling on the 3rd of October, in lat. 26° 15′ south, long. 32° 56′ west, after sounding in 2,350 fathoms. On heaving in the trawl it was soon ascertained, by the strain on the line, that something much heavier than usual was in the bag, and care was taken to heave in slowly and gently for fear of losing the prize; speculation was rife as to the nature of the catch, a monster nugget, a mermaid, or the great sea serpent, were suggested; but whatever it was, curiosity and anxiety were evident in every face, and as the treasure trove neared the surface, all hands were up ready to receive it. The span came above water, the tackle was overhauled to hoist it inboard, when a crack—the swivel between the chain and the trawl-rope had snapped—and the trawl and its precious burden sank in the abyss of the ocean. The disappointment was naturally general, and the ancient proverb, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," was fully realised.

As if to compensate for the disappointment, when trawling shortly after, in 1,900 fathoms, they obtained a rich harvest of fishes, prawns, starfishes, corals, &c., which in some measure restored the equilibrium of the philosophic mind.

On the 7th of October, the *Challenger* anchored off the settlement of Tristan da Cunha, another oasis in the desert of the vast Atlantic. This group consists of but three islands, the only one inhabited being that at which the *Challenger* had anchored. They have been repeatedly visited, in years far back, for the number of fur seals that were found on them, or in more recent years, as an oasis to obtain refreshments on the long voyage. In 1817 it became the outer guard-house to the island prison of the great Napoleon, from which guard-house sprang the colony; and although the generation of Corporal Glass, the founder of the settlement, has passed away, some of his descendants are still inhabitants. A man named Green, who married one of the corporal's daughters, is the tacitly acknowledged head of the settlement, which elevation he maintains more by the virtue of a venerable white beard, and as owner of a red ensign, than by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens; and no doubt the fact of his having entertained the son of his Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1867, not a little added to the dignity and security of his governmental tenure.

At the time of the *Challenger's* visit there were about fifteen families residing in comfortable stone cottages, with roofs of thatch topped with sods of turf, but for want of mortar most of them are not wind tight. Their possessions consist of cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, of which they have abundance, and occasionally do a good trade with passing ships, and if report does not belie them, they are equally good at driving a bargain as their more civilised fellow-men of the continent, and as they sell their produce for hard cash it is difficult to conceive what they do with their money. At the time of the *Challenger's* visit, beef, mutton, and pork, were about fourpence per pound; and a goose, five shillings.

The settlement now boasts of the name of "Edinburgh," not derived—as might be supposed—from the modern Athens, but in honour of the visit of the duke of that title. It consists of about a dozen scattered houses, and the number of inhabitants is eighty-four.

Captain Nares was told by the settlers that, nearly two years before, two Germans had been landed from an American whaler on Inaccessible Island—one of the group about twenty miles south-west of Tristan da Cunha—that they had seen them once or twice, and since their last visit, nine months before, they had seen smoke rising from the island; but whether the men were dead or alive then, they did not know. It was Captain Nares' intention to visit the other islands if time permitted, and this information was an additional inducement to carry it out; so the *Challenger* accordingly proceeded to the island, and anchored in a small bay on the east side. A hut was seen, also a boat, and soon after, much to the relief of all on board, the two Germans were seen standing on the beach. They were soon on board, and were apparently greatly delighted at the prospect of release from their island prison; for Captain Nares offered to give them a passage to the Cape of Good Hope, which they gladly accepted. It did not take them long to get all their worldly goods together, and with light hearts they left the island to carve their way in the great world as best they could.

Their story reminds us of Robinson Crusoe. The younger of the two men—for they were brothers—Gustav Stoltenhoff, had, in 1870, barely escaped with life from a burning ship, when at no great distance from Tristan da Cunha, and the boat in which he escaped landed at the settlement, where the saved crew remained eighteen days, when they were taken off by the *Northfleet* (the same vessel that was sunk, with such melancholy loss of life, near Dungeness), and were landed at Aden. Gustav made his way back to Germany, which country in his absence had been engaged in war with France; and he found his brother, who had been serving in the army, was discharged and without occupation.

It is evident that from the time young Gustav left Tristan da Cunha, where the shipwrecked man had been kindly and hospitably treated, he had conceived the idea of returning to the island; and, as his brother had to commence life anew, he

was easily persuaded to accompany him; thus, with that steady purpose which is so marked in their countrymen, they capitalised all their worldly goods and worked their way as seamen to St. Helena.

Here they invested their little stock of money in purchasing the necessaries suitable for their island home, and with great discrimination did they lay it out; but unfortunately their means did not admit of their purchasing a new boat, with their money they could only procure an old whale-boat, much too large and heavy for two men to handle, and much too old to last long. Their stores consisted of biscuits, flour, rice, sugar, tea and coffee, salt, a small quantity of tobacco and pepper, getting low, without any visible prospect of replenishing it. They captured some seals, but were unable to use them for food. They also succeeded, by means of the long tussock grass, to reach the summit of the island, where were a few goats and many pigs; some of these they shot, but the flesh of the latter was almost uneatable, from their having fed on sea-birds. Unfortunately their ladder, the grass, caught fire, and deprived them of that source of food, except by rounding the point and scaling the cliff on the other side; and, shortly after, their boat was so badly stove that they were obliged to cut it in two, and patch up the best half with a square stern, made from the other half. This they named the *Sea Cart*. But after a time they



BRAZILIAN NEGRESS AND CHILD.



MARKET WOMAN OF BAHIA.

empty barrels for oil, lamp, matches, a rifle, fowling-piece, ammunition, some garden tools, seed potatoes and other seeds, &c., and a few books. With these they embarked on board a whaler for Tristan da Cunha; but whilst on the passage they were persuaded by the captain not to go to the settlement, but to land on Inaccessible Island, and they were accordingly landed with all their belongings, on the 27th of November, 1871.

A few days after they landed, a party of men arrived from the settlement, and helped them to move their goods round to a more sheltered part of the island, and showed them how to build a hut; leaving them then, the brothers commenced the stern battle for life. Of course the first thing to be done was to get a roof over their heads for shelter, and, as is often the case, the first attempt was a failure, so they had to commence again; but, while this was being effected, and a patch of ground cleared for planting seed, their stock of provisions was were deprived of this means of getting round the point, by an irreparable injury to the boat. Still they struggled on; at one time living entirely on penguins' eggs; at another, on the produce of their little garden; some food turning up as the other failed. Often on the point of starvation, and rendered weak from want of food—a merciful Providence always came to the rescue—until the *Challenger* came and took them off.

After visiting Nightingale Island (the other island of the group), which was nothing but a huge rookery or nursery for penguins, of which the number was incredible, the *Challenger* proceeded on her voyage towards the Cape. The weather prevented sounding so frequently as was wished; but the soundings taken indicated a deeper channel on that side of the Atlantic than on the other.

The *Challenger* arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 28th of October—all well on board.

Puget Sound, and the Northern Pacific Railroad.—IV.

BY EDMUND T. COLEMAN.

NEXT day I resolved to descend to the eastern side of the pass. After proceeding a quarter of a mile or more, to my surprise we made a considerable ascent; on looking at the barometer, it marked 4,899 feet above the sea. According to Mr. Johnson's Northern Pacific Railroad report, it is 1,900 feet higher than the Snoqualmie Pass, and, therefore, 4,910 feet above the sea. There was a good deal of snow and some ice on the eastern side. In descending, small prairies of all sizes came trotting up the road; I reined-in, to give the Indian an opportunity of shooting it; the little animal passed through my horse's legs, and those of the Indian, stopping every two or three steps, looking about, and taking it very leisurely—in fact, it ran literally into the jaws of death; but something was wrong with my guide's gun, so the poor little thing escaped. On making one of the numerous crossings of the Tee-ah-no-wins, the Indian drew my attention to something in the stream,



A STREET IN SEATTLE.

—some no bigger than town lots—occurred at intervals. No doubt, at some future time, as civilisation advances, and all the lower valleys are cultivated, cattle will be driven up to these pastures (especially in dry summers) from the over-crowded plains below. The descent is not nearly so steep as on the western side. At the foot of the pass, which is about 3,221 feet above the sea, we crossed the Natchez River; this spot is just eleven miles from the western side of the pass. A little farther there is a beautiful prairie, about ten acres in extent, the mountain side being dotted with noble firs on grassy slopes, free from underwood, and quite park-like. In returning, the Indian stopped not far from the summit to gather some roots, which he said were good for healing wounds and bad cuts; and that this was the only place in the country where the roots could be found. On looking at the plant I was satisfied that it was a common kind of water-dock, and suppose that the Indian had some superstition as to the virtues of the plant in this particular locality.

On the following morning we commenced the return journey. The snow had all melted on the western side of the pass. In descending, a curious instance presented itself of the unsophisticated nature of the game in this country. A rabbit and motioned me to keep quiet. I looked, and could not discern anything, but observing him prepared to fire, looked again, more intently, and found that what appeared to be the shadow of a rock in the water was a heap of motionless salmon, so closely packed together that they presented the appearance of one uniform shade of blackish-grey. The Indian took a shot, but could not kill any; he, however, secured quite a number of grouse as we went along. These furnished us with a good supper—an agreeable change from the everlasting bacon which was our staple, morning, noon, and night. We pitched tent towards the afternoon, in a prairie where there was some timothy-grass, showing that a white man must have first planted it.

On arriving next day at White River we had some trouble in crossing, and got out of our depth, partly owing to our going with the current, so that we were very nearly carried away; but turning our horses' heads up stream at the most critical moment, after a few struggles we got into shallower water, and gained the opposite bank. It was fortunate, as there was a riffle immediately below. At length, on the second day after leaving the summit of the pass, we emerged from the foot-hills and descended into the broad and fertile valley of the Puyallup.

The pastoral and lovely scenery of the lowlands, the evidences of plenty and prosperity on every side, a *pays riant*, as the French term it, are inexpressibly soothing to the imagination sated with the splendour, overawed with the ruggedness and desolation, the stern grandeur, of mountain scenery; and that peace and calm fell upon me which the consciousness of labours accomplished seldom fails to bring. Instead of returning by the Puyallup reservation, we stopped six miles short of it; crossing the river, and after that a short stream called Stuck River, which flows into the Puyallup. We had now a long ride through fir-forests, but the road—a wagon one—was good; and about four in the afternoon we gained the Nisqually Plains. It is surprising to see the amount of work horses, as well as men, get through in a new country. There were yet upwards of twelve miles to accomplish before reaching the fort. Our poor animals were jaded and tired; there was no help for it, we had to put them on their mettle. The Indian, who never spared his whip, gave my horse a fillip, and by way of coaxing him, said, "Come, Joe, git 'long; you good bed, you plenty oats, t'night." We got into a smart gallop, and cantering by turns, arrived at Nisqually as darkness set in, having been nearly eleven hours in the saddle.

After a day's rest at Fort Nisqually, I bade farewell to my kind host and hostess, and took the stage to Steilacoom, which is six miles distant. This place is somewhat shorn of its former glory, owing to the abandonment of the military post which was established here in 1849, and given up in 1867, the troops being ordered to Sitka. The garrison was built in 1852, and the buildings were valued at 70,500 dollars. They were purchased, three years ago, by the territory for a lunatic asylum. All the surroundings are of a character to win back the diseased mind to a healthy tone. The town is situated on the slope of a steep hill over 200 feet in height, and commands a fine view of the Olympian Range with the adjacent sound. There was not much doing, and the place had a dead-alive sort of look. The only busy person was the sheriff; idleness being the root of all evil, I suppose he keeps people straight. So much joking and bantering was going on in a store where the principal inhabitants had dropped in to have a chat, that it seemed as if the normal condition of the place was that of a state of chaff. Nevertheless, the unequalled rides and drives in its vicinity, situated as it is on the verge of the Nisqually Plains, combined with the salubrity of the air, must always make it attractive as a place of residence. A woollen factory has been erected here, and carried on for some years, but it has lately been given up. There is a Catholic convent, with a good school attached. The population is estimated to be between 300 and 400.

Tacoma, twelve miles to the north, is situated on Commencement Bay. Here the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been located. It is not far from the objective point where the branch line will leave the sound, should it cross the Snoqualmie Pass, and it is nearer to it than Seattle, by ten miles. I had thus an opportunity of witnessing the infancy of civilisation—of seeing a town-site reclaimed from the wilderness. On leaving the forest, one enters a clearing which is laid out with grand and imposing streets, with a few log-houses and shanties on the outskirts, but there were not more than half a dozen unfinished buildings: these embraced an hotel, a store, and, alas! for the temperance cause, two whisky shops; while stumps, logs, and lumber blocked up and encumbered the roads. Amid all this roughness and dirt, of planks starting, of walls yet unpapered, I was surprised to find that a good dinner was prepared at the hotel. The table-cloth was of snowy whiteness, while the arrangement of the dinner service, and of my bedroom, were as clean and neat as might be found in a capital. The host, Mr. Steele, is a celebrity, and was well known formerly as one of the richest and most enterprising miners in Cariboo; being worth at one time at least 80,000 dollars. He has for a long time been "down on his luck," but has now "struck it rich," having found "good prospects," and is taking out pay, since the railroad came along; so that his "lead" has turned out to be a rich one.

While looking about at a saw-mill in the neighbourhood, a person came up in a working dress, "begrimed with the defacements of the labour," and accosted me. I did not at first recognise him, but it turned out to be Mr. Samuel Hadlow, then one of the partners in the firm, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at Olympia. After taking me over the mill, Mr. Hadlow invited me to dinner. He shared this meal with the workmen, taking the head of the table, in the good old patriarchal fashion; and told me that he got on much better with the men living in this way, and bearing his share of the work. Half a mile from the mill, there is a large granite boulder, covered with hieroglyphics, of fish, animals, &c. It is five to six feet long, nearly round and smooth, and, lying on the beach, is visible at half-tide. This is, I believe, almost the only instance known of Indian carving in stone. The natives have no tradition concerning it. Save close in shore, the anchorage of this harbour is too deep, being 55, 60, and 100 fathoms, and the holding ground is hard. Returning to Steilacoom, I went on to Bellingham Bay, and after a fortnight's stay in the pleasant and hospitable home of the Hon. Mr. Eldridge (now member of the Legislature), during which it rained incessantly, and prevented me making sketches that I wanted, took the little steamer, *Mary Woodruffe*, which carries the mail from Seattle to the bay, and stopped at Fidalgo Island, which is half-way to Port Townsend. It adjoins the mainland, and is only separated from it by the Swinimish slough. The harbour is somewhat small, being too narrow, but sheltered from south-easterly gales, while the anchorage is convenient. I was kindly received by Messrs. Moncks and Cagey, settlers on the island.

After spending a day in visiting the harbour of Fidalgo Island, accompanied by Mr. Cagey, and taking sketches, and being weather-bound another day, the succeeding morning I took a canoe, with an Indian, expecting to reach Coupeville, on Whidbey Island, the same evening; but on getting into the Swinimish slough, the tide was against us, and so strong, that we could not, though I took a paddle to relieve the Indian, make more than one mile an hour, if so much. Consequently, on arriving at the telegraph station, I was fain to accept Mr. Gilleland's hospitality for the night, having only made about eight miles. Next morning I made another start, but on coming to Whidbey Island, and rounding into Crescent Harbour, which must be crossed to reach Coupeville, it came on to blow, with rain, and there was such a heavy sea, that we were in danger of being swamped, the canoe being a small one. It was necessary to turn about, make for the shore, and endeavour to get to a farmhouse, some two and a half miles distant. But this did not much improve matters, as our course being nearly parallel with the shore, we were brought broadside on to the waves. At length we gained *terra firma*, and managed to make a landing; but the waves poured in so, that my carpet-bag and its contents got quite wet. What with a continuous rain we were

pretty well drenched, and cut sorry and not very heroic looking figures. A walk of about three-quarters of a mile took us to the farmhouse, leaving the Indian to pack my bag. The worthy proprietor gave me a dinner, and fed my pilot, who I then discharged, and accepted of a seat in a wagon, as my host was fortunately going to a settlement at Oak Bay with some produce.

A drive of three or four miles brought us thither. The sun had set, but I took another canoe, and running up the harbour, got round into Penn's Cove, and crossed over to Coupeville. The night was dark, but a solitary light from afar shed its feeble ray over the waters, and guided us to our destination. I got in somewhere about nine o'clock, having been two days making thirty-one miles. So much for travelling in a new country.

For the information of tourists, it may be here stated, that they can always in uncertain weather depend upon being safe in Chinook or salt-water canoes. These are larger, and of a different build, to the "shovel-nosed" or small flat-bottomed canoes, requiring at least two Indians to manage one. On no account should white men unaccustomed to these waters attempt to navigate them in canoes without Indians in doubtful weather. There are many sad instances on record of loss of life from this cause.

At Coupeville, I passed a week very pleasantly at the house of Major Haller, late on the staff of General M'Clellan. In the pure moral atmosphere and refined society of this happy home—one perhaps endeared to its denizens by the difficulties with which, in a new country, it was created—I rested awhile from my wanderings; and returned to Port Townsend for the winter, braced up anew to fight the battle of life, and strengthened for the season's work.

After the Christmas holidays, I went across the sound to look at the harbour of Muckilteo. The steamer touches at Tulalip, which is ten miles to the north of Muckilteo, and is the largest Indian reservation on the sound, embracing five districts. The number of Indians is about 3,000; there are twenty-five tribes,—some of these do not number more than fifteen to twenty; the largest is 300. They are decreasing at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. Father Chirouse, who has been on the coast for twenty years, and is so well known for his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the red man, conducts a mission here, in conjunction with two assistants. There is a school where sixty children are fed, clothed, and educated; it is superintended by four sisters of charity, and is kept open five hours a day. The remainder is devoted to clearing land, building fences, and other pursuits of agriculture. There is a stock ranch of 500 acres, and some of the Indians possess cattle. They also work a saw-mill; and one of them is so intelligent that he acts as book-keeper. They take contracts for getting out logs for the Port Gamble Mill Company, finding their own materials and provisions, paying the teamster (who is a white man), and otherwise managing the whole business without white labour or superintendence. The girls are taught the domestic arts, and even the etiquette of social life; they are also taught to play on the piano and melodeon. There is a fine chapel attached to the mission; it contains a cabinet organ, which is played by one of the scholars. The children—of whom one half are boys, the others girls—are taken away from their parents entirely. This is found to be the only true system to eradicate their wild habits. The school accommodation was not sufficient for the demands on it, and a new building was added in the fall of 1870.

From time to time, Father Chirouse takes a few of the more advanced pupils to the different mills on the sound, and holds exhibitions; when recitations, Indian dances, scalping scenes, and the Tomanawos or medicine-man mysteries, are acted. They also answer questions in geography and the history of the country. Besides the agent, there is a doctor, a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a clerk. Captain Hill, U.S.A., the resident agent, informed me that he had much trouble with the Indians; that they were like children, and came to him with every little trouble that arose, oftentimes about something that is not the value of two bits. It is interesting to notice that in the list of offences, one of the most common is that of stealing one another's wives. The greatest difficulty Captain Hill had to contend with is whisky selling. There are a low degraded class of white people hanging around, as many as thirty being employed in this infamous traffic; and it is generally impossible to prosecute them from the difficulty of getting proof.

Muckilteo aspired to be the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and future great city of the North-West. It does not give much promise at present of future greatness, for as we drew up to the wharf, only one man could be discerned on it, and three pigs on the beach. The land around belongs principally to Messrs. Frost and Fowler, who kindly accommodated me during my stay here. "Squire Frost" is a member of the Legislature, and the firm own a lager beer brewery, which supplies Port Townsend and the neighbouring mills with this mild beverage. A steam-tug passing by, the captain kindly gave me a passage over to Port Gamble; thence I got to Port Townsend in a little sloop or plunger,* the regular steamer not being due; and this concluded my labours, though I visited the sound the ensuing summer, and gathered fresh material for this narrative.

We will now consider the passes across the Cascade Range, which have been proposed for the passage to the railroad to the sound. The chain borders the eastern side of it, running north and south at an average distance of about seventy-five miles from the coast, and rising to a height of between 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea.

On looking at a map of the proposed route for the railroad, it will be seen that after leaving Lake Superior, the line takes a direction almost due west to Pen d'Oreille, Lake Kootenay, near latitude 48 degrees, and longitude 116 degrees; instead then of making direct for the salt water, it deviates from its course, and takes a great bend to the south-west by way of Walla Walla, but should the line or a branch from it be carried after leaving Pen d'Oreille across the Spokane Valley, direct to the northern end of the sound, so as to secure the nearest harbour to the ocean, it must strike salt water at a point in the neighbourhood of the Snohomish, Skagit, or Lummi rivers In the event of there not being a practicable pass through the Cascade Range in this neighbourhood, it is still open to the

* There is a considerable number of these small craft plying on the sound, both for freight and passengers. In the absence of the regular steamers, the traveller, if pressed for time, can generally hire one at a moderate cost, especially when, as is not unfrequently the case, there are one or two more willing to join. "Banks" are fitted up in the cabins, but the traveller must provide his own blankets. And the skipper will fry a steak and make a cup of tea or coffee, at the regular hours, without extra charge. Those who wish to see the country leisurely will find this mode of travelling very independent and very pleasant.

directors of the railroad, should they decide on bringing it by way of the Snoqualmie, or any one of the passes to the south of that, to carry a line along the shores of the Sound to Whidbey Island or Bellingham Bay, the country being open, and not presenting engineering difficulties. The passes hitherto proposed are five in number, viz.:—1, The Skagit Pass; 2, Cady's Pass; 3, Snoqualmie Pass; 4, Natchez Pass; 5, Cowlitz Pass.

To these I propose to add three more, which, on investigation, appear to me to be worthy of consideration, viz.: 6, A passage between Bellingham Bay and the eastern side of the mountains south of Mount Baker; 7, a proposed pass to the north of the Natchez; 8, a pass to the south of Mount Rainier.



A SETTLEMENT IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Skagit Pass.—There is reason to believe that one exists in the neighbourhood of this river, lower than the Snoqualmie, as it is the only stream which cuts through the Cascade Range, and being the largest river in the territory, it is reasonable to suppose that its valley must afford a practicable pass at some point. Surveying parties have been out the last two summers to explore this section of the country. Their reports have not yet been printed, but it is known that a route by the Skagit will be ninety miles shorter than any other.

Cady's Pass.—This was explored by Mr. Carleton, under the direction of General Tilton, assistant engineer to the railroad company. It is situated between the head-waters of the north and south forks of the Skykomish; its elevation was found to be 6,147 feet above the sea; "from it to the south-east another summit was found between the main south fork of the Skykomish, and the Wenachee, which was found to be 1,030 feet lower, giving for the latter summit an elevation of 5,117 feet. The Sawk and the Skykomish have their connection with the Wenachee nearly on the same ground, hence the pass to the Sawk should have about the elevation of 5,117 feet,* but owing to the lateness of the season the party failed to reach the summit by about twenty-five miles. If the pass to the Sawk is as low as that to the Skykomish, it will prove very clearly the best route for an easy descent from the Wenachee summit to the Sound."† From the summit of the Wenachee to the Columbia River is sixty miles. "For fifty miles from the north of the Snohomish River, the valley is most favourable for railroad construction, the land of excellent quality, and the timber large, perfect, and abundant." Mr. Treadway, in his report of the examination of the Skagit (embodied in Mr. Johnson's), mentions the existence of a trail or portage only three miles long, from the waters of the Sawk, southerly to those of the Steilaquamish, five miles above the Suiatl branch of the Sawk; where the elevation of the former is only 1,270 feet above the sea. The shortness of this portage indicates the possibility of a depression at this point which will permit a line to descend from the Wenachee summit by a lower gradient and enter the Steilaquamish Valley, where an easier descent to the sound may possibly be effected than by following in the valley of the Skagit.

Snoqualmie Pass.—This was fully described in the first article on this subject, to which the reader is therefore referred. But it should be mentioned here that though the height and steepness of the adjoining pass of Cedar River, or Yakima, renders it unfit for the passage of a railroad, it is possible that a line brought by way of the Snoqualmie Pass may, after crossing the summit, follow the Cedar River Valley to the sound, the

* Report of Edwin F. Johnson, late Engineer-in-chief to the Board of Directors, April 1869.

† Ibid.

grade being more uniform and gentle than that of the Snoqualmie Valley.

Cowlitz Pass. — This is about six miles south of Mount Rainier, and has been explored by the railroad company. Its height was found to be 4,210 feet above the sea, or 1,110 feet higher than the Snoqualmie Pass. * "If the main line of the road east of the Columbia River is brought to that at a point near the mouth of the Yakima, the distance from this point to a point on Puget Sound, twenty miles south of Seattle, is found to be about fifty miles longer by the Cowlitz than by the Snoqualmie Pass line, while this latter has greatly the advantage in a less elevation of its summit, in a less extent of maximum grade, in curvature, and in probable cost."†



VIEW ON PUGET SOUND.

A passage between Bellingham Bay and the eastern side of the mountains (not now used).—There is a tradition among

* This is an error. On a journey made in the direction of this pass, I found that "Bear Prairie," which is the divide between the Cowlitz and Nisqually rivers, was 2,781 feet above the sea, by aneroid barometer. Now, this is the point from which the railroad surveying party commenced taking their altitudes; and from some measurements made along the Nisqually Valley, they *assumed* Bear Prairie to be 1,770 feet above the sea level, and having found the summit of the pass to be 2,440 feet above Bear Prairie gave the total altitude as above. But according to my observation as above given, the summit of the pass must be *about* 5,221 feet above the sea or 2,211 feet higher than the Snoqualmie Pass, the aneroid only giving an approximate result.

† Mr. Johnson's Report.

the Indians at the bay that this pass was formerly used by their ancestors. The Lummis and those living on the eastern side were at war. During a battle Mount Baker burst forth, the fires from the volcanoes destroyed the trails, and they have never since been used. Another tradition is, that the Lummis, being worsted in battle during their retreat, set fire to the forests and destroyed the trails to prevent their enemies following them. I requested the Hon. C. E. Finkboner, in charge of the Lummi Reservation, to make inquiries among the Indians. He informed me that the Nootsac Indians, who occupy the upper portion of the river, report that they formerly passed over a trail from the head-waters of the south fork of the Lummi to the head-waters of the north fork of the Skagit or Baker's River (the latter flowing into the former south of Mount Baker); that some of their people have even hauled canoes over it, and packed large loads down the Skagit, and they pronounce it passable even at this day. But it is necessary to state that these reports should be taken with caution, as Indian trails are not generally the most practicable route for a railroad.

A proposed pass to the north of the Natchez.—This is in the immediate neighbourhood of the above, and would start from the point on the Natchez River at the eastern side of the pass, where the old wagon road commences to ascend it. "Deviating north about one mile, it would pass up the small branch running parallel with and north of the wagon road; after entering the mountains by this gorge about ten miles, the road would then turn sharp and pass through the Cascades with a tunnel of less than one mile in length, and at a lower altitude than can be had on the Snoqualmie Pass, with a tunnel of four miles in length. Passing out of the tunnel, the road would continue down Green River to White River, and thence on to Puget Sound. By the Snoqualmie Pass to Puget Sound, the distance would be ninety miles farther; the mountains would have to be crossed at an elevation of at least 800 feet greater, and by a tunnel of four or five miles, instead of less than one mile in length. The approaches to the Snoqualmie, especially on the east, are much longer and more difficult, where, on the west side, the road must leave a direct line, bear south and run down Cedar River, or encounter a perpendicular descent at the Snoqualmie Falls of 272 feet, and in a mountain gorge where it is impossible to distribute the grade. After issuing from the mountains by the Natchez Pass, the road can, by building about thirty miles additional, reach Seattle, Tacoma, and Steilacoom, or even intersect the proposed road from the Columbia River, at or near the head of the sound. The route by the Natchez Pass will be found 100 miles the shortest, and cost less per mile to construct. The course of this route is almost an air line. It traverses the best lands east of the mountains, and the best and largest body of timber on the Pacific slope. White River and the adjacent streams abound in coal of excellent quality. East of the mountains the Wenass, Yakima, Columbia, and Spokane valleys, contain thousands of acres of as fine farming lands as any in the country."*

A pass to the south of Mount Rainier (doubtful).—A report is current at Steilacoom, that there is a pass immediately to the south of Mount Rainier, between the Cowlitz Pass and Mountain, within two or three miles of it; which does not, according to the Indians, contain more than a foot of snow upon it in the depth of winter. I have not been able to get any definite information concerning it, as no white man has been across. Mr. Johnson, in his report before quoted, mentions a valley at the east fork of the Cowlitz, and that it "is low where it leaves the Cowlitz, only 1,310 feet by the survey, above the sea."†

The foregoing pages contain the leading facts on the subject of this great enterprise. It is difficult to say whether railroad directors have chosen the best site for the terminus: be that as it may, a future radiant with the rainbow of promise opens out before the dwellers of the land; and they who have inaugurated this great undertaking may say, in no proud spirit of vaunting, that they will have delivered a new message of peace and goodwill to the nations—one that shall bind the East and West in one unbroken link; so that "the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."*

* Mr. L. P. Beach, in the *Pacific Tribune*, Olympia paper.

† This is probably estimated too low, see note on page 357.

‡ The author desires his acknowledgments to Mr. J. G. Swan for certain statistical information in these articles.

The Government Expedition Round the World.—III.

BY CAPTAIN J. E. DAVIS, R.N.

At Simon's Bay the *Challenger* was thoroughly refitted, and preparations made for the stormy weather likely to be experienced in the Antarctic Seas. The accumulated collection of natural history specimens was duly looked to, cased, and dispatched for England; and, having bid adieu to friends, the ship sailed on her voyage, on the 17th of December, having on that day been (within a few days) just a year from England.

Strong westerly winds carried the expedition swiftly towards Prince Edward Islands, and the usual thick drizzling weather of those latitudes accompanied them, but the ship was well found, and by a timely supply of good warm clothing gratuitously furnished to the men, they were equally prepared with the ship for the work before them.

Christmas Day was anything but a merry one, and the unseemly croak of a penguin that suddenly rose alongside did not cheer them on the way. Still it was Christmas Day, and they were not without the means of good cheer in a hearty dinner and pleasant companionship, which makes Christmas Christmas still, wherever it is passed. On the evening of that day the weather cleared, and Marion Island was first, and Prince Edward Island shortly after, seen, their summits being shrouded in mist.

Marion Island rises upwards of 4,000 feet above the sea,

and is completely snow-capped. The summit is about four miles across, and presents the appearance of a series of rugged nipples. On the slopes are numerous extinct craters, some with the red volcanic ashes round them, and the sides of the hills are thickly studded with lava boulders. The island is about 35 miles round its shores. Prince Edward Island is not so large, being only 15 miles in circumference. It lies 13 miles to the north-east of Marion.

On the 26th, the weather being moderately fine, the *Challenger* bore up for Marion, and succeeded in landing on the lee side; the scientific staff, with the surveyors, were soon at work collecting all within their reach, whilst the ship passed backwards and forwards between the islands dredging. The ground round the shore is very uneven; spurs coming down from the mountains with deep valleys or gullies between them, down which poured the ice-cold water from the melting snow above, keeping the mixture of moss and grass which lined the sides so saturated with water that it more resembled a bog than anything else.

The Kerguelen cabbage was found in great quantities, and proved a very acceptable addition to the table, notwithstanding its slightly medicinal flavour; but the great feature of the island was the birds' nests, the ground being literally covered with them, for while the smaller birds took refuge and built in the hollows of the ground, the larger albatrosses covered the higher ground, their nests being raised about two feet above the surface. The birds took no notice of the intruders, and did not move from their nests, that of the albatross being easily robbed by thrusting the mother bird off the side of the nest with a stick, and taking the egg before she could recover her equilibrium. They snap with their huge beaks, and make an ugly wound if they succeed in hitting an uncovered part. Three species of penguins were found. The king penguin lays its egg without a nest, and if disturbed will take up the egg between its legs in a fold of the skin under the belly, and hop away out of danger, again sitting on the egg wherever she stops.

An attempt was made to land on Prince Edward Island, but without success, and the *Challenger* bore away for the Crozet Islands. Hog Island, the westernmost of this group, was made on the 30th, in the evening; and next morning all that could be seen of it were the breakers on the rocky fringe of its shores. Penguin Island was also seen through the mist, the summits of both appearing as sharp pinnacles. On the afternoon of the 2nd January a fine view was obtained of both Possession and East Islands, the two peaks of the first-named rising to nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. As the *Challenger* approached this island, it was found that the sun shone on it continuously, the ship suddenly passing out of the fog into beautifully clear weather, whilst behind her the fog formed a dense wall. The lofty hills of the island had the effect of dispersing or absorbing the fog, leaving the lee side of the island clear; and it was observed that the albatrosses took advantage of this meteorological fact, invariably building their nests on the lee side, as not one could be discovered on the weather side.

The *Challenger* approached to within half a mile of Navire Bay, and saw the ruins of a hut and some casks near it, but there was too much swell on to land. She, however, fired a gun, and remained some time to attract attention, lest any human being should be on the island, but finding no response, she steered away for Kerguelen Island, and on the morning of the 7th anchored in Christmas Harbour.

As the visit of the expedition to Kerguelen Island was principally to collect facts bearing on the establishment of a position from which the transit of Venus (taking place on the 9th of December, 1874) could with greatest chance of success be observed, no time was lost in collecting this information, by surveying various harbours, and noting the localities which, with the same meteorological conditions as were found at Possession Island, were most clear from the almost proverbial mist of these latitudes. The ship visited Betsy Cove in Accessible Bay, Island Harbour in Royal Sound, Greenland and Cascade Harbours, all of which places were surveyed and otherwise examined, to an extent that the time at disposal would admit of.

At Betsy Cove—or, as it is called by the whaling and sealing fraternity, Pot Harbour, from the fact of its being much frequented for the purpose of frying down the blubber to oil—they fell in with a sealing schooner, and at Island Harbour with another—two of a small squadron owned by the same firm of Americans, and employed at Kerguelen and Heard Islands in seal and whale hunting. From the masters of these vessels much valuable information was obtained, which their lengthened stay at the islands enabled them to give.

The scenery in Royal Sound is described as being very fine, and many photographic views were taken of the neighbourhood. Ducks were plentiful, and many interesting additions were made to the natural history collection, but the uncertainty of the weather was not favourable to the work, and it was only by taking advantage of every moment, as the weather cleared, that anything could be done.

On the 27th of January the *Challenger* again cast anchor in Christmas Harbour, and a cairn was erected on the north-east point of the harbour, within which was deposited a notice of the proceedings of the ship, with meteorological register, and all other information obtained, for the use of the observers of the transit of Venus. This was done as a precaution, as it was not known if, after the arrival of the expedition at Melbourne, there would be time to transmit the intelligence to England prior to the sailing of the transit expedition.

On the last day of January the expedition left Christmas Harbour, and after passing round to the south point of the island (which was named Cape Challenger), it bore away for Heard Island.

Between Kerguelen and Heard Islands much unevenness of bottom was found; midway 150 fathoms was obtained, and two soundings of less than 100 fathoms were had, whilst at other times no bottom was obtained with 220 and 425 fathoms of line.

Light airs and fogs prevailing, it was not until the morning of the 6th that Meyer's Rock and M'Donald Island were sighted, and soon after Heard Island was seen to the eastward. The same afternoon the *Challenger* anchored in Corinthian Bay.

Heard Island, the principal of the group, is 25 miles long, and about 7 broad; it has no good harbour, and the protection to vessels is only due to the direction of the wind and the set of the swell. The mountains in the centre are said to be 6,000 feet high, and are covered with ice and snow, and from which glaciers extend to the sea, the melted water from them extending some distance from the shore, and in some

places the muddy stream discolouring the sea-water a quarter of a mile off.

Captain Nares pronounced Heard Island as an unfavourable position for observing the transit of Venus, preferring two positions on Kerguelen Island.

A sudden fall of the barometer prevented the expedition remaining at Heard Island so long as Captain Nares wished, and, taking its warning, he put to sea—not before it was time, for on clearing the north end of the island a northerly gale broke on the vessel, and on the next morning a heavy sea struck the ship, and stove in the two foremost ports on the main deck, washing everything out of the sick bay; but as the day advanced the wind moderated, and the sun shone with great brilliancy.

On the 11th of February the first iceberg was seen, in latitude 60° 52′. It was about 700 feet long and 200 feet high, and greatly was the sight of one of these floating ice-islands enjoyed by those who had never seen one before; but, as is usual, their frequency and danger soon put an end to the enjoyment, and the hearty wish of the experienced is that they may never see another. On this day soundings were had in 1,250 fathoms, after which a most successful haul with the dredge was made.

On the night of the 13th, and with a thick fog, the *Challenger* ran into the ice-pack, but before any damage was done she was enabled to force her way out. As the ship was not strengthened for resisting collisions with ice, it was not prudent to run greater risks than was necessary, so she was "hove to" for the night. The next morning she was near the edge of a close pack, through which no lanes of water could be seen from the mast-head, another sight of wonder to the uninitiated.

The Antarctic Circle was crossed on the 16th of February, in longitude 78° 22′ east, the ship having followed the western edge of the pack for 150 miles, which now trended north-east. Following this edge they rounded the north end, and kept to the eastward, towards the "Termination Land" of Wilkes. On the 18th heavy falls of snow were experienced, the temperature falling to 22°. On the 20th, seventy-eight icebergs were seen from the ship's deck. The following day, as the weather was fine and the sea smooth, an iceberg was successfully photographed, and then two shots were fired into it from the 12-pounder gun. The first shot, which was fired from the distance of only about 30 yards, brought down a great quantity of fragments, but the second merely buried itself in the ice.

On the 23rd, in the evening, the pack was again met with, and the ship being then about twenty miles from Termination Land, a good look-out was kept for it. The ship was much nearer the position of it than Captain Wilkes had been, but, although the weather was fine and clear, no land could be in the position assigned to it.

On the 24th, a sudden gale sprang up, which brought with it thick weather; whereupon, for the purpose of shortening sail, the ship was taken under the lee of an iceberg, and whilst in that position a sudden lull in the wind occurred, causing the ship to forge ahead, and strike the berg with such effect as to carry away the jib-boom, but fortunately without doing any damage to the ship. Heavy falls of snow, added to the heavy gale, rendered the position of the vessel, surrounded as she was by icebergs, most critical, for the length of the ship could not be seen through at any time. In the afternoon, and during the heaviest part of the gale, a berg was seen to leeward, close to the ship, and on to which she was drifting. There being no room to steam ahead to pass it, the only alternative was to back the sails, and steam astern full speed. Fortunately the ship gathered sternway, and just cleared it. After clearing it, Captain Nares tried to get under its lee, to use it as a breakwater, but the gale was blowing so hard that the ship could not be brought head to wind, and she was obliged to be allowed to drift. Fortunately, before night fell, during a lull, the ship was brought round under the lee of a berg, and as the space between the two icebergs was now known to be clear, she was kept drifting backwards and forwards between them throughout the night.

The following day was fine, and the pack being near and open, the ship was run some distance within the edge, again approaching Termination Land, and this time to within fifteen miles of its assigned position without its being seen.

On the 26th of February, after sounding in 1,975 fathoms and dredging, another gale suddenly sprang up, and another period of intense anxiety was anticipated; but, fortunately, on this occasion one of the much-dreaded icebergs relieved them by giving its friendly aid, the ship, by means of steam, being enabled to keep her position under its lee throughout the night. The next day the *Challenger* bore up for Melbourne, the last iceberg being seen on the 4th of March, in latitude 53° 17′ south, longitude 109° 23′ east. The expedition reached Melbourne on St. Patrick's Day.

Senegambia; With an Account of Recent French Operations in West Africa.—XII.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, (LATE) H.M. INDIAN NAVY.

When it was known at Guémou that a hostile force had reached Bakel, Siré Adama and his followers would not allow any arrangements to be made for the safety of the women and children, being determined to repulse the attack or perish together in the attempt. The flotilla, under the direction of Commander Desmarais, landed at Diogountoro, on the afternoon of the 24th of October, 1859, a column of troops with Colonel Faron in command; Lieutenant Vincent, chief of the staff; and Surgeon Mahé, of the Navy, in charge of the ambulance. The column was composed as follows, viz.:—400 volunteers from Bakel, Bondou, and Gadiaga, under the command of Captains Cornu and Flize of the Marines, the former the commandant of Bakel; 200 men of the 4th Regiment of Marines, under Captain Millet; 256 native sailors, under



NEGRO PILGRIMS.

Commander Aube; 490 men of the Senegalese battalion of *tirailleurs*, under Captain Pineau; 50 Spahis, under Lieutenant de Casal; 400 volunteers from up country, under the command of the Bondou chief, Boubakar-Saada; 44 marine artillery, with 4 mountain howitzers, under Captain Vincent; 5 artillery horses to draw the guns, and 8 mules, completed the total. The ammunition boxes were carried by hand, and the troops were supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition and provisions for two days, per man.

The distance from Diogountoro to Guémou is about eight miles, and after the first few hundred yards of plain, a small stream, about thirty feet wide and eighteen inches deep, has to be crossed, after which the nature of the jungle for the next five miles is such as to compel a march in single file; it then begins to become gradually less dense; and after another mile has been traversed, open ground is again met with. The village becomes visible at about seven miles from the starting-point, and is apparently about one mile distant. Having now arrived in sight of the object of attack, the position was carefully reconnoitred by the commander of the expedition; and Captain Vincent received orders to take up a position with two of the howitzers, about 500 yards from the west front, which was the side immediately facing the direction of their approach. The first few shots dislodged some of the defenders who had been posted in the ambuscades in advance of the front now being attacked; and as they were seen to enter the main work through gaps purposely left in the wall of the south side, the French naturally concluded that similar means of ingress and egress were provided in the north face. The two remaining howitzers were now brought up, and added their fire to that of the two already in position, and at the same time two sections, consisting of about fifty marines, advanced in skirmishing order towards the extremities of the front attacked, to watch the north and south faces. Colonel Faron then determined to assault the two last-named fronts, as the gaps already alluded to would greatly facilitate the entry of the attacking party; and to carry out his intention divided his forces into two columns of attack. The left column, which was to operate against the north face, was placed under the orders of Commander Aube, and consisted of two sections of infantry and two of *laptots;* whilst the light column, which was to attack the south face, was made up of a section of Spahis and four sections of Senegalese *tirailleurs*, under the command of Captain Pineau. The volunteers were ordered to take up positions on the extreme right and left of these columns. The artillery were then ordered to advance, and opening a heavy fire at 200 yards, many of the defenders were dislodged and driven out of their ambuscades. A number of the inhabitants were then observed to make their escape towards some woody hillocks lying some distance off to the rear, upon which the *tirailleurs* were ordered to extend, and encircle the enceinte, so that they might either kill or capture all those who should seek safety in flight.

The time for a general advance having now arrived, Pineau's column was reinforced by two sections of *laptots;* whilst the reserve, composed of the artillery and four sections of Senegalese *tirailleurs*, got into a position as soon as all stragglers had been whipped up. The artillery having received orders to cease firing as soon as the assaulting columns had entered the fort, the two columns were moved forward to the attack, with instructions to make good use of their bayonets. The right column, the first to arrive at the point of attack, received the fire of the defenders still in ambush, from the very muzzles of their pieces, and at the same time a brisk fire was kept up upon them from the loop-holes in the inner and outer lines of defence. The French consequently suffered severely; several were wounded, amongst others, Sub-Lieutenant de Casal, who was shot through the thigh. The coloured troops, unable to divest themselves of their native ideas of warfare, even after one or two years' training, insisting on lying down and firing from a recumbent position, in spite of the remonstrances and example of their officers, who entreated them to continue their advance. As it was of importance that the right column should have effected its purpose before the left reached the walls of the fort, Colonel Faron, seeing how matters stood with the former, at once galloped to the front and assumed command. At the sound of his voice order was restored, and Spahis, *laptots*, and *tirailleurs*, at once rising and following their gallant leader, who received a slight wound from a musket-ball, rushed into the interior of the fort through the gaps in the outer wall. The defenders were driven back on all sides, and the troops, following their officers, continued their advance until they were brought up by a wall having externally the same appearance as the defences of the groups of huts—which latter had been fired in all directions—but which they soon discovered to be the redoubt already described, and a work not to be taken without much difficulty and loss of life. The casualties on the side of the French were already numerous enough, for Lieutenant Delentre, Midshipman Bourrel, and Sub-Lieutenant Lambert, with several others, were already *hors de combat;* and Colonel Faron, seeing the critical position of the column, and feeling that it was necessary to take decisive measures for the attack of this entrenchment, ordered the troops to fall back; he had no sooner done so than he received two bullet wounds, one of them in the cheek. Just at this moment the head of the left column made its appearance, having met with less resistance, and Commander Aube was congratulating Colonel Faron on the success of the enterprise, when the latter, pointing to the formidable obstruction which held them in check, quickly revealed to him the real state of affairs. Scarcely had he finished speaking, when he received a fourth wound from a bullet which struck him in the upper part of the breast and completely disabled his right arm. Already faint from loss of blood, he was compelled to hand over the command of the attack to Commander Aube, the senior officer present, and, dismounting, was carried to the rear, from whence he continued to issue his orders. It was now deemed advisable to make arrangements for breaching the face of the redoubt; and, for this purpose, two of the howitzers were brought up to within twenty-five yards of the redoubt, under command of a young officer named Cintré, who showed the greatest intrepidity, and stimulated his men to fresh exertions by his courageous example. After a considerable quantity of ammunition had been expended, the breach, after examination, was not considered practicable. It was now half-past ten, the heat was excessive, and the troops were very fatigued; a little rest was therefore found to be absolutely necessary before returning to the attack. During the short interval of repose that was permitted, Commander Aube, an able and brave officer, assisted by Lieutenant Vincent, made a careful reconnaissance of the position. The other officers also were not idle, for Midshipman Mage, a smart and intelligent young fellow with Sub-Lieutenant Lecreurer, had rallied round

them some men from the different corps, and were very shortly afterwards joined by Lieutenants Monquin and Jacquet, with two sections of European troops, with which force they completely blockaded the redoubt. In the meantime, Captain Flize was instructed to inform the commanding officer, Colonel Faron, of the state of affairs, and to beg him to send a further supply of ammunition; Lieutenant Benech had also received orders to carry off the wounded, who had remained in the vicinity of the redoubt since the commencement of the attack, with but scant protection from the burning rays of the sun. The mission was effected, but not without loss of life; for Lieutenant Benech, the officer in charge, who had, poor fellow, earned for himself a good reputation and was much respected, was laid low by a ball which struck him in the forehead; and it is worthy of note that the French remarked that, throughout the whole of the engagement, all those who were killed on their side were struck in the head.

Towards noon, Colonel Faron ordered Commander Aube to make a fresh attempt with Captain Vincent's artillery and a reinforcement of fifty picked men, under the command of Captain Millet, an officer full of pluck and *sang-froid;* and after an hour and a quarter's pounding by the artillery, an effort was made to carry the work by storm; but the attacking party were repulsed, the breaches not being practicable. The artillery then resumed their fire, but, having expended all their ammunition in a quarter of an hour, a second assault was determined on. Sub-Lieutenant Jacquet, followed by two or three men of the marines, was the first to enter the redoubt, and was closely followed by Lieutenant Monquin, Captain Millet, and Midshipman Mage, with some Europeans and natives. The forty or fifty survivors of the defence were quickly dispatched by the bayonets of the assaulting party; not, however, without a stubborn resistance, in which Lieutenant Monquin was severely wounded. Siré Adama and the chiefs who were with him died without showing the slightest symptoms of fear. All was over now, and the gallant efforts of the French and their allies were at last crowned with success. The volunteers could not be restrained from plundering the village, but the rest of the troops were satisfied to carry away their dead. The French losses amounted to one officer and thirty-eight men killed, and six officers and ninety men wounded, including the volunteers; whilst those of the enemy amounted to 250 killed, and 1,500 who were made prisoners. Colonel Faron ordered the men back to camp about four p.m., and arrangements were at once made for conveying the wounded back to Diogountoro. The officer of engineers, Sant by name, a man of considerable skill and energy, was then instructed to blow up the works, and a sufficient quantity of powder for the purpose was happily found inside the village. The fields of millet, almost ripe, were also fired by the volunteers, apparently an extreme act, but one which was necessitated by the exigencies of the case. Captains Cornu and Flize were further instructed to march upon Komendao, a dependency of Guémou, with a party of volunteers, and destroy the village, which was accomplished without opposition. The following day was devoted to dispatching convoys to Diogountoro, burying the dead and completing the destruction of the village, and before nightfall the whole of the troops were once again on board the flotilla.

The chief honour for the success achieved in this expedition, so glorious to French arms, is of course due to M. Faron. The Governor knew he could not do wrong in placing the utmost reliance on his skill and resolution, and the result proved that his confidence was not misplaced. M. Faron, from his first arrival at Senegal, when he took part in the expedition to Moinré to attack the camp of the native king, proved that he was possessed of no uncommon capacity, which received a brilliant confirmation in this affair at Guémou.

THE ENGLISH ON THE GAMBIA.—CONCLUSION.

The author of "Wanderings in West Africa," an acute observer, who has some familiarity with our colonies on the Gambia, writes of the relative positions of the French and ourselves:—"The warlike Imperial policy contrasts strongly with our Quaker-like peacefulness; about Gambia the natives have sneeringly declared that they will submit to the French, who are men, but not to us." This was penned in 1863, in the palmy days of the Empire, when the military expenditure was profuse, and Imperial generals were always on the look-out for pretexts to extend the power and influence of France, but can hardly hold good on the West Coast since Sir Garnet Wolseley's victorious successes.

In consequence of the aggressive conduct of the tribes bordering on the British settlements on the Gambia, who were instigated by the Marabout, Mabah, Colonel D'Arcy, in 1861, resolved to attempt a more energetic policy than that proposed by the Colonial Office.

To make the narrative intelligible, we must give some description of the career of the notorious Mabah, derived from the works before referred to.

Born among the Ouoloff tribe of the kingdom of Saloum, and thence expelled for some crime committed at an early age, he took refuge in Bathurst, where he worked for some time as a labourer in the carriage of ground-nuts, one of the most important articles of colonial exportation. In the course of a few years he had amassed a sufficient sum to enable him to take a conspicuous part in the neighbouring kingdom of Badiboo, in which, by permission of the Soninké king, he founded a town, to which he gave his own name, and in which he took up his abode. Soon after, he embraced Mohammedanism, and was admitted into the priestly order of Marabouts, in which he acquired a considerable reputation for sanctity. At this period, and too probably at his instigation, the attacks on the persons and property of our settlers on the part of the King of Badiboo became so frequent and flagrant as to point to the necessity of the most vigorous and decisive measures for preserving the safety of the colony. Taking advantage of the arrival of the *Avon* transport with the triennial relief on board, the Governor organised an expedition rather of a demonstrative than of an aggressive character; and aided by the prompt co-operation of Commodore Edmonstone, threw a force of about 800 men of the West India regiments, with a hundred of the Gambia Militia Artillery, into Badiboo, the military portion of the expedition being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray. The natives, who had thrown up earthworks to prevent a landing, defended them with great spirit, and a few days afterwards resisted the invading force with obstinacy and resolution at the stockade of Sabba, where they were supported by a large body of cavalry. This led on to a regular engagement, in which they were signally defeated by our troops, and the stockade effectually destroyed, though not without the loss of Lieutenant Hamilton, R.N., and three sailors, who fell at his side. The day after, the principal

chiefs were sent in, on the part of the king, to sue for peace, swearing on the Koran that they would no longer molest our traders, and giving hostages to guarantee their fidelity.

The importance of this short campaign, and the value of its results were not only recognised in the promotions of those who had contributed to them, but were made the subject of a complimentary despatch to the Governor from the then Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

The course of Mabah during this campaign was singular and unexpected. After taking part in the resistance given to our troops at the beginning, he soon perceived that it must be altogether futile in the end, and at once determined to cast his lot with the British, with whom he acted to the close of the campaign. This rendered his position in Badiboo a dangerous one after the departure of our force, while his new familiarity with European warfare, and his knowledge of the irresistible power of religious fanaticism among the native populations, suggested to his mind the idea of a rebellion, in which the objects of his ambition would be fully attained. His early career had been a sufficient resemblance to that of Mohammed himself, to present the idea that he might be destined in later life to share the military success of the great prophet of his faith, and to claim some portion of his inspiration. Accordingly, he added the prophetic to the priestly order, and placed himself at the head of his followers with such energy in this new character, as to find that he was soon able to overrun the kingdom of Badiboo, whose inhabitants only saved themselves from destruction by crossing the river to the Soninké kingdom of Yanimaroo.

In April, 1862, the death of the King of Barra produced a new complication, which the Governor had foreseen and endeavoured to avert by exacting an oath from Mabah, that he would not extend his arms beyond Badiboo. But the anarchy which prevails on the death of a native king, and continues during the three months in which the elective monarchy is in abeyance, offered a temptation to the successful chief which he was unable to resist. The Marabouts who lived in Barra, and who had probably invited the intervention of their co-religionist, eagerly joined him when he turned his force against that disorganised kingdom. And here a singular incident presented itself. From the mysterious organisation of their system, the Marabouts, like the Jesuits of old, had become the objects of so deep a terror to the ignorant Soninkés, that the belief spread like a panic through their entire body that a Marabout was in every household.

A paralysis of fear and distrust supervened, and the hosts which had professed their determination to defend their capital and their king to the very last, melted away less before the dread of an outward enemy than at the suspicion of an enemy within their own camp. Escaping to Jessoul, a large Soninké town just within the limit of the ceded mile, and sending their women and children to the fort for protection, they rallied, and awaited the approach of the prophet. But British guns were now too near him to permit him to do more than gaze upon the tempting prize. The scene was impressive.

The prophet king was in full view of the coveted prey, and opposite to the representatives of the British power, under whose protection the terror-stricken exiles had placed themselves, seated on a priedieu chair, and dreamily chanting the services of his religion, his mind being probably more engaged in calculating the chances of the conflict he had so nearly provoked. A sudden resolution broke up this strange reverie, and rising up as though he had been too long inactive, he hastened back to Badiboo, which during his absence had been invaded and burnt by the native King of Salem.

In person, it is said, Mabah was like Saul, towering a whole head and shoulders above his people. He was at the time of which we speak fifty-five years of age, with a countenance severely disfigured with small-pox, which gave him an almost unearthly appearance. At the same time—what is very usual in Africans—the conformation of his nose was European, a feature which gave him increased influence among the natives, who attach the idea of a higher intellect to the prominence of the bridge of the nose. Such was the personal appearance of this too successful chief.

A long and dreary course of warfare and reprisals followed, the political results of which were less decisive than the social and practical consequences were deplorable. For the beautiful Barra country, which had been the granary of our colonies on the Gambia, became a desert, and the wretched cultivators of the soil poured in upon Bathurst, leaving hundreds dead along the path of the mournful exodus, and bringing upon the Governor and the unfortunate colony a weight of misery and pauperism, which needed administrative powers of no ordinary strength and elasticity to support. The civil war in the meantime, which during 1862 had been like a gathering tempest rumbling in the distance, was now fast approaching the British possessions, and threatened at any moment to involve the ceded district on the north of the river in misery and ruin.

Mr. Jenkins, in his interesting paper, combats the unaccountable prejudices of many in influential and even official positions in England, in regard to the conflict of races and religions in Western Africa. Many such persons even went so far as to assume that "drunken Pagans" were being supported against "abstemious Mohammedans," "half-idolatrous Soninkés" against "Marabout pietists." This is certainly very hard to conceive, inasmuch as not only the unanimous expressions of the chiefs of the colony, but the independent testimony of General Faidherbe himself, who was actually under the eye of the authorities, whose description of the faithlessness and cruelty of the prophet, "who, under the cloak of religion, as sent by God to propagate Islamism, left nothing but ruins behind him," was too truthful a commentary on the recorded experience of Colonel D'Arcy, to permit any intelligent man for a moment to be the victim of so strange a delusion. It should also be borne in mind the fact that within the ceded mile, there were protected towns both of the Marabouts and their Soninké rivals, and that the continual and painful difficulty of the Government at Bathurst was by carefully balancing their claims and pretensions against one another, to prevent them from coming into direct antagonism. The settlement of the Ouoloff chief before referred to, which had been with difficulty tolerated during the calm which succeeded the demonstration at Albreda, soon led the way to an open rupture with the British, the capture of ninety head of cattle from Masambar's grazing-ground, and at the attack of Siterninko, a Soninké town, occurring almost at the same moment.

The warning which these outrages provoked from the Governor appeared at first to have some success. But on the 24th June, 1866, a sound of heavy firing from the direction



WEST AFRICAN TYPES.

of Bantang-Killing proved to the inhabitants of Bathurst that new difficulties must have arisen within the limits of the British protectorate. The news that Bantang-Killing had been surrounded and attacked by the Marabouts rapidly followed, and that Masambar had, by a vigorous resistance both on the land and on the river side, succeeded in beating off his assailants. Opportunely assisted by H.M.'s ship *Mullet*, which had just anchored in the harbour, Colonel D'Arcy proceeded up the river, and having raised the blockade which had been formed by the Marabouts, discovered the existence of a formidable league against the persecuted chief, between certain towns, all lying within the ceded mile, and claiming the protection of the British flag.

As there was no time to write to the Governor of Sierra Leone for instructions, and the arrival of a man-of-war in the river presented an opportunity for establishing, probably by a mere demonstration of power, the supremacy of England within the ceded mile, Colonel D'Arcy proceeded up the river in the *Mullet*, Captain Robinson, R.N., supported by the *Dover*, as far as Albreda, at the head of a small but gallant force, consisting of about 350 men, regulars and volunteers, whose disembarkation was completed on the morning of the 28th June. Having promptly disarmed the Marabout residents in Albreda, who had formed part of the aggressive force at Bantang-Killing, he was joined on the 29th by 500 allies under the chief of Jessow, who had made common cause with Masambar, on account of the unprovoked massacre by the Marabouts of the unarmed Soninkés while working in the fields, in the attack on Siterninko during the preceding week. Ordering the captain of the *Dover* to steam up to Sicca, about four miles from Albreda, by which movement the desertion of the enemy of the stockaded towns of Sicca, and Jillifree (which were immediately destroyed by the allies) was effected, Colonel D'Arcy spent the rest of the day in preparations for attacking the enemy, whose forces he could now foresee would be concentrated in a single stronghold, and whose plan of resistance evidently had long been laid.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 30th June, the 4th West India Regiment, under the command of Major Mackay, advanced to Bantang-Killing, where they were joined by Masambar's troops, about 250 strong, which formed the left wing of this small army, the men of the 4th West India Regiment being in the centre of the force, and about a hundred volunteers, under the immediate command of the Governor himself, in the rear; the allies under the command of Major Primet, of the Gambia volunteers, forming the right flank. Passing from Bantang-Killing to Lamin along the bank of the river, and supported by the *Mullet*, which, dropping down the stream, anchored off that place, they found that the town had been rapidly evacuated, and after destroying it, they proceeded towards Tubaba-Kullong, which they reached about mid-day under the furnace-heat of an African sun in June. Unfortunately during a skirmish in the bush with the Marabouts of Aljamadoo, who were advancing to the support of their co-religionists, a considerable part of the allies met with a partial reverse, and having lost their prince and leader Sarjoo, fell back in disorder upon the main column, causing a panic among the followers and ammunition carriers, who, throwing away their burdens, fled in confusion to Albreda.

Tubaba-Kullong—"the white man's well," destined also to become the white man's grave—was a large, strongly-stockaded town, rising on one side from the river which reached its defences at high tide, and backed by a bold rising ground on the north. It was occupied by a large body of the enemy, who, being well under cover, kept up a continuous and fatal fire against the assailants of the stockade from the east. The first design of Colonel D'Arcy was to shell the town from the hill with rockets and howitzers, while the *Mullet* was supporting the attack with a flank fire; but at this emergency it was found that the supplies which had been brought from Bathurst had been fatally injured by damp, for the rocket-tubes burst from iron-mould or otherwise, and that the enemy were able to quench the flames; the women being distinctly visible, in the glare of the fires, endeavouring, not without success, to suppress the rising flames by means of wet cloths attached to long bamboos—a work to whose almost inevitable perils the heaped-up-dead within the fort gave afterwards hideous testimony. Hundreds of warriors were in the meantime defending the stockade with desperate courage, leisurely picking off the foremost ranks of the assaulting party, directing their principal aim at the Governor, who being almost the only officer mounted, and being so well known to the natives from his flowing white beard, presented a prominent target to their deadly double-barrelled guns. The terrible struggle had lasted till about four o'clock, and while no impression had been made upon the town, the position of the assailants was every minute becoming weaker and more critical. The fire of the *Mullet* was wild from the distance she lay off, and as the shells from her 68-pounder went screaming over the town, its defenders were heard shouting ironically, while the war-drum beat defiantly, and the fire from the stockade continued in volleys without intermission. It then became necessary to carry the place by assault, with pioneers in front—a plan of attack whose signal results at Sabba and other places were too well known to those who, like the Governor, were acquainted with African warfare. This was still more necessary on this occasion, from the fact that the warriors of five towns, 800 in number, were concentrated behind the stockade. The counsel of the more timid was to fall back on Albreda, but the bold and more vigorous, inspired with the fearlessness of the Governor, and putting implicit confidence in his experience, resolved to carry the town or perish in the attempt.

The author of the "British Settlements on the Gambia" describes what followed, in spirited terms:—No sooner had the little council of war, rapidly and earnestly held under the shade of a palm-tree at a short distance from the stockade, arrived at the only worthy decision in such an emergency, when, conscious of the necessity of adopting extraordinary means at so urgent a moment, the officers of the detailed storming party of the 4th West India Regiment, Lieutenants Marshall, Jenkins, and Kelly, at the suggestion of the Governor, hastened through the ranks, addressing to the soldiers as they passed energetic words of appeal and encouragement; reminding them that now the opportunity had come for proving their prowess; that the only Europeans who were with them were their officers; that the honour of their race was in their hands. The reply was worthy of the address: "Lead us, gentlemen, and never fear but we will follow." And the rush to the stockade under a raking fire from the town and from the hill behind was a sufficient proof of its sincerity. Foremost in the attack, and in the very centre of the front, was the Governor himself, whose well-known and characteristic appearance

marked him out for the fire of the enemy. Leaping from his horse, with Ensign Kelly on his right, and Lieutenant Jenkins on his left, whose loud and earnest appeals to the men to "stand by the Governor" were heard by him even in the din of warfare, and amid the clouds of smoke that hid from him all around, he first mounted the stockade. At this critical moment his sword was shattered to pieces, and throwing the handle over the stockade, and bidding the men follow it, he called for an axe to cut down the stockade. Ably seconded by the pioneers Boswell and Hodge, of whom one fell nobly in the moment of victory, while the other lives to wear the well-earned cross of valour, he effected an entrance into the fort, supported by the regulars under Captain Barnard, and by the volunteers under Mr. Hurst, and in a few minutes the gallant, but diminished band were in full possession of the stronghold of the rebellion. But the confusion of the assault had hardly settled down into a calm, when the fatal losses became apparent. The officers and four men of the 4th West India Regiment on either side of him had perished in the very moment the breach was effected.

Lieutenant Jenkins had fallen on the one side, struck by a bullet aimed from a banting* at Colonel D'Arcy himself, while Ensign Kelly lay mortally wounded on the other. In the one case death was instantaneous; in the other only a few hours of unconsciousness intervened. The devoted secretary of the Governor, Mr. Hurst, who took up so successfully the work of the fallen, survived but for a few weeks. Escaped from the perils of warfare, he fell a victim to the fatal pestilence which "turned the victory into mourning," and almost obliterated in the minds of the people of Bathurst the memories of a day which must ever fill so important a place in the history of their colony. The entire town of Tubaba-Kullong was soon in the hands of the allies, and the enemy, driven from this last stronghold, took to the open country, where they fell, after fighting bravely, by the sword of the allies under the gallant Major Primet, of the Gambia Volunteers. While the losses on our side were unusually severe, and the bravery of both regulars and irregulars was read too fully in the list of the killed and wounded, the losses of the enemy were far more numerous, and the courage with which they had clung to their posts to the last was witnessed by the heaps of the dead, who were piled up on the very verge of the stockade. The results of the affair of Tubaba-Kullong were almost as sudden as the success itself. The rich Barra district from being a scene of terror and confusion sank into perfect tranquillity; agricultural labours were resumed, and mercantile operations were carried on along the river with perfect security.†

The necessity for attacking Aljamadoo on the following morning was obviated by its evacuation by the enemy. The allies who proceeded thither burned the town, so that five of the rebel towns were now destroyed, and the rest of the Marabouts of the kingdom of Barra outside the ceded mile retreated in consternation to Badiboo, swarming across the Jocardo creek.

On the first of July, the force returned to Bathurst in the *Mullet*, numbering of all ranks, sixty-one killed and wounded, and the Governor discovered on his arrival that 800 Marabouts from Goonjoor had already started to attack Bathurst, but the intelligence of the fall of Tubaba-Kullong made them retrace their steps, and compelled them to send a deputation of "holy men" to supplicate for peace. This completed the evidence of the fact which the perspicacity of the Governor had detected from the first, that the conspiracy had spread itself through the entire Mohammedan population on both sides of the river, and that its vigorous repression was necessary to the very existence of the colony. The people of Bathurst, estimating the danger from which they had so narrowly escaped—for in the event of a failure of the little army on the north side of the river, the natives of Goonjoor, and other districts in Combo, were already prepared to march upon Bathurst itself—gave substantial proof of their appreciation of Colonel D'Arcy's conduct by presenting him with a valuable sword of honour, whilst the fragments of the shattered sword were kept as charms by the native warriors, and the Marabouts of Goonjoor sent a mission to the Governor, swearing by the Koran that they would never again venture to side with their co-religionists against the British. This oath, says the writer whom we are now quoting, they will keep so long as their fears of our power prevail, but with their fathers' graves in our possession at Sabbajee, they keenly watch their opportunity to regain their lands.

We have now concluded our survey of the French in Senegambia, and hope that some information has been imparted to our readers not readily accessible to all of them. The French have many advantages over us in their settlements on the West Coast, owing to the superior salubrity of the climate; but although the object for which we first established ourselves on the Gold Coast—the repression of the slave trade—no longer requires our presence there, and notwithstanding that the fatal character of the climate may give the whole of our possessions, and not Sierra Leone alone, the suggestive and well-earned title of "the White Man's Grave," yet, by a recent determination of our Government, it has been decided that our occupation is to be permanent. It only remains for us, therefore, to adopt measures to locate our officials and troops in the most salubrious parts, and to Lord Carnarvon may safely be left this task, and the other measures of reform he has sketched out from his place in Parliament. Now that Denmark and Holland have withdrawn from the Coast of Africa, the flags of England and France alone wave on those shores; and though there, as in every quarter of the globe, they have met in sanguinary strife, let us conclude by the expression of a hope that, for the future, the only rivalry between two great friendly nations may be in spreading the blessings of civilisation.

* A banting is a temporary tower, so constructed as to enable a marksman to fire over the stockade down upon the assailants. On this occasion a well-known elephant-hunter, named Malamin, was seated surrounded by loaded double-barrelled trade guns. He it was, it is supposed, who slew so rapidly the officers and men of the storming party; but their deaths were avenged, as he fell inside by the hand of the Governor, in this wise: On finding that the Governor and Private Hodge were inside the stockade, he ran down the ladder, placing the muzzle of his fire-lock on the Governor's head; but the priming alone burnt. Lance-Corporal Warner, lying desperately wounded in the stockade, passed his loaded fire-lock into the Governor's hands, and Malamin fell dead. Here the Governor remained fighting desperately, Warner and Hodge loading for him, till his faithful interpreter, John Day, brought up Lieutenant Hunt, of the Volunteers, and a party of the 4th to his relief, and the Marabouts fled in disorder, only to be slain by the allies on the glacis as they left by the North Gate.

† The success of a vigorous policy had been already tested by General (then Major) O'Connor, formerly Governor of the Gambia, in the recovery and destruction of the Sabbagee, in the district of British Combo, where the most beneficial results have been secured by a single energetic movement. Though the losses on that occasion also were considerable, the lesson then given to the Marabouts on the south side of the river has been so effectual, that the internal peace of British Combo has never been since disturbed.

The Mountains and Valleys of Virginia.—II.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

THERE can be no doubt that when these mines and deposits of iron ore are in full operation, and the railroad is employed in feeding the furnaces that are being constructed near it at various points, we shall have a development of the iron and coal trade that will render protection altogether unnecessary, and will enable America to be supplied with all the iron and coal it needs on the most favourable terms. What can hinder or interfere with this development, and why has it not long since come into operation? The answer is at hand. The railroad is only just completed, and cannot even now be said to be in full work. The coal-mines are only now in course of being opened, the furnaces are in course of construction, the iron ores are hardly yet out of the ground on any large scale. All these things, however profitable and remunerative, require capital to be started, and of capital for such purposes there is little to be had. For mere speculative purposes, there is no difficulty in raising hundreds of thousands of pounds, but for this steady development, which, if undertaken in the proper way, affords an absolute certainty of success, there is little inclination in America, except among the few individuals who soon become millionaires and leave the ground open to their successors. This kind of success is only beginning to be appreciated in the United States.

Along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, in a very few years from the present time, there will, however, doubtless be a series of manufacturing towns and a string of iron furnaces, the latter making iron at a cost positively smaller than it can be made either on the Clyde or in Cleveland, the quality of the iron being superior, and the quantity limited only by the demand. It is impossible not to see that much of the trade in iron and many of the important manufactures now carried on in Pennsylvania will be removed to this new locality. Under these circumstances there must be a demand for iron ore and coal which will justify an exceedingly large extraction, and cannot fail to develop the resources of the district on a gigantic scale.



MINING IN THE WEST.

Few things are more interesting than to watch the commencement and growth of a great industry, but it is not often that there is an opportunity of doing so from the commencement, as there is usually a certain amount of doubt as to the exact spot whence it will be found in practice most convenient to start. No such doubt can be felt in the case before us.

From Charlottesville, 100 miles west of Richmond, where a line of rail crosses the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and passes a series of deposits of iron ore of extraordinary value for richness and purity, to Clifton Forge, a distance of nearly 100 miles by rail, there is an uninterrupted tract, on any part of which furnaces may be built with advantage, but along a certain part of the way the railway crosses or runs parallel to the belts of ore, and here, where the ore is obtainable almost without expense of carriage, there will naturally be the starting-points. As, however, for many purposes, it is advisable to mix the ores, those of the eastern district being beds slope more rapidly than the valley, and at the further distance of eighty miles, being 371 miles from Richmond by rail, the highest bed of the series has been intersected at the water level, and after this all disappears under the surface. This takes place not far from the city of Charlestown, the capital of West Virginia, situated on the Kanawha River, fifty miles from the Ohio by rail.

There are, within this breadth of country, at least a dozen seams of coal known to be workable and all of good quality. They include some of extraordinary value among them, being bands of cannel coal, fetching a large price in the great cities.



A WESTERN SETTLEMENT.

generally magnetic, and often containing manganese, while those of the western belong to the class of brown hæmatites, hardly any spot having any local advantages is excluded. Water power will, of course, give an increased value to some localities, and will be the cause of their early selection. Many other subordinate but sufficient reasons will be found to act, but ultimately all the land will greatly increase in value as any of it may be utilised for purposes of manufacture.

The distance of the furthest point west where iron ore is now found near the line of the railway to the nearest point to the east where coal is found, is another hundred miles, but even when reached, it is not everywhere that the coal can be opened to immediate advantage. The lowest beds of the series first appear, and are a thousand feet above the valley. Gradually the valley cuts across the coal-seams under more favourable conditions, for although both slope towards the west, the coal-

where it is used for enriching the gas made from ordinary coal. There are also bands of "splint coal," a singularly hard, clean variety, hardly known in the European coal-fields, which may be used raw in the furnace to make an iron equal to charcoal iron, and which can bear exposure to sun and rain without injury for an indefinite period. Such coal is invaluable in the tropics. It can be carried on board ship with little loss and no danger; it yields gas on distillation, but does not give off any on pressure or exposure, and is quite equal to the best bituminous coal for household purposes, gas-making, steam-engine work, and the reduction of metals. The other coals are bituminous coals of good quality, having little ash, and burning well, yielding much gas on distillation.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad cuts across the great coal-field thus characterised, almost at right angles in its course down the valley of the New River and Kanawha, these

two names being applied to the one stream (properly called the Kanawha) which rises in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, and rushing down impetuously in a narrow, closed channel for a long distance, being at first a mountain torrent, but afterwards a navigable stream, and which finally enters the Ohio at Point Pleasant. The Kanawha, however, although navigable in the ordinary sense of the word, is practically closed during part of the autumn by shoals formed opposite its chief tributaries, of which there is a large number, and during part of the winter by ice. It is thus ill-adapted for coal transport, as when the demand is greatest the boats are sometimes unable to go down. At such times there is not only a check and inability to supply the market at its greatest need, but when a thaw comes and the boats are freed, there is so large a quantity suddenly thrown on the market, that the price realised is even smaller than during the summer, when the demand is naturally slack. Thus, the railroad is really the only means of conveyance to be depended on, and must ultimately supersede boats.

The Kanawha is a large river and runs through a plateau, receiving at short distances all the way on both sides smaller streams of the same character, with precipitous banks, and draining the country behind often for more than a hundred miles by narrow valleys, gorges, and ravines, admirably adapted to render accessible the coal-measures that are intersected by these clefts. It is impossible to have conditions more favourable for getting out the coal than are presented by this conformation of the country. The beds are nearly level; they are generally above the water-line; they can be worked without pumping, entered without shafts, and the coal has to be lowered instead of lifted.

With the coal as with the iron, there are some localities more favourably situated than others. In some cases branch railways will have to be constructed, and expenses incurred to move and carry the coal to market, while in others the coal is got out on the cliff-side and lowered at once into the railway trucks. The companies who come first into the market and obtain the best tracts will, no doubt, enjoy an advantage over those whose lands lie out of the way and are less manageable But in all coal districts there is this difference, and it does not prevent the least accessible from giving in due time very fair profits to the coal-owner.

The development of the coal trade in the Kanawha, as that of the iron trade in the country to the east, is a matter of certainty, and it is hardly possible that the time can be distant. But, however profitable and however certain the return, no great business in minerals and manufactures can be carried on without capital; and capital in the sense here meant is very difficult to find in America.

There is always so much to do with it that nobody can lock it up. Those who have the command of a little capital instead of being content with investing it in a tract of moderate extent, which their means would enable them to work, are always tempted to commit themselves by a small present payment to the acquisition of thousands of acres, instead of buying out-and-out and working vigorously a few hundreds. They consider that by selling these lands again, after time has increased their value, but before the rest of the purchase-money has become due, they will get their money returned more rapidly, and will be able to repeat this process.

If half the dollars that have changed hands in reference to back lands that will not be opened for half a century had been, employed in prudently opening the lands close to the railway a market would have been already created, and the demand so much longed for would have existed. Now, those who do work the coal are obliged to let it go into the hands of agents, who make more profit per ton in the way of commission for buying and selling than the coal-owner realises for the getting. It is evident that with proper management this profit of agency would belong to the coal-owner.

But, after all, the time that has elapsed since the railway was open for coal traffic still amounts only to about six months. In other countries, so short a time would not be thought much to create a large mineral traffic. In England, pits that were opened—of which the first beginning was suggested when the coal famine occurred nearly two years ago—are still advancing, and will not yield a profit for another year or two. Fifty thousand pounds would not be thought a large sum to invest in England to sink a pit and bring into full work a property of a very few hundred acres, this sum not including purchase-money. In one of the properties on the Kanawha, three miles from the main line, purchased in October last, half that sum would suffice to pay the cost of the freehold, the construction of a railway, with its plant, the whole work of opening the mine, and all accessory charges, and, with proper management, one hundred tons of coal a day might be sent to market before the close of the present year. And yet, with all this, people are impatient, not to say dissatisfied.

The valleys of Virginia and the land adjacent are called on to play a great part in the future history of America. Where there are great stores of coal and iron, near together and accessible, it is impossible that there should not be manufactures, and the great centres of manufacture cannot be without great political importance.

There is also everything to induce emigrants, and especially mechanics, to occupy this district, although at present the population is very small. The white inhabitants a few years ago were notoriously the least energetic and the most badly provided for of all people in the States, and even now there is a good deal of poverty, though, as the property changes hands, the quality of the owners improves. In speaking thus, I allude chiefly to Western Virginia, where the coal is found. In the Valley of Virginia, and others in the Old Dominion, there is and always has been a more active and prosperous people. Slavery as an institution had its redeeming features in this state, but its abolition will ultimately prove a great benefit. It will raise the character of the white labouring classes, and remove from them the stigma of poverty, bitterly felt by the poorer white families when all the land belonged to a few large holders, who, however, were little the better for their lands and the slaves belonging to them. The war has left little bitterness behind, and another generation will obliterate all traces of it.

Perhaps none of the railways in America, and few in other countries, traverse scenery more strikingly beautiful than the Chesapeake and Ohio line. Through the whole of that part of the line crossing the great mountain range there is a long, but by no means monotonous, succession of cliff and river scenery, broken by occasional glimpses of gigantic forests, and here and there opening into glades of the most romantic beauty.

All this part of the Kanawha, and all the stream with the whole of all its numerous tributaries on each side, from this point as far as Charlston, drains no other rock than coal-

measures, and from every vertical wall of cliff seams of coal might be entered and worked. There may be other localities as remarkable, but they have not come within my experience. I am sure there is nothing more accessible known in any part of the world where coal has been worked.

To come back now to the remarks in the first paragraph of this article, let us summarise in a few words the result of what has been said. It seems certain that along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, now recently completed, there exist stores of mineral wealth, which, with the advantage of ready access, ought to be rapidly developed and ensure enormous benefit to all concerned. But in the first place, the capitalists in America have so much of undeveloped wealth that they seem disinclined to develop any. The iron and coal trades of Pennsylvania and the north live under protection, and being strong do not like to see themselves superseded. Things have gone long in a certain groove, and it is not easy to move them out of it. When strangers come in and attempt to do this, a good deal of jealousy is felt, and there is a strong disinclination to permit them to realise great profits. Efforts are made to ruin their prospects, with the hope of entering into possession of property already partly opened and therefore sooner available; and these causes act so far as to check the full and earnest progress that might end in early success from the introduction of foreign capital.

The difficulty of opening a large trade in America lies partly in the vast distances over which everything has to be carried, and the greediness of the railway directors, who are too apt to endeavour to take so much of the profits as hardly to make it worth while for the producer and manufacturer to risk their time, intellect, and capital. The carriage of coal very soon amounts to a sum so large as to be almost prohibitory, and it is only by arrangement with the railway for through-rates, that the coal can be carried to a distant market. This will not affect the manufacture of iron; but that is still young, and wants some years to grow. It is evident that the success of the collieries on a large scale much depends on the consideration of the railway authorities, and the assistance they may give to enable the coal-owner to enter the distant market with much chance of success. At present there is every prospect of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway directors proving reasonable, and enabling the new companies to do a profitable business. If this were established in one case others would soon follow, and American enterprise would again become favourably looked at among those in England who are seeking a legitimate opening for the investment of their spare earnings.

An Australian Search Party.—VI.

BY CHARLES H. EDEN.

We now pulled for the mouth of the Macalister River, and on sighting the bar shortly before eight o'clock, were glad to find but little surf running. On our way we passed several water-snakes, one of which seemed of large size, but we were too distant to form any accurate estimate of its length. It was not altogether without misgivings that we encountered the ridge of sand that extended completely across the entrance of the river. Only one of our party had ever crossed it before, and it was known to be very dangerous. The calm water rolled itself up in smooth walls, which sailed majestically along until the upper portion broke into a line of white, and soon the entire mass rushed onward in a sheet of foam.

The great danger in crossing a bar is, that the helmsman either loses his head and permits the boat to present her broadside to the surf, or that the steering power is not sufficient to keep her head straight. Neither of these misfortunes befell us in entering the Macalister, for, from the hour we had selected, the sea was at its quietest, and we got over without shipping a thimbleful of water. We found a broad expanse studded with dense mangrove flats, and it was with difficulty we ascertained which was the main channel. We pulled on until about noon, by which time the mud swamps had disappeared, and we were fairly in the river, which much resembled the Herbert, of which I have already given a description, except that it was smaller, and that the vegetation was more luxurious. On landing, we lit a fire, and cooked our dinner, consisting of ducks and moor-fowl that we had shot on our way up. I never remember seeing water-fowl in such profusion as here. The ducks and geese were literally in tens of thousands, and the beautifully-plumaged moor-fowl quite blackened the mangrove bushes as we passed.

The scenery was perfectly lovely. Tall palms shot up in every direction; wild bananas spread forth their broad leaves, amidst which were seen the bunches of fruit; and the larger trees—fig, Leichhardt plum, etc.—threw their branches across the river, and there interlacing, formed a leafy canopy such as we imagined was unknown in Australia. Some of the young palms we cut down for the sake of the head, which is very pleasant eating. Stripping off the leaves, you come to a shoot twenty inches or two feet in length, the interior of which consists of a white substance resembling an office ruler in thickness, and which tastes something like a chestnut, but is much more milky and sweet. The fruit of the wild banana has a most delicious flavour, but is so full of small seeds that it is impossible to swallow it. The huge fig trees, with which the banks of most of the northern rivers abound, have the peculiarity that the fruit is found growing on the trunk, and not at the extremity of the smaller boughs. On an enormous stem, and at a distance of only a few feet from its base, are seen bunches of figs, and these, though of smaller size than the European fruit, are very palatable, if they can be selected free from insects. Usually, the ants have been first afield, and have taken up their abode in the very heart of the fig, forming a most undesirable mouth-

ful for the unwary stranger. The wild plums are very good, but to attain perfection, should be buried for some days previous to eating. I trust these details will not prove tedious to my readers, but I know from experience the benefit arising from even a slight knowledge of wild fruits and herbs, which have often quenched thirst and assuaged hunger when other food was wanting, and rendered endurable what would otherwise have been a painful journey.

We camped that night where darkness overtook us, close to a thick scrub which lined the bank of the river, and we paid for our stupidity in not selecting a more open spot, for myriads of mosquitoes put sleep out of the question. The truth was that this belt of scrub had lined the river for several miles past, and we hoped at every turn to come to a break, but night set in whilst we were still between the leafy walls.

Daylight came at last, and we pushed onward. An hour took us into a beautiful black-soil plain of great extent, without a stick of timber, and well watered, not only by the Macalister, which meandered through its centre, but by several large lagoons, overgrown with the lovely white lotus, and crowded with waterfowl. The existence of such a planter's paradise was totally unsuspected, and we all gazed spell-bound on this splendid tract of country, possessing every requisite for successful cultivation, and a water road for the produce. Dunmore was a true prophet when he exclaimed—

"Before a year is past this will be settled upon."

A fine sugar plantation now stands on "Bellenden Plains," with superb cane growing in unwonted luxuriance, and horses and cattle have taken the place of the kangaroos, that we on this first visit found grazing there in troops. In the distance could be seen the coast range behind Cardwell, which seemed to recede inland as it trended towards our position, and sweeping round, approached the sea again farther north, forming a natural boundary to a vast space of available country. A silver line shone out on the mountains, and with our glasses we could make out that it must be a waterfall of very large dimensions. We at once agreed that it must be the source of the very river we were on, the Macalister, but, as the sequel will show, we found so many streams, that most probably we were mistaken in our judgment. We resolved to make this charming spot our head-quarters for the present, as we had everything to be desired—water, game, etc.—close at hand, and, from the absence of timber, no blacks would be able to steal upon us unperceived.

Leaving the pilot and one man in charge of the boat, we trudged along through the high grass, which reached to our middles, and was dripping with moisture from a shower that had fallen during the night; and, after a tedious walk, reached the edge of the scrub. It was thicker than anything we had encountered before, the density of the foliage totally excluding the sun, and giving rise to a dank humid odour that struck a chill to the heart directly you entered. We wound along the path, or rather track, that the blacks had made, with the greatest difficulty. It was all very well for the troopers, who had stripped, but our clothes hitched up on a thorn at every other step. One of our most provoking enemies was the lawyer vine, a kind of rattan enclosed in a rough husk, covered with thousands of crooked prickles. These, with their outer covering, are about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and extend to an enormous distance, running up to the tops of lofty trees, and from thence either descending or pushing onward, or festooning themselves from stem to stem in graceful curves of indescribable beauty. From the joints of the parent shoot are thrown out little slender tendrils, no thicker than a wire, but of great length, and as dangerously armed as their larger relation. These miserable little wretches seem always on the watch to claw hold of something, and if you are unhappy enough to be caught, and attempt to disengage yourself by struggling, fresh tendrils appear always to lurk in ambush, ready to assist their companion, who already holds you in his grasp. I have measured the length of one of these canes, and found it over 250 paces; and this is not the maximum to which they attain, for I have been assured by men employed in cutting a telegraph road through the scrub that they had found some over 300 yards long. They seem to retain the same circumference throughout their whole length, and, as the bushman puts everything to some use, the lawyer is divested of his husk, and takes the place of wire in fencing, being rove through holes bored in the posts as though they were ropes. It is almost needless to add that this cane derives its *soubriquet* of "lawyer" from the difficulty experienced in getting free if once caught in its toils.

Another of the torments to which the traveller is subjected in the North Australian scrubs, is the stinging-tree (*Urtica gigas*), which is very abundant, and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height to a small plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar, from being covered with a short silvery hair, which, when shaken, emits a fine pungent dust, most irritating to the skin and nostrils. If touched, it causes most acute pain, which is felt for months afterwards—a dull gnawing pain, accompanied by a burning sensation, particularly in the shoulder, and under the arm, where small lumps often arise. Even when the sting has quite died away, the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time that the affected part is brought into contact with water. The fruit is of a pink, fleshy colour, hanging in clusters, and looks so inviting that a stranger is irresistibly tempted to pluck it; but seldom more than once, for though the raspberry-like berries are harmless in themselves, some contact with the leaves is almost unavoidable. The blacks are said to eat the fruit; but for this I cannot vouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant. The worst of this nettle is the tendency it exhibits to shoot up wherever a clearing has been effected. In passing through the dray tracks cut through the scrub, great caution was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks. I have never known a case of its being fatal to human beings; but I have seen people subjected by it to great suffering, notably a scientific gentleman, who plucked off a branch and carried it some distance as a curiosity, wondering the while what was causing the pain and numbness in his arm. Horses I have seen die in agony from the sting, the wounded parts becoming paralysed; but strange to say, it does not seem to injure cattle, who dash through scrubs full of it without receiving any damage. This curious anomaly is well known to all bushmen.

For a couple of hours we followed the tortuous windings of the track, without we white men having the faintest conception where we were going, though the troopers and Lizzie declared that we were pushing straight through. At length a ray of sunlight became visible, and in a few minutes we emerged from the sombre depths of the jungle, and found ourselves on the banks

of a splendid river, the Mackay. Traces of blacks were seen in every direction, the white sand being covered with their foot-prints. Abandoned gungales were plentiful on the opposite bank, which was clear of scrub, and whilst we were eating the damper and beef with which each of the party was provided, Lizzie espied a thin column of smoke at no great distance.

We approached it as cautiously as possible, taking advantage of every shrub that offered a cover, and finally, lying down and worming our way through the grass on all fours, a mode of progression that is in itself particularly fatiguing and objectionable, but not without excitement, for we never knew the moment when we might chance to put our hands on a dormant snake, or find ourselves sprawling over a nest of bulldog ants. We were successful in completely surprising the camp, which consisted entirely of gins and piccaninnies, all the males, as usual, being out hunting. The gins spoke quite a different language from that of the Hinchinbrook and Herbert River people, and Lizzie was a long time before she could make them understand. They seemed to know nothing of any white men, nor, I may say, of anything else in particular. They were ignorant where the Mackay rose, or where it debouched, and could give us no information regarding the waterfall we saw on the distant range, what river it supplied, or what kind of country was between us and the hills. Altogether they were a most unsatisfactory lot; and having rummaged their camp without finding any suspicious articles, and threatened them with wholesale destruction if they gave warning of our approach to any other tribe, by either smoke signals or messengers, we departed, much disgusted.

On arriving at the edge of a small copse, at a short distance from the camp, we found the arsenal of the male portion of the tribe. Why they had stacked their arms so far away from the gungales we never could make out; but there they were, consisting of the usual spears and shields, and, in addition, several of the enormous swords used by these natives, of which we had often heard, but that few of our party, except Dunmore, had ever seen. These curious weapons are made of the heaviest iron-bark wood, are about five feet in length, by as many inches in breadth, and about an inch thick in the centre —rather more than less, and both edges scraped down to as sharp an edge as the material will receive. They are slightly curved; but the most wonderful part about them is the handle, which is so small that a European can with difficulty squeeze three fingers into it. The mystery is, how do they use them? for Goliath of Gath could never have wielded an instrument as heavy as this with one hand. It is supposed that the warrior raises the cumbrous weapon on his shield, and having got within sword's length of his enemy, lets it drop on his head. This portion of a black's frame is undeniably hard; but such a blow would crush it like an egg-shell; and as he may be credited with sufficient sense to know this, it seems difficult to understand why he should stand still and allow such a disagreeable operation to be performed. Whether or not the use of these weapons has been discovered since I left Australia, I am unable to say; but certainly up to that time we who lived in their neighbourhood were unable to appreciate the varied excellencies they doubtless possess.

We pursued our way up the Mackay River in hopes of finding some termination to the thick scrub on the opposite bank, so that we might return to our boat without having to thread its intricate mazes again; and in this we were successful, finding a break in the jungle an hour before sunset, which at once admitted us to the plain, through the centre of which ran the Macalister, and in due course we reached our camp, where, after having a glorious "bogey" (the Australian term for bathing) in the river, and overhauling each other well, to see that no ticks were adhering to our skins, we had supper, and turned in, having done little good, except finding a road to the Mackay less tedious than the one we had taken in the morning. The ticks that I mentioned just now, are little insects no bigger than a pin's head when they first fasten on to you, but soon become swollen with blood until larger than a pea. They do no harm to a man besides the unpleasant feeling they occasion, but they almost invariably kill a dog. Nearly all our dogs fell victims sooner or later to either the alligator or the tick.

HOW WE EXPLORED THE MACKAY RIVER.

We now determined to carry with us enough tea, sugar, and flour to last for a week, and to work up towards the unknown country at the head of the Mackay, leaving the boat in its present position, under the charge of two men. We intended to push towards the range whence both the Macalister and the Mackay rivers drew their supply; and as the former stream in its windings over the open plain approached within a mile of its large neighbour, we resolved to move the boat a little further up before starting on our new expedition. By occasionally lightening her, and dragging her over the shallows, this was accomplished in a couple of hours, and we finally halted at a bend in the river where the bank was high enough to shield the boat from all observation, whilst the scrub bordering the Mackay, standing at less than a quarter of a mile distant, the men left behind could easily see if any considerable body of blacks moved between the two streams, and could take the bearings of all smoke arising from fires in the direction of the coast, so that we might visit them hereafter, if deemed necessary. The fact of two rivers, each containing a constant supply of water, being found in such close proximity to each other, caused much remark, for none of us had ever observed a similar instance in Australia, which is as a rule very deficient in permanent rivers.

We now turned our attention to getting sufficient provisions cooked to last the exploring party for three days, as we were determined to employ the utmost vigilance, and show as little smoke as possible, for nothing creates such suspicion amongst the aboriginals as seeing fresh fires constantly lighted, unless accompanied by the smoke signals, which I have described in a former chapter. As we were utterly ignorant of the code they employed, we resolved only to light our fires at night, and not even then unless we found some sequestered spot where the flame would be unseen. Some of us at once started for a large lagoon that we had passed in the morning, and creeping up through the long grass, found its surface quite covered with water-fowl of every description, from the black swan to the beautiful pigmy goose. A volley, fired at a concerted signal, strewed the surface of the lake with the dead and wounded, and we were compelled to stand idly on the bank until the wind wafted the game ashore, for at the report of the guns two or three heavy splashes and as many dusky forms gliding into the water betokened that we had disturbed alligators, either having a nap, or lying in wait for kangaroos and wallaby coming down to drink. More than one house now stands on the margin of this lagoon, but their inhabitants are still afraid

to bathe in the broad sheet of water spread so invitingly before them.

Having secured our game, we returned to the boat, and after plucking and splitting open the birds, some were roasted over the fire for immediate use, but by far the greater number were boiled in a pot, which was portion of the boat's furniture when on an expedition. One of the troopers had with a tomahawk stripped off a sheet of bark, and on this was manufactured a gigantic damper. For the information of such of my readers as may be unacquainted with Australia, I must explain that damper is unleavened bread, well kneaded and baked in the ashes. But simple though such a rough form of loaf may seem from the above description, it is in reality a very difficult thing to turn out a thoroughly good damper, and only practice will enable the new-comer to obtain the sleight of hand necessary for the production of a first-rate specimen. In form a damper resembles a flat cheese of two or three inches thick, and from one to two feet in diameter. Great care and much practice are requisite to form this shape so that no cracks shall appear, and when this is done the work is by no means over, for the exact heat of the fire must be judged by the cook, otherwise he will either burn up his dough, or it will come out a crude, sodden, uneatable mass. A good wood fire that has been burning several days, and has gained a quantity of ashes, is the best; but wood is plentiful enough in the bush, and if you only know the right kind to use, you find no difficulty in soon providing yourself with a glorious heap of glowing embers. Scraping away a hole in the centre of the fire a little larger than the disc, you gently drop it in with your hands, strew it over with enough powdery white ash to prevent the embers coming into actual contact with the dough, and then cover the whole with the glowing coals. Only practice can enable the bushman to judge the exact depth of this layer, which, of course, differs in every case, according to the size of the damper. It is left in this fiery bed until small cracks appear on the covering, caused by the steam forcing its way out. This is a sign that it is nearly done, confirmation of which is sought by introducing a knife-blade through the ashes, and sounding the crust. If this gives back a hard sound, the damper may be considered cooked, and is then withdrawn, stood carefully *on its edge*—never forget this—and is ready to eat when cool.

As there was nothing very particular to do that afternoon, we watched the troopers spearing fish, in which they were most skilful. There is in some of the Australian rivers a splendid fish, called the *Barri mundi*, which not only much resembles the salmon in appearance, but, like it, requires running water and access to the sea. Many a time I have vainly tried to lure them from their watery depths, but no bait would tempt them that I could ever hit on, though I have little doubt that a fly or artificial minnow would prove killing. We could see them in the Macalister, lying with their heads pointed up stream, and seemingly motionless but for the slight waving of the tail that retained them in their places. Having cut several slender switches, not thicker than a tobacco-pipe stem, and sharpened one end with a knife, the trooper Ferdinand, who was by far the most expert amongst his brethren, grasped this apparently inoffensive little weapon between the thumb and middle finger, whilst the blunt end rested against the ball of the forefinger. Stooping down, he approached to within four or five yards of the fish, which were only a few inches from the surface, and suddenly jerking his switch forward, it entered the water almost horizontally, and rarely failed to transfix a *Barri mundi*, which, darting forward, was soon hampered by the weapon catching in the weeds, and became the prey of its sharp-eyed captor, who had never lost sight of it in its endeavour to escape. This fish is excellent eating, and averages from eight to thirty pounds in weight.

As Dunmore and I were strolling along a small lagoon overgrown with water-lilies, he pointed out to me a pretty graceful little bird, about the size of a jack-snipe, but with longer legs, and most extraordinary claws. I am ashamed to say I shot this poor little fellow, to examine him, and found that each toe measured at least three inches from the leg to the extremity of the claw. This is to enable the bird to run along safely over the floating leaves of the lotus, on which plant it seems to get its living. I had never seen one before; and the simple manner in which Nature had adapted it to its peculiar line of life struck me as both curious and beautiful. What this little bird's scientific name is I never heard, but we colonists call it the "Lotus bird."

As there was a remote chance of the party left with the boats coming in contact with the blacks, it was deemed advisable to leave them a trooper, who would more readily recognise their whereabouts than the white men; therefore a boy, known by the not euphonious sobriquet of "Killjoy," was selected to remain with the pilot and his two boatmen, and after dividing the big meat damper in five equal portions, the exploring party, consisting of Dunmore, Ferdinand, Larry, Lizzie, and myself, struck out for the opening in the scrub on the Mackay river. We descended into the sandy bed, and crossed to the opposite side, which was much more open country, consisting of park-like land, lightly timbered, but the soil not nearly so rich as the fertile plain through which wound the Macalister. It would be tedious to weary my readers with a minute account of our doings each day; enough to say tha we passed through new country of every description, crossing from side to side of the Mackay, to cut off its many bends, and that our progress was but slow, the distant ranges seeming hardly nearer on the third day than they were at starting. We were disappointed in not meeting with any blacks, though their traces were plentiful; and we had commenced to fear that the tribe we had surprised five days before had given warning of our approach, when Ferdinand reported smoke a couple of miles on our right. It was about mid-day when this was seen; and having made a hurried meal off the damper, which I may here state answered its purpose admirably, we crept towards the fire with the utmost caution. Our route took us away from the river, and on arriving at the edge of a small belt of scrub, we could make out that the fire was by the side of a water-hole, but the two hundred yards between it and ourselves was so open, that surprising the camp seemed almost impossible. The hour was in our favour, for the blacks were lying about listlessly, resting themselves after the fatigues of procuring the food of which they had just made a meal. They numbered about twenty of both sexes, and were evidently quite unconscious of our proximity. Detaching the two troopers to make a detour, and cut them off from the scrub in that direction, Dunmore, Lizzie, and I remained perfectly motionless for above an hour, and then, judging that the boys must have reached their position, we advanced towards the camp swiftly but silently. We got over a third of the distance before the blacks saw us, and then ensued a general scrimmage. The

women and children jumped into the lagoon, and the men, snatching up their weapons, threw a volley of spears with such force and precision that, had we been twenty yards closer, it would have gone hard with both my companions and myself. As it was, the missiles nearly all fell short, seeing which the warriors dropped their arms and took to their heels, running directly for the spot where Ferdinand and Larry lay in ambush. Both Dunmore and myself fired our carbines over the heads of the retreating Myalls (wild blacks), which completed their panic, and one of them, rushing recklessly forward, was captured by the troopers, and brought by them in triumph to the camp, amidst the yells and jabbering of the gins and piccaninnies.

After half an hour or so, seeing that no harm was intended to them, the women came out of the water, and we were very much pleased to find that they readily understood Lizzie. On being addressed by her, the warrior, who had hitherto maintained a sullen and defiant attitude, became conversational, and readily replied to all the questions put to him by Dunmore. Unlike most of the blacks, he appeared to be very little frightened at the situation in which he found himself, and seemed instinctively to know that all danger was past. On being questioned regarding the shipwrecked crew, he denied all knowledge of any vessel having been lost, but said at once that a white man had lived with this tribe for many moons, though he was dead now. This rather astonished us, and we asked if any relics were still in the camp, upon which one of the gins produced an old sheath-knife, worn down nearly to nothing by constant sharpening; half a dozen horn buttons, one of them still sewn to a fragment of moleskin; and an empty tin match-box. We asked how long the white man had been dead, and were told that he died three moons before, of fever, and that we could see his grave if we liked, for it was within a day's journey. There was an openness about this tribe, and a frankness in their answers, that made us certain that all we heard was the truth, and as they had evidently befriended this poor wanderer, we were anxious to repay them in some measure, and strengthen the kindly feelings they felt for the white men, so we told Lizzie to assure them that our visit was only to search for our lost brethren; that we should like to visit the grave, if one of them would guide us; and that in return for their services we would give them a new knife and a tomahawk.

As they were profoundly ignorant of the use of fire-arms, and we wished to impress upon them the irresistible power of the white man, it was agreed that we should ask them to guide us to the nearest place frequented by kangaroos, and pick off two or three of these animals in their presence, if possible. They were very curious to know the meaning of our "lightning sticks," and we repaired, escorted by nearly the whole tribe, to a neighbouring water-hole, where we could remain concealed, and get an easy shot at any game coming down to drink. We were not kept long waiting, for within half an hour a couple of wallabies came hopping leisurely along, and were very cleverly dropped in their tracks, one by Dunmore, the other by Larry. Our hosts were in ecstasies, and seemed very grateful that a similar fate had not befallen some of their number in the morning; but we made Lizzie explain to them clearly that our object was not to hurt our black friends, unless they were wicked—ill-treating white men, or spearing cattle. A couple of noble emus now came stalking slowly towards the water, and, passing within forty yards of our hiding-place, both fell victims to the breechloaders of Dunmore and myself.

This beautiful bird inhabits the open country throughout Australia, where at one time it was very common, but is now rarely seen in the settled districts. However, in the north emus may be found in plenty; and I do not think there is the slightest fear of their becoming extinct, as some writers suggest. All my readers must have seen this bird at the Zoological Gardens, and remarked its likeness to the ostrich, both in form and habits; but the prisoner portrays but poorly the free majestic gait of the wild inhabitant of the plains. The colour of the adult bird is a greyish brown, the feathers are very loose and hairy, whilst the height of a fine male is often nearly seven feet. The usual mode of capturing these birds is to ride them down, using dogs trained for the purpose to pull them to the ground. The dogs should be taught to reserve their attack until the emu is thoroughly tired out, and then to spring upon the neck; but an unwary puppy will bitterly rue his temerity should he come within reach of the powerful legs, which deal kicks fiercely around, and of sufficient power to disable any assailant. The ostrich always kicks forward, in which he differs from the emu, whose blow is delivered sideways and backwards, like a cow. This bird is very good eating, if you know the part to select; the legs proving tough and unpalatable, while the back is nearly as tender as fowl. But to the bushman the most valuable thing about the emu is its oil, which is looked upon as a sovereign remedy for bruises or sprains when rubbed into the affected part either pure or mixed with turpentine. This useful oil is of a light yellow colour, and from its not readily congealing or becoming glutinous, it is in much request for cleaning the locks of fire-arms. It chiefly resides in the skin, but also collects in great quantities near the rump. The usual mode of obtaining it is to pluck out all the feathers, cut the skin into small pieces, and boil them in a common pot; but a still simpler plan, though less productive, is to hang the skin before a fire, and catch the oil as it drips down. A full-sized bird will yield from six to seven quarts. The food of the emu consists of grass and various fruits. It emits a deep drumming sound from its throat, but no other cry, that I ever heard. Its nest is only a shallow hole scraped in the ground, and in this hollow the eggs, which vary in number, are laid. Dr. Bennett remarks that "There is always an odd number, some nests having been discovered with nine, others with eleven, and others again with thirteen." When fresh they are of a beautiful green colour, and are in much request for mounting in silver as drinking cups; but after a little while the colour changes to a dirty brownish green. One peculiarity about the nest is, that the parent bird never goes straight up to it, but walks round and round in a narrowing circle, of which the nest is the centre. I once caught seven little emus, only just out of the shell; but shutting them up for the night in an empty room, I was horrified the next morning to find that they had all been killed by rats. The young ones have four broad longitudinal stripes down the back, which disappear as they grow up. The emu is easily domesticated, and on many cattle and sheep stations tame specimens are running about the paddocks. To my mind they are an intolerable nuisance, always doing some mischief—either frightening the horses, or stealing things from the workmen. I saw one cured of his thievish propensities for a long time. He always loafed about the kitchen when dinner was being served, and if

the cook turned his back for a moment, his long neck was thrust through the window, and anything within reach—from an onion to a salt-spoon—disappeared with marvellous celerity. But my friend caught a Tartar when he bolted two scalding potatoes, steaming from the pot. He rushed round and round the little paddock, and at last dropped down as if dead, from pain and fatigue. Poor wretch, he must have suffered dreadfully; and I am sure we all pitied him, except the cook, whose patience he had quite worn out.

Our sable allies were gratified beyond measure when we presented them with the game, and a great feast took place that evening. We neglected no opportunity of gaining information about both the shipwrecked crew and the unknown white man, whose grave we were to visit on the following morning. Through Lizzie we questioned different individuals separately, but they all agreed that such an event as the loss of a vessel and the arrival of her crew amongst the blacks, could not possibly have happened without their hearing something of it. From their imperfect knowledge of time, and their difficulty in expressing any number higher than five, we could not form the slightest idea how long the white man had lived among them; but they pointed to the ranges behind the township of Cardwell as indicating the place where he first joined them.

We camped at the opposite end of the water-hole, not thinking it judicious to remain too close to our allies, and kept a strict watch during the night; but we might all have enjoyed a good sleep in perfect safety, for the blacks were far too busy stuffing themselves with emu meat to think of treachery. Before sunrise we started, guided by our late captive and two of his companions. After a tedious walk, we arrived at an open plain, on which the grass was trodden down in every direction, in some places worn quite away by the feet of the natives—for this was the great "bora ground" of the coast tribes, where the mystic ceremonies mentioned in a former chapter took place. Traversing the sacred plain, our thoughts busy in conjecturing the weird scenes that the posts had witnessed, we came to a little creek whose clear stream babbled cheerfully among the rocks, and soon saw a giant fig-tree, which our guides indicated as being the spot we sought. As we approached we perceived a greyish-looking form on a large limb about ten feet from the ground, and a closer inspection revealed to us that it was unmistakably the body of a white man, rolled up in tea-tree bark, and kept in its position by fastenings of split cane. We could not examine the corpse very minutely, for it was too offensive; but from the portions of the face that still remained, and the long blonde locks and red beard, we satisfied ourselves that the poor wanderer was not one of the *Eva's* crew; indeed, we judged that his death must have taken place some time before the loss of that vessel. We were much pleased to observe the respect with which the natives had treated the remains, and as they think that exposure either on a platform or in a tree is the most honourable way in which a corpse can be disposed of, we left the body as we found it, and returned to the camp, where we passed the night.

Our damper was now at an end, and we had no flour with us, so made up our minds to return to the boat. On talking the matter over, it seemed quite clear that the shipwrecked men had never been thrown on this part of the coast, and that any further exploration would only be lost time. On the following morning we presented the tribe with our knives, and some matches, and taking a friendly leave of them, started for the Macalister, accompanied by two of the warriors. We reached the boat on the sixth day, found the pilot and his party well, and having dismissed the blacks, with the present of a tomahawk and a blanket, we started at once for the place lower down the river, which had been agreed upon with Jack Clark as a rendezvous. When we arrived at this spot on the following day, the horsemen had not turned up, so we amused ourselves as best we could, fishing, shooting, and eating damper thickly plastered over with honey, for Larry had found a "sugar-bag."

The way the trooper performed this feat was not a little ingenious. Having noticed several bees about, he caught one, and, with a little gum, attached to it a piece of down from a large owl that somebody had shot. Releasing the insect, it flew directly towards its nest, the unaccustomed burden with which it was laden serving not only to make it easily visible, but also impeding its flight sufficiently to admit of the boy following it. The nest was at the top of a large blue gum-tree, about three feet in diameter, and sending up a smooth column for fifty feet without a branch or twig. Most people would have given up all thoughts of a honey feed for the day; not so Mr. Larry, whose movements we followed with considerable curiosity. Divesting himself of his clothing, he repaired to an adjoining scrub, and with his tomahawk cut out a piece of lawyer cane twenty feet in length. Having stripped this of its husk, he wove it into a hoop round the tree of just sufficient size to admit his body. Slinging his tomahawk and a fishing-line round his neck, he got inside the hoop, and allowing it to rest against the small of his back, he pressed hard against the tree with his knees and feet. This raised him several inches, when with a dexterous jerk he moved the portion of the hoop furthest away from him a good foot up the stem, and thus—somewhat on the same principle that boys climb a chimney, for the hoop represented the chimney—he worked himself upward, and in much less time than I have taken to describe it, was astride on the lowest branch, and chopping vigorously at the hollow which contained the golden store. The use of the fishing-line now became apparent, for we bent on to its end a small tin billy (round can), used for making tea, and by hauling this up and filling it, Larry soon supplied us with honey enough to fill our bucket and the boat's baler. As perhaps my readers may be tempted to wonder why the bees did not attack the naked hide of the robber who was thus rudely despoiling them, I must state that the wild Australian bee is stingless. It is a harmless little insect, not much larger than the common house-fly, and though it produces abundance of honey and wax, it has not been subjected to domestication, and from its diminutive proportions and its habit of building on very high trees, probably never will be. The English bee has been most successfully introduced into Queensland; and many of the farms in the neighbourhood of Brisbane make a good thing out of their honey and wax.

A meeting was held the next day, at which it was agreed that all further search would be useless, and, indeed, I am certain that every possible measure had been attempted for the discovery of the missing men. There seems every reason to think that the ill-fated *Eva* was sunk in the cyclone. Most likely she went down in deep water, and all on board her were drowned. Such was the supposition that received most favour at the time, and with it we must rest content until the great day when all secrets are revealed.

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